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GOOD
WORDS

ward in his hand. Stealthily entering the room, he found her on her knees in the act of devotion before a rude crucifix. With remorse, he hid the Cross first in a corner, and encouraged his wife as long as she lived. The priest's

and the King's Tower are
time and of the differ-
ence of the world—the one
of peace and the other
of war.

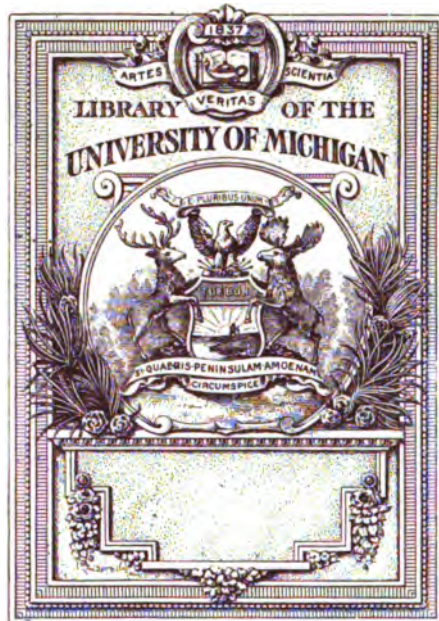
THE RELATION OF LIVING ORGANISM
PUTREFACTION AND URINE

—PRACTICAL SUBJECT—

POTREFACTION then, it appears, is invariably the work of living organisms which exist as an impurity in the atmosphere, an impurity everywhere present, but an impurity which can readily be removed by filtration, or destroyed by heat, or rendered inert for the time being, by cold near to the freezing point. Contagious disease, also, is due to the work of living organisms: indeed, the almost fœds warranted in these days in eating of it too, is inescapably due to the work of living organisms, which may be disseminated through the air and in various other ways, and which can be isolated inorganic for several months.

While putrefaction is invaluable in breaking down useless masses of organic material into their inorganic constituents, and their endless possibilities of reconstruction and reactivation, it becomes undesirable when it attacks the material of man's food. From very early times various expedients were adopted to prevent the putrefaction of food stuffs. Drying, the use of chemical agents, and the application of cold, as means to preserve food, are all matters of ancient history. Yet no method seems to have been extensively adopted till quite recent times. But with the development of ocean navigation and voyages of discovery the necessity of adopting some reliable methods became the spur to invention. The method of drying was too coarse in its results; chemical means were not desirable, from the point of view of the palate. Salt, used for such purposes from the earliest times, which rendered the meat hard and indigestible, as well as less nutritious, by extracting some of the nutritive juices of the meat, proved itself to possess more fatal relations to the long voyager, when out of an edition of 961 men 625 were lost by scurvy, the attendant of a diet too abundant in salt junk and destitute of fresh provisions. Urgent became the demand for better diets is evident from the fact that while in seventeenth century only one patent for preservation of food was described, in

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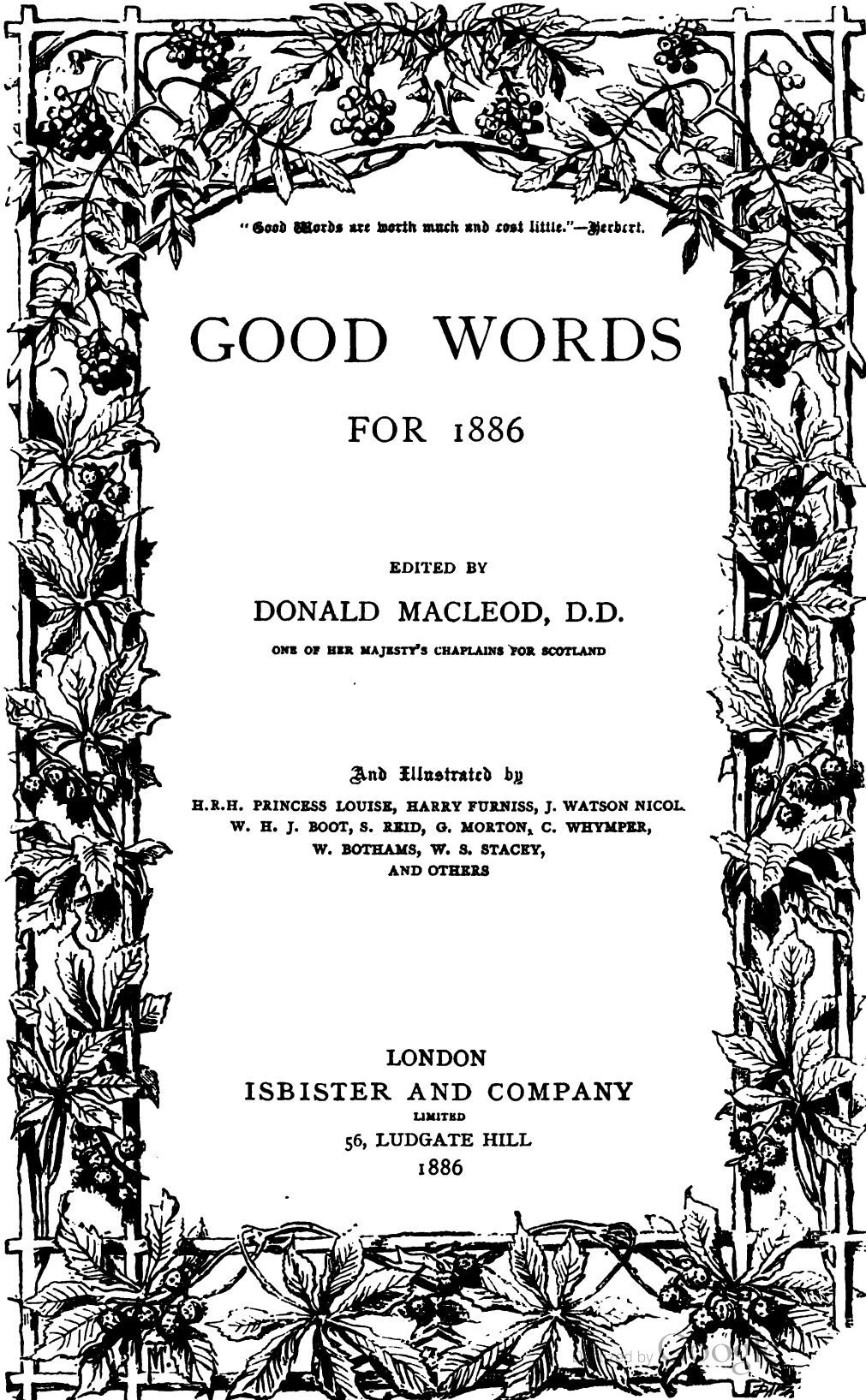


Frontispiece.]

[Engraved by Whymper,

CARRYING HOME THE BRACKEN.

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"Good Words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1886

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

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AND OTHERS

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1886.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—"WHERE THE KEEN SEA CURRENT GRINDS AND FRETS."

"As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires."
SIR HENRY TAYLOR: *The Eve of the Conquest.*

THE finest and highest peace is that which is wrought out of strife and pain; the most thrilling harmony, life's Vesper Hymn, heard when the burden and heat of the day is over; but the peace and harmony of the early morning is sweet and pleasant to the memory.

The Haven Under the Hill was not less bright and picturesque, not less quaintly beautiful when Dorigen Gower was a child than it is now.

In those days the old sea-town was, so to speak, an undiscovered place, alike unknown of artists, tourists, speculators, or Railway Kings. Yet the charm of the old haven was not the less strong and striking because no one painted it, or sang of it, or wrote of it. Nay, is there not now to those who knew it and loved it then a sense of discord, of loss and intrusion, of broken unity, of sweet silence interrupted by jarring sound? Is there not pain in the increasing pressure of modern rush and hurry upon the place that was anciently so restful and so still? Is there nothing to lament in the incursion of modern use and fashion upon ways of life that were distinctive, peculiar, well-nigh unique?

We will go back awhile, back to the Hild's Haven, where lived four thousand men who went down to the sea in ships—men noted for their skilfulness and bravery even where others were skilful and brave. And they

were home-built ships that they sailed in; wooden ships of such beauty, strength, and stateliness that they had long and justly been the pride and glory of the place. Captain Cook knew of them. He had sailed on his first voyage from the rock-girt harbour at the mouth of the Esk, and none but Hild's Haven ships would content him when his mind was set on sailing round the world. The Scoresbys, father and son, they too tested the oak-built ships of the place when they sailed on their adventurous voyages to the whaling grounds of the Greenland seas. And even when these had become matters of historic note the town was still distinctively a seaport, the seventh in the kingdom it was said.

Everywhere there was the presence of the sea. On the calmest day you heard the low ceaseless roll of its music as it plashed and swept about the foot of the stern, darkly towering cliffs on either side of the harbour-bar. Everywhere the place was blown through and through with the salt breeze that was "half an air and half a water," scented with sea-wrack, and laden not rarely with drifting flakes of heavy yeast-like foam.

The rapid growth of the town had been owing entirely to its nearness to the sea. When the making of alum was begun at various points and bays along the coast, vessels were needed for carrying it to London, "whither," as an old chronicler tells us, "nobody belonging to Hild's Haven had ever gone without making their wills." This was the beginning of the shipbuilding trade, which grew and flourished so vigorously, lending such an interest to the sights and sounds of the place, and finally becoming its very life. What would the old haven have been with

out the clatter of its carpenters' hammers, the whirr of its ropery wheels, the smell of its boiling tar-kettles, the busy stir and hum of its docks and wharves and mast-yards? And where, in the midst of so much labour, could there have been found any time to laugh or to dance, but for the frequent day of pride and rejoicing when the finished ship with her flying flags came slipping slowly from the stocks to the waiting waters, bending and gliding with a grace that gave you as much emotion as if you had watched some conscious thing? . . . It is a little sad to know that one has watched the launching of the last wooden ship that shall go out with stately masts and rounding sails from the Haven Under the Hill.

Those of the men of the place who were not actually sailors were yet, for the most part, in some way dependent upon the great changeful, bounteous sea.

All about the sands, on ledges of rock and slopes of shale, were perched the dwellings of the fisher-folk, surrounded by boats and nets, by oars, sails, and lines, and all the other picturesque belongings of their ancient craft. When Leland visited the place it seemed to him only "an havenet help with a peere, and a great fischar toune," probably little more than an outgrowth of the more important world which had clustered round the Abbey of St. Hild on the eastern heights above the haven. In days yet farther away the monks themselves were employed on the perilous waters; and when the royal *Ælfleda* sailed on her voyage to the Holy Isle to visit St. Cuthbert, the first voyage from Hild's Haven on record, doubtless the vessel in which she embarked was none other than one of the Abbey fishing-boats, commanded, if not altogether manned, by her brethren in the faith; for the Monastery of Hild, like many other monasteries of the order of Iona, was a double one, including both monks and nuns, the difference in this instance being that during the life of Hild and that of her successor, *Ælfleda*, the rule and sway was entirely in the hands of the abbess.

It was a beautiful place to have been born in, beautiful with history, and poetry, and legend—with all manner of memorable and soul-stirring things. A young and ignorant child might know but little about them, and be able to realise less; yet a child dowered with the temperament which had been bestowed as sole dower upon the girl whose history is to be given here could not by any means have escaped the influence of such greatly impressive surroundings.

Her father, John Gower, was a jet-worker, neither more nor less than this; a master jet-worker, who had not been too eminently successful as the world counts success. But, let it be plainly said, by descent he was a man who in days gone by would have been accorded the grand old name of gentleman. He knew it, and the local antiquaries knew it, yet the fact was of less importance to him than it should have been. He had quietly ignored it until it was as a thing forgotten. What had it mattered to him in his struggling youth and sorely-tried manhood that once upon a time the Hild's Haven Gowers had intermarried with the De Percies? What had he been benefited by the known high worth and honourable social standing of those long-dead ancestors of his? He had asked these questions of no one save himself; had he asked them of any one else—of any man of wider knowledge, keener insight into non-apparent truths, he might have been answered that he had benefited much. Nobility obliges, somewhat less imperatively for being unacknowledged, it is true, still the obligation presses. Courage is in the veins, and strong silent fortitude, and determination to the death. So far this man had not fought the battle of life overwisely, but he had fought well; that is to say, with an unfailing desperateness that admitted no thought of yielding. It might be that he was only obeying the instincts within him, but such instincts are worth something, and are generally to be accounted for.

At this period of his life, something past his middle-age, he was a grey, downcast-looking man. He was tall, and had once been of straight build and bearing; but the yoke which he had borne had bowed his head noticeably, and his dark face had still the look of past trouble, perhaps, also, of trouble to come. It was seared and lined more deeply than his years warranted; and though some of the lines about his mouth betrayed a certain capacity for humour, others betrayed that this same capacity had been straitly repressed.

He was a naturally unpretending man; and, as much by choice as by necessity now, his surroundings were unpretending likewise. For some half-dozen years he had been slowly finding the good that had been wrought out of his former ills; and, if it had pleased him so to do, he might have made some outward sign of the altered conditions of his life; but it was characteristic of him that no such sign was given.

There might be some distrust in this—

distrust of himself, or of what he would have termed "Fate;" there might even be some tinge of superstition, akin perhaps to that which kept the mother of the Rothschilds in the narrow, sombre Frankfort street, where prosperity had first dawned upon her family. "If I desert the little house and the despised street, Fortune will desert my children," she said. And we—who are wiser—laugh at the fear that was so unreasonable, but was it unbeautiful or unnatural? Did no man ever look back with regret upon his premature recognition of Fortune's favours? Did no one ever live to feel that he would even accept the cost and the pain of going back in the world's estimation, if he might be sure that at the end of the return journey he would find things as he left them? . . . Perhaps, after all, the superstition—if such it were—that kept John Gower in the narrow house by Wiggoner's Wharf was not so certainly a sign and mark of foolishness.

It was not a picturesque house in itself; but its high-pitched, dark-red gable, which was turned toward the harbour, and was all rounded and embossed with luxuriant ivy, made a very distinctive feature of a picturesque scene. The narrow windows were ranged in pairs; the ivy crept under them, over them, between them. Down below there was a courtyard with high brick walls, and steps leading quite to the edge of the water. Boats and other small craft of various kinds were moored to the posts by the wall; just beyond there was a great black wooden gallery standing out on rugged piles, and darkly overshadowing the strong, slowly-moving tide.

One May morning—a Sunday morning—when Mrs. Gower opened the door a rush of soft west wind swept in over the water; the world, even down there at the bottom of Kirkgate, seemed full of life, and light, and gladness. "What a chaänge!" a woman was saying up on the wooden gallery to the left, and a voice from another gallery overhead replied volubly—

"Ay, isn't it? My master 'll be rare an' glad. He's been laid up i' the Frith o' Forth for a month back. There's been a matter o' four hundred sail waitin' there for a chaänge o' wind. Ah sud think they wad some on 'em get away t' night afore last; t' wind had a bit o' hold o' t' west. But what a wind it was; an' what a raäin! As you saäy, it is a chaänge this mornin'!"

Mrs. Gower waited till this conversation had ceased; the glad unsubdued tones of it jarred upon her Sunday-morning mood, and she sighed for her neighbour's sin. She was

an austere-looking woman, with pale-red rippling hair slightly touched with grey, a square forehead that betokened the possession of some mental capacity, and grey eyes that looked calm and inquiring, but not perceptive; nor did they seem like the eyes of a woman easy to be entreated; still there was no want of gentleness in her manner when she turned to her little daughter, who was waiting to be taken to Zion Chapel by her father, for the first time since the previous autumn. Mrs. Gower, having lost one child by croup, had, not unnaturally, endangered the life of the other by close confinement.

"Now go an' walk up an' down t' yard a bit till your father's ready," she said. "Don't stand still or you'll catch cold; an' don't go near the water-edge, you've got your best frock on, an' it's the Sabbath-day remember."

The Zion Chapel of that date stood in Kirkgate, and drew within its walls the descendants of some stern old Puritan families who otherwise had found no real rest for the sole of their foot. It was a survival, even in that day; and its straiter traditions kept their harsh hold only over the few whose inherited tendencies disposed them to accept the gloom and terror of its atmosphere as safeguards which none might despise save to his soul's imperilling. And above all other days the "Sabbath-day" was one to be kept with an austere and joyless solemnity, into which not so much as any echo of the life lived on the other days of the week might creep. The tone of Mrs. Gower's voice would have told with certainty that Sunday had come to any perceptive listener.

Her mode of speech resembled as little the true North Yorkshire dialect as it resembled pure English, but it was not displeasing, nor did it strike you with any jarring sense of unrefinement. This middle dialect is commoner now than it was then. The grand old unintelligible Boëtian speech is becoming rare, and is only to be heard in its integrity on the bleak moorlands, in secluded dales, in a few fishing villages that yet lie happily out of the reach of railways.

The child either did not hear, or speedily forgot what the mother had said. Was she in a dream? Were the cool, soft west wind and the brilliant sunshine intoxicating? Perhaps they might be to one who had been shut in a close room the winter through. Surely this was a new world into which she had stepped so lightly! The ivy leaves on the old red wall had never glittered and danced in that way before, never rustled

and whispered all the way down from the house to the harbour side in such tones as these. The water was lapping about the foot of the steps, the boats were swaying dreamily. A great dark schooner was lying close to the neighbouring wharf; her bowsprit with its pendent ropes stood out across the line of vision; through a network of shrouds and other cordage, the docks and staiths on the farther side of the river could be seen. People were walking there; tall, white hanging cranes were gleaming in the raff yards. Above, a few prim, peaceful-looking houses of the Georgian era were standing on the top of the hill. The windmill beyond was motionless, and stretching out its gaunt arms athwart

a bank of pearly cloud that was floating by. The radiance of flashing light seemed to heighten, the mystery of soft grey shadow to deepen, as the moments went on, confusing the child's recognition of things old and familiar; she was moved as by some faint touch of the new dawn that shall be when the old order changeth.

Imagine her as she stood there; a slight, pale, fragile-looking child of some seven or eight summers, dressed in deep mourning, and with an almost pathetic unpicturesqueness. She was not pretty, but her face struck you at once as being capable of either prettiness or something beyond it. The stamp of mental activity, of keenness of inward vision was already there, giving character to the finely-cut features from the forehead down to the well-curved mouth and deeply-cleft chin, and lighting up the large, changeful, blue-black eyes with passing gleams of mystic beauty that would have been the despair of any mere painter of carmine cheeks and yellow hair. Her bonnet—a closely-fitting bonnet of drawn black silk with a white net cap inside it, rested upon a mass of beautiful dark hair that was enough of itself to give an impression of strong

vitality; but notwithstanding a general appearance of frailness, other signs of vigorous life were not wanting. The nervous moulding of every line and curve of her figure would have conveyed no idea of want of strength to any observer capable of recognising nature's mark of rank as impressed by her own sign-manual upon an artistic organization.

Presently the door opened again, and John Gower came leisurely down from the house. No touch of the ordinary working-man's consciousness of Sunday-apparel marred his movements or took ought from his manhood. If there were any change in him it was toward additional ease, and a more complete sense of the harmony of things. His face was less marked



Dorigen Gower.

by repression than usual; and something that was almost a smile played about his lips as his eyes met those of his little daughter.

He came quite close to her, took the small hand that was held out to him in his warm grasp, and said in a tone that was purposely subdued—

"What say you, little girl, to a turn in the Abbey Plain this morning instead of Zion Chapel?"

The child looked up with a glad sudden light on her face—

"And the smile she softly used
Filled the silence like a speech,"

but she made no reply. She was not at any time given to much speaking. As a rule, there was no one to listen, no one to understand. Her father was seldom indoors; and it was not to be expected of Mrs. Gower that she should be responsive to the fanciful wondering and questioning of a child who was always wanting to know something that nobody could tell her.

They went out hand in hand, John Gower and his daughter; out through the door that opened on to the wharf, up between the piles of timber, the bales of merchandise, the coils of rope, the lengths of rusty chain. There

was no other way of reaching Kirkgate, the principal street of the old town, and one of the four ancient gates or ways by which it was entered. The great door that shut in the wharf was closed, but there was a wicket in the lower part of it through which you stepped over a foot or two of planking into the street, and had always a sense of achievement when you had done it. Dorigen sprang out as lightly as a bird. The shops were all shut; wooden window shutters of dingy green hung crookedly on their hinges against the brown walls. The houses that stood on either side of the narrow irregular street were tall and sombre; garret windows, or rather doors, were swinging open here and there; chimneys leaned threateningly toward the peaked roofs. Some of the houses stood with their gabled ends toward the street;

from the dockyards at the bottom to the widening harbour-mouth at the top, you were reminded of the fact that it ran parallel to the river. Narrow openings, yards, wharfs, and ghauts let the sunlight through, and afforded glimpses of rippling water, dark tangle-fringed quays, and tapering ship-masts. This morning there was a joy in everything; a joy that was silent, and vague, and sweet, and no more to be reasoned about than a subtle perfume would have been.

They came to the foot of the church-steps presently, the "church-stairs," as the people call them still; there were one hundred and ninety-nine of them in those days, wide flat steps winding up the rugged inner brow of the cliff to the plain where the abbey stands, and the ancient church, and where all the old townfolk are sleeping and waiting. A

little way up the steps Dorigen caught the first peep of the blue sea — the real sea, not the river, but a strip of shining sapphire blue, lying between and beyond the russet-red and the deep vermilion of gables, and tiles, and old brick chimneys. A few white-sailed ships were gliding by with swan-like movement, passing between the chimneys, coming into sight again for a moment, and then finally disappearing behind the great fractured angle of the cliff that stands out so sharply against sea and sky. There is a street on a ledge of alum shale about half-way down the face of



The Church Stairs.

others unceremoniously turned their backs, so as to get a better view of all that was going on upon the watery highway that divided the town. Everywhere in Kirkgate,

this cliff; Haglathe, or the barn of the hag, being the ancient name of it. The houses have been battered by storms, twisted by landslips, fretted and worn by age; still they

stand there, leaning pathetically toward each other under the shadow of the tall, dark, storm-swept rock.

It was a sensation to Dorigen when a flight of snowy doves came wheeling out of the shadow into the glowing light, and suddenly, a moment later, the bells in the hardly-visible church tower on the height above, burst upon the quietude with a great clanging, thrilling sound that was as moving, as full of passionate, poetic eloquence as a psalm of David, or a cry of Isaiah. The vibrating air seemed full of hope, and holiness, and solemn exultation. John Gower felt the clasp of his child's hand tighten upon his own; and when he glanced into her face, he was not surprised to see the look that was there; but something, he knew not what, made him feel sadder; it was as if a touch of fear for the child had passed upon him.

They went onward, or rather upward; the doves came whirling down so swiftly and closely, that the rush and beat of their wings was quite audible. People were beginning to come slowly up the steps now. The Rector, the Rev. Marcus Kenningham, came by, responding courteously to John Gower's salute as he passed. He was a thin, white-haired, elderly-looking man, but he was bounding up the steps four at a time with characteristic activity of movement. His eyes rested for a second on Dorigen Gower's face as he went upward. A minute later he turned and came down again.

"Is that your little daughter, Mr. Gower?" he asked in quick high-pitched tones.

"Yes," said John; "my only child."

"Ah, I remember, you lost one last year. Good morning—good morning, little one! I'm rather in a hurry. The bells have begun, and I've got a wedding before the service begins. Good morning."

He was out of sight again in a moment, lost behind a rugged prominence near the crown of the cliff; but he went on thinking of the scarcely seen child—thinking in a puzzled way, and wondering of whom or of what the rapt, wistful face had reminded him. "That child is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," he said to himself as he went up by the broad pathway that leads to the chancel door.

For Dorigen, too, the moment was a marked one in her single and simple page of history. She remembered it all afterwards, when she was old enough to trace the influences that had wrought upon her soul—the sound of the far-echoing, overpowering bells, the keen-eyed clergyman, with the kindly

and impressive manner, the lithe, sensitive figure leaping upward out of sight. She remembered, too, that by-and-by there came a day when the Rector went no more to his parish church by the way of the cliff-side steps.

Dorigen and her father stood for awhile at the top of the ascent. The church, a long, low, grey building of Norman date, was behind them in the crowded churchyard, surrounded by homely tombstones, that told strange, sad stories of the sea in words so brief and simple, yet so complete, that your heart ached with the sense of the overfulness of the tale. Another time, and Dorigen would have turned to these, but she stood now with her gaze fixed far out over the shining ocean plain, clearer, bluer, and with more of heaven in it than it had ever had for her before. The offing was studded from point to point across the wide bay with some hundreds of sunny sails; light and shadow lay upon the far-off cliffs and nabs to the north, the white-edged wavelets swept up the onyx-tinted sands; but Dorigen noted none of these things; nor did she turn to mark the heights and hollows of the inland scene, the sloping town at her feet, that crept downward till it touched the water; nor the gleaming of the river through the silvery haze, as it went upward like a winding stream of molten glass, hiding itself between the darkly-wooded banks, that seemed to meet and touch at the foot of the distant hills.

Presently she spoke, the soft pink colour coming into her face with the mere effort of speaking.

"Why do all the ships go up and down, father?" she asked in a pure, low-toned voice. "Do they never go straight out, across to where the sky touches the sea?"

"Very seldom."

"But why? What is there out there where the sea is all white and glittering?"

"There is land, if you go far enough. If you were to sail out in a straight line you would come to a place called Spitzbergen."

"Spitzbergen! But that is land just like this, not——"

The child could not shape the question she wanted to ask. The ideas in her brain were all vague and dreamy; confused by echoes of Wesley's hymns, and shadows of the pictures that adorned her mother's big Bible. No visions of any island-valley of Avilion, of any Lotus-land filled her imagination, but rather wonderings concerning the experience of Moses on Mount Nebo, when

he saw all the lands unto the utmost sea, and the city of palm-trees, even unto Zoar. Many a time, in her small, flute-like voice, she had sung—

"Could we but climb where Moses stood."

And Moses had always seemed to be standing upon the church cliff at Hild's Haven, his long white robe lying upon the tall grass that grew among the graves, and his hair floating in the breeze that came from the northern sea. Now, all at once the thought came heavily that it was because of her sinfulness that she saw no better land; that for her there was only the passing of merchant ships, and the lazy flight of white-winged gulls. There was truth, then, after all in those stern warnings and denunciations to which she was so accustomed, as to be unable to feel the weight they might have had. This clouded vision was an attestation of the fact that human eyes might be so holden by human sinfulness that they should not see. This new and vivid apprehension was awakening and distressing. The child turned suddenly; her eyes were full of blinding tears, the quivering voice half choked by a passionate sob.

"I *will* try, father, I *will* try to be a better girl," she said, grasping his hand passionately, and drawing him away from the top of the church-steps.

CHAPTER II.—MAINLY TRADITIONAL.

"Let me but see the man
That in one tract can show the wonders that I can.
Like Whitbys, selfe, I think, there's none can show but I,
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild geese flie,
But presently they fall from off their wings to ground.
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found?
And stones like serpents there. Yet may ye more behold,
That in their natural gyres are up together rold."

DRAYTON: *Polyolbion*.

THE glory of Hild's Haven is its past history—history not written only in books, not spoken only in the words of legend and tradition, but still remaining in solemn and majestic presence, an embodiment in lofty tower, heavenward-pointing pinnacle, and delicately carved arch of the fact that "men had then a *soul*—not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech, but as a truth that they *knew*, and practically went upon."

From all the country round about, from wild moorland and upland plain, from the rugged rocks and cliffs that skirt the coast on either hand, and from far out over the lone, perilous waters of the Northern Sea, the Abbey of St. Hild can be discerned. For well-nigh seven centuries it has stood there on the dark, wind-swept height. Within its precincts men have lived and toiled and

prayed; generation after generation has suffered and sinned, and passed away from about it and below it; centuries of weary, storm-tossed mariners have hailed it as a landmark. They hail it yet, though no pharos light gleams now from the fallen tower. Are there any who dream that other hidden uses may lie in its wondrous beauty?

Like all beautiful things, it touches the soul to trouble, and the soul knows not why.

The great grey walls rise majestically from the green plain, the light of heaven falls upon turret and gable, and comes slanting through the windows of the clerestory, falling upon carved canopies and broken arches. Here there is a worn, patient face—how long has it borne that stone burden behind upon its shoulders? How long has the grotesque face just opposite mocked at the calm patience? Is there any sense of time up in that world of carved masonry, that seems near enough to heaven to catch the song of the morning stars? To look seems almost to listen. It is as when one stands on a silent mountain height, and feels the silence full of voices that plead with his better self. Down in the world below there are troubles that darken a man's spiritual insight, but here in the Abbey of St. Hild you are conscious of that sense of increased light and expansion of soul that only comes by utter calm and peacefulness of environment.

John Gower and the child had entered by way of the little white gate in the cloister wall. They had passed close by the massive western front, with its yet-beautiful gateway, and its sharply-arched window, where the tracery is broken into graceful fragments, that droop like icicles of stone. It was strange, almost oppressive, to be so near the big weather-worn buttresses, that seemed as if they had been washed by the sea itself. They looked very strong in their decay—mighty to resist, though marked for all time that remains to them by resistance past.

There is a great heap of masonry, the *débris* of the tower, lying in the roofless nave—the whole building is roofless with the exception of the north aisle of the choir. A grey clustered pillar still stands by the north wall; the grass has grown over the vast uneven mound of fallen stone; huge rugged blocks, held together by coarse mortar, peep out from between patches of ragwort and other rank weeds; russet and olive mosses creep about, many-tinted lichens have fastened upon the brown and grey and yellow walls of aisle and transept. On this summer morning a single spray of wallflower was

blooming over where an altar had stood ; above, a big black crow looked solemnly down from under the carved canopy that sheltered the niche where a saint had been.

After a time John Gower sat down on the craggy, grass-grown pile within the nave, and his little daughter sat almost at his feet. The sea was shining beyond the edge of the green cliff ; it was visible through the broken yet exquisite tracery of the north windows ; the square tower of the church on the cliff-top could be discerned through the Abbey gateway. The topmast of a large ship in the river could be seen over the roofs of the east-side houses, its pennon hanging still and colourless in the haze that was deepening over the town. Everything was still up there. The Manor House, which stands in the shadowy green space where the cloisters were, seemed like a great tomb where all the records and histories of the past might each in its turn have received honoured burial. The blank windows that were all along the front of it were like closed eyes, that might never open, or by any glance or sign betray ; and the big dark door was grown up with waving grass, every blade of which seemed to tell of the years that had passed since any went out or in. This was not the real front of the house, but a skeleton front of a dead banqueting-hall, that had been built by the brave Sir Hugh Cholmley, and was blown down one stormy night about a hundred years ago. It is nearly all of the ancient dwelling-place of the lords of the manor that can be seen from the Abbey ; and it is quite in keeping with the old wall of the cloisters, the leaning gateways, and the wide, bleak, treeless upland, every rood of which seems charged with some strong spell of its own—a spell that nothing can touch, nor diminish, nor rival for an hour in the hearts of those who cannot recall the day when they were strangers to its influence.

Dorigen Gower was but a child, yet, as we have seen, she was a child of sufficiently vivid conceptions, sufficiently ideal imaginations, and to all children such as she life comes by bounds and leaps rather than by ordinary modes of progression. In after life all behind this Sunday morning seemed like a landscape with a low-lying mist upon it, through which here and there an object higher than the rest stood out against the sky. But upon this day no mist ever gathered, nor any cloud.

She sat quite still. A robin on the top of a clustered column close by broke the silence with a curt "cheep ! cheep !" and then flew away. The after-stillness was more marked,

for the bird-note that had broken upon the sunshine, then ceased.

Other voices had ceased also. The quickest conscience at eight years old is not apt to be persistent when its sting lies in the sense of a general inadequacy. The burst of penitence and new resolve that had troubled the child in the churchyard by the edge of the cliff was far away now. She could not have told you how or why it had given way to a new and strange quietness ; she could not even ask herself whether this new mood was born of the day and the place, or of the confused weight of knowledge, and ignorance, and vague speculation that beset her.

*"The oyngnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out blind at first."*

There was a look in Dorigen's eyes and about her firmly-closed mouth that kept John Gower as silent for a time as the child herself was. Then he turned to her kindly—more kindly than usual, because it was Sunday, and he had more leisure to be kind. And there was also a characteristic quaintness in his phrase and accent that was seldom noticeable in the stressful days of labour and care ; but the inflexions that he used were, in a sense, peculiar to himself, and not to be represented by any change of orthography.

"Well, little girl," he said, looking down and putting his hand on her shoulder, "what think you of it all ? It is a long time since you saw the ships through the Abbey windows, isn't it ? How much can you remember ?"

"I don't know if I do remember ; I think it isn't the same."

"No ? Where is the change then ?"

"Everywhere," said the child, looking round in perplexity. "It was nearly dark when I was here last time ; there was only a little light, and it was a long way off. And there was music—such beautiful music ! I think Uncle Than told me after that it was an organ. And then some singing began that was more beautiful than the music. I couldn't see the people that were singing, and—and I think they were angels. They were up above, and a cloud came between, and then the voices went farther away. . . . I couldn't help crying then, because I wanted them to come near. I wanted to ask them about little Elsie."

The child had spoken with quite reverent gravity. She had no idea that she was relating a vivid dream, or a yet more vivid imagining. Dreams, imaginings, real events

had played about equal parts in her small life so far.

It was a puzzling experience for a man gifted with a certain amount of perspicuity—too much to permit him to fall into the mis-

take of comforting himself with the idea that this child of his was but as other children; too little to enable him to penetrate into the recesses of her mental being. His ideas of children in general were strangely vague



"On the craggy grass-grown pile within the nave."

and uncertain; and so far as he had studied the one child-nature that was open to him for study he had not yet found any element that might cause his ideas to crystallise or arrange themselves into any definite form. This state of things might be partly owing to the fact that he had had but few opportunities of being alone with his little daughter. He could hardly remember the moment when they had sat together as they were sitting now; yet it was quite unawares that he was drawn into an experimental mood—a mood that reacted upon himself curiously, seeming to unlock certain of his mental faculties, and set him free from his ordinary reserve, and in a way that would have been slightly wonderful even to himself if he had noted it.

"I don't know what you're thinking of, little woman," he said after a time of silence, "nor do I know what strange stories old Than has been telling you. I'm afraid that,

like some other sailors I know, he's got a habit of spinning yarns that require to be taken with a grain more salt than belongs to them naturally. You mustn't take for granted all he says, especially when he talks about abbeys and organs."

Dorigen looked saddened for a moment—the slightest passing impression, now and always, making itself fully visible on her sensitive features. Presently an eager look lighted up her face.

"But some of the things he says are true, father," she said protestingly. "He told me about the snakes, and they are there, you know, down on the scaur. I've seen them ever so many times."

"What exactly did he tell you?"

"He told me that once in all the country round about there were so many snakes—live ones—that no one knew what to do. And they were poisonous snakes, and they bit the people till they died—just like those

that bit the Israelites in the wilderness. And Lady Hilda went and stood on the edge of the cliff, and she prayed, and all the snakes came up out of the woods and fields, and from the moor; and when they were all round about her, she took a cross and held it up, and then all the snakes' heads dropped off—or Lady Hilda cut them off—Uncle Than couldn't be quite sure which; but they couldn't see, and they went over the cliff down on to the scaur, and were turned to stone. I've seen them there, father, all coiled up quite round, and not one has a head on. Than says that Government has offered a reward if anybody finds one with a head."

John Gower raised his eyes in due astonishment at this conclusive announcement, and the half-repressed smile that the child was always glad to see played about his lips for an amused moment or two; but he made no reply—shall it be confessed that he had no satisfactory reply to make? The legend that Dorigen had narrated with such earnestness of belief had been accepted by himself until he was at least thrice her age; and even then the place of full acceptance had been filled by a sense of doubt and mystery with which he had not cared to grapple. He had duly read his "Marmion," and he remembered, with all the exactness and tenacity of men who have but little to remember, that Sir Walter Scott, in his note to the poem, had not seemed to dwell with any favour on the views of modern scientists. "The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *Ammonitæ*!"

So the poet concludes his note, and what could be added in the way of explanation by a man so utterly innocent of any science as John Gower? There were no primers in those days to lay bare the mysteries of all creation to whomsoever might possess a shilling and a spare hour. Books had been rare luxuries to this man, and time for reading them a luxury rarer still; so that it was small wonder that his once strong inclination toward literature should all but have departed from him. But the fact that he had at one time desired knowledge with some eagerness disposed him to decided sympathy with the evidently similar desires of his child. Her omnivorous appetite for books had been, so far, thwarted as much as it had been in Mrs. Gower's power to thwart it; but her father had a growing conviction that

at some not distant day it would be his duty to assert his own authority in the matter.

Again he broke the silence with a question.

"And what other wonderful stories has old Than been telling you?" he asked, just arresting the kindly smile.

"Oh, not many stories," said the child. "He hardly knows any. But he tells me about real things, and I like that better . . . Did he ever tell you about the sea-birds, and why they never fly over the abbey?"

"No; I've never heard it from him," was the reply.

"Did somebody else tell you?"

"Yes; my grandfather."

"Your grandfather? What did he say?"

"He said that a great many of the birds of passage that fly over to this coast from Norway and Denmark are so exhausted by the long flight that they sink down as soon as they touch the ground, and rest for days before going any farther."

Dorigen looked away, silent between incredulity and disappointment.

"Is that the same as Than's story?"

"No; it was nothing like that," said the child, with a slight touch of the dignity that comes of reserved opinion.

"What, then, precisely was it like?"

"It was because of Lady Hilda, Uncle Than said. She was very good, and the birds fly low when they come to the place where she lived, because she was a saint."

"Ah! That is very different . . . Was there anything else about the Lady Hilda?"

"Only about her dying, and the vision that the nun at Hackness saw just at the time when she died . . . Uncle Than says that some people can see her yet. He had an aunt who saw her—I believe it was Miss Rountree's mother. She walked seven times round the church one night when it was moonlight, and then looked up at the abbey, and Lady Hilda was standing there by a window in a white shining dress."

"Suppose we should see her now!"

Dorigen did not smile, nor did she shrink, or look afraid. She had told the legends in the same ordinary and commonplace language in which they had been told to her, giving the same commonplace details, but these had not represented the attitude of her own mind. Her natural bent was toward an intense reverence for whatsoever things were surrounded by spiritual mystery and solemnity. The vastness and the tranquil sacredness of the place seemed to deepen this natural feeling, and the child was yielding herself to

it more completely with every moment that went by.

"I didn't know you had such a wide acquaintance with the legends of Hild's Haven," her father said presently. "I wonder how much you know of the real history of the place. Who was Lady Hilda?"

Dorigen turned her childish, wondering eyes upon him rather vacantly. It was needless for her to admit that she did not know. Lady Hilda was for her a beautiful, white-robed saint, who had lived on this very spot, and had wrought many miracles there. The picture of her in Dorigen's brain was a picture of a tall, shining figure rising out of mists and shadows, and moving among arches and pillars that had never been carved by mortal hands. . . . These were not details that could be reproduced in words for the benefit of a father who seemed to be relapsing into an exact and catechetical mood.

"Ah! so I thought," he said, after waiting with due patience and some curiosity for an answer. "Now you seem to have remembered all old Than's tales with wonderful exactness. If I tell you another, how long will you remember mine, do you think?"

"I never forget things, father," was the grave and not inaccurate reply.

CHAPTER III.—THE STORY OF CÆDMON.

"Above the small and land-locked harbour of Whitby rises and juts out towards the sea the dark cliff where Hild's monastery stood, looking out over the German Ocean. It is a wild wind-swept upland, and the sea beats furiously beneath, and standing there one feels that it is a fitting birthplace for the poetry of a sea-ruling nation."—STOPFORD BROOKS: *On English Literature*.

HISTORIANS having awakened to the beauty and value of the tale that John Gower told to his child that summer Sunday morning—the story of the founding of the Abbey of Streonshalh by S. Hild, of how she made it "the Westminster of Northumbria," and became herself "a Northumbrian Deborah, whose counsel was sought even by bishops and kings," these matters may not be touched upon here. But the story of Cædmon, a cowherd of the monastery, a man so utterly unlearned as to be unable to read or write, must perforce have mention if the later pages of this history are to be understood to any real purpose.

We speak of him reverently to-day, and count him "the Father of English song," "the Milton of our forefathers." But the opening note of Cædmon's story, as it has come down to us, is a note of sadness, a special note that could only have been struck in the soul of a sensitive and much-suffering man.

"He was of middle age," says the ancient writer, "and had never learned any poem; and he therefore often in convivial society, when for the sake of mirth it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home.

"When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which had been committed to him, when he there at proper time placed his limbs on the bed and slept, then stood some man by him, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, saying, 'Cædmon, sing me something.' Then he answered and said, 'I cannot sing anything, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and returned hither, because I could not.' Again he who was speaking with him said, 'Yet you must sing to me.' Cædmon said, 'What shall I sing?' And he said, 'Sing me the origin of things.' When Cædmon received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing in praise of God, the Creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard. Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure." *

It is probable that the grand old story was never listened to in a less critical attitude of mind. It was true beyond question; it was beautiful beyond description; it was sacred beyond realisation.

Dorigen made no remark, but John Gower did not fail to note the intentness of the small, eager face beside him, the quick changing of the colour on the cheek, the dilation of the dark, expressive, wondering eyes; some of these things he had perceived from the beginning; but when the story of the divine illumination of Cædmon had been added to the rest, the strong emotion of the child became less controllable. It was as if every nerve quivered to the sounding of the chord of latent sympathy that had been touched, and touched finely. To what fine or other issues it is one purpose of this record to show.

Johann Wolfgang Mozart writing his concerto for the harpsichord at five years old; Lawrence taking his pencil portraits at the same age; Landseer painting pictures to be exhibited at the Royal Academy in his thir-

* Vide Bede's "Ecclesiastical History"; also Thorpe's "Translation of Cædmon's Metrical Paraphrases."

teenth year; Shelley writing wild romances to be published while he was yet a school-boy—these and scores of others are cited commonly as instances of precocious development, and the citation is made admiringly, as if the prematurely-burdened child were worthy of all honour and praise. If such a childhood—the inner life of it, the inevitable suffering of it—could be accurately recorded, there is no compassionate man or woman in whose heart praise would not turn to pity even while the record was being read.

There is but one childhood to a human life; but one time of freedom from care, of exemption from strife, of ignorance of life's bafflings, its meanness, its complications. If this be marred it is an ill for which existence has no compensation. All his life a man shall go sadly for the child that died, not having known the glories and illusions of a happy childhood.

It is quite in vain to blame circumstance, to cast reflections on this child's mother or that child's father. The originating force lies beyond these, though it be transmitted through them, and they shall not be accounted responsible for activities that lie outside their comprehension. To have hatched an ugly duckling is not the ambition of the maternal hen, and none but the hard-hearted would refuse to sympathise with her inevitable dismay when the undesired creature persists in taking to its native element. Her anxiety is but increased by the vagueness of her knowledge of the untried dangers, and to be made to recognise the fact that you have given life to an organism that is daily and hourly passing beyond your ken, can never add to that comfortable acquiescence in the things that are, which is so legitimate an object of desire.

Perfect immunity from anxiety on this head can only lie in perfect obtuseness, and this being a quality liable to the shocks and jars by which enlightenment of all kinds has a trick of coming, can seldom be depended upon for perfect tranquillity. Even Mrs. Gower had made disturbing discoveries, and it was hardly likely that her more perceptive husband should escape altogether. He had no desire to escape, on the contrary, as we have seen, he had this morning fallen into a mood that might be termed experimental. Yet he was not prepared for this display of overmastering emotion. The child had risen to her feet; the small, nervous hands moved outward to his impulsively; her voice betrayed the fervour of her bewildered faith.

"But who was it that came to Cædmon in the night, father? Was it God Himself? or was it an angel that God sent?"

"That I cannot tell," John Gower replied reverently, feeling that the question was one that required attention of the same kind as he had often been led to bestow upon the question as to the nature of Him who wrestled with Jacob at Penueil. "That I cannot tell," he said. Then after pausing a moment he added, "It is said in the Bible that the prophets spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit!"

"But that was inspiration! . . . Mother says that only the Bible is inspired!"

Here again John Gower hesitated. He had no wish to shake his wife's authority, knowing well that his own views were not sufficiently definite to be of much value on such matters.

"I suspect it depends on how you take the word 'inspiration,'" he said vaguely.

He was not satisfied with his reply, being aware of a certain cowardice behind it.

"Are there two kinds of inspiration, then?" the child asked quickly.

"That I can't tell; I should say there might be. I've thought about it before to-day, and I remember there's a passage somewhere in the Epistles that says, 'God, at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake unto the fathers.' I don't see why He shouldn't speak 'in divers manners' still."

The man had spoken with deep reverence throughout, and now he added with humility, "But it is not for me to say; I've had no learning, and there's more in such matters than one like me can fathom."

"But Cædmon had no learning!" said the child persistently.

"No, true; but he had something else—something that I've not got I'm afraid."

"You mean before he saw the vision?"

"Yes."

"What do you think it was that he had?"

"There again you're beyond me. Your mother would say it was religion."

Dorigen paused for a moment, restraining the eagerness that seemed to vibrate through her reed-like frame.

"I should say that too," she said presently with childish decisiveness.

"Yes," said John Gower, with a sigh over his own failure to attain the standard set up for him in his own house—"Yes; I don't see what else exactly it could have been. There was Milton: he wrote 'Paradise Lost,' you know, and he believed himself to be inspired; and that inspiration could only come to a

good man, or one that tried to be good. At the beginning of the poem there's a kind of prayer for fuller inspiration, a prayer to the Holy Spirit—

"And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st."

"And that was after Cædmon lived?"

"Hundreds of years after."

"Do you know of any others, after Milton?"

"Well, there are poets now."

"Inspired ones?"

"Again that is more than I can say," John Gower replied, beginning to feel some regret that the conversation had not taken a different tone. It was occurring to him that he should not like to take the child home with that flushed face, brilliant eye, and general air of excitement.

"But you can tell me what you think, father!" she begged with curious and altogether inexplicable earnestness. "You can tell me if you think that there is any reason why God could not send inspiration to any one now."

"There is no reason why He could not; I know of none why He should not. . . . And now let us go."

They went homeward through the churchyard again, and down by the cliff-side steps into the town. The child was silent—lost in an incomprehensible silence—but this was not new, and therefore gave rise to no question; which perhaps was well, since answer of any intelligible kind would have been difficult. Dorigen Gower had to grow—

"As a reed with the reeds by the river,"

for many a long day before full understanding of that morning in the Abbey of St. Hild dawned upon her mental vision.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HOUSE BY WIGGONER'S WHARF.

"How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood! How indelibly, as we afterward discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax of our ingenuous souls, as 'with lead in the rock for ever,' giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterward, thus, and not otherwise."—WALTER H. PATER.

THE bells up in the old grey tower on the cliff were ringing for afternoon service, the sun was creeping round toward the west, shining into the soft, sleepy, yellow haze that was upon the harbour. The tops of the ship-masts and the slanting yards looked pale and shadowy, and threw pale and shadowy reflections into the water that had

lost its ripple when the tide went out and the breeze died down. Across, on the other side of the harbour, a thin white smoke went up from the deck of a small schooner. Were the sailors making tea? Dorigen wondered. Was it tea-time? Then again she moved restlessly in her little painted wooden chair, and again Mrs. Gower lifted rebuking eyes from the volume of sermons by Jonathan Edwards that was claiming her deepest attention.

She knew something of what was passing in the child's mind. For years past—from the days when the little one had been just able to walk alone—she had been allowed to spend Sunday afternoon with old Than Rountree, who was not really her uncle, but her godfather, and lived with his cousin, Miss Rountree, in a tiny house in a cliff-side garden on the east of the town. It had always been a pleasure, and gradually, imperceptibly, it had come to be something more, perhaps as much by reason of the child's strong imagination as by anything else. To climb the narrow steps between the sordid houses, to enter by the wooden gate into the garden where daisies grew, red daisies and white, with richly-scented wallflowers and borders of mignonette, was simply to enter Paradise for a little while. The apple-tree was not wanting; it stood in a corner, a big old tree, sparing of blossom, luxuriant of leaf, and bearing in the autumn its sour scant burden of Yorkshire Greens, with quite the air of a tree that might have had ancestors in the Garden of Eden, that is if the picture books were at all to be trusted.

Dorigen had been thinking of the apple-tree, thinking of the pink-and-white blossoms that she knew had faded from the old brown boughs unseen by her, dreaming, too, of the new life, of the old romance that were always up there in the house in the garden. She liked to sit and think of it all, of the kindness, the freedom, the general sense of being wanted and welcome that was so much to her always. It was a long time since she had tasted of all this delight; by reason of the winter's cold and her mother's fear, the Sunday afternoons had been missed out of her real life altogether; but time and loss had only stamped them more vividly and truly on the inner life that was, in a sense, so much more than the outer. And all the winter through there had been hope, as well as recollection. She should go again when the summer came, her mother had said. And surely the summer had come now, and Sunday afternoon had come, as any one might

have known by the strange stillness and sleepiness that seemed as if it were of the hour and of the day. The sun was shining full on the face of the old clock, full into the silver eyes of the brazen man-in-the-moon at the top of the dial-plate. The clock ticked slowly—the afternoon was going slowly; still it *was* going; and again the child moved restlessly in her little chair.

"What are ya fidgettin' i' that way for?" asked Mrs. Gower at last, speaking in stern but subdued tones. Her husband was asleep on the sofa, a fact that added terribly to the hush that had come down over the house. All the afternoon he had slept there, all the afternoon Mrs. Gower had sat uprightly by the table, with her volume of sermons before her. Her bright black calamanca apron was spread out stiffly over her dull black gown, her pale red hair was brushed away under a prim cap of white net, which was relieved only by little bows of gauzy "love ribbon," as it was termed in those days. This was her usual Sunday afternoon toilette, but it was worn to-day with even more than the usual Sunday rigidity. Dorigen knew it, and felt it afresh as her eyes drooped under her mother's hard gaze; then nerving herself for a desperate effort, she went to the table and said in a beseeching, tremulous whisper—

"Can I go to Uncle Than's this afternoon, mother? You said I was to go the first fine Sunday, and we saw him this morning in the street, and he said I was to go to-day."

Mrs. Gower looked into the girl's face coldly, sternly.

"And I say you're not to go," she replied with an emphasis on every syllable.

There was no appeal. The child's face grew rigid on the sudden; she slowly withdrew from her mother's side and sat down again, feeling no disposition to tears, none to anger. These things were not in her way. Her way was to take a blow as a final result, to make no attempt to alleviate it.

She sat quite still now, noting nothing, seeing nothing, but intensely conscious of all things about her. Her father slept on, the pendulum went on swinging with its slow alternate click; her mother went on acquainting herself with the spiritual experiences of a soul of even darker, and sterner, and more puritanical cast than her own, and the expression of her face grew darker and sterner as she read. Dorigen was aware of it, though she did not consciously glance that way. For a few moments life stood still, stopped by the touch of disappointment that should have seemed so slight, but was so truly heavy

to the child. She sat with her little hands crossed on her white pinafore, looking round the quaint home-like room, all unaware of the preciousness the memory of it would come to have for her some day, all unaware that the time would come when she would look back upon such days of weariness and monotony as upon days of perfect peace and rest, the like of which she might never know again.

There was a sort of Yorkshire farm-house atmosphere about the place, to be accounted for perhaps by the fact that Mrs. Gower was the daughter of a Yorkshire farmer, and had had many things to her dower that had belonged to the old homestead on the edge of Westerdale Moor. The dark oaken bureau with its rudely carved panels, its heavy drawers with ancient handles of brass, and its many deep recesses, had belonged to more generations of Ullens than the last daughter of the house was aware of. She was very proud of it, and her pride found continuous expression in vigorous polishing. No speck of dust might be discerned anywhere, or any dimness on things meant to be bright. There was a warming-pan hanging in a corner by the bureau, with a handle of shining walnut and a lid of shining brass, and graven on the lid there was a far-off rising sun, with a tall sunflower in the foreground which displayed only its stalk and the reverse of its disc of outer petals. Many a time Dorigen had wished that it would turn its head, if only for a moment, that she might see what a real sunflower was like; but it kept on for ever staring at the brazen sun. Persistent always, there was something aggressive in its upright obstinacy this afternoon, and there was no relief in turning to the palm-trees; they, too, stood stiff and still, frozen in unresponsive iron-work, and solemn with the touch of antiquarian dignity that time was laying upon each hand-wrought leaf. The palm-trees grew on the oven door; they had grown there for well-nigh two centuries, as was plain for any one to see, the workman having wrought the date into his work right noticeably, just above the well over which Rachel was bending to draw water for the tall camels that stood patiently waiting, always with outstretched head. The camels were as tall as the palm-trees, and Abraham's servant might have been as tall as the camels if he had been standing. But the man was sitting; he always sat still upon the same stone, and he was always staring at Rachel, who never turned away, or moved her head, or gave the camels to drink of the water that had been

in the pitcher for above a century and a half.

Ah ! it was terrible sometimes, the silence and sameness of things. Up at Uncle Than's there was a bird, a grey linnet, that sang a softer and sweeter song than any canary ; it could send a thrill through you all unawares by bursting into full glad melody when you least expected it. And Miss Rountree had a window with plants in it that were always budding and blooming, fading and reviving, throwing out hints and mysteries of form and colour in a way that was quite an exercise to see. Yes, indeed, it was terrible to have to sit still without speaking when there was nothing to be listened to, and when you had only things to look upon that could not even look back again.

Up on the high mantel-shelf, among the brass candlesticks and japanned snuffer-trays, there were two tiny black busts, one of John Wesley, and one of George Whitefield, grotesque little things with curled wigs and strips of white pearl for muslin bands. Dorigen had tried to hold conversations with these at one time, but having learnt from her mother what manner of men they were, she had desisted in sheer affright of conscience, being well aware that if they replied at all their replies must be wholly denunciatory.

It will be seen, then, that the life lived by Dorigen in her little wooden chair was not without its depths and intensities. The chair stood always in a narrow recess between the window and the fire-place, and the recess was filled with blue Dutch tiles of scriptural design which had played no small part in the child's theological training. There was considerable diversity of scene and story, but the stories were not as a rule of a soothing or encouraging nature. As a matter of fact, they served but too often, and too exactly, as visible witnesses to the truth and terror of Mrs. Gower's teaching. The artist had apparently been irresistibly impelled to the seizure of moments of painful suspense. The disobedient Jonah was depicted as only half-delivered from the mouth of the whale, and the expression of his countenance betrayed no vain confidence as to his final escape. The picture of the rebellious Absalom, caught up into the oak while his mule was in the very act of departing from under him, though fascinating in a certain sense, could yet become intolerable when the desire for Absalom's release had wrought itself into your mind as a fixed idea. To live with arrested events of this kind, and other kinds, close to you, and all round you, was inevitably to live

yourself into some kind of sympathy with them ; and Mrs. Gower would probably have been appalled could she have suspected for a moment that her daughter's sympathy was being powerfully drawn to the wrong side. If it were true that to sin was to suffer, of a surety it must be equally true that to suffer was to need pity and compassion. This unorthodox idea had taken root in the child's mind already, and was destined to grow there vigorously, with others equally unorthodox, and perhaps less tenable ; but each one of them was the natural outcome of a policy of straitness, repression, and lively terrorism.

The fact that Dorigen's desire for books had betrayed itself as a passion was quite enough to keep Mrs. Gower constantly on guard against its indulgence. The greater part of the books were banished to the garret, buried there in a chest that had belonged to a sailor, a Gower who had gone down to the sea to do business in great waters, but had never reached the haven of his desire.

Dorigen knew something of the volumes that had disappeared. She had glanced over certain Waverley novels ; she had looked upon the pages of mysterious Greek and Latin school-books with awe, wondering who Cato might have been, and who Erasmus ; and wondering next who had read the books, and defaced them, and left upon them marginal illustrations of such strikingly effective design. She knew of other books too, not written in any dead language, nor dead in any way, though so long buried ; but alive and likely to live so long as Dorigen could remember the glimpses she had had of them. A few had been allowed to remain on the narrow shelf above the bureau. John Gower had insisted here ; but his insistence had not the value it might have had if it had gone a little farther. He was a man who prized domestic peace, and was capable of much unheeded sacrifice for the sake of it. It was only quite lately that he had begun to realise that he was sacrificing his child's good as well as his own wish in this matter.

The handful of books that he had chosen to keep before him were sufficiently varied. Cædmon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Ossian ; lives of John Wesley and Lord Nelson ; Sharon Turner's "Saxon History," "The History of Hild's Haven," Neal's "History of the Puritans," these, with a few others of lesser importance and more recent date, were there, a curious and inconsequent collection, but enough for the ceaseless exercise of a child's passionate desire.

Was it this desire that he saw in her eyes when he awoke from his sleep? He fancied it was; and with a touch of defiance in him he took down the Cædmon from the shelf, turned the pages for a moment, and then opening it at the account of the poet's inspiration, placed it in the girl's hands. She took it with a quick flush that was half of pain, half of delight. The act was like a declaration of war: victory seemed a long way off and improbable. But victory and battle were soon forgotten; hope and disappointment were alike forgotten; nothing remained but the vividly present story of the past. Vividly present, yes; for there was nothing but time between, and time is so little to a child, distance so much. Milton had lived and sung nine hundred years later than Cædmon; but Milton had lived in London, and had travelled in Italy; while Cædmon had walked on the windy cliff-top, and in the Abbey plain just above, and the voice that spoke to him in the night had spoken not many yards away from where she sat. The child's hands trembled as she turned the pages; for years afterward she remembered how they trembled. The sense of the nearness of the things of which she read was a strong emotion; and she knew no more that she sat in a narrow room made narrower by straitness of human outlook and perception.

CHAPTER V.—WILD WORK.

"So the foundations of his mind were laid,
In such communion, not from terror free."
WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion*.

OUTWARDLY that afternoon had passed as the afternoons of other Sundays, save for a certain deeper gloom and silence. John Gower was well aware of this, and aware too of the cause. When he went out to go to Zion Chapel in the evening he went uncomfortably, for Mrs. Gower had declined to accompany him, with an accentuation of tone and manner that admitted of no overture, and betrayed moreover a settled and calculated intention, the nature of which he had no difficulty in divining.

He glanced compassionately at the child as he went out, but she did not see the glance. She had finished the story of Cædmon's life, of his placid and beautiful willingness to depart from life; and now she had turned to the great grand song that he had sung while he was yet living. She had only just begun it. Heaven was opening somewhere overhead, light sweeping into the room with the rustle of angels' wings.

"Shut that book and bring it to me," said a voice which made her start with its sudden sternness.

The child obeyed swiftly and promptly, as was her wont.

"An' now bring your catechism here, an' the hymn-book."

Again Mrs. Gower's command was met by silent obedience. Dorigen remained standing by the table, sad, patient, vaguely expectant of coming ill.

"Stand straight and put your hands behind you," said Mrs. Gower. "Now look at me an' say the fourth commandment."

This was done; the words were uttered with a certain mechanical precision, the child's brain being busied with the usual interior realisation of the man-servant, and the maid-servant and the stranger within the gates. Mrs. Gower's mind had not dwelt upon these.

"What do you mean by keepin' the Sabbath day holy?" she inquired, the pent-up feeling of the whole afternoon betraying itself in her voice and accent.

Dorigen looked into her mother's face with the troubled, wistful look that always came when she was required to be definite; and for a single second a terrible misgiving crossed Mrs. Gower's mind, a suspicion not exactly of latent idiocy, but of some mental want or shortcoming that might point toward irresponsibility. It was not the first time that this misgiving had come upon her, and as at other times she put it away. It agreed clearly with her views of original sin to suppose that the child was now and always actuated by sheer perversity.

"You don't mean to answer? . . . I suppose you've conscience enough to know that you've not kept *this* Sabbath day holy?"

The girl's expression grew more troubled: still she kept silence.

"I know what you're thinkin' of," Mrs. Gower continued, "I know what you want to say. You'd like to throw all the blame on your father; an' I don't say he wasn't to blame; but that doesn't excuse you. Didn't he ask you if you'd like to go ramblin' about instead o' goin' to chapel like a Christian?"

"Yes; he asked me."

"An' what did you say?"

Dorigen considered. "I think I didn't say anything," she replied.

"There's more ways than one o' sayin' things. You didn't say 'no,' that I can answer for. You'd never so much as think for a minute whether you were breakin' the

commandments or not. But you're breakin' other things as well as them, you're breakin' my heart, an' when I'm dead an' gone you'll mebbe think of it, if ever you learn to think at all. I read of other children, younger children than you, that repent an' get converted an' find peace, an' go on being a comfort and a blessing to everybody about them; but it seems as if I was never to have no comfort out o' you. I've done my best; I've taught you, an' tried to train you up in the way you should go; but for all I can see you might as well ha' been left for Satan to work his will upon. You get more wilful, an' more hardened every day of your life."

None of these accusations were new; perhaps the real terribleness of them, as touching the mental experience of a child, lay in the fact that she heard them with such inadequate concern. They were so old, so true, so inevitable.

"What do you think 'll come of you when you die?" Mrs. Gower asked after a pause.

Again it was required of Dorigen that she should form a definite answer out of somewhat indefinite material. She made an honest effort, but with the usual result.

"Supposin' you were to die to-night, where do you think you'd go now?"

Another blind, painful effort was made. The expression of the girl's face changed in the making of it; her colour came slowly; her eyes were lit up with a bright, unquiet light.

"Now just answer me one thing," Mrs. Gower said, pursuing her advantage with the conscientiousness that she believed to be her duty—not an easy duty, but one without doubt required of her as the logical outcome of her cruel and Calvinistic creed. Probably no more exact representative of that creed's fiercest and most awful dogmatism ever existed than the woman who sat there, weighing in the balance the soul of a little child. She went on with her questioning. "Answer me one thing," she said. "Sup-

pose you were to die this very hour, do you think you would go to heaven?"

"No!" said Dorigen with desperation, and no one saw that in that moment a jarring touch was laid upon her soul which was to vibrate through the years.

Something in the girl's manner more than in the word she said came like a slight shock to Mrs. Gower; she hesitated a moment.

"You think that?" she said presently.

"You think that if you were to die before bed-time, an' had to be put into a coffin, an' buried in the ground beside your little sister—laid there for worms to feed upon—you think yourself that your soul wouldn't go to heaven as hers did?"

Dorigen looked the same answer that she had given before; she did not utter it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Gower. "Then if it didn't go to heaven, where would it go?"

Again the child hesitated, and again she spoke with desperate quietness.

"It would go to hell," she said, lifting her eyes to her mother's face slowly.

Mrs. Gower's breathing became audible in the momentary silence that followed. Every answer the girl had given was the direct result of the mother's teaching; yet for one moment that mother wished that she had been childless.

"Give that catechism to me," she desired after a time.

The child placed the book in her hands.

It was a little one; and on the cover of it were these words:—

"FOR CHILDREN OF TENDER YEARS."

Mrs. Gower opened it, found the section she wished to find, and began with the first question:—

"What sort of a place is hell?"

The answer came promptly.

"Hell is a dark and bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone."

"How will the wicked be punished there?"



"The narrow steps between the houses."

"The wicked will be punished in hell by having their bodies tormented by fire, and their souls by a sense of the wrath of God."

"How long will these torments last?"

"The torments of hell will last for ever and ever."

These answers were all given with the same undisturbed, undoubting tone, but it was a tone from which Mrs. Gower's puritanical instinct missed something. It was not inspired by dread, nor yet by compunction. Another effort must be made.

"Bring me the big Bible," she said with hopeless determination in her voice.

The Bible was brought; it opened almost of itself at the picture Mrs. Gower desired to see; a picture which had been imprinted on her own brain many years ago, and had never lost its harrowing influence. It was an attempt to do with the graver what Dante attempted to do with his pen in the "Inferno"—probably the poet had furnished the artist with ideas. The engraving was dark, with lurid lights in it; the details were drawn forcibly, and with a Düreresque deliberation and definiteness. The flames were gathering and tossing like waves of fire; the sinners might never escape from their furious lashing; might never hide from the grotesque and mocking fiends that were graven there. The endlessness of it all was the point Mrs. Gower dwelt upon. It was the idea that was most terrible to herself; therefore she might hope that it would have some terror for this strangely hard and impenitent child of hers.

"Think of what eternity means; try to get it into your mind that it means ages and ages—millions of years, then millions again; an' at the end of all that it'll be as if it was only just beginnin'."

Dorigen's face was paler and tenser, her eyes were darker and brighter; but Mrs. Gower saw only the tearlessness, only the firmly-closed and unrelenting lip.

Suddenly—perhaps stung as much by what she believed to be perverse opposition as by zeal—she took the child's small hand in hers, drew it down to the fire with a quick, powerful movement, and for one half second so held it that it touched the bars of the grate. The girl's cry went through the mother's heart like a stroke of steel, but she was glad to hear the cry.

"There!" she said in triumphant agitation. "There! if you can't bear your little finger to touch a fire like that, how will you bear if your whole body has to be tormented with fire for ever and ever!"

* * * * *

Dorigen's bedroom, a small, grey, simple-looking room, was at the top of the house, and looked toward the harbour-bar.

It was not a moonlight night that night, nor was it starlight, yet still the darkness that the child waited for with such dread expectancy never came; there was only a long, pale twilight. Had it ever so happened before?

The blind had not been drawn—she had forgotten to do that in her agony; and now she was glad, as glad as she could be for anything. She must try with all the might she had never to be glad or happy for earthly things any more.

Her agony, or rather agonies, were over for this time. Her keen, swift imagination had spent itself in the vivid creation and realisation of three of the four last things—Death, Judgment, Hell; of Heaven she might not dream.

The present result was chiefly an intense and complete physical exhaustion. The child lay in her bed, pale, cold, and prostrate, as sick people lie in their extremity; her dark hair was all about the pillow, heavy, wet, lifeless; it was as if that had suffered too.

The day had been a marked day in her life, and now the night was marked also.

Worn out as she was, her brain was yet capable of question, of vague, sad speculation. Though the acute, overpowering sense of the actualness, the nearness, the inevitableness of eternal torture had impressed itself on her imagination until her faculties were no longer capable of feeling the first horror, she was yet alive to the mental pain of connected ideas. Not only—

*"The burden and the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world,"*

but the burden and the mystery of other worlds, less intelligible still, were pressing upon her consciousness, crushing the dawning ideas of fair significance that were struggling within her, waiting for the strength of the years; despoiling the germs of hope, of faith, of all things whatsoever that are of any value in the soul and life of child or man.

So she lay there, suffering, bewildered, unconsoled; yet as the pale grey night went on much of the perplexity died out, even as much of the anguish had died. The experience of the previous morning returned upon the experience of the evening, and in the still solitude of the night the threads of the twain, warp and weft, were laid upon the loom for her life's weaving.

At last she closed her eyes, and folded her small hands upon the coverlet, appealing in her childish way to that unknown God whom she would fain propitiate, fain worship, even though it were ignorantly. Of all the tender love and longing which lay so deep in her heart she was as utterly unconscious as if it had not been there, so she could make no offering of that. She had nothing to offer. Her whole spiritual life was a series of broken resolutions, piercing to the memory, and most disheartening so far as the future was concerned.

She had nothing to offer, and she did not ask for much; but when her prayer—if such it could be called—was ended, it seemed to her already that she had, if not what she had asked, then something else in place of it. Her eyes unclosed to a surprise. The grey night was no longer grey. A soft amber

glow was spreading upward from the sea; there was a single bird-note among the ivy, just beneath her window—a little glad, surprised note that answered closely to something that was awakening within herself. It was morning, then! The sun was risen upon the earth! Ah! if she might not attain the mountain-top, then surely the angels would come, and take her by the hand, and set her in the way to some city of Zoar!

So, a day and a night, with such new knowledges and such new ignorances, laid in forms and colours on a child's white mind. Life was beginning for her as it begins for most of us, with sudden, secret growths that rise out of the common daily event, and so stamp the event for one lifetime at least. We learn oftentimes in pain which is but a shadow of the pain that comes with the inevitable unlearning.

(To be continued.)

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS.

By PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

FIRST PAPER.

IF ever there was an age bent on collecting old things, it is our own. Think only of our museums, brimful of antiquities from all countries and all ages, and which, like our cemeteries, will soon become small villages, if they are to hold all that was once young and alive on earth.

Besides these vast public repositories of the old things of the world, there is hardly a house of any pretensions in which we do not meet with some collection of old coins, or old gems, or old books, or old pictures, to say nothing of old lace and china.

Yet such collections are expensive, and become more so with every year. Then why should not those who are unable to pay for Roman coins or Greek bronzes, for Egyptian bracelets or Babylonian cylinders, collect antiquities which will cost them nothing, and which are older than the oldest things from any part of the ancient world? The fact is that everybody possesses such a museum of antiquities. Only he does not value it. He does not take the various specimens, clean and label them as he ought, if he wishes to know their real value, and hopes to make them useful to himself and others.

That museum is our language. There is no word in English, or French, or German, which is not older than the oldest of the pyramids, and yet, while we are willing to pay any sum for a scarabee containing the name of Sesostris, which after all tells us very little, we attach hardly any value to words which, if we would only trace them back to their distant source, might teach us lessons of the highest import. It does not matter what language we take or what word we choose, every one of them will carry us back to times when there were as yet no statues, no gems, no coins, no cylinders, no pyramids, not even lacustrian dwellings, stone hammers, or flint heads. For all these are the workmanship of intelligent beings, and no being can be intelligent without language.

Here therefore is an opening for all who have a taste for collecting old things, and who are too poor to pay for what are after all, in comparison to words, very modern antiquities. But although the specimens for such a collection are cheap, the labour of collecting, of sifting and analysing them is not inconsiderable. There are some provinces in

the vast realm of speech which as yet have been but very imperfectly surveyed and mapped out, and I should advise no collector to begin his museum with Patagonian, Indo-Chinese, or Abchasian words. It is best to begin with our own language, and from that to allow our researches to radiate towards the other languages of Europe.

These have all been classified. With two exceptions, the modern and ancient dialects of our small continent belong to three great families, the *Aryan*, the *Semitic*, and the *Turanian*. The two unclassified languages are Bask and Etruscan, which as yet stand alone without any recognised relationship, while all the rest can prove their legitimate origin and their unquestioned descent. We might in fact claim the whole of Europe for the Aryan family of speech. For modern Hebrew, as spoken by a few Jews, is really a foreign language in Europe, while Maltese is a very insignificant representative of Semitic speech. As to the offshoots of Turanian speech in Europe, we have Hungarian in the south, and Finnish, Esthonian, and Lapponian in the north. Excluding these intruders, the whole of Europe is the home of Aryan speech.

Before we begin to collect, however, and before we can hope to arrange our collection systematically, we must remember that the Aryan family did not take possession of this Western peninsula of Asia as an undivided body, and at one and the same time. They had been separated for centuries, nay, more likely, for thousands of years, and to such an extent that when they poured into Europe, wave upon wave, they hardly knew of their distant relationship, and they certainly had become as unintelligible to one another as if they had never had the same fathers and mothers. We must therefore keep in our collections separate departments. In well-arranged museums we do not mix Greek with Roman statues, Celtic, Slavonic, and Teutonic coins. We have one room for historic, another for prehistoric antiquities. We must keep the same order in our museums of words. I do not like to repeat here what every one who takes an interest in the subject can find in my "Lectures on the Science of Language." I have given there a full outline of a scientific classification of the principal languages of Europe, and according to that outline every collector can arrange his small collection of words, can trace their relationship, and follow their migrations from century to century. Though these lectures were published many years ago and

may possibly themselves be counted among old things, I believe they will answer every purpose in the hands of careful collectors of words or students of Comparative Philology. It may be that some more recent linguistic theories are not mentioned in them, but in that case, though my silence does not necessarily mean dissent, still less disapproval, it may mean that *adhuc sub judice lis est*, i.e. that these theories require more careful testing before they should be admitted into a manual of the Science of Language. It may also be that some of the theories which I still adhere to in these lectures may seem to others superseded by newer theories. But here again, though in a growing science like that of Comparative Philology we naturally have to learn and to unlearn from day to day, and from year to year, I doubt whether I have in my lectures put forward any doctrines which I should now have to surrender, or whether I ever represented arguments and conclusions as firmly established which in the present state of our knowledge cannot be otherwise than problematical.

I may therefore, I believe, with a good conscience refer those of my readers who really wish to arrange for themselves a small museum of words to my "Lectures on the Science of Language" (last edition, 1885), where they will find all those rules which a librarian wants for a *catalogue raisonné* of his books, or the keeper of a collection of coins for a proper arrangement of his chests and drawers.

And as example is always better than precept, I propose to supply the readers of GOOD WORDS with a few specimens to show how words should be collected; how they should be cleaned and arranged; and how their history should be traced from century to century, or from country to country, for words are tossed about in the world, and their fates are often very strange. Each word has its biography, beginning with its birth, or at least with its baptism. We may speak of its childhood, its youth, its manhood, and old age, nay, even of its death, and of its heirs and successors. The early chapters of these word-biographies are no doubt the most difficult and require very careful treatment; but, as in the lives of men and women, they are also the most important, and in the case of most words they often determine the whole of their subsequent career. In the earliest chapters we shall find that our authorities sometimes differ and are not always quite trustworthy; nay, there are many lives

in which as yet the earliest chapters are entirely missing. But there are rich archives which have still to be ransacked, and every conscientious student, I believe, will find that with proper care and judgment his researches will be amply rewarded.

I.—FORTUNE.

I shall begin with a word that seems to be very easy to place and to trace, but which, nevertheless, will prove somewhat troublesome when we try to follow it up to its first beginnings.

Fortune came into English with that large class of words which the Normans brought into England from the north of France. The Normans, being themselves of Scandinavian, that is, of Teutonic origin, adopted Northern French as their language, and had to learn a number of Latin words in that form which they had assumed, i.e. the *langue d'oïl*, or the northern dialects of Gaul. The Latin *fortuna* thus became the Norman *fortune*, and with a change of accent the English *fortune*.

These later fates of the word require indeed but few remarks. Almost every one of the meanings which *fortuna* has assumed in English can be traced back to French, to mediæval Latin, and finally to classical Latin.

We speak of good and evil fortune, so did the French, and so did the Romans. By itself *fortuna* was taken either in a good or in a bad sense, though it generally meant good fortune. It is the same in French, though in such expressions as *Dieu vous préserve de mal et de fortune* it is clear that it can only be intended for *mauvaise fortune*. Whenever there could be any doubt the Romans defined *fortuna* by such adjectives as *bona*, *secunda*, *prospera*, for good; *mala* or *adversa* for bad fortune. *Fortuna* thus became at a very early time one of those numerous words which, when their real origin has once been forgotten, prove very troublesome to all thoughtful speakers, and as they seem to be full of contradictions, call forth numerous more or less ingenious explanations. *Fortuna* came to mean something like chance, and the ancient Romans accustomed themselves at a very early time to believe that certain things happened by chance (*forte quiddam*), while others were ordered by a divine will (*divinus*). Sometimes they speak doubtfully whether there is such a thing as chance, or whether there is a god who cares for what happens to us (Cic. Att. iv. 10); while more philosophical minds deny altogether the possibility of any

chance, if all things are held together by necessity (Cic. Divin. ii. 7, *Si hæc habent talem necessitatem, quid casû fieri aut forte fortunâ putemus?*). Cicero (Nat. D. iii. 36), always fond of compromises, admits that we may indeed implore the gods to grant us good fortune, but that we ought really to find it in ourselves. In another place, however, he doubts whether even a god could know what will happen *casû et fortuito*. In this manner the word was tossed about. A distinction was even attempted between *fors*, having the sense of chance, and *Fortuna*, being the name of a goddess, a distinction which is clearly artificial, and is contradicted by the old name of the goddess, which, as we shall see, was *Fors Fortuna*.

Another more definite sense which fortune has assumed in English and in French, namely wealth, seems at first sight unclassical, but it is not so. As we say of a young lady that she has no fortune (which is not necessarily a misfortune), *elle n'a point de fortune*, or as we speak of a man who has made or lost his fortune, the Romans used *fortuna*, at least in the plural, *fortunæ*, in the sense of riches. Cicero himself (p. Rosc. 3) says, *a Chrysogono peto ut pecuniâ fortunisque nostris contentus sit*.

There are other meanings, however, which *fortuna* adopted in the mouths of the less classical descendants of Cicero for which we are unable to produce any warrant from classical writers, though, of course, this does not prove that *fortuna* never possessed those meanings in its early youth and manhood also. In mediæval Latin *fortuna* means a storm, or peril of the sea, and so it does in French. Froissart (1, 1, 108) writes: *Leurs vaisseaux eurent si grande fortune sur mer que plusieurs de leurs nefes furent perdues*, which leaves no doubt that *fortune* here means misfortune. Rabelais uses *fortunal* for tempest, and a sail which may be left during a storm is even now called *voil de fortune*. In Italian too *fortunoso* is used for a tempestuous sea, though originally it may have meant no more than perilous; peril and fortune being used almost synonymously in such expressions, for instance, as *à ses risques, perils, et fortune*.

Another curious meaning was assumed by *fortuna* when in mediæval law-books it occurs in the sense of *treasure trove*, i.e. *trésor trouvé*. Thus we read in the *Stabimentum St. Ludovici*, lib. i., *Nus n'a fortune d'or, se il n'est rois*, i.e. no one has a right to treasure trove of gold, unless he be king.

Such are the later chapters in the history of the word *fortuna*, and it might seem that

nothing more was wanted to make us understand the whole of its *curriculum vite*, if we are satisfied that from the very beginning *fortuna* meant chance, fortune, or misfortune, both, to our minds, very familiar ideas, and which seem to require no further justification. If an etymology was wanted, nothing seemed more natural than to derive *fors* and *fortuna* from *ferre*, to bring, so that *fors* would have meant something that brings, and *Fortuna* a goddess that brings good or evil gifts. Why should we wish to know any more, or why should we hesitate to accept so natural a derivation?

I believe that any one who has studied the biographies of similar words in Latin will feel some misgiving about so vague and abstract a goddess as *Dea quæ fert*, the goddess who brings. That *Fortuna* and *Fors* were names of goddesses cannot be doubted. The only doubt is, whether the abstract noun *fortuna* was raised into a goddess, like *Virtus* or *Victoria*, or whether the name of the goddess became afterwards an abstract noun, as in the case of *Venus*, *Gratia*, *Mars*, &c.

When abstract nouns are changed into goddesses they seem in most cases to represent acts or qualities of men and women, such as *virtus*, virtue, *puđicitia*, shame, *victoria*, victory. *Fortuna*, however, is of a very different character. She is something unknown or divine that is supposed to bring good or evil to man. We ask, therefore, Who is she? What is her birthplace? What stuff is she made of? And here, if we inquire into the earliest traditions about the birth and the parents of *Fortuna*, we observe a very great difference between her and such thin and airy personifications as *Fides*, *Spes*, *Virtus*, *Pavor*, *Pallor*, *Honor*, *Victoria*, *Concordia*, *Puđicitia*, and all the rest. These abstract goddesses have hardly any antecedents, and even later poets have no more to say of them than what any poet might say even at present, when addressing such heavenly spirits as *Virtus* or *Honour*.

Very different are the early credentials of *Fortuna*. To the later Romans *Fortuna* may have seemed to be no more than "one who brings," *dea quæ fert*, but *Fors* was one of the most ancient Italian deities, and her worship flourished in many places. One of her oldest names is *Fors Primogenia*, or *Primigenia*, the first-born of the gods, though she is represented at other times as the daughter of Jupiter. One inscription is addressed to her as *Fortunai Diovos fleiai primocœnai*, others as *Fortunæ Jovis puero primigeniæ*. This *puer* (child) or *filia* of Jupiter held an

even more exalted position in some parts of Italy, for Cicero tells us of an old sanctuary and oracle at Præneste, where *Fortuna* was represented as holding Jupiter and Juno on her lap, and giving the breast to young Jupiter.

I ask, can such a goddess be explained as one of the modern abstract deities, like *Fides* or *Spes*? Do we find in Roman mythology anything analogous to a nondescript "being who brings," but occupying old sanctuaries, and being raised to the rank of either the mother or nurse or the child of Jupiter? It will be said, no doubt, that if we have in Greek such abstract goddesses as *Moirā* or *Aisa*, we are hardly justified in objecting, on principle, to a Latin goddess, *Fors*, in the sense of a bringer. But, first of all, old Italian mythology is not the same as Greek; and, secondly, *Moirā*, at least in Homer, shows no traces of that truly mythological character which can be discovered in *Fors Primogenia*. I believe that throughout Homer we might take *Moirā* as a simple appellative, meaning share or fate, without destroying the poetical character of any passage in which it occurs. I remember neither parents nor offspring of *Moirā* and *Aisa* in Homer, nor do I think that, either in the *Iliad* or in the *Odyssey*, are prayers ever addressed to either of them. In later times, no doubt, they assume new names and a new character, but this seems chiefly due to their being joined or even identified with such really ancient goddesses as the *Erinyes*, *Keres*, and *Charites*.

Who, then, was this *Fors*, the first-born, who can be conceived both as the daughter and as the mother of Jupiter? The first-born of the bright gods is the Dawn. She is called *Agriyā*, the first, who comes at the head of all the other gods, who brings, indeed, precious gifts, namely, light and life, and who, therefore, is invoked first (*prathamā*) at every morning prayer (*pūrvahūtau*). The same Dawn is also called the daughter of *Dyaus* (*Zeus*), *duhitā Divah*, and in other places she is, like *Fors*, represented as the mother of the gods (*Rig-veda*, i., 113, 19), and as carrying her bright child, *Rusadvatsā*. There are, in fact, few praises bestowed in the *Veda* on *Ushas*, the Dawn, which cannot be transferred to *Fortuna*, thus showing her to have been originally, like *Ushas*, the bright light of each day, and worshipped from the earliest days as the *Fortuna hujusce diei*. *Fortuna* had one temple near the *Circus Maximus*, another in the *Campus Martius*, and her own festival fell on the 30th of July.

This *Fortuna hujusce diei* was very much what we might call *Good Morning*. There was likewise a *Fortuna Virgo*, reminding us of the *Feronia* as *Juno Virgo*, and her festival fell on the same day as that of the *Mater Matuta*. Are all these purely fortuitous coincidences ?

And if in the concept of *Fors Fortuna* we cannot but recognise a reflex of the goddess of the Dawn, who brings everything, who in her lap has good and evil gifts, or who, as the German proverb says, "has gold in her mouth," does her name resist our attempt to trace *fortune* back to the East and to recognise in her an old Aryan name of the Dawn ? No one who is acquainted with the phonetic laws which determine the form of Aryan roots in Latin and Greek, will hesitate for one moment to see in *Fors* a descendant of the Sanskrit root *HAR*, to glow, from which many names expressive of the light of the day have sprung. In Sanskrit, by the side of *HAR*, we find the fuller form *GHAR*, and from it we have a large family of words, such as *ghrina*, heat, but also *ghrinā*, warmth of the heart, or pity ; *ghrini*, sunshine, *gharma* (ἠεppός), summer, but likewise a name for a warming vessel, a kettle, and for what is warmed in it, hot milk ; *ghrita*, melted butter, fat, &c. This root is most prolific, particularly in words expressive of the affection of the heart. Thus *hri-ni-te* is used in the sense of being angry, i.e. of being hot against a person, while *har-yā-te* means he is hot after something, i.e. he desires it. From it we have *har-yata*, desirable, beautiful, Lat. *gratus*, while in *hri*, the original meaning of heat or blushing has been changed into that of shame. Many names of colour too owe their origin to this root, such as *hari*, *harit*, *harina*, and *harita*, all meaning originally bright, but afterwards specialised, so as to express the colours of red, yellow, or green. Two of these adjectives have in India become mythological names, *hari*, and *harit*, both being used in the Veda as the names of the horses of the sun and of Indra.

And while *Harit* in Sanskrit remained the name of the horses or rays of the morning, in Greek the same word *Χαριτ* became the name of one and afterwards of many bright and graceful goddesses of the morning, well known to all lovers of Greek poetry and art as *Charis* and the *Charites*. From the same source that yielded *χαριτ*, we have to

derive *Fors*, *Fortis*, taking it either as a mere contraction, or as a new derivative, corresponding to what in Sanskrit would be *Har-ti*, and would mean the brightness of the day, the *Fortuna hujusce diei*.

But it will be said, Why should the people of Italy have called her *Fors*, and not *Hors* ? To answer this question fully would require a long phonetic disquisition, and I prefer therefore to appeal here to a few facts only. Latin was poor in what we call aspirated sonant consonants. Greece was entirely deficient in them. If, therefore, we have in Sanskrit words beginning with *h*, *gh*, *dh*, or *bh*, we must be prepared in Latin either to find the aspiration altogether dropped, or *h* and *f* doing service for guttural, dental, or labial, aspirated sonant consonants. That *f* and *h* vary in Latin we know from the statement of Latin grammarians, who mention *fortis* by the side of *hostis*, *fortia* by the side of *hostia*. Our shortest way, however, to show that *Fors* may stand for *Hors*, is the Latin word corresponding to *gharma*, heat, Greek ἠεppός, which is the same as the Latin adjective *formus*, *a*, *um*, hot. If *gharma* could become *formus*, *harti* could become *forti*, and this *Fors*, *Fortis*, or in a derivative form, *Fortuna*, finds thus its full and perfect justification as a name given originally to the Dawn, as the daily bringer of good or it may be evil tidings, as the unknown or uncertain goddess, as the first-born of all the bright powers of the sky, and the daughter of the sky ; but likewise from another point of view, as the mother of the daily sun, who is the bright child she carries in her arms.

Here our biography of *Fortuna* may end, as the biographies of most words end, with concepts taken from that nature by which man found himself surrounded when he formed his first concepts of words, by which he was taught his first lessons, and supplied with the first metaphors for the expression of higher and less tangible ideas. It may seem a long way from the golden rays of the dawn, which seemed a fortune to our earliest ancestors, to the bright gold coins which are supposed to constitute our own fortune. But there is really no break on the road on which *Fors* or *Fortuna* travelled from East to West, if only we look carefully for the faint vestiges which she left behind.

F. MAX MÜLLER

FLORENCE, 11th Nov., 1885.

(To be continued.)



Wharf at Akassa (from a photo. by W. J. Seage).

UP THE NIGER TO THE CENTRAL SUDAN.

Letters to a Friend.*

By JOSEPH THOMPSON,
AUTHOR OF "THROUGH MABAI LAND," ETC.

LETTER I.—LIVERPOOL TO THE MOUTH OF THE NIGER.

"NEARING AKASSA, *March 12.*

"DEAR —,
"During the past week it has been to me a question of daily increasing urgency, 'What shall I do to kill time?' For over a month I have been cooped up within the very narrow limits of a West African trading steamer. I have exhausted its scanty collection of novels; I have become tired of the pastime I set for myself, of noting how many bales or packages of useful articles the merchants of civilised Europe supply to the unhappy negro, as compared with more baneful articles of trade. That has proved to be a very one-sided affair. At each port of call the eye becomes bewildered in watching the discharge of thousands

of cases of gin, hundreds of demijohns of rum, box upon box of guns, untold kegs of gunpowder, myriads of clay pipes, while it seems as if only by accident a stray bale of cloth went over the side. Nor have I been more successful in attempting persistently to note variation in the characteristics of the coast; utter monotony rules. There lies the deep blue sea, eternally disturbed by the rollers from the Atlantic; near the shore appears a dazzling white line of breakers, incessantly surging up with angry effort against a glaring sheet of yellow sand; beyond, as if projected against the cloudless sky, rises a line of cocoa-palms or mangroves. Such are the persistent elements of West-Coast scenery. To make matters worse, the passengers who started with me have all dropped off one by one, and I am left almost alone to grumble at the undue length of the voyage, to walk like a caged animal incessantly over the small space allowed to the passengers, or getting tired of the amusement, to sink into a deck-chair, and with feet elevated to that level which unconventional Americans are supposed to love, ask myself vaguely when all this will end, and I feel myself once more a free man.

"In these moods I have naturally often thought of you, and the idea has gradually

* As there may be some curious reader of GOOD WORDS who is anxious to know the genesis of things, it may perhaps be as well to explain why I have resorted to the following "Letters" to describe some aspects of my recent trip to the Central Sudan. On my return journey, and when my work was almost finished, I had the misfortune (not altogether unmixed) to be plundered of my diaries. Not caring to depend entirely on my memory and imagination, I have under these circumstances thought it best to fall back upon certain letters which I wrote during the trip. Of course, I do not ask the reader to believe that I present them as I wrote them, for, while preserving their original style and character, I have added to and altered them considerably. In this amended form I now offer them to the readers of GOOD WORDS.

taken shape in my mind that I could not do better than commence a series of letters in the easy familiar style of old times, and while giving you a glimpse here and there of my erratic movements, lightly touch upon such African topics as I know will interest you. There is some real enjoyment in writing to an old friend in this manner, so different from the feeling that you are writing for a critical public, who want to know all about everything, and who seem to

assume that you are a walking encyclopædia. To you I know I need write only about what interests myself, and may leave unsaid whatever I please.

"In resolutely plunging into this project I cannot restrain a chuckle of amusement as I picture to myself your amazement on seeing my familiar cranky handwriting associated with the address 'Nearing Akassa.' 'Akassa! why that is at the mouth of the Niger!' Yes, 'tis true. You have been pic-



A Nook in the Mangrove (from a photo. by Dr. Given).

turing me for some weeks past wandering by the shores of the Mediterranean, recruiting after the illnesses and hardships of my Masai journey, but now instead of my enjoying all the charms associated with those classic lands, you find me once more under a tropical sun, drawn by the irresistible influence of a fascinating, though deadly continent.

"You naturally wonder what could possibly have drawn me thither so hurriedly and so secretly. Well, the story is too long to tell in detail. What a chance I have to put you on the tenter-hooks of mystification!

Shall I hint at sealed orders, and leave you to conclude that my mission, whatever it is, has momentous political bearings? Or, on the other hand, adopting your own romantic vein, shall I tell you that I have been entrusted with a mission to inquire what hopes there are of that naughty girl—the dark spirit of Africa—giving up her taste for gin, and no longer shocking the moral feelings of British merchants by her decided indifference to even the most scanty of costumes? Well, for once I shall be mercifully practical. If you will imagine to yourself that my objects are partly political and

partly mercantile, and that to attain them I have to visit the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu, you have in a nutshell all that I think it necessary to tell you, for of course under the circumstances I must perforce preserve a certain amount of diplomatic reserve.

"These matters explained, let me commence in the recognised form at the beginning of such narrative as I may find myself inspired to lay before you.

"Imagine me, then, boarding the s.s. *Opobo* at Liverpool, on the 2nd of February. We did so under the most characteristic of the sepia ink palls which so often enshroud our beloved island. My feelings at the moment were fitly expressed by the sad cloud's contribution of dripping rain, which kept up a congenial atmosphere for those about to bid their native land adieu. Doubtless, however, more hardened minds might view the same in a different light. Indeed, more than one seasoned traveller was heard to thank the gods that he would soon be out of such a miserable climate.

"After a blow in the Channel, we were able to settle into the routine of life on board ship and take stock of each other. I was certainly curious to make the acquaintance of the various elements composing the white society of the West Coast of Africa, which I had heard described as consisting of the 'reckless, the desperate, and the infamous,' while I had been told the traders were familiarly known as 'palm-oil ruffians.' After a due study of my fellow-passengers, who were clearly a representative set, I confess I was at a loss to understand how they and their class had come to be so characterized, for beyond a certain freedom of speech and strength of language not allowed by the canons of home society, they might well be considered as good and gentlemanly a set of fellows as one could desire to meet.

"I need not bore you with any description of how, in the traditional British manner, we enjoyed ourselves on shore—at Madeira, Tenerife, and Canary—nor how we visited the French island of Goree and landed at Bathurst, on the river Gambia. It is true this last place had no small charm for me as an African traveller. It was classic ground; and it afforded me great satisfaction to be able to visit the house where Mungo Park lived when he commenced his wonderful career. I promised to myself to visit the scene of his death, if possible, and I thought, with some pride, that if my present mission is successful, it will help in a manner to

secure to English commerce the results of the labours of so many of our best travellers who have toiled and, in the majority of cases, died that the Niger and neighbouring regions might be opened to British influence and trade.

"From Bathurst we proceeded to Sierra Leone. I need not describe Free Town—the capital—and its surroundings. To me it suggested the reflection, that if I had come upon such a country in my travels—supposing it to be unknown—I should have leaped into raptures and the use of the biggest adjectives in describing its high mountains, with their cool breezes and delicious, sparkling springs, the invigorating, pure air from the ocean, and the general absence of any great extent of malarious marsh. Of course I should have shown in the most convincing manner that it *must* be healthy, that there was no breeding-ground for fever, and with such perfect water no possibility of getting dysentery—in fact, that it was a model spot for colonists. How near to the truth I should have been I need not say; the annals of the district are too well known. I shall venture, however, to suggest a warning. Be chary of accepting the hastily formed verdicts of travellers who, rapidly crossing a district that *looks* healthy, declare that it is so, and send home delusive reports accordingly as to its suitability for colonising purposes.

"In spite of the deadly climate of Free Town, however, you find much to admire. You feel proud that you belong to a race able to rear such a town in spite of disease and death, which may kill the workers, but cannot suppress the indomitable will and tenacity that speedily fill the gaps with ardent followers.

"You are probably not aware of the high position Sierra Leone occupies as the centre of 'light and leading' in the Dark Continent. Young Sierra Leone is ever posing and asking you but to look at him, to see what the hitherto reviled 'nigger' is capable of. And truly it is a delightful sight to behold him, with his French-cut trousers, his wealth of snowy linen, his natty cane, and his billy-cock hat placed knowingly on one side of his head, thus suggesting, by patent and outward signs, how far he considers himself to have been regenerated. He points with pride to the Fourah Bay College, from which 'sweetness and light' emanate, to be spread over Africa by means of a native missionary agency. In view of such ideas of their position and mission in Africa, you may understand the commotion aroused in

Sierra Leone society by the appearance of a pastoral letter from their bishop, in which he tells them in the plainest language that their religion is a mere form, and declares—perhaps like David in his haste—that even worse vices are looked upon without reprobation. This daring dignitary concludes this humiliating letter by announcing that he is daily expecting some new missionaries to them. Here was the climax of insult! Enlightened and well-clothed Sierra Leone put on a level with undraped barbarism! Words are too weak to describe the effect of this bombshell of Episcopal rashness.

“My voyage along the coast and visits to all the principal places have astonished me profoundly. I looked forward with pleasure to a study of the influence which a century of contact with civilisation has effected in the barbarous tribes of the seaboard. The result has been unspeakably disappointing. Leaving out of consideration the towns of Sierra Leone and Lagos, where the conditions have been abnormal, the tendency has been everywhere in the line of deterioration. There is absolutely not a single place, where the natives are left to their own free will, in which there is the slightest evidence of a desire for better things. The worst vices and diseases of Europe have found a congenial soil, and the taste for spirits has risen out of all proportion to their desire for clothes—the criterion with many of growth in grace.

“The inaptitude of the natives for civilisation is nowhere shown more distinctly than among the Krū-boys, a tribe which every one admits is the most docile, the most manageable, and most intelligent on the coast. To a man, the Krū-boys have spent years in contact with such ameliorating influences as are to be found in those parts, yet their tastes have risen no higher than a desire for gin, tobacco, and gunpowder. These they get in return for a few months' or a year's labour to go back home and for a few short days enjoy a fiendish holiday. I visited one of their villages, and such a scene of squalor and misery I have rarely seen. Yet it is said, and I believe with truth, that if you retain a Krū-boy in the most comfortable of traders' homes longer than a year he will sicken and die; so much does he pine for his savage and unsavoury home.

“In these villages men, women, and children, with scarcely a rag upon their persons, follow you about beseeching for a little gin or tobacco. Eternally gin, tobacco, or gunpowder! These are the sole wants aroused by a century

of trade and of contact with Europeans! And yet how is this region represented in England? Why, as a field, ‘white unto harvest.’ The African is described as looking to our Government for a more settled rule; as crying to the Churches, ‘Come over and help us!’—to our merchants, ‘We have oil, and rubber, and ivory; give us in exchange your cloth and your cutlery!’—‘Ye see us naked, and ye clothe us not;’ to the philanthropist, ‘We are able and willing to work; only come and show us the way.’ Pray banish all such rubbish from your minds. It is simply myth.

“If you go farther south you find everywhere the same state of matters, and in many districts the wealth and importance of the various villages are measured by the size of the pyramids of empty gin-bottles which they possess.

“There is another matter which strikes a stranger greatly. All the coast settlements are surrounded by a cordon which entirely prevents access to the interior. Neither the merchant, the traveller, nor the missionary may pass through, lest the trade monopoly of the coast natives as middlemen be broken and infringed upon. This is how our enlightened Government fosters civilisation. It attempts to rule the natives of West Africa from London, and does so by applying the laws of advanced communities to their case. The consequence is, that we are laughed at by the petty tribes, and our governors compelled, like a lot of old women, to spend their time in endless palavers about the most trivial questions. The rights of the natives must on no account be infringed. Hence, after all these years of occupation, we find ourselves confined to the deadly coast-line, with not the slightest possibility of developing the inland trade. We must be content to wait till it filters through the hands of the surrounding tribes. And now the singular spectacle is presented of a Mohammedan prince doing from the interior what we ought to have done years ago from the coast. With a huge army, I hear, he is moving down towards Sierra Leone to shake hands with the white man and break up the cordon which has shut him off from the full benefits of trade. To our shame, HE proposes to make for us a route, ‘over which a little child may go safely with a purse of gold.’ All success attend the gallant prince. And may our governors soon have more discretionary powers to take a leaf out of his book. Under the present system there is absolutely no hope for any further development of trade.

“To judge from the universal complaints

of the 'Whites,' the relations between them and the blacks is as unsatisfactory as it can well be. The negro is treated as being absolutely on a level with the European, with the consequence that he has quite the upper hand. A conviction, I am told, can hardly be obtained against a negro, and it is said that more than one judge has lost his life for sentencing natives, an easy way of securing the desired revenge being to capsize the boat in which he may be crossing the dangerous surf characteristic of the coast. The traders complain in bitter terms that they dare not chastise their servants with either the rod or the fist, and as conclusively showing the

ignominy of their position, they tell you as a fact hardly to be believed that they dare not even swear at them. Now, if this latter statement is correct (and I suppose it is), what man dare doubt that their case is hard indeed? With the exercise of some control, they might hold their hand; but how they can be expected thus to repress so necessary a use of their tongue in a hot climate is one of those things 'No fellow can understand.'

"I have alluded to the deadly nature of the climate, but you will be surprised to hear that it is looked upon as a *distinction* to be considered the most deadly place on the coast. It is a continual source of debate to what



Akassa (from a photo. by the author).

part belongs the merit of being called the 'White man's grave.' They all claim it with the exception of Benin, which is content with the doggeral lines—

'The Bight of Benin,
From which few come out,
Though many go in.'

"But there! you must be wondering where my narrative comes in. I am ashamed to say that I have completely lost sight of it in the topics which have been absorbing all my thoughts of late. My only excuse is that such a voyage as mine has been described times without number, while some of the points I have touched on have too often been ignored. I shall try, however, in future to be less discursive, and to keep more to my story. At present I must stop, for our

sea voyage is near an end. We are about to cross the Akassa bar and enter the Niger."

* * * * *

"AKASSA, March 16th.

"I have just been told that the *Opobo* leaves immediately, and I hasten to finish my letter and send it with her.

"I am once more on *terra firma*, if I may venture to describe a not very permanent spit or island of sand, surrounded on three sides by swamp, and on the fourth by one of the mouths of the Niger. In short, I am at Akassa, the depôt and headquarters of the National African Company, whose humble servant I am for the time being.

"I broke off my letter as we were nearing the Akassa bar, and I got up on deck to find

that we were entering the Niger under the same physical conditions as we left the Mersey, if you will but imagine an excess of heat in the one place, instead of the cold of the other. Everything looked miserable and dreary—a steaming atmosphere, rain, thunder, lightning, and the most threatening of clouds. For a few minutes the *Opobo* rolled unpleasantly, then all at once we were still. We had left the turbulent ocean, and were gliding serenely on the smooth waters of the Niger.

"The scene that met our view as we stood, damp and melancholy, under the dripping awning, produced on us at once the profound conviction that the Niger, and no other place, was the true 'white man's grave.' There lay before us a discoloured stretch of water, breaking up into numerous arms, and running into a dark and monotonous expanse of mangrove, which bounded the view in all directions. Everything suggested fever, liver complaints, and dysenteries, and I might have been excused if I had turned with a longing gaze to the free ocean. But the die was cast, and you may, if it so please you, imagine me resolutely turning my back to the sea and my face to the interior, and striking a determined attitude, expressive of resignation to what fate would send me, exclaiming, in Roman heroics, to the fell spirit of the scene, 'We, who come to die, salute thee!' That, at least, is what I *ought* to have done. It would be too prosaic to mention what I really did. In a short time we were opposite the factory and wharf of Akassa, where the anchor was let go, and my voyage was over.

"You may be sure I scanned the place with interest, though there was little to note. Taking the elements of the scene in order, there lay the beach picturesquely strewn

with old ships, steamers, and barges, which had served their day, and now helped to prevent the washing away of the sand bank on which Akassa is built. There also ran into the water the old wooden wharf, now rapidly being thrown into the shade by a pretentious structure of iron which is growing up beside it, to be at once a pier and a warehouse. On the beach lay piles of old stores, palm-oil casks, and other articles of trade, and immediately beyond rose a series of roomy warehouses built of corrugated iron. Seaward stood the cool and comfortable house of the agents, elevated on pillars, and with a spacious verandah. Here the billiard-room, there the cook kitchen, a little plot of green, and, hedging in the whole, a dark impenetrable mass of gigantic mangrove.

"Such is the scene that meets your eye at Akassa. I send you some photographs which will give you a better idea of the place than pages of writing. My friend, Dr. Given, has kindly added 'A nook in the swamps.' Suggestive of all that is idyllic, is it not? And yet the place is a quagmire. But I am running ahead of my narrative though there is little more to tell.

"I was soon on shore, and as the weather had improved, our spirits had risen in proportion. Nor have they been damped by a further acquaintance with the very gentlemanly 'palm-oil ruffians,' who came forward to greet me in the cool ease of singlet and pyjama—the Niger costume. They did not, as I had imagined, look as if each had one foot in the grave, and I was speedily informed that nobody—this is, none of their number—had died on the river for six years. A generous 'spread' at dinner, no end of stories, and a game at billiards, sent me off satisfied with my first glimpse of life on the Niger."

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF SONS.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A Sermon preached in Wellington College Chapel on the Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

GOSPEL: St. Matthew vii. 15—21. EPISTLE: Romans viii. 13—17.

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—ROMANS viii. 14.

THE words of to-day's Gospel are so familiar that we almost forget how very singular they are. We have listened from childhood to the warning against false prophets as wolves in sheep's clothing, and to that

which says that good trees will not bear evil fruit, and the worthless trees are already marked to be cut down for firewood. But the language must have sounded strange to the first hearers, for it contains more than that.

This world, our Lord seems to say, is like some country village with its pastures and fields about it—and things are going so wrongly in this world and so foolishly that—to one who can look at the world from without—it is just as if, in those sheep-pastures, there were wolves going about with fleeces drawn over their backs and limbs and faces, and neither sheep nor shepherds noticing them; and, again, as if the villagers were rambling about the downs, examining the thorny acacias to see if there were bunches of grapes under their leaves, and carefully turning over the wastes of thistles looking for figs. By these fantastic images He plainly says, It would be thought a hamlet of lunatics where such things went on—yet in the world you have wolfish natures admitted in ordinary innocent society; and no one exposes them or even fears them. You have all sorts of evil growing up vigorously, and people are actually expecting good results from it. Bad principles are inculcated from mouth to mouth; untruths accepted as facts of society; vices unchecked; and people of every rank talking as if manliness and honour and freedom could come out of all this.

The illustrations are in style something like that other one, where our Lord asks the weather-wise people, who had their rules for guessing about to-morrow's storms and calms, how it was that they attended so little to the political skies, and had no inkling of the coming crisis of their religion. But by just so much as the figures in to-day's Gospel are the more startling, just so much more strongly did our Lord mean to say that the common tone of men was devoid of reason on some most vital and elementary matters.

Others beside Christ have said there was a madness in some of the world's ways; but none so gravely or sadly, and no one else has given us so simple and perfect a clue to the mistakes. No one before Him said that the ways of man worked out and on according to and parallel with laws of nature. No one but He and those taught by His Spirit have said that the very least thing amiss is a sign of evil below the surface, and that it is hopeless to expect a disordered state of things to come right of itself and turn out happily at last: that good appearing amidst evil can only be the outcome of something good and holy entering into the broken order and restoring it. The fruit of good is all good, He says; and the end of evil is a destroying fire for it, root and branch. And it is all one whether the evil is a large one, or what

an uninformed creature informs us is a small evil, or a common evil, or an inevitable evil. Nothing inevitable about it, except that evil roots bear evil fruit. No evil small in its capabilities of growth; and no evil at all the better for being common.

The Epistle of the day is excellently chosen to explain more thoroughly that more popular teaching of the Gospel which was addressed to a crowd composed of many elements. The Epistle is written to those who could weigh it and consider it in the quiet of their own rooms. It points out the reason of what every one could see to be the fact, "If ye are living after the flesh ye must die—*μὲλτε ἀποθήσκειν*—you are sure to die; it is a dying life you are entering on; you are on your road to death—whatever the awful state may be that is meant by the death of the spirit. But you will live if you are, with the Spirit's power, setting death to do his own work on what you know to be deadly inclinations. For as many as are being led by God's Spirit are God's sons." At one bound the thought of St. Paul has cleared all the horrors of death, and all the danger of death, the baseness of inclination, and the slavery, and the living death itself; and the new-born soul he speaks of is safe and dear to God, and is become what Christ Himself is by nature, "God's son." The youthful will, the tempted will, the often-failing will, even the fallen will, has made its choice. He slips his hand into a stronger hand. "I choose. I choose the Spirit for my guide," and, says St. Paul, "he is God's son now." Thenceforward he is not afraid of God.* "Ye received not the spirit unto fear." He is enthusiastic in his love of God; as a noble boy is enthusiastic about a noble father, though he may seldom speak of him, and the father knows it, though the boy says nothing about it. Is not this what St. Paul says? "Ye did not receive a spirit unto fear, but a spirit that makes one a son, a spirit in which we exclaim aloud, 'My Father!'"

Moreover, the child knows that there lies a beautiful and wonderful inheritance in front of him—an appanage which his Father gives him for ever—"heirs of God, fellow-heirs in Christ, that even if we suffer with Him, we may be made glorious too with Him."

Read, pray, read again this afternoon this Epistle and Gospel together, and see if their interpretation is not clear indeed, and see if they have not a good deal to do with yourself.

There is a great deal of Death-in-Life in this world. That is just why you are establishing your mission in London.* As Christ's sons you have looked out with Him, and you have compassion on the multitude; you think that their spirits have no good food to live upon, and that they will faint by the way. And it is all true.

And you also know very well that riches and poverty make no difference in this life-and-death matter. If a poor man is ignorant and idle, lust and cruelty are bred of his ignorance and his idleness—and between intemperance and his penniless home his life is Death-in-Life—he carries the fact in his face, and his language, and his person. If the rich man is ignorant and idle, the apparent refinement which his means throw round him is making no real difference. His home is not penniless, but full of the luxury which his large means buy. And his face and his language are trained and are mostly at command.

But all the time the ignorance and the idleness which are in him bear no other fruit than they do in the poor man. His perceptions become blunted and feeble, he has the same coarseness in his soul. Coarseness is the first fruit of ignorance and idleness and want of perception everywhere—and there is the same hardness gradually growing upon him and showing itself already in his indifference to the good or sorrow of others—in his indifference to the darkness of other souls—in his coldness about efforts for good—or even in the readiness with which he does what is expected of his position, while he undoes it by the insincerity of his life.

The refinement of his circumstances can make no difference. The good of society is no more to be found in elegant ignorance and delicate selfishness than in any other corrupt tree. To take up our Lord's parable again, a scientific commission on horticulture would have no more chance than the boors themselves of discovering grape-bearing acacias, or thistles drooping with figs in some sheltered nook of the downs.

To the richest classes, and to the most refined and polished in manners, as well as to the roughest and the rudest, the ignorance of things spiritual and idleness in morals are sure beginnings of Death-in-Life.—And what then?

Well, to the poor you can send a Mission—and I have heard poor men give thanks in the street for a Mission like yours; but what can you do for that portion of society which you more nearly belong to, parts of which are just as waste and just as profitless, aye, and just as depressed, habitually, as the poor man's half-hopeless society?

You are doing the best thing that you can do, if you are forming true, pure, boyish friendships here. I have known of very lonely battles fought in this place against sin. I have known that the Spirit of God was leading, and that the sons of God were being formed, as surely as when the Apostle Paul wrote about his own friends at Rome. I have known of those lonely battles continued for years elsewhere, and always victoriously at last. I heard incidentally the other day of a twenty-first birthday spent alone in the Bush with the Wellington Hymn Book and Chant Book used to keep love strong and purpose high. Yet even the strength and resolution nursed in secret (even when all perils have been overcome) is not greater than that which is reared by true friendships.

And eagerly as I sometimes looked on friendships which were forming here, I do not think I was prepared for the effectiveness of their permanence in after life. It is with arms locked, or side by side, able to exchange deepest thoughts and resolves, able to take even a look of counsel, or to join in a silent protest, that the friends of school make themselves felt in scenes and in ranks which they traverse together. One steadfast soul has been sometimes the leaven which could raise the tone of a mess, or entirely change that of an office or a manufactory; but a group of friends almost without an effort makes whole classes of people first respect them and then respect themselves.

The easily understood watchword, the readily caught clue, the well apprehended look, will steady and strengthen, and make more than conquerors of the gentle and more timid spirits, who still have their old school leader to look up to.

Nor is it too much to expect, in these days particularly, when special efforts and special associations are working everywhere along so many veins of good, that it might well be as thoroughly understood in a great school that there must be no sort of corrupting talk or speech in it, as it is understood that there should be no falsehood. If true Christian-like friendships are the first power for good, the second (and it springs really out of the first) is the determination that the tone of

* The "Wellington College Mission" is maintained by former and present members and masters of the school. The clergyman (who began the work in October) is the Rev. H. H. Lucas, 124, Boyson Road, and the district is in St. Peter's, Walworth. It contains 5,000 people wholly poor—carmen, costermongers, &c. Funds are now being collected for a new Mission Room, and for agencies for their moral and social help.

speech here shall be the tone of your own pure home. The chivalry of determining that no living creature should ever be the worse for any utterances of ours, or for any ugly thought communicated by us, will one day be felt to belong to the character of the English gentleman as obviously as it has long been, that no untruth should dishonour his ancient calling.

And so we come back to the thought of St. Paul, that we have it in our power to turn away the power of Death from ourselves, and to direct it against the evil that is in ourselves—

"If you are living after the flesh, you are on your way to death ;
But if by the spirit you put to death the deeds of the body, you shall live."

May this be ever the life of this dear and noble place. Dear indeed it is to many English homes, to many sons whom many lands and cities know for valiant and modest

workers ; dear to every one who has either gathered or given life of his own in it—given a little and gathered much more ; dear with a dearness that for many years had utter possession of one, and that loses nothing through the sweet haze of memory or even the mists of some regrets.

The life which a true life lives here—learning and enjoying, obeying and ruling, believing and aspiring—remember it is the life of a son of God—"They are the sons of God." And so it must live on, a central thread of the living strand of the life immortal.

And all the deaths he can inflict on the false, spectral lives of sins with their wolfish appetites in smooth disguise, or with their thorny fruitlessness—every such death of a sin, remember, it is not only an enemy or a tangle taken out of the way : it daily ministers life and freshness to all the lives of those who are sons of God, because they are being led by the Spirit of God.

OUR HIGHLAND MOUNTAINS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

By THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

FIRST PAPER.

IN the first number of the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* (January—March, 1885) there is an article on "The Physical Features of Scotland," by Professor James Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. The main object of the article is to assert that, "properly speaking, there is not a true Mountain Range in the country." This is not the mere denial of a particular word as applicable to any of our Scottish Mountains. It means much more than this. The word "Range" may be interpreted to indicate always a long, narrow belt of mountainous country, much longer than it is broad, like the Alps, or the Pyrenees, or the Apennines, and this is certainly not the general character of the mountainous districts in Scotland. On the other hand, if any large area of Mountains terminates abruptly, and presents a long line of steep escarpments or slopes towards a corresponding extent of low country, such a line would undoubtedly be described by the word "Range" in ordinary language, and would suggest the idea indicated by that word to all observers on the Plains or on the Seas below. The breadth or depth of the Range behind and beyond this great line of frontage would make no difference whatever in the applicability of the word. So far as

this feature is concerned, then, there can be no question that the mountainous region of the Highlands at least presents, on all sides, the characteristic appearance of a Range. On the west coast the Hills rise steeply from the very shore almost the whole way from the Mull of Kintyre to Cape Wrath. On the eastern side Professor Geikie himself describes the Grampians as "a great wall-like rampart," when they are viewed from the Sidlaw Hills, on the opposite side of the great Valley of Strathmore. On the southern face, as seen from the Firth of Clyde, the slopes and escarpments of the Silurian Mountains of Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire are equally definite and abrupt. At the northern termination, along the dividing line between the Counties of Sutherland and Caithness, they present very much the same appearance. All round this circumference, therefore, the Highland country presents the same sudden and definite lines of termination. Moreover, the whole mass or block of country included within these lines is so far linear in its arrangement that its length is more than twice its breadth at the very broadest point, and, taking the northern division alone, it is nearly three times as long as it is broad. It is true, indeed, that there is



WINTER FARE. A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.
BY WALTER BOOTHAM.

no one continuous central ridge, with lower parallel ridges on each side of it. But it is equally true that there are a great many subordinate ridges—some of them continuous for thirty miles or more.

But our readers may well ask, Why all this dispute about the precise meaning of the word "Range"? What turns upon it? The answer is, that in Professor Geikie's theory everything turns upon it. Mountains which lie in long, narrow Ranges, like the Alps and the Apennines, are due to "Earth-movements;" whereas Mountains which are not so definitely linear, but lie about in all directions, are "merely monuments of denudation." A true Mountain Range, he says, "is a belt of high ground which has been ridged up by Earth-movements. It is a fold, pucker, or wrinkle in the Earth's crust, and its general external form coincides more or less closely with the structure or arrangement of the rock-masses of which it is composed." These rock-masses have "been compressed laterally, squeezed, crumpled, contorted, and thrown, as it were, into gigantic undulations, and sharper folds and plications." Thus the long parallel ridges of the Jura Mountains are formed by undulations of the folded strata—the tops of the long Hills coinciding with the arches, and the intervening hollows with the troughs. "But in Scotland," he urges, that although there are plenty of "folded, crumpled, and contorted rock masses," yet the configuration of the surface rarely or never coincides with the inclination of the underlying strata. His conclusion is that all the Mountains of Scotland have been simply cut "by Nature's saws and chisels" out of the thickness of some old table-land—as a model set of similar Hills might be cut out of a solid cheese or a mass of clay. And there is no doubt that on a small scale we may sometimes see the clay and gravel which accumulate in a flooded rivulet, become subsequently cut up into little miniature Hills and Valleys by the action of falling rain. This may be called "guttering." I have often seen such miniature Hills and Valleys on the sides of railway embankments, where the guttering work of heavy rain produces this effect on exposed surfaces of clay or any soft earth. Such, according to Mr. Geikie, is the origin of all our Scotch Mountains. In contrast with the nobler Mountains of the world which bear upon their face and structure the marks of great subterranean movements of "thrust" or "lateral pressure," all our Hills "are merely monuments of denudation—the

relics of elevated Plateaux which have been deeply furrowed and trenched by running water and other elements of erosion."

I differ widely from these arguments and conclusions of Professor Geikie, at least as applied to the Northern and Western Highlands. I know less of the "Southern Uplands," as he calls the Highlands of the Southern and Border Counties, and I think it probable that in their case there is less relation between the forms of the Hills and their geological structure than there is in the case of the Highlands proper. To them, therefore, I confine my arguments in this paper. As regards them I am satisfied that our Highland Mountains are not the mere result of guttering—that their forms have been determined largely by Earth-movements, by enormous Faults, by subsidences, by undulations which have resulted in immense fractures, by Anti-clinals which have been similarly broken; in short, by all the kinds and degrees of Earth-movement which have been concerned elsewhere in the production of foldings, puckerings, and wrinkles of the crust of the Globe.

It must, of course, be clearly understood that the whole of this question is one of degree. There is not a Mountain in the world which has not had its form determined by both kinds of force—the forces which elevate from below, and the forces which gutter and lower from above. Even a Volcanic Cone, which may have been thrown up yesterday from underground, will instantly begin to be guttered and eroded by the first showers of rain, and the first falls of snow. The very winds will commence the work by scattering its dust. And so in like manner the loftiest summits of the Alps, which Professor Geikie ascribes, no doubt truly, to the "ridging up" of lateral thrusts among subsiding rock-masses—even these great Ranges must have had their outlines greatly modified by superficial guttering. There are spots round the lower precipices of the Matterhorn which, at certain seasons of the year, it is highly dangerous to approach from the tremendous bombardment of falling rocks which is kept up from the height of thousands of feet overhead. There is not, probably, in all the Highlands, any Mountain which, from structure and exposure, is being so deeply and so rapidly guttered down as this great summit of the Alps. The Highland Hills have undoubtedly been long and powerfully guttered. But this is not the question raised by Professor Geikie. He will have it that Earth-movements have had

so comparatively little to do with the shaping and forming of these Mountains, that we can detect nothing more as due to them than the general direction of some old sloping Plateaux—some hog's back of land raised from above the waves. All the rest—all our long ridges,—all our great precipices,—all our deep glens,—all our still deeper Sea-lochs and freshwater lakes—are so many mere gutter marks on a large scale, due to rivers of water and of ice.

Living as I do in the Highlands, and accustomed to look upon its Hills in their rela-

tion to geological structure, I regard this theory as extravagant in the highest degree. Earth-movements of every sort and kind—undulations, fractures, Faults on every variety of scale, from a few feet to hundreds of fathoms, twisted and contorted strata, leading up to twisted and contorted outlines—these are the predominant features all over the Highlands.

The first examples of surface forms determined by Earth-movements I will take from Professor Geikie's own paper.

In the first place, he is obliged to admit that one of the most striking features in all Scotland—namely, the abruptness of the line of the Grampians along the south and south-eastern side—an abruptness so great that it looks like a "great wall-like rampart"—is due to an old Earth-movement. "The straightness of that boundary," says the Professor, "is due to the fact that it coincides with a great line of fracture of the Earth's crust."

In the second place, he is obliged to make the same admission in respect to another

most remarkable feature in the Physical Geography of Scotland, namely, the great diagonal Valley which goes right across the whole Highlands from the Island of Mull to Inverness. This is the Valley which, with its continuous chain of Lakes, has been utilised for the passage of the Caledonian Canal. The Professor very truly observes that this great depression of Glenmore can be traced on the map to a point much farther north, even to Tarbat Ness, by the corresponding direction and straightness of the coast-line along that part of the Moray Firth.

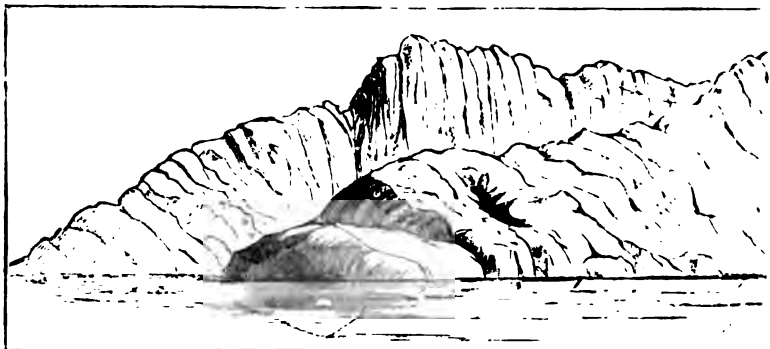
Well, what is the cause of this great feature in the Physical Geology of Scotland? "Now this long depression marks a line of fracture and displacement of very great geological antiquity." Such is Professor Geikie's own explanation; so that we have at least two of the longest, most deeply marked, and most picturesque lines in the Highland region, determined confessedly by Earth-movements on a very grand scale.

But this is not all the help which the Professor gives us against his own great Gutter Theory. Those who hold that theory have always been obliged to admit that the Highlands are full of tilted, and contorted, and faulted strata. But their great point is that somehow these great Earth-movements never reached the surface—that they had no effect upon it, or if they had any effect that this effect has been obliterated by later guttering. It seems to be generally a cardinal doctrine among the extreme Erosionists that the Earth-movements to which tilted and contorted beds of rock must necessarily be due, have always been quietly conducted deep below the sur-



face, and with such a careful regard to that surface that it was never much disturbed. Even if this were true, and if all the "top hamper" had since been carried off by guttering alone, without any help from frac-

when it first happened did not only affect the surface, but raised upon that surface a "long wall of rock," is it not just possible that many other Glens besides this great one may be due to the same cause? And is it



Ben Lacaar, Loch Houra. (Seen from north.) Height, 3,341 feet. West coast of Inverness-shire.

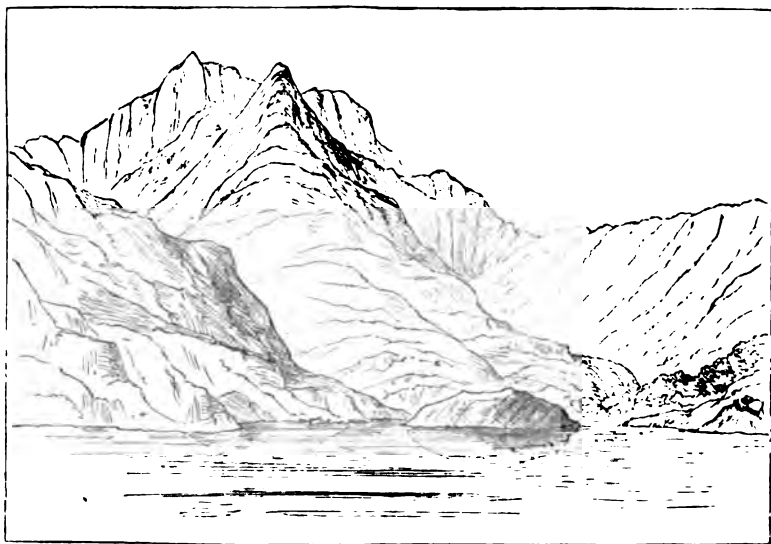
not possible that other long walls of rock may have been similarly produced? And if this cannot be denied, then is it not equally possible that still later cracks and fissures may have broken up the "long walls" in a transverse direction? And if so, would not these cross-

turing and breakages—still it is difficult to conceive how the uncovered rocks below should not bear upon their face some marks of form determined by the tilting and twisting they had undergone when still below the surface. But Professor Geikie has saved us all trouble in speculating on this difficulty by admitting that, at least in the case of the tremendous Fault or crack in the crust of the Earth which is indicated by Glenmore, that great Earth-movement did actually reach the surface. He tells us that when this great crack took place "in the old Plateaux of the Highlands, a long wall of rock" was raised "on the upcast or south-east side of the fissure," and of course by this long wall of rock all the subsequent guttering was guided and determined in direction.

We have got a long way now. If Glenmore is due originally to a great crack or fissure in the Earth's crust, and if this crack

cracks and fissures have the effect of cutting up the long walls into separate ridges and separate Hills, which, together with subsequent guttering, would make very much such a country as we do now actually see?

And this leads me to the question, What is it that we do see? Professor Geikie makes



Ben Lacaar, Loch Houra. (Seen from west.)

the broad assertion that "the configuration of the surface rarely or never coincides with the inclination of the underlying strata." As applicable to the Highlands this assertion is altogether at variance with the facts. I have

only to look out of the window where I now write to see how erroneous it is. The opposite, or south-eastern side of the great Glen occupied by Loch Fyne, presents for about five miles a long unbroken ridge of very uniform outline, and comparatively smooth surface. There are no peaks along the top, there are no precipices along the slopes. A few guttering streams have occupied little superficial cracks, and deepened them. This long, smooth face and ridge is the one tame feature in our landscape. And whence comes its peculiar character? It comes from the bedding of the strata of Mica-Slate, which dip into and towards the Loch, their smooth, unbroken surface making a smooth unbroken Hill-side. I turn my eyes to the east, and there the same Range presents a great

group of Hills, peaked and jagged, with much steeper sides, and violent precipices forming some of the very summits. One of them is called by a Gaelic name, meaning the "Height of the Grey Head." It lifts against the skyline, at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, the well-marked profile of a human Head, lying back, with a rugged forehead, and a very well-formed nose. There it lies—that old Grey Head—with a wonderful expression of rest, and calm—amidst the rime and snows of winter, and catching in autumn the most gorgeous glows of sunset. It is almost a human friend, and has been so to many for many generations. But—

"When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws."

This Head consists entirely of plates of the Mica Schist squeezed up by lateral thrusts into precipitous acclivities, with fractures and breakages where the strain has been too much for the coherence of the beds.

And this particular group of Hills, with their contrasts of scenery which depend entirely upon structural causes, is only one specimen of a similar relation between scenery and Dynamic Geology, which is most striking throughout that whole district of Argyllshire (called Cowal) which lies between Loch Fyne and the Firth of Clyde. Many years ago Sir R. Murchison came to Inverary by the road which leads from Kilmun on the Clyde to Strachur on Loch Fyne. His ex-

perienced eye at once detected that he was passing through a great crack or fissure traversing at right angles an immense Anti-clinal. At Dunoon and Kilmun he saw the Mica Slate beds dipping to the south-east. On Loch Fyne side he found them dipping the reverse way, to the north-west; and in the intervening broken and contorted Hills along the bed of Loch Eck, he saw at once the whole succession of reversed dips which indicated two great lines of subsidence and of pressure. I have a vivid recollection of the sketch he made of it in his note-book, which was something like this:—



Loch Eck. Fresh-water lake.

The same Anti-clinal passes through the whole district of Cowal, with many complications, from Faults, and from local distortions, foldings, and crushings of the strata. It gives rise to one of the most rugged and picturesque Ranges of Hill in any part of Scotland, namely, the Range to the west and north-west of the harbour of Greenock, and facetiously known by the popular name of "Argyll's Bowling-Green."

It is usual for the Erosionists to prolong the lines of an Anti-clinal, such as that before given, so as to complete an enormous arch, lifting its lofty dome for thousands of feet into the air, and then to point out the enormous mass of material which must have been removed by guttering. But there is no proof that any such domes were ever formed. It is highly probable that in many cases such flexures were too much for the cohesion of the strata. Immense cracks and fissures would result from the unequal resistance of beds by no means homogeneous. No doubt there has been enormous guttering, and immense displacement of material. But not the less does it remain true that the surface of the country, as we now see it, and the configuration of the Hills, does closely correspond to the position into which the beds of rock have been thrown. The smooth slopes do now generally arise from gently sloping beds. The jagged pinnacles and the broken outlines do generally represent the

outcrop of more tilted beds, of crushed and contorted strata. I give on a preceding page two outlines of a remarkable Mountain which is one of the most striking features in the scenery of Loch Hourn—perhaps the grandest of all our western Sea-lochs. Its name is Ben Laoar. One view gives the Mountain in profile, looking southwards from the entrance of the Loch. The beds of rock are seen dipping to the right with increasing steepness, until at the top they are nearly perpendicular, and form a lofty and imposing precipice. If one stick of a fan were laid horizontally on a table, and if the other stick were raised to the perpendicular, the intervening ribs of the fan would represent pretty

nearly the position of the strata in this Mountain. The second view represents the same mountain looking west from the head of Loch Hourn, and exhibits a very picturesque and a very surprising outline. Nothing but Earth-movements could have tilted the beds of metamorphic rock into that form. On the other hand it is equally clear that this lofty ridge has been deeply guttered by the agents of Erosion, especially during the Glacial Age, when the action of alternately freezing and melting water must have found ready access to the uplifted edges and layers of the rock.

In another paper I propose to pursue the subject.

“PARTING DAY.”

Suggested by Reader's Picture bearing the above title lately in the Loan Collection at the Bethnal Green Museum.

By THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

WAS it only five minutes ago I stood
In the streets of Bethnal Green,
Nursing a weary querulous mood
At the grim unlovely scene !

Where are the sordid homes, all thronged
With the sorrows and sins of earth ?
Where are the hollow-eyed children, wronged
Of the child's sweet dower of mirth ?

O brothers! And shall they be always such—
These homes of our fatherland ?
But lo ! they are gone at the magic touch
Of a wonder-working hand.

I am caught away in the flush and glow
Of the soft bright eventide ;
And here on the river the light gleams low,
And there the dim shadows hide.

And oh ! for the depth of the sunny air
That is flooding the far-drawn sky,
With its dreamy spaces supremely fair
In their delicate purity !

And, marshalled and ranged by the gracious sway
Of the zephyr's gentle might,
The cloudlets lie in their faint array,
Just tinged with the rosy light.

There are sunset glories to crown the view
On the far hill-ranges showered ;
There are splendours of nearer warmth and hue
On the homestead tree-embowered.

O Leader, I thank thee that, 'mid the rush
Of the surging thunderous street,
Thou hast woven us here with thy magic brush
A vision so pure and sweet.

But the toilers, weary of heart and limb,
Go by with their load of care,
For the world is too dreary and life too dim
For dreams of the sweet and fair.

What is it to them that the arching west
Is aflame with the burning gold ?
What is to them that the soft lights rest
On the crests of the purpling wold ?

Why should they pause with unseeing eye
To stare at the art-clad wall ?
'Tis a painted river and painted sky,
A picture—and that is all.

Who shall teach them the charm and the grace
That, for eyes that have learnt to see,
Still gleam so softly from Nature's face
In her unstained purity ?

Were it better, perchance, that these should pass
Unvexed to their stifling rooms,
Or seek their cheer 'mid the flaunting gas
And the tavern's poisoned fumes ?

Have ye ever told them of joys more sure,
Of a life that is better worth ?
Have ye told them of Him who loved the poor,
And lived with the poor on earth ?

Have ye told them how God from His high estate
Looks down on their toil and care,
And that not alone for the rich and great
He hath made the world so fair ?

Have ye bettered the poor man's narrowed span ?
Have ye brightened the way he's trod ?
Perchance, when he knows the love of man,
He may learn the love of God.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY AT HOME.

I.—THE FEN PEOPLE.

By CHARLES WHYMPER.

TO most persons the fen country is *terra incognita*—for the excellent reason that it contains within its boundaries no fashionable watering-place, no spa, or winter resort. It is celebrated for nothing that the public wants; it has no racecourses or pretty rivers; it is far from the metropolis and not very near even to any of the large midland county

cities; and lastly, it is distinctly off the great railway routes.

This isolation has, however, made it a peculiarly valuable and interesting district to the lover of rural life, and to the artist in search of the unspoilt and picturesque; and those who do know it will agree with us, when we say that there is no other spot in



Carrying a crop by hand.

all England where the same sense of freedom, agreeable novelty, and complete immunity from all those sights and sounds that tire and irritate the mind, can be secured in such perfection.

Speaking roughly, the whole fen land, with its 1,300 square miles, is now one vast corn-field, and is by far the largest and most equably fertile plain to be found in the British Islands. It is already difficult to recall what it was in former times. So complete is the change, that hardly any vestiges of its original condition remain except here and there small tracts of swampy morasses growing luxuriant crops of sedge and reed. But even these small landmarks of its history

are looked upon with covetous eyes, and will soon be drained and made to bear the more valuable luxuriant crop of golden grain.

This change has been brought about by persistent indomitable pluck, for it was no child's play to turn these boggy swamps into fertile fields. The modern fen folk are worthy descendants of those determined men who, in far distant days, gave the invading Romans more trouble than almost any of the other British tribes.

There is no doubt that the peculiarities of the whole district are calculated to foster a robust, clear-headed self-reliance. On the various boards that exist for carrying out the great drainage works, the local farmer

and small middle-class householder are to be found; the work to be done being one that immediately concerns the interests of all, the management is looked into in no perfunctory spirit. This fosters in them a habit of forming sound and large judgments, for the business done is on no small scale. These boards are like local parliaments, and are of inestimable value in raising the thoughts and enlarging the ideas.

Further, from the fact that the fens are unsuitable for residential purposes, no English district is so sparsely inhabited by the titled and the aristocratic. The people are therefore truly independent, and think men only great according to what they can do. It is an interesting circumstance to recall that Oliver Cromwell's first known public speech was at one of these board meetings, and on the old subject of drainage.

The typical fen man is in stature below the average height, thick-set, broad, and powerful. The success with which they compete in every long-distance skating race may be quoted in illustration of this, for there never yet has been an English champion who was not a fen man. This is not because there are no skating races save in the fens, and between fen men; for on many occasions there have been well got



Eel-spearing.

up meetings with representatives from north, south, east, and west, and invariably the winner turned up in some fen man. This has been the case not only with the so-called professional working-men class, but also in the gentlemen amateurs' races as well. Gillam, John and William Drake, "Turkey" Smart, Cross, George *alias* Fish Smart, & Mr. F. Norman, are all natives of the fens.

The women, too, are a sturdy race, and in field labour show rare muscular power. Probably the most characteristic custom of fen peasant life is that of "ganging." Until Mr. Macbeth painted his now well-known picture of a Lincolnshire gang, we suspect that hardly one in a hundred had ever heard of the word; and yet ganging is as common to-day as it was fifty years ago. Farther on we shall show how curiously the fen is populated, large districts being almost without a single village or hamlet, and given up entirely to growing grain. As these fields, however, have to be tilled, and

as the tillers do not actually live on the soil, they have to be brought there. In nearly every other part of Great Britain the farmer has first his own house and yard in the centre of his farm, with perhaps a cottage or two alongside, and one or two more scattered on the outskirts

of his domain ; but here it is possible to see quite large farms without any house or yard on them at all, and the farmer himself living miles away in some little town. Some of these fen towns are inhabited almost entirely by farmers and farming folk. Therefore when weeding has to be done, or potatoes have to be gathered up, the farmer goes to some gangmaster and makes a contract for so many hands for such and such a time, and for so much. These gangmasters have now to obtain official government licenses, which are renewed yearly, provided the authorities are satisfied with the applicant. This close supervision is necessary, for it is possible for the unscrupulous grossly to abuse their power. Cases of abuse, we are thankful to say, are now rare, but some years ago matters were far from satisfactory. The gangmaster has on his books a large number of hands, and from these he selects a number according to the work to be done. There is a decisive code of rules as to the age of those he employs, and the manner in which they are to be divided, the young being excluded and men not allowed to work with women. Penalties of a substantial character are enforced in any case of infringement of these rules ; but in spite of all this we should vastly prefer if some other system could be devised which should supersede ganging. The women wear for this field-work clothes of an ancient and picturesquely diversified character—loggings, short petticoats, and a handkerchief tied over the head or bonnet make up the costume. Most frequently their work lies too far off for them to walk, and they are therefore driven over, in early morning, in one big party in light waggons, which are kept for the purpose, returning in them again at the close of the day. The gangmaster goes with them to tell them what to do and to see that they do it. The farmer deals direct with him, and makes him responsible in every way. He therefore is interested in seeing that it is done both well and quickly, and he may therefore be seen, stick in hand, walking from group to group, pointing out oversights, and keeping them up generally to the mark. Formerly the ganger carried a whip, which was not alone for ornament ; and even now, were he to discover laziness in some of his lads, we are not sure that he would not apply his stick.

The system works so much better than might be expected that it may be long of dying. It saves the farmer much trouble. He could not go round to a score or more of women, living perhaps wide apart from

each other, and all a considerable distance from his own house ; and so he employs the ganger as a sort of agent or responsible foreman. The very richness of the fen soil causes a luxuriant growth of weeds as well as of corn, so that nowhere is careful weeding more necessary, and we may add, nowhere is more careful cleaning carried out. Then the great fields of potatoes have to be seen to, and their produce finally gathered up and put into sacks. Later on there is the couch to be looked after and burnt. So all the year round there seems something for the gangs to do. One would expect to find the effect of this in a dirty, untidy home, since the housewife duties can obtain such a small share of attention. This may sometimes be found ; but it is less frequent than it would be with other peasantry, since the fen people are like their cousins in the other Low Country over the adjoining ocean, at heart lovers of cleanliness. It is no uncommon thing to find women in the summer time on coming home, not only cleaning and brightening up their house, but also changing all their earth-soiled clothes for tidy clean print dresses. By far the more serious objection to the system is the certain loss of some of those womanly qualities which must exist in peasant as in peeress, if she is to hold the proud position she is accorded by every Englishman. A blunting of her finer susceptibilities and a roughening of her nature, are the inevitable result of constant toil in field labours. We are also afraid that, owing to the too exacting and laborious life which the fen women lead in field-working the true interests of the children are neglected. We should, therefore, be glad to see ganging a matter of past history.

The wages of the ordinary labourer are about fifteen shillings a week with a house. "Squatting" is far from uncommon ; and proposed legislation relative to common lands and open spaces would press more heavily here than the promoters of the scheme imagine. There are many broad roads called droves—always with a deep ditch on either side, and there the eels abound—used more as embankments against floods and as divisions of land than roads, that are being encroached upon by persons who object to paying rents. The structures they put up are slight at first, but in a few years these give way to more solidly-built additions of brick and mortar ; and when twenty years have passed the old timber dwelling is demolished, and the smiling squatter smokes his pipe as he walks proudly up and down his gravel



A FIRE IN THE FENS.

path, and reads a Conservative paper like a true landed proprietor.

Broadly speaking, there are but two classes in the fens, the labouring class and the middle class—the latter comprising farmers, great and small, shopkeepers, and small householders. There is, as we have said, no attraction for the fashionable; or as we once heard a farmer say, "These parts ain't suited for silken folk." We may remind the reader, that on really fen soil there is hardly one single village or town. Wherever there are towns in the fens, they are invariably on clay, and not on the rich black deposit called fen. They are thus placed, for the very good reason that it is next to an impossibility to build on the soft fen, and also because it is almost too valuable to cover with bricks and mortar. And there is yet another reason determining the positions of the various settlements of houses. The sites must be high to secure safety in time of floods. In nearly every case therefore the towns will be found built on little islands of clay in the great sea of fen. There are exceptions to every rule, and so here we find two little villages, Benwick and Prickwillow, built on literal fen soil; but they are so insignificant as not to alter the truth of the general statement. And these very exceptions are the best proof that the usual method is right, for in Prickwillow all the houses are sadly out of the straight—walls leaning, ugly zigzag cracks, and with a general inclination to subside. In any of these houses, if a cart goes by on the neighbouring road, one feels the same sensation as when standing on a suspension bridge. However steady your hand may be, you will find it difficult to raise a full cup without spilling it, while you will also hear the china on every shelf in the place rattling. This explains why there are vast tracts of land virtually uninhabited by man.

The exceeding lightness of fen soil when once it has been thoroughly drained demands that clay should be added to it. Some land near Whittlesea was shown us that had as much as four inches of "buttery clay" laid over it; and in all parts it is necessary to put a certain amount on. Fortunately, clay is always at hand, frequently not more than three or four feet from the surface, and the digging of this up and the spreading it over the land is a constantly-recurring industry. Some men make a speciality of this branch of labour, and are locally known as "galters." Even when the land is so clayed, in dry, hot, and windy weather, it is in some danger of being blown away. Clouds

of this light soil, sometimes take almost the form and character of waterspouts. Fires, too, are to be dreaded in dry seasons, since the nature of the soil is like fuel, and were they to get the upper hand whole districts might be devastated. Fires generally commence from the burning of weeds, but it is possible that in summer weather much mischief might be caused by the accidental dropping of a lighted lucifer match. When a fire has once begun, every one works heartily to check its spread, and to this end trenches are dug round it, so as to localise it. It burns, however, with such vigour, that we have been astonished in walking over a field which has been on fire to find the clay, which was put into the soil, burnt to hard rocky masses. These lumps and masses have again to be as carefully cleared off the land as they had been painstakingly placed there, for when once burnt hard as bricks, they are no longer of any use for the purpose for which the clay, when moist, was placed there. We are told that from a scientific farmer's point of view fires do no harm to the soil itself, since they produce certain chemical results which are highly desirable. The danger from fires arises from the risk of their becoming ungovernable or doing damage to crops before they can be put out.

One has heard the scheme of "three acres and a cow" so often that it seems impossible to look at the question with any freshness or hope, but we are certain that if it were possible to succeed anywhere it should be in the fens. Our belief is founded on the fact, that nowhere are there to be found so many small farmers PAYING THEIR WAY. The societies and companies that are projecting agricultural schemes of this sort should look at home and not abroad, and commence their operations where there is already the nucleus of success.

The number of men farming in quite a small way in the fens with success, is really remarkable. Of course they, like all other agriculturists, have had of late a pinch, and whether there ever can come back quite the old prosperity is matter of speculation; but making every allowance, practical men may point to the fens as the best ground in England for small farming. Fruit-growing, too, is a large and yearly increasing industry, and will probably prove more profitable than some of the crops formerly grown on fen soil. Osier beds are, we think, decreasing in number, which by the artist will be regretted, since at all stages it is a most picturesque industry, and the rare

colouring of the "wands": in early spring and autumn is a sight we should be sorry to see blotted from fen landscape.

A vast improvement has been shown to have taken place in the general health since scientific drainage has changed the miasma-breathing swamp into good dry corn land. Ague, which not so long ago claimed at least one victim in every family, is now a rare complaint, and the old conventional idea of a fen village being full of the lame and the halt suffering from ague and rheumatism must be summarily dismissed. Statistics show a very remarkable state of longevity, and a most curious absence of deaths from those very complaints which are popularly supposed to be rampant in the low-lying lands.

Centenarians are far from uncommon, and we believe that both sexes keep their bodily activity longer than they do in so-called dry parts.

There is no doubt, however, that though the air of the fens may be good and invigorating, the same cannot be said of its water, for it has been stated that there is not a single well in the whole district of which we are speaking that should not be distrusted and preference given to even rain-water. If this be absolutely the case, the healthiness of the population would lead one to suppose they were not great water drinkers, and consequently rather intemperate. But though some may be found who are so, we do not think that as a population they are exceptionally vicious in this matter.

The view commonly held as to the birth and origin of the English language is somewhat similar to that expressed by Topsy, when questioned as to her antecedents, that she supposed "she just growed." It may not, however, be generally known that England owes her present language to the dwellers in old Eastern Mercia. Freeman says relative to this, "It was a Lincolnshire man, a Bourne man, who gave the English

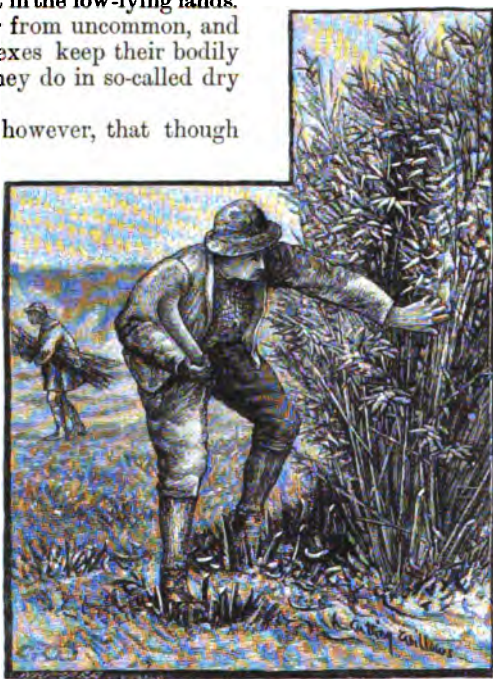
language its present shape." Standard English is the speech of the Gyrwas,* thrown into a literary form by Robert Manning, of Bourne. It is not surprising therefore that all fen authors rejoice that in the fen land was born the language which all England has accepted as its mistress, and which is the dominant language wherever true civilisation goes the wide world over. And even now, in spite of the leavening, and spoiling, and introduction of provincialisms, the speech of the fen men is singularly interesting. They are rich in words of good Scandinavian origin, and accurate in their pronunciation, rarely abusing the aspirate.

The polite stranger inquiring the road is answered by the very plough-boy in clean, clear cut English, and has not to guess at the meaning of unearthly sounds resembling nothing he has ever heard before.

No picture is complete without its shadows, and this slight sketch of fen people would be false if it were to ignore the spots and blemishes that are even in them. We find that along with the robust and fiery nature of their Scandinavian forefathers they have a tendency to excess in exciting stimulants and soothing opiates.

Regarding the latter, one of the best authorities, Mr. S. H. Miller, says that "Opium-eating is the special vice of the fen men," and that "it is the labouring classes who are the most addicted to the practice. Under the influence of this drug, men and women exist in a state of inanity, and their persons betray their habits; they look wan and emaciated, and the amount of money spent in this way is almost incredible, a poor family WILL SPEND FROM EIGHT-PENCE TO

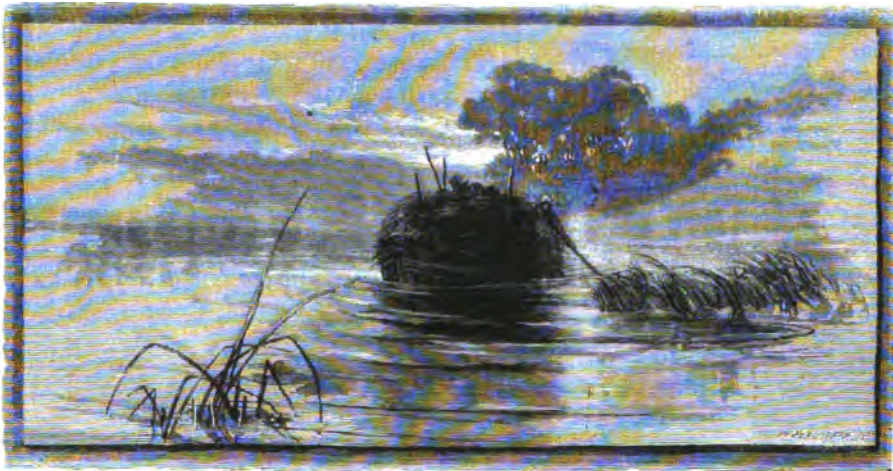
* The inhabitants of this and the rest of the low country were called by the natives Gyrwi. "Gyr" in English, signifying the same as "Palus," deep fen. (*Dugdale*, second ed. p. 178.)



Osier-cutting.

ONE SHILLING PER DAY FOR OPIUM ALONE. When the habit has taken such root the desire for the periodic dose becomes irresistible and every consideration of home necessities is sacrificed. Nay, worse, the habit is handed down from parents to offspring, for children are in infancy habituated to opium in the form of Godfrey's cordial, and as they grow up are sent to the shop for the pennyworth or more of opium every day. What is so constantly before them induces a desire, and the children in their turn grow into confirmed opium-eaters." But it will be asked, whence came this habit? "Perhaps the old apothecaries administered opium for ague long before the use of quinine was known; perhaps the drug was used for rheumatism as well; both the ailments were very painful, and the patient sought a present relief in opiates." "But the modern opium-eaters of the fens belong, in the main, to that class of people who would be toppers elsewhere, a people to

whom stupor or excitation has become a second nature. In fine, to attribute the practice in the present time to climatal causes is entirely fallacious." This, as the opinion of a known authority, is not to be lightly treated, but for ourselves we must own that we have never come across cases of such an extreme nature as he quotes; and after considerable and careful inquiry, we believe we are justified in hoping that though the hateful custom still exists, it is nevertheless most certainly decreasing. We are quite aware that it is a difficult matter to get exact figures on such a question, as those most addicted to it are the last to own that they ever touch it. The local chemists, however, assure us that where they sold pounds and pounds they now sell but a solitary ounce once and again. It still, however, remains a probable fact, that there is more opium consumed in the fen land than in any other rural districts.



Bringing home reeds.

MY NELL.

(A Soliloquy.) Founded on *Stranger*.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

YOU are nobly-born, I know,
 Rich, and beautiful, and free;
 And they tell me (is it so?)
 That you waste a thought on me!
 In your hazel eyes last night
 There was tenderness and truth;

But there came a softer light
 To the poet in his youth.
 I can give you high esteem,
 Gracious friend, and lovely belle;
 But I cannot love you now
 As I used to love my Nell.

We were paupers, she and I,
 And the bread was hard to win ;
 But our garret near the sky
 Let God's purest sunlight in.
 She was meanly dressed, you see,
 In her faded cotton gown ;
 But her smile was heaven to me,
 And I never saw her frown.
 You are like a rose in June,
 She was but a lily-bell ;
 Yet I cannot love you now
 As I used to love my Nell.

We were young, and life was sweet,
 And we loved each other more
 When there scarce was food to eat,
 And the wolf was at the door.
 There was always hope, you know ;
 We could dream that skies were blue ;
 But—my darling had to go
 Just before the dream came true !
 I am left alone with fame,
 And the great world likes me well ;
 But I cannot love again
 As I used to love my Nell.

Then forgive me if the light
 Of your presence leaves me cold ;
 You are young, and gay, and bright,
 I am growing grave and old ;
 And the brow *she* used to kiss
 Is more wrinkled than of yore,
 But the treasure that I miss
 Is not lost, but gone before.
 Some have many loves, but I
 Learnt to love but once, and well ;
 And I cannot woo you now
 As I used to woo my Nell.

THE DIVINE FORCE OF GENTLENESS.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By DONALD FRASER, D.D.

JANUARY 3RD.

Read Deuteronomy xxxii. 1—12, and Matthew v. 1—20.

"Let my speech distil as the dew."

RELIGIOUS truth sometimes surprises the mind by a sudden flash, but more frequently penetrates by a sort of gentle iteration. So the servant of the Lord who would teach others must not strive, but with meekness give instruction, and with patient continuance drop words of eternal life into the ears of his fellow-men. His teaching should be as the night dew which finds its way to the fronds of grass and leaves of plants with such a quiet power. So should he reach the heart.

We not only grant, but maintain, that religious truth appeals to all that is in man.

It addresses itself to the understanding and the reason, and indeed forms the highest kind of material on which the human intellect can work. It also speaks with force to the conscience, both exalting and regulating the sense of moral distinctions, and the appreciation of moral duty. But there is a third region of our nature which may not be overlooked. In popular phrase, it is the heart. It comprehends the affections, sentiments, sensibilities, tempers, sympathies, fears and hopes of mankind. To these all religions try to speak ; and our religion speaks best of all.

Men who have thought that they had driven religion out of the whole intellectual sphere, and have proclaimed its inutility in the region of morals too, have had to confess

that it cannot be driven from that of feeling and of hope. They have, in their own opinion, made out that there is no place or need for a Supreme Being; and that morals are as strong without religion as with it, nay stronger; yet they have found, and some of them have been frank enough to confess, that there is a region of human nature for which godless thought and learning can do little indeed. They call it the ideal tendency, the over-soul, the poetic element, the hunger for the inscrutable, the mystic sense; but whatever be its name, they see that the human spirit has some want or craving which only religious convictions and hopes appear to suit and satisfy.

For our own part, we do not accept for Christian doctrine a sentence of exclusion from any part or region of "the inner man." For the eager intelligence we have the word of truth; and though we do not profess to answer all questions or solve all perplexities, we can with Divine revelation give to the human mind an amount of satisfaction not otherwise to be obtained, regarding the relation of the visible to the invisible, the course and meaning of history, the order and destiny of the world. Then for the conscience we have the word of righteousness, and we can, with Divine revelation, fortify the operation, and clarify the judgments of the great moral faculty. Nay more; our religion can reveal a remedy for sin, and sustain a standard of living purity and rectitude, such as no other religion, and no ethical system without religion, has ever approached. But without at all surrendering these regions of human nature to irreligion, we have a special appeal to that which is called the heart. Wisdom still cries, "My son, give me thine heart!"

The emotional and affectional part of our nature has a sore time of it in this world, if it be not sustained and consoled by considerations which are spiritual, and hopes which are heavenly. It becomes dry and weary in exposure to the trying climate of earthly circumstance, unless it receives the word of Divine grace, distilling and softly resting on it, like the dew upon the grass. Temper is strained, expectation tantalised, sensibility wounded, and the heart grows sick and weary of its own limitation and impotence. In the midst of pleasure it has a haunting melancholy; and its happiest hours are spoilt by a foreshadow of disenchantment. Reflection brings chagrin; and as men grow old, they tend to bitterness and dryness of spirit, with little faith in human

goodness, or sympathy with human needs. To prevent or to cure this, nothing is so effectual as the word of the "Prophet like unto Moses," distilling as the dew.

So dry would grow the plants in the garden, if the dew did not come upon them, and the rain from heaven.

"When nature sinks in soft repose
The dew steals noiseless on the rose."

And on the countless blades of grass, the drops settle silently, repairing the exhaustion of every plant impartially, reviving and freshening its life.

Vehemence, no doubt, has its uses. Trumpet blasts startle, but they must not be too frequent, else they have no effect. Even "the artillery of heaven" may cease to appeal. The greater efficacy lies in the more gentle application of Divine truth, resting on the mind, dwelling in the memory, diffusing its softening and reviving influence over the affections and the character.

Consider the analogy with the natural forces. The strongest, most irresistible, and at the same time most beneficent influences in nature, are those which act with a quiet assiduity. Thunder-clouds send a crash through the sky, and precipitate heavy rain upon the earth; but more effect is produced, and more good done, by the noiseless dawn of morning, and the soft visitation of the dew or the gentle shower. A storm at sea brings in huge waves to break in tumult on the beach; but how much more to be regarded is the fountain of water on some hill-side, which without ceasing pours out the purling stream, that flows with growing volume through the meadows, gives drink to flocks and herds, and spreads both beauty and fertility! So is it in the action of truth on the human spirit. Startling effects may be produced by urgent appeal. Loud menaces of judgment may excite alarm. But these can be attempted only on rare occasions, and there is a class of minds which they are apt to harden and alienate. The most powerful action of the Word is when it distils as the dew. Read a little portion in the morning with prayer; and throughout the day, though you do not consciously recall it, something of it will rest insensibly on your spirit, and help you to resist the wasting and killing influences that your inner life may encounter in the world.

Consider, too, the analogy with the physical life of man. Is it not sustained and restored by processes which recur regularly and do not intrude themselves on observation? In like manner the mental and spiritual life is

kept alive and fresh by truths and influences that fall softly, and through the process of reflection trickle down to the very roots of character.

In ancient times, the Lord, though terrible in majesty, promised to be in His grace as the "dew unto Israel," making His people to "grow as a lily, and cast forth roots as the cedars of Lebanon." The author of the "Christian Year" has well sung of "the trees of righteousness"—

"Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

"The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But when it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known."

It is wise to cultivate a sensibility to such impressions. The dew comes best on a still night; and that man must have a stillness of spirit who wishes to have the thought of God to settle down upon him, and the Word of Christ to rest in him. No doubt there was an element of extravagance in the Quietists and Mystics of the Continent, and the Friends or Quakers in England and America. They made too much of self-negation, and of spiritual absorption and ecstasy. But they witnessed for an important factor in spiritual life when they insisted on stillness before the Lord—a thing almost lost in the shallow bustle of these passing years. Molinos, and Madame Guyon, and Fénelon could teach some profitable lessons to those Christians who are never quiet except when they sleep. How can the heavenly speech distil on them as the dew?

There is a way in which God compels His children to pause and reflect. A night of sorrow falls on them; and they sit in darkness. Or they have to lie on a "bed of languishing." Then they ask for the Bible, and love a psalm or hymn. The dew begins to fall. O profitable affliction! O timely comfort of the word that visits the heart, as dew-drops visit—

"The cool, delicious meadows of the night."

It tells afterwards. The Lord knows how to water His vineyard in the dark; and when the day breaks, the greenness of the leaves reveals the secret communication of strength. In like manner the morning of recovery from distress will show the heart made better, the faith in Christ stronger, the spirit livelier toward God.

But walk through the wood at break of day, and you will find that, while the dew has refreshed the things that live and grow,

it is nothing to the dead sticks or to the stones that lie in your path. The dew may damp their surface, but cannot make them any other or better than they were. So is it with hard-hearted or worldly-minded men, who have no spiritual sensibility. They are sapless branches; or they have hearts of stone. Holy words convey to them no impulse or comfort; and to the gracious influence of the Gospel they are stubbornly impervious.

An old German hymn-writer has a poem on the word of the Lord, in three stanzas. In the first it is the dew; in the second a flaming sword; in the third a guiding star. The first runs thus in a translation:—

"Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dews
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.
Water'd from Thee,
Let every tree
Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days!"

JANUARY 10TH.

Read 1 Kings xix. and 1 John iv. 7–21.

"A still small voice."

Elijah was commanded to go forth from the cave of his discontent and to stand on Mount Horeb before the Lord. One would have expected the prophet to take encouragement from the obvious parallel between his case and that of Moses, who stood in a "clift of the rock" at or near the same spot, while Jehovah passed by, and proclaimed His name. But Elijah apparently hesitated; and while he did so, a terrible storm broke upon the mountain. A sudden hurricane swept past. Then the earth quaked, and the lightning flashed, recalling the day when the Lord descended on Sinai in fire, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

The storm announced the Lord's approach. Then in the stillness after the tempest was heard a voice calm and searching. So soon as it reached the prophet's ear his hesitation left him. He wrapped his head in his rough mantle of goat's hair, and came out to the mouth of the cave, not curious to see a vision, but ready to hear what the Lord his God would speak.

This striking story suggests many historical lessons; but let us think of its significance for our own time and our own inward life.

In some quarters there is a tendency to think too much of forcible impressions and enthusiastic outbursts, as the chosen indications of Divine presence and blessing. There

is a shout of Lo here! Lo there! Some contagious alarm falls on a community; religious assemblies are crowded, signs of excitement appear, and a cry is raised that the Lord is in this sacred tumult. But the storm only goes before His face. After it comes something much less vociferous, but far more powerful. It is the voice of grace and truth, of love and justice, which, once heard as the voice of the living God, can never be forgotten. His word fitly and gently spoken is far beyond the mere force of excitement and alarm.

Take the case of an individual to whom God is pleased to disclose His own character and will. Convictions of ignorance and sin come first; thereafter the breathing of mercy as a gentle voice. A strong wind may sweep through the heart, searching its hiding places, and rending its rocks of resistance. In other words, a sinner is startled, sifted, convicted, confounded, but not yet converted; for the Lord is not in the wind. After the wind, an earthquake. This suggests anxiety, agitation, dispeace of soul; but the troubled sinner is not yet converted, for the Lord is not in the earthquake. After the earthquake, a fire. This suggests the revelation of holiness and justice. It is appropriate to Horeb and Sinai, whence issued the "fiery law." But the conscience-stricken sinner may be appalled and even scorched by the flames, yet not converted. It is always the voice of God that prevails, converting the soul: and His voice is calm and sweet. As Bishop Hall has said, "God makes way for Himself in terror, but conveys Himself to us in sweetness. Happy for us, if, after the gusts and flashes of the law, we have heard the soft voice of evangelical mercy."

The "still small voice" drew Elijah from the cave. So long as one is only plied with proofs of Divine power, or of severity however just, he recoils from anything like intercourse with God. But at the voice of heavenly mercy—"Incline your ear, and come unto Me"—his heart melts, he wraps his face in a mantle of contrition and humility, and goes forth to hear, believe, obey. And so is it with a godly man whose faith faints, and whose spirit is depressed. The only voice that can bring him out of his mood of discouragement, and restore him to active service, is that of the loving-kindness of the Lord, the heart-thrilling assurance of His pardoning and reviving grace.

In the end, the very things that once appalled the shrinking spirit will be found

helpful and obedient to a dutiful servant of the Lord. Fire fell from heaven at the call of Elijah to consume those who came to take him prisoner. And, at the end of his course, "Behold! there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." Learn that the way of blessedness now is to hearken to "the joyful sound;" and the way to prepare for heaven is to obey the voice of the Lord our God, and to serve Christ without a murmur, waiting all the days of your appointed time till your change come. And things you may have dreaded in some hour of weakness and fear will make your death-bed glorious, and help you up to heaven.

JANUARY 17TH.

Read Isaiah vii. 1—17, viii. 5—8, and 1 Peter v. 6—11.

"The waters of Shiloh that go softly."

The brook which flowed by the base of Mount Zion, and down by the side of the temple-crowned Moriah, was an emblem of the help and defence which the God of Zion and of the Temple supplied to His people in Jerusalem. And it was no angry or noisy torrent, but water that flowed softly. So for communities and individuals now who trust in Him, there is a quiet but most potent protection from the Lord. Let us show this in the case of an individual.

1. *Trouble Without.*—Say that gloom or pain, or both together, fall upon you. Your heart, like that of the king and people referred to by the prophet Isaiah, is agitated "as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind." You seek God in your affliction: you hearken to His prophets; you look to Him for deliverance. And from some unexpected quarter help arises. Your burden is lightened; your disaster is retrieved; and you breathe freely again.

Do not call it good fortune. You do well to seize what helps and remedies are brought within your reach; but give the glory to God. It is His secret will, His noiseless care that has been your true defence. You are not hurt because of "the waters of Shiloh that go softly."

2. *Trouble Within.*—The spiritual life is invaded and endangered by unseen foes and spiritual wickednesses; and against such adversaries the appeal to God may still be made—"Strive thou, O Lord, with those that strive with me: fight Thou against them that fight against me." "Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after my soul: let them be turned backward and

brought to dishonour that delight in my hurt." In such cases of moral and spiritual temptation or assault, God knows how to help and deliver. But do not look for any mere show of power. It is the enemy that "comes in like a flood." Yet far greater than the power of the enemy is the power of Him who is to His people as "cool Siloam's shady rill."

Fussy and assertive Christians are feeble. The calm and strong are they who trust God simply and fully, and are content with "the waters that go softly." The Lord will beautify the meek with salvation.

Because the Hebrews, forsaking their Divine Protector, were ready to submit to the invading kings, it was foretold that the greater power of Assyria would come upon them like a river overflowing its banks and submerging the plain, till men should be knee-deep in the water. And so it came to pass: but at the last moment that flood was suddenly dried up by the destruction of the Assyrian army in a night as an answer to the prayer of Hezekiah. Let this teach us to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils; neither fearing what he can do against us, nor boasting of what he can do for us. Our all-sufficient help is in God. "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the Tabernacles of the Most High."

In new covenant faith and privilege we "are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." It becomes us to be calm, because that Living One is our defence. Let the peace of Christ rule in our hearts. The little stream of Shiloah has not preserved the earthly Jerusalem from capture and long desolation. We have seen it trickling feebly through the valley by the dishonoured city. But that living God, whose faithfulness and gentleness that stream represented in days of old, will never abandon to the enemy any of the spiritual children of Zion. "Asshur shall not save" them: neither can it destroy them. Through and with Christ they are safe in the keeping of God.

" 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us through the worst
And lead us safely home."

JANUARY 24TH.

Read Isaiah xlii. 1-9. Matthew xi. 25-29, and xii. 9-21.

"The gentle Servant of Jehovah."

There are passages in the prophetic books in which "the servant of Jehovah"

obviously designates Israel; but in such chapters of Isaiah as the xlii., lii., liii., the Servant is a person who was to rise out of Israel, embody in Himself the holy calling of that nation, and accomplish the will of Jehovah in a manner altogether well pleasing in His sight. The Elect Servant is the Messiah, and Jesus is that Christ. Mark how He served.

1. *Unostentatiously.* All through His ministry Jesus avoided a mere glare of publicity, and in Galilee actually charged some whom he had healed not to make Him known. He knew that to attract a gaping multitude of followers would do very little to promote the spiritual ends of His ministry, if, indeed, it might not rather tend to hinder them. So little did He think of a "big crowd" that, when He saw it gathering under the influence of curiosity, or a desire for temporal advantage, He often said or did something to disperse the people, or to escape from them. Evidently He regarded it as a better use of His time and strength to attach to Himself a smaller number of disciples, so training them and imbuing them with His spirit, as to fit them to plead His cause, and plant His gospel after He had returned to His Father.

It is not to be inferred that preachers of the gospel are not to speak in the open air, or in chief "places of concourse." Timidity and fastidiousness have no right to claim sanction from the unostentatiousness of Jesus. There is need of courage and enterprise; only one must not court personal notoriety, or glory in numbers. Ministry is weak when at any point it falls out of harmony with that of the Chosen Servant. One may draw a crowd, and yet gain very few disciples for the Lord.

2. *Tenderly.* True, that the ministry of Jesus had a searching power, like that of a "refiner's fire." It was even scathing and terrible to hypocrites and vainglorious pedants of the law; but it was full of gentleness to the people, and had special consideration for the weary and the heavy-laden. So "the common people heard Him gladly," and mourners sought Him, and little children were not afraid to come at His call. As, after rigorous winter the breath of spring is doubly sweet, so after the hard prescriptions of the unfeeling Scribes and Pharisees, the healing ministry of Jesus of Nazareth was felt at least by some to be doubly welcome.

Meekness must not be confounded with

feebleness, or gentleness with indecision. We know the kind of softness and quietness which belongs to persons of a timid nature, and of weak convictions, who are reluctant to look closely into serious questions, or to assume any resolute attitude involving responsibility. A gentleness which is born of fear or selfishness is not after Christ, for His was the kindness of a magnanimous spirit, the patience of a mind that saw clearly the insufficiency of man and the boundless love of God. Therefore His endurance of the "contradiction of sinners," and His sweet encouragement of the timorous who sought His help. Therefore the light in His countenance, the grace in His lips, the meekness in His bearing, the compassion in His mien, which drew men out of themselves, to tell their wants to Him, and cast their cares upon Him.

A "bruised reed" is an apt image of a grieved heart which a little more trouble will break. The Lord Jesus would never break it. Men can be very harsh to men; witness the intolerance of "the friends of Job." They can be harsh even to women: witness the rough charge which Eli hurled at the sorrowful Hannah while she prayed. But when a woman who was a sinner came with a bruised and contrite spirit to the feet of Jesus, with what consideration did He treat her! Simon the Pharisee would have pitilessly broken that bruised reed, but the good Master took her part, assured her of forgiveness, and bade her go in peace. Wonderful is the healing and restoring touch of the Saviour's word.

"Smoking flax" may mean that which has fire smouldering among its fibres, which may yet break out into a flame. But probably we ought to prefer the marginal reading, "A dimly burning wick shall He not quench." It suggests the faint beginnings of penitence and faith, and newness of life. The wick is not trimmed, or does not draw sufficiently from the reservoir of oil, and therefore does not yield a steady flame. Or it may illustrate some degree of spiritual declension, the lamp that once was bright now needing to be trimmed with care, and fed with fresh oil. The Lord Jesus does not disdain every disciple who is not "a burning and shining light." He is willing to recognise and to foster what is defective and dim. He knows how to bring good results out of confused and hesitating beginnings. He does it by gentleness: and it cannot be done any otherwise. A strong wind will blow out a lamp which a gentle current of air will brighten.

Violence has the fatal power of extinction. Severity irritates into defiance, or crushes into despondency; but kindness can evolve happy results from unsatisfactory rudiments, and love is the supreme secret of success in Christ and all Christlike men.

JANUARY 31ST.

Read Isaiah lv. and 2 Corinthians v. 11-21.

"God beseeching."

As a preacher of the gospel St. Paul counted himself an ambassador. But he had no authority to negotiate terms of peace with those who were alienated from God. He was simply a royal messenger charged to announce to men the terms, the only terms, on which God will receive and pardon them. They are the terms of free grace.

It is peculiar to this embassy that the sovereign who might well command and reprove in severe and lofty tones, takes, and bids all his messengers take, a tone of gentleness, and even of entreaty. God beseeches. The servants of God "pray" sinful men; and, alas! find it very difficult to obtain answers to such prayers.

At the mountain of the law, when God spoke the commandments, the people trembled, and begged that Moses would speak the Divine will to them. "Let not God speak with us lest we die!" But now not at any one mountain, but in all places where men confess their transgressions of His law, God utters His reconciling word. Why should any stand far off? If God speak to us, and we hearken, we shall live, and not die. True, that He cannot divest Himself of the right to command; every expression of His will is entitled to have our reverent obedience; but it is with notes of loving appeal that He makes way for Himself into the human heart; and those of His servants have had most success in their embassy who have known best how to persuade men by the mercies of God.

Professor Halyburton's treatise on "The Great Concern of Salvation" is a good specimen of the old evangelical theology of Scotland. It contains some passages which had no doubt been spoken from the pulpit with moving effect; e.g., "We earnestly, in Christ's stead, beseech your falling in with demands which are in themselves worthy of all acceptance. We crave no unreasonable thing when we bid you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. What more suitable to that rational principle of self-preservation and allowable self-love than for a captive to

accept of a deliverer, a slave to receive a Redeemer, a condemned malefactor to welcome a pardon, a sinner to entertain a Saviour, a wanderer to lay hold upon a guide, a poor man to accept of offered riches, a pursued offender to betake himself to the city of refuge! . . . Shall we get a refusal when our demand is so highly reasonable? Reason, self-love, interest, gratitude, all

second our request." Then, after further pleading on the excellency of Christ and the grace of God, the writer, who is for the time a preacher, cries with pathetic energy, "Can ye refuse us, O sinners, O rocks, O hearts harder than rocks?"

This is what John Bunyan would call raising the white flag of mercy on the "Mount Gracious."

REMINISCENCES OF MY LATER LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

FIRST PAPER.

ON our return to England in 1843, I was full of energy and hope. Glowing with aspiration and in the enjoyment of great domestic happiness, I was anticipating a busy, perhaps overburdened, but nevertheless congenial life. It was, however, to be one of darkness, perplexity, and discouragement.

On March 12th, 1843, we had celebrated my birthday at Heidelberg by a pedestrian excursion into the remnants of the ancient Hardt Forest, where, seated at the foot of a mighty pine-tree, Frau von Schoultz, the niece of the Royal Academician, Thomas Phillips, sang so splendidly, in Swedish, Geijer's "Old Gothic Lion," an heroic national air greatly beloved in Sweden, that some peasant-girls cutting an early growth in the glades of the wood came forth, and with brandished sickles kept time to the strain.

It was a lovely day and a beautiful scene, yet marked by an unspeakable sadness, which was afterwards to dim the brightness of our lives. Our handsome, nimble little Claude, then in his tenth year, and called by his preceptors for the sweetness of his disposition and his brilliant attainments, *der goldene Junge*, was perceived to be lame. He said, "It was nothing." But when we insisted on an explanation, he confessed to his right knee being tired. "It hurt him just a little; nothing to speak of." He continued to limp, and we naturally troubled to ask, "What did it mean?" "He fancied it was sprained. He had felt it ever since M. N. (mentioning an English youth), following him up the staircase about Christmas, had for a joke lifted him up by his collar over the balustrade. Somehow he had slipped out of his hand and dropped to the pavement, but he had lighted on his feet. He had not been hurt. He only felt his knee when he was tired."

Poor Claude! He seemed so bright and

cheerful that, by some strange chance, although shocked by the disclosure, we accepted his explanation. The entire party returned home weary, and he seeming not more so than the rest, we forgot in the stir and occupation of leaving Heidelberg our momentary anxiety.

But after my husband and I with the younger children had arrived in England, and were busy settling in a house we had taken at Upper Clapton, we received a letter from our daughter Annie, then residing in a French family at Heidelberg, that filled us with dismay and anguish. Claude's knee had suddenly developed the most alarming features of disease. The English physician at Mannheim who had seen him desired that his parents might be immediately apprised and he taken home. With scarcely the delay of an hour, therefore, William set off to Heidelberg, and brought back the dear child from the first-rate private school where we had left him with his eldest brother.

The eminent surgeon, Mr. Liston, who examined the knee, considered the life of the sufferer might be saved by the amputation of the limb. Sir Aston Key, after scrutinising the case thoroughly, saw danger on every side. The knee had been jarred by the sudden dropping of the boy's entire weight from a second flight of stairs to the pavement. His naturally strong constitution had been weakened by the excessive amount of study peculiar to German schools, and which he had pursued with his whole being, by the innutritious food, and his having slept in a chamber under a hot metal roof. No means had been immediately taken to counteract the effects of the accident, which had likewise been aggravated by the pedestrian excursion into the Hardt Forest. Thus white swelling had set in, and

by that time gained such entire power over the system, that even amputation could not arrest it. Sir Aston Key told us this with the utmost gentleness and consideration; then, declining a fee, left us to our sorrow.

We had already acquired considerable faith in homoeopathy, and as Dr. Epps assured us that it succeeded where other methods failed, we were thankful to try it, but without result. The poor child meantime, in his helpless condition, never murmured. Once, when his father in great distress of mind suddenly exclaimed to him, "I wish the lad who dropped you had to undergo all this, dear Claude," raising his eyes with an expression of sorrow and surprise, he replied, "Oh, papa, don't say that. I cannot bear the thought of it. Please let my love be given to him, for I remember him with nothing but kindness." And the message was sent.

His thirst for knowledge remained insatiable. And thus, surrounded by a perfect library, chiefly consisting of books bestowed upon him by his warm friend, Mr. Thomas Tegg, the publisher, of Cheapside, reclining in his little carriage, he was drawn about our large garden and the pleasant shrubbery encompassing our field, and what he greatly enjoyed, for miles into the country, his father and I accompanying him.

Later in the year he had the delight of welcoming back his elder sister and brother under the escort of Herr Müller, a favourite usher in his former school, now to his satisfaction engaged by us as tutor. Thus he was gladdened by dear old associations; and as by Divine mercy he did not appear to suffer much, his waning existence was gently upheld by a quiet happiness.

Winter came and went. By that time he was too feeble to go out of doors. Then it pleased Almighty God, in the springtime of his life, to call him to a better home. A wild, stormy night ushered in March 12, 1844, the anniversary of that unfortunate birthday picnic. The wind roared round the house, the rain beat against the windows, and I, sitting up with our sick child, felt my being filled with a strange terror of woe. Morning came, the storm subsided, the chamber was dim with a heavy cloud. Then the sun broke through, a bright ray illumined the bed from head to foot, the room was full of light, and the dear spirit had departed.

This grief came into our lives like a pathetic variation in a painfully familiar dirge, reviving a sorrow that had never been really vanquished. After father's death, at the close of 1823, the first question

with his widow, daughters, and sons-in-law had been, What was Charles to do? And the handsome, manly, generous-hearted boy, although but fifteen, having no occupation at home, was as anxious to fix on a profession as any of us. Father had thought of the law for him. There seemed some uncertainty, however, whether, as a Friend, he could conscientiously fulfil all the duties, and enjoy all the privileges, of an attorney. Richard Phillips was a lawyer, but he had a partner not belonging to our Society to attend to business done in the law courts; and were Charles, as in his case, reduced to mere conveyancing, he would find little employment in Uttoxeter. We were all aware of his passion for the sea and shipping, and even dreaded its consequences, yet we cast our fears away when he consented to being articled, in October, 1824, to Mr. Rowland Roscoe, a merchant of Liverpool. We knew the enjoyment he would find in the society of Anna and her husband, with whom he could spend his leisure hours; and he was to board with an elderly Quaker couple, Joseph and Mary Nicholson. Alas! how little attention do parents and guardians pay to the innate tastes and abilities of the young. Had Charles, who displayed great skill with his lathe, been placed with a shipbuilder, instead of with a merchant, his sad fate and our misery might have been averted.

The pride and hope of his family, and the admiration of all beholders, Charles had hitherto led a most guarded and secluded life; his mind had been carefully trained in moral and religious principles by his indulgent but anxious father; and his attractive exterior and manners subjected to the peculiarities of Friends. Now placed in a more exposed situation, in a large seaport, the natural bias speedily asserted itself. His dress, language, conversation, the tone of his voice assumed so completely the character of a sailor that a stranger would have supposed him born and bred at sea.

How carefully and accurately he had studied the building of a ship is proved by a three-masted schooner, about a foot in height, of exquisite workmanship, pronounced by connoisseurs to be perfect in all its parts, which he constructed in his spare hours, and, calling it the *Anna Mary*, sent as a present to his first little niece, my daughter. He had become acquainted with seafaring youths, who, learning that he was the only son of a widow, by artful persuasions led him, in the simplicity of his heart, to suppose that he would relieve his mother of a monetary

burden, if following his inclination and providing for himself, he went to sea; and, although giving great satisfaction to Mr. Roscoe, in August, 1825, he suddenly disappeared.

He left his lodgings one First-day morning, attired in his best suit, which awoke no suspicion in the minds of Joseph and Mary Nicholson, until the next day came, and he had not returned. Moreover, the sailor's jacket and trousers, which he wore sometimes when employed about the shipping, and his worsted stockings were found to be missing. A letter, addressed to his sister Anna, and brought to land by a pilot, informed his distracted relatives that, "but for his mother he should earlier have carried out his resolution to go to sea. He hoped, however, that, as she would henceforth be burdened with no expenses on his account, she would allow herself greater comforts. He expected to be out for three months, and would write again from Quebec, where he should be in about four weeks."

We learnt by inquiry later, that he had engaged himself with Captain Bell, part owner of the trade ship the *Lady Gordon*; that his indentures were procured, but owing to the hurry in which the vessel went to sea, were left unsigned; that Bell had been detained by a broken leg and his place supplied by a Captain Clementson, who had received Charles, with the other apprentices and sailors of the *Lady Gordon*, as those who were to work her to Quebec.

Nothing more was to be ascertained, and though the thought was bitter of our idolised son and brother having thus severed himself from us, we believed he had acted from good but mistaken motives, and would ultimately do well wherever placed. In the second week of November the shipping intelligence mentioned the *Lady Gordon* as lying off Quebec. She would then be homeward bound, and no letter from Charles having arrived, we concluded we should not receive direct tidings until he himself was in port; and mother hastened to Liverpool to meet him.

The *Lady Gordon*, firm timbered, all her tackle trim, after a most prosperous voyage, sailed up the Mersey, but the strained eyes eagerly watching in the docks for Charles, saw the crew leap one by one on shore without him. Then poor, wounded hearts learnt he was no more.

A last sad letter, and the statements of the crew, especially of the ship's carpenter, told the terrible tale. Scarcely had the *Lady*

Gordon left Liverpool, when she encountered head winds and heavy seas, which made her toil on her northern way for seven weeks. She had been out a month when Charles, ordered aloft for some change of sail, was precipitated to the deck, breaking his leg in the fall. There was no surgeon on board, but the captain ordered all that was possible in the circumscribed space and with the limited supplies of the vessel, to be done for the injured lad; and the sailors, rough, hearty Cumberland men, waited on him as, with pale and altered face, his body racked with pain, his mind with regret, self-banished from home and country, he lay studying the Bible as his only resource, and finding in its sacred pages consolation and encouragement. At length the *Lady Gordon* reached Quebec, and the seamen, in mournful array, bore him to the great hospital and convent of the Hôtel Dieu, where gentle women, overflowing with love and pity, received, soothed, and tended him in his sisters' stead.

Anna had later a visit from a Quaker sea captain, named William Boodle. He had been in a provision shop in Quebec, when a French physician entered, and after observing his attire and mode of speech, told him that a young man, a stranger from England and one of his Society, who was lying ill at the hospital, had requested him if he saw any of the Friends, to ask them to call on him. Captain Boodle went immediately. He sat some time with Charles, who confided to him the whole sad story, from the moment of his forming the desperate resolution of going to sea to the occasion of his being in the hospital. He lamented most deeply the error into which he had fallen, but spoke of the comfort he derived from the Scriptures, expressed the most yearning affection for his beloved, distant relatives, and the most unbounded gratitude to his devoted caretakers. He thought the doctors and nuns did more for him than for any other patient. He took the captain's hand between his own and held it, as if he could not let him go.

The honest, kind-hearted sailor, greatly affected by the interview, parted from him with the intention of speedily renewing it. But when next he went Charles's leg had been amputated, and he was allowed to see no one except his doctors and nurses. The captain called again, and learnt that he had expired. Dr. Holmes, one of the physicians, most kindly wrote us that he had been with Charles when he passed away, and his last words were of his mother.

And that mother, bowing her head in sub-

mission, felt Divine love had found her poor boy and borne him to the haven of peace, where the wicked cease from troubling and all temptation to sin is at an end. Yet for long weeks and months it seemed to her a terrible dream, from which she must wake to find her bright, buoyant Charles at her side, until she held in her hand an indubitable document, signed by the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor of Canada, certifying that—"Charles Botham, a mariner, aged seventeen years, died on the 3rd of November in the Hôtel Dieu, and was buried on the 4th of November, 1825, in the burial ground of the parish church of the Protestant parish of Quebec."

One other great sorrow awaited mother, the departure of her beloved, hitherto almost inseparable, youngest daughter, with her husband and little children, to America in 1842. This grief was followed, a few years later, by the tidings of that daughter's death. They came as her summons to the better land. She was residing with us at the time of her decease, and was interred by the side of Claude in the Friends' burial ground, Stoke Newington.

In looking back to the period of my mother's abode with us, I am struck with affectionate admiration at the remembrance of her great tact and forbearance under circumstances not readily assimilating with her convictions, and of her keen observation and good sense, which would have preserved us from various pitfalls had we been willing to profit by them. She chiefly employed herself reading or knitting in her own room, and merely saw our intimate friends, who were very favourably impressed by her peaceful exterior and unsectarian utterances. But whilst she highly approved of our literary productions and sentiments, she took exception to our advocacy of the stage, from the persuasion that virtuous persons assuming fictitious characters became ultimately what they simulate. She consequently eschewed some estimable actresses, our familiar associates, terming them "Stage girls whom she pitied, but whose accomplishments she abhorred."

All Friends, however, were not so severe as my excellent mother in their condemnation of actresses, for Charlotte Cushman met with great appreciation from a wealthy Quaker manufacturer in Yorkshire. On one occasion, when staying with her great friend Eliza Cook at his fine mansion, she received from him an entire piece of a woollen fabric, similar to modern Cashmere, of his manufac-

ture, and of a new dark colour called steel-blue, which was worn by both ladies with no little pride. Miss Cook, who dressed in a very masculine style that was considered strange at the time, with short hair parted on one side, and a tight-fitting lapelled bodice showing a shirt-front and ruffle, looked well in her dark steel-blue; and Miss Cushman, who possessed a strongly-built, heroic figure, not less so.

The fact of some ladies of our acquaintance recommending a house in their neighbourhood had led us to settle at the East End of London. The choice was not an unwise one. We were within easy reach of the great publishing mart of Paternoster Row, and of vast districts teeming with ignorance and squalor, for whose amelioration we were desirous of labouring; and as nature, combined with a certain amount of social refinement, seemed necessary to our mental well-being, there was the rural character still pervading Clapton and the old-fashioned dignity of its sedate mansions within well-kept grounds, suggestive of much accumulated comfort and satisfactory dealings with Lombard Street. In 1844 we moved from Upper to Lower Clapton, to one of a couple of well-built, substantially-finished houses of the last century, called "The Elms," from the row of noble old elm-trees in their front. It contained ample wainscoted chambers, and a broad staircase of polished oak, leading to spacious reception-rooms; whilst the windows at the back looked into the pleasant garden, with its creeper-festooned walls, long lawn, and flowering shrubs, and beyond to quiet meadows, through which flowed the River Lea, to vast marshes, and the woodland line of Epping Forest.

We had for next-door neighbours, and thence for life-long friends, Mr. Henry Bateman and his family. He was a merchant and Congregationalist, on the committee of the Religious Tract Society, and deservedly esteemed in Nonconformist circles for his active benevolence, promotion of religious freedom, calm, outspoken denunciation of evil, unflinching adherence to duty, and faithful trust in God under all circumstances.

We had also living near us from 1846 our warm-hearted and gifted German friend Freiligrath, who on account of his political opinions had been compelled to take refuge in England, and was honourably supporting himself, his wife, and little children, in the employment of Messrs. Huth. But in 1848 the famous lyric poet hastened back to his native land to share in the revolution, in

some minor engagement of which outbreak our son's former tutor, Herr Müller, fell.

At The Elms, a little girl, the chosen playmate and counsellor of my younger children,



The Elms, Lower Clapton.

Octavia Hill, devised, even in their games, schemes for improving and brightening the lot of the poor and oppressed. And the retiring and meditative young poet, Alfred Tennyson, charmed our seclusion by the recitation of his exquisite poetry :—

"Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes."

I may also mention in connection with this period of our life that my husband, on the announcement of his intended "Visits to Remarkable Places," received in 1838 a letter from Manchester, signed E. C. Gaskell, drawing his attention to a fine old seat, Clopton Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. It described in so powerful and graphic a manner the writer's visit as a schoolgirl to the mansion and its inmates, that in replying he urged his correspondent to use her pen for the public benefit. This led to his receiving at The Elms for criticism the first volume of a novel, describing with great feeling and local knowledge the life of the Lancashire operatives. William, delighted by its perusal, bade Mrs. Gaskell go on and prosper; and in 1848 "Mary Barton" appeared. It immediately obtained a most cordial welcome from the reading world.

My husband, considering the remedy for the wrongs of labour to be the adoption of the co-operative principle, or the combination of work, skill, and capital by the operatives themselves, wrote "Letters on Labour," which led to the establishment of the Co-operative League. Its object was to supply the industrious classes, both male and female, with gratuitous information on the great social questions of the day, unfettered by sectarian theology or party politics, with the motto, "Benefit to all, and injury to none." He was asked to preside at co-operative meetings, and to lecture on the

subject in different towns in the kingdom, but in complying, a series of disappointments soon proved to him that it would require years of active, steady effort before any practical success could be attained, the masses being quite unprepared calmly and wisely to consider great principles.

It was on the occasion of his absence at Leeds, where the interest displayed in co-operation by the population formed a cheering contrast to the general apathy, that I was subjected to a peculiar experience, whose awful reality has never passed away from my mind. I had retired to rest in good health and spirits, when suddenly a strange, alarming sense of perplexity, of impending, all-embracing darkness and evil overwhelmed me. My terror made the heavy four-post bedstead shake under me. I was not ill, nor faint, nor did I think it requisite to call assistance. My dear old mother occupied the room next me, my grown-up son and daughter were within reach, but I needed none of them. I knew the power which controlled me was either mental or spiritual. Surely I must have cried to God for help, as slowly the horror of great darkness passed away, and all was tranquil within me. It was, I am willing to believe, a token per-

mitted by Divine love and wisdom to warn and prepare me for the discipline required to loosen my trust in the creature and place it wholly in the Creator. A time of calamity ensued : we had severe losses and mortifications, and gained new and sad revelations of human nature.

William, after cherishing for many years the idea of devoting himself to periodical literature—a plan delayed by our residence in Germany—had in 1846 become one of the editors and part proprietor of a cheap weekly journal, exclusively devoted to the instruction and improvement of the people. We were both uncompromising advocates of the working classes ; and as we considered sin to be the result of the defective education of mankind, we aimed at universal progress by the mental, moral, and physical elevation of the human race ; believing that with the growth of the mind, and its freedom from adverse circumstances, religion would come of itself. Finding his literary plans frustrated, and himself made responsible for liabilities over which he had no control, William retired from the concern, and in January, 1847, started *Howitt's Journal*, of which he was sole proprietor and I joint editor.

Assisted by Samuel Smiles, a most able defender of the rights of industry and the benefits of self-culture, and other gifted and popular writers, we sought, in an attractive form, to urge the labouring classes, by means of temperance, self-education, and moral conduct, to be their own benefactors. Our magazine proved, like its predecessor, a pecuniary failure ; and Ebenezer Elliott remarked to us, in a shrewd, pithy letter : "Men engaged in a death struggle for bread will pay for amusement when they will not for instruction. They woo laughter to unscare them—that they may forget their perils, their wrongs, and their oppressors, and play at undespair. If you were able and willing to fill the journal with fun it would pay."

Curiously enough, a niece of Ebenezer Elliott's might herself in after years have benefited by his advice. She was a working woman, and told me, amongst other schemes for the elevation of her neighbours, she had a school for poor country lads, and, not confining the instruction to elementary subjects, taught them to write essays. She had, however, been much disconcerted by a pupil saying, "Ay, missis, I'm sick o' these nesses."

In the spring of 1847 Edward Youl made our acquaintance. He was about thirty, with abundant black hair, and, being very short-sighted, wore spectacles. He mentioned that he was a Cambridge graduate, and a classical tutor, but, having just finished the education of his late pupil, he resolved to seek no other engagement, but devote himself to literature. Later he added—in confidence—that he was struggling with poverty for conscience' sake. He was the only child of a pawnbroker, who had amassed



Belsize Lane, St. John's Wood.

a large fortune, and died intestate ; but he was determined to die of starvation rather than claim such ill-gotten wealth, and had married a lady in straitened circumstances

connected with the Society of Friends. We believed the romantic story, which was in keeping with the spirit of his clever writings, permitted him to come to our house, introduced him to several of our friends, and procured him, amongst other literary employment, a permanent engagement with John Cassell, who gave him a salary of £200 per annum for what amounted to about three days' work a week, on the *Standard of Freedom*. In this situation he displayed remarkable efficiency; but when he had been about a year with Mr. Cassell he became very lazy, and consequently, after repeated warnings, was discharged in the summer of 1849.

Still we did not wish to abandon Mr. Youl, and as his wife (who had never attracted us) manifested an insatiable desire to go on the stage, our friend Charles Kean very obligingly obtained her an engagement with a manager at Hull; and Mr. Linwood, a Unitarian minister, who had become a Congregationalist and the purchaser of the *Eclectic Review*, consented to meet Youl at our house—we were then living in Avenue Road, Regent's Park—on Sunday evening, November 11th, to secure him as a regular contributor.

How great, then, was my surprise to receive a call the previous Friday from a respectable woman, who, introducing herself as Mrs. Copeland, of 11, Upper Stamford Street, Blackfriars, demanded the rent due to her from September. How still greater my consternation when she, with equal amazement at my ignorance, exclaimed, "A gentleman named Youl had taken her rooms for poor Mrs. Howitt, who was in such destitution that she was compelled to make private application for relief to the nobility," adding, "I was very sorry for you, ma'am I am sure, but when letters, evidently containing money, and sealed with coronets, kept coming, and I never got my rent, I made so bold as to learn your address at the British Museum, and was surprised to find you living in so good a house."

The next day my husband, after obtaining a warrant for Youl's apprehension, and a detective to put on his track, proceeding along Stamford Street, recognised him approaching at a great distance, when suddenly, although without spectacles, Youl dived down a by-lane and entirely disappeared. He must have instantly gone to Hull, as his wife wrote to me on the morrow, Sunday: "My husband will make every explanation if you will forgive him. Dear Mrs. Howitt, pray think of

our prospects, and mine will be sacrificed with his, and they are just opening so bright."

The ensuing day Youl, from York, wrote a begging letter in my name to Macaulay, and received £10 by return of post. The detective traced him to Leeds, where he seemed to sink into the ground, for, impatient of the stigma lying upon me in many unknown quarters, I insisted, in spite of the entreaties of our legal adviser, on sending a statement of the fraud to the daily papers. We had immediately instituted an extensive inquiry, and found that amongst other persons of rank and influence, he had forged my name to Lords John Russell, Lansdowne, Denman, Mahone and Brougham. The latter, writing in explication from Cannes, stated that on receiving an application from me, speaking of great pecuniary difficulties and requiring immediate assistance, he had instantly sent it to Lord John Russell, with a strong recommendation to settle a pension on me, applied on my behalf to Miss Burdett Coutts, and himself forwarded £20. He would, if needful, return from Cannes to give evidence. Sir Robert Peel had generously remitted £50. The forged letters returned to me were written in a crawling, exaggerated strain. In acknowledging a donation from the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) I was made to say: "I went down on my knees and thanked God who had moved his lordship's heart to such noble kindness to me."

In December Mr. Justice Talfourd sent us word that an individual, who in the previous summer had extracted £20 from him under the assumed name of Thomas Cooper, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," had written to him from Liverpool, and was certainly our man. The same evening our eldest son and the detective went to Liverpool, put themselves into communication with the police, the post office, and the owners of the American packets; but Youl eluded their vigilance. In the following April, 1850, Mrs. Youl called in Liverpool on the wife of the celebrated manufacturing chemist, Dr. Muspratt, and sister to Charlotte Cushman, saying: "Her husband was the person who had made use of my name to obtain money. It was only lately she had learnt what he had done." "I never saw a poor creature in such affliction," wrote Mrs. Muspratt; "she has pawned everything, even her wedding-ring. I gave her the money to go to London, where she hoped she might find some assistance."

Some years afterwards, John Cassell en-

countered Youl sitting opposite him in a New York eating-house. Although differently disguised he recognised the voice and features and accosted him by name. Youl, however, most coolly denied ever having been in England. In March, 1870, one Robert Spring, alias Sprague, alias Redfern Hawley and a host of other aliases, was tried and convicted in the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia for false pretences; and experts believed this man and Youl were identical. He had been in America, "The distracted father of a large family," "A poor widow with a few autographs of the distinguished dead," "The orphan daughter of Stonewall Jackson," "Maggie Ramsey under religious Convictions," "The kind Dr. Hawley," &c. We were assured by a gentleman in the Department of the Interior, that "the various dodges he was discovered to have originated and successfully played, the versatility of character he had assumed, the systematic mode of keeping his accounts (for his ledger had been captured), the very extraordinary manner in which he had shaped his frauds to avoid the penalties of the law if caught, and the success with which he had for years foiled all efforts to trace him out, would, if given in a narrative form to the public, present them with the picture of the Prince of Swindlers."

I had earlier often said and honestly thought that it was a fine thing to combat

with one's self and stand victor; and when residing in Avenue Road I determined to be strong and joyful, life under all circumstances was full of riches, which I would neither disregard nor squander. Thus treasuring up all the simple elements of beauty around me I still remember the charm of a suburban spring morning; up and down the road the lilacs and tacamahacs coming into leaf, the almond-trees full of blossom, and the sun shining amid masses of soft silvery cloud. Then again there was rural Belsize Lane, delightful at all seasons, with its lofty elms and luxuriant hedgerows of rosebushes, elders, and hawthorn. How green too were the sloping fields leading from the St. John's Wood end of Belsize Lane to Hampstead!

I remember walking with my husband down these fields one brilliant Sunday morning in the spring of 1851, with all London lying before us, when we suddenly saw a wonderful something shining out in the distance like a huge diamond, the true "mountain of light." It marked the first Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, a new feature not only in the fine view but in the history of the world. We met a humble Londoner evidently on his way to Hampstead Heath. William said to him: "Turn round and look at the Crystal Palace, shining out in the distance." He did so and exclaiming, "Oh! thank you sir, how wonderful!" stood gazing as long as we could see him.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK I.—THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER I.—CHRISTIE BAYLE'S MISTAKE.

IF that hat had been in its proper place, it would have been perched upon a stake to scare the sparrows away from the young peas, but the wretched weather-beaten structure was upon the old man's head, matching well with his coat, as he busied himself that pleasant morning dibbling in brocoli-plants with the pointed handle of an old spade.

The soft genial rain had fallen heavily during the night, thoroughly soaking the ground, which sent forth a delicious steaming incense quivering like visible transparent air in the morning sun. There had been a month's drought, and flower and fruit had languished: but on the previous evening

dark clouds had gathered over the woods, swept down over King's Castor, and, as Gemp said, "For twelve mortal hours the rain had poured down."

Old Gemp was wrong: it had not poured, but stolen softly from the kindly heavens, as if every fertilising drop had been wrapped in liquid silver velvet, and no flower was beaten down, no thirsty vegetable soiled, but earth and plant had drunk and drunk during the long night to wake up refreshed; the soil was of a rich dark hue, in place of drab, and the birds were singing as if they meant to split their throats.

Dr. Luttrell's garden was just far enough out of the town for the birds to sing. They came so far, and no farther. Once in a way,

perhaps, some reckless young blackbird went as far as the elder clump behind the mill, close up to the streets, and hunted snails from out of the hollow roots, and from the ivy that hung over the stone wall by the great water tank in Thickens's garden; but that was an exception. Only one robin and the sparrows strayed so far in as that.

But in the doctor's garden it was different. There was the thick hawthorn hedge that separated it from the north road, a hedge kept carefully clipped, and with one tall stem every twelve yards that was never touched, but allowed to grow as it pleased, and to blossom every May and June into almond-scented snow, as it was blooming now. Then there was the great laurel hedge fifteen feet high, on the north; the thick shrubbery about the red-bricked gabled house, and the dense ivy that covered it from the porch upwards and over Millicent's window, and then crawled right up the sides to the chimney stacks.

There were plenty of places for birds, and as they were never disturbed the doctor's was a haven where nests were made, eggs laid, and young hatched, to the terrible detriment of the doctor's fruit, but he only gave his hand-some grey head a rub and laughed.

That delicious June morning as the line was stretched over the bed that had been so long prepared, and the plants that had been nursed in a frame were being planted, the foreshortening of the old man's figure was rather strange, so strange that as he came along the road looking over the hedge, and taking in long breaths of delicious scents, the Reverend Christie Bayle, the newly appointed curate of St. Anthony's, paused to watch the planting.

He was tall, slight, and pale, looking extremely youthful in his black clerical attire; but it was the pallor of much hard study, not of ill-health, for as he had come down the road it was with a free elastic stride, and he carried his head as a man does who feels that he is young and full of hope, and thinks that this world is, after all, a very beautiful place.

But it was a delicious June morning.

True, but the Reverend Christie Bayle was just as light and elastic when he walked back to his lodgings, through the rain on the previous night, and without an umbrella. He had caught himself whistling, too, several times, and checked himself, thinking that, perhaps, he ought to cease; but somehow—it was very dark—he was thoroughly light-hearted, and he had the feeling that he had made a poor weak old woman more restful at heart

during his chat with her by her bedside, and so he began whistling again.

He was not whistling now as he stopped short, looking over the hedge, watching the foreshortened figure coming down towards him, with a leg on either side of the line, the dibber in one hand, a bunch of brocoli-plants in the other. The earth was soft, and the old man's arm strong, while long practice had made him clever. He had no rule, only his eye and the line for guidance, but as he came slowly down the row, he left behind him, at exactly two feet distance apart, the bright green tightly set plants.

"Whug!" went the dibber, in went a plant; there was a quick poke or two, the soft earth was round the stem, and the old man went on till he reached the path, straightened himself, and began to softly rub the small of his back with the hand that held the tool.

"Good morning," said the curate.

"Morning."

"Ladies at home?"

"No, they've gone up the town shopping. Won't be long."

"Do you think they'd mind if I were to wait?"

"Mind? No. Come and have a look round," as he entered the garden.

"Peculiarity of the Lincolnshire folk, that they rarely say *sir* to their superiors," mused the Reverend Christie Bayle, as he entered the garden. "Perhaps they think we are not their superiors, and perhaps they are right; for what am I better than the old gardener?"

"Nice rain."

"Delicious! By Geo—I—ah, you have a beautiful garden here."

The old man gave him a droll look, and the curate's face turned scarlet, for that old college expression had nearly slipped out.

"Yes, it's a nice bit of garden, and pretty fruitful considering. You won't mind my planting another row of these brocoli?"

"Not a bit. Pray go on, and I can talk to you. Seems too bad though for me to be doing nothing, and you breaking your back."

"Oh, it won't break my back; I'm used to it. Well, how do you like King's Castor?"

"Very much. The place is old and quaint, and I like the country. The people are a little distant at present. They are not all so sociable as you are."

"Ah, they don't know you yet. There, that's done. Now I'm going to stick those peas."

He thrust the dibber into the earth, kicked the soil off his heavy boots, and came out on

to the path rubbing his hands and looking at them.

"Shake hands with you another time."

"To be sure. Going to stick those peas, are you?"

"Yes. I've the sticks all ready."

The old man went to the top of the path, and into a nook where, ready sharpened, were about a dozen bundles of clean-looking ground-birch sticks full of twigs for the pea tendrils to hold on by as they climbed.

The old fellow smiled genially, and there was something very pleasant in his clear blue eyes, florid face, and thick grey beard, which—a peculiarity in those days—he wore cut rather short, but innocent of razor.

"Shall I carry a bundle or two down?" said the curate.

"If you like."

The Reverend Christie Bayle did like, and he carried a couple of bundles down to where the peas were waiting their support. And then—they neither of them knew how it happened, only that a question arose as to whether it was better to put in pea-sticks perpendicular or diagonal, the old man being in favour of the upright, the curate of the slope—both began sticking a row, with the result that before a quarter of a row was done the curate had taken off his black coat, hung it upon the gnarled Ripston-pippin-tree, rolled up his shirt sleeves over a pair of white, muscular arms, and quite a race ensued.

Four rows had been stuck, and a barrow had been fetched, and a couple of spades for the digging and preparing of a patch for some turnips, when, spade in hand, the curate paused and wiped his forehead.

"You seem to like gardening, parson."

"I do," was the reply. "I quite revel in the smell of the newly turned earth on a morning like this, only it makes me so terribly hungry."

"Ah, yes, so it does me. Well, let's dig this piece, and then you can have a mouthful of lunch with me."

"Thank you, no; I'll help you dig this piece, and then I must go. I'll come in another time. I want to see more of the garden."

There was about ten minutes' steady digging, during which the curate showed that he was no mean hand with the spade, and then the old man paused for a moment to scrape the adherent soil from the broad blades.

"My master will be back soon," he said; "and then there'll be some lunch; and, oh! here they are!"

The Reverend Christie Bayle had been so

intent upon lifting that great spadeful of black earth without crumbling, that he had not heard the approaching footsteps, and from behind the yew hedge that sheltered them from the flower garden, two ladies and a tall handsome-looking man suddenly appeared, awaking the curate to the fact that he was in his shirt sleeves, digging, with his hat on a gooseberry bush, his coat in an apple-tree, and his well-blackened boots covered with soil.

He was already flushed with his exercise. He turned of a deeper red now, as he saw the pleasant-looking elderly lady give her silvery-grey curls a shake, the younger lady gaze from one to the other as if astonished, and the tall dark gentleman suppress a smile as he raised his eyebrows slightly, and seemed to be amused.

The curate thrust his spade into the ground, bowed hurriedly, took a long step and snatched his hat from the gooseberry-bush, and began to hastily roll down his sleeves.

"Oh, never mind them," said his companion. "Adam was not ashamed of his arms. Here, my dears, this is our new curate, Mr. Bayle, the first clergyman we've had who could use a spade. Mr. Bayle—my wife, my daughter Millicent. Mr. Hallam, from the bank."

The Reverend Christie Bayle's face was covered with dew, and he longed to beat a retreat from the presence of the pleasant-faced elderly lady; to make that retreat a rout, as he met the large earnest grey eyes of "my daughter Millicent," and saw as if through a mist that she was fair to see—how fair in his agitation he could not tell; and lastly, to rally and form a stubborn front, as he bowed to the handsome, supercilious man, well-dressed, perfectly at his ease, and evidently enjoying the parson's confusion.

"We are very glad you have come to see us, Mr. Bayle," said the elderly lady, smiling, and shaking hands warmly. "Of course we knew you soon would. And so you've been helping Dr. Luttrell."

"The doctor!" thought the visitor with a mental groan; "and I took him for the gardener!"

CHAPTER II.—SOME INTRODUCTIONS AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

THE reception had been so simple and homely, that, once having secured his coat and donned it, the doctor's volunteer assistant felt more at his ease. His disposition to retreat passed off, and in despite of all

refusal, he was almost compelled to enter the house, Mrs. Luttrell taking possession of him to chat rather volubly about 'King's Castor and the old vicar, while from time to time a few words passed with Millicent, at whom the visitor gazed almost in wonder.

She was so different from the provincial young lady he had set up in his own mind as a type. Calm, almost grave in its aspect, her face was remarkable for its sweet self-contained look of intelligence, and the new curate had not been many minutes in her society before he was aware that he was conversing with a woman as highly cultivated as she was beautiful.

Her sweet, rich voice absolutely thrilled while her quiet self-possession sent a pang through him, as he felt how young, how awkward, and wanting in confidence he must seem in her eyes, which met his with a frank friendly look that was endorsed during conversation, as she easily and pleasantly helped him out of two or three verbal bogs into which he had floundered.

After a walk through the garden, they had entered the house, where Mrs. Luttrell had turned suddenly upon her visitor, to confuse him again by her sudden appeal.

"Did you ever see such a straw hat as that, Mr. Bayle?"

"Oh, it's an old favourite of papa's, Mr. Bayle," interrupted Millicent, turning to smile at the elderly gentleman, taking the dilapidated straw from his head to hang it upon one particular peg. "He would not enjoy the gardening so much without that."

The tall handsome man left at the end of a few minutes. Business was his excuse. He had met the ladies, and just walked down with them, he told the doctor.

"But you'll come in to-night, Mr. Hallam? we shall expect you," said Mrs. Luttrell warmly.

"Oh, of course!" said Millicent, as "Mr. Hallam, from the bank," involuntarily turned to her; and her manner was warm but not conscious.

"I shall be here," he said quietly; and after a quiet friendly leave-taking, Christie Bayle felt relieved, and as if he could be a little more at his ease.

It was not a success though, and when he in turn rose to go, thinking dolefully about his dirty boots as compared with the speckless Wellingtons of the other visitor, and after feeling something like a throb of pleasure at being warmly pressed to step in without ceremony that evening, he walked to his apartments in the main street, irritated

and wroth with himself, and more dissatisfied than he had ever before felt in his life.

"I wish I had not come," he said to himself. "I'm too young, and what's worse, I feel so horribly young. That supercilious Mr. Hallam was laughing at me; the old lady treated me as if I were a boy; and Miss Luttrell——"

He stopped thinking, for her tall graceful presence seemed before him, and he felt again the touch of her cool, soft, white hand.

"Yes; she talked to me as if I were a boy, whom she wanted to cure of being shy. I am a boy, and it's my own fault for not mixing more with men.

"Bah! What an idiot I was! I might have known it was not the gardener. He did not talk like a servant, but I blundered into the idea, and went on blindfolded in my belief. What a ridiculous *début* I made there, to be sure, where I wanted to make a good impression! How can I profess to teach people like that when they treat me as if I were a boy? I can never show my face there again."

He felt in despair, and his self-abasement grew more bitter as the day went on. It would be folly, he thought, to go to the doctor's that evening; but as the time drew near, he altered his mind, and at last, taking a small case from where it rested upon a book-shelf, he thrust it into his pocket and started, his teeth set, his nerves strung, and his whole being bent upon the determination to show these people that he was not the mere bashful boy they thought him.

It was a deliciously soft, warm evening, and as he left the town behind with its few dim oil lamps, the lights that twinkled through the trees from the doctor's drawing-room were like so many invitations to him to hurry his feet, and so full was his mind of one of the dwellers beneath that roof that, as he neared the gate he was not surprised to hear Millicent's voice, sweet, clear, and ringing. It hastened his steps. He did not know why, but it was as if magnetic—positively magnetic. The next moment there was the low, deep-toned rich utterance of a man's voice—a voice that he recognised at once as that of Mr. Hallam, from the bank; and if this was magnetic, it was from the negative pole, for Christie Bayle stopped.

He went on again, angry, he knew not why, and the next minute was being introduced on the lawn to a thin, care-worn, middle-aged man, and a tall, bony, aquiline lady, as Mr. and Mrs. Trampleasure, Mrs. Luttrell's pleasant, sociable voice being

drowned almost the next moment by that of the bony dame, who in tones resembling those emitted by a brazen instrument, said very slowly—

"How do you do? I saw you last Sunday. Don't you think it is getting too late to stop out on the grass?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Luttrell hastily, "the grass is growing damp. Milly, dear, take Mr. Hallam into the drawing-room."

The pleasant flower-decked room, with its candles and old-fashioned oil lamp, seemed truly delightful to Christie Bayle, for the next hour. He was very young, and he was the new arrival in King's Castor, and consequently felt flattered by the many attentions he received. The doctor was friendly, and disposed to be jocose with allusions to gardening. Mr. Trampleasure, thin and languid, made his advances, but his questions were puzzling, as they related to rates of exchange and other monetary questions, regarding which the curate's mind was a blank.

"Not a well-informed young man, my dear," said Mr. Trampleasure to his wife; whereupon that lady looked at him, and Mr. Trampleasure seemed to wither away, or rather to shrink into a corner, where Millicent, who looked slightly flushed, but very quiet and self-possessed, was turning over some music, every piece of which had a strip of ribbon sewn with many stitches all up its back.

"Not a well-informed young man, this new curate, Millicent," said Mr. Trampleasure, trying to sow his discordant seed on more genial soil.

"Not well-informed, uncle?" said the daughter of the house, looking up wide-eyed and amused, "why, I thought him most interesting."

"Oh! dear me, no, my dear. Quite ignorant of the most every-day matters. I just asked him——"

"Are you going to give us some music, Miss Luttrell?" said a deep, rich voice behind them, and Millicent turned round smiling.

"I was looking out two of your songs, Mr. Hallam. You will sing something?"

"If you wish it," he said quietly, and there was nothing impressive in his manner.

"Oh, we should all be glad. Mamma is so fond of your songs."

"I must make the regular stipulation," said Mr. Hallam smiling. "Banking people are very exacting: they do nothing without being paid."

"You mean that I must sing as well," said Millicent. "Oh! certainly. And," she added

eagerly, "Mr. Bayle is musical. I will ask him to sing."

"Yes, do," said Hallam, with a shade of eagerness in his voice. "He cannot refuse you."

She did not know why, but as Millicent Luttrell heard these words, something like regret at her proposal crossed her mind, and she glanced at where Bayle was seated, listening to Mrs. Trampleasure, who was talking to him loudly—so loudly that her voice reached their ears.

"I should be very glad indeed, Mr. Bayle, if, when you call upon us, you would look through Edgar and Edmund's Latin exercises. I'm quite sure that the head master at the grammar school does not pay the attention to the boys that he should."

To wait until Mrs. Trampleasure came to the end of a conversational chapter, would have been to give up the singing, so Millicent sat down to the little old-fashioned square piano, running her hands skilfully over the keys, and bringing forth harmonious sounds. But they were the *aigue* wiry tones of the modern zither, and Christie Bayle bent forward as if attracted by the sweet face thrown up by the candles, and turned slightly towards Hallam, dark, handsome, and self-possessed, standing with one hand resting on the instrument.

"I don't like music," said Mrs. Trampleasure, in a very slightly subdued voice.

"Indeed!" said Bayle starting, for his thoughts were wandering, and an unpleasant, indefinable feeling was stealing over him.

"I think it a great waste of time," continued Mrs. Trampleasure. "Do you like it, Mr. Bayle?"

"Well, I must confess I am very fond of it," he replied.

"But you don't play anything," said the lady with quite a look of horror.

"I—I play the flute—a little," faltered the curate.

"Well," said Mrs. Trampleasure, austere, "we learn a great many habits when we are young, Mr. Bayle, that we leave off when we grow older. You are young, Mr. Bayle."

He looked up in her face as if she had wounded him, her words went so deeply home, and he replied softly—

"Yes, I'm afraid I am very young."

Just then the doctor came and laid his hand upon Mrs. Trampleasure's lips.

"Silence! One tablespoonful to be taken directly. Hush, softly, not a word," and he stood over his sister with a warning index finger held up, while in a deep, thrill-

ling baritone voice Mr. Hallam from the Bank sang "Treasures of the Deep."

A dead silence was preserved, and the sweet rich notes seemed to fill the room and float out where the dewy flowers were exhaling their odours on the soft night air. The words were poetical, the pianoforte accompaniment was skilfully played, and, though perhaps but slightly cultivated, the voice of the singer was modulated by that dramatic feeling which is given but to few, so that the expression was natural and, without troubling the composer's marks, the song appealed to the feelings of the listeners, though in different ways.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Mr. Trampleasure, crossing to the singer.

"He has a very fine voice," said Doctor Luttrell in a quiet subdued way; and his handsome face wrinkled a little as he glanced towards the piano.

"Yes, yes, it's very beautiful," said Mrs. Luttrell, fidgeting a bracelet round and round, "but I wish he wouldn't, dear; I declare it always makes me feel as if I wanted to cry. Ah! here's Sir Gordon."

Pleasant, sweet-faced Mrs. Luttrell crossed the room to welcome a new arrival in the person of a remarkably well-preserved elderly gentleman, dressed with a care that told of his personal appearance being one of the important questions of his life. There was a suspicion of the curling tongs about his hair, which was of a glossy black that was not more natural in hue than that of his carefully-arranged full whiskers. There was a little black patch, too, beneath the nether lip that matched his eyebrows, which seemed more regular and dark than those of gentlemen as a rule at his time of life. The lines in his face were not deep, but they were many, and in short, he looked, from the curl on the top of his head, down past his high black satin stock, well-padded coat, pinched waist, and carefully strapped down trousers over his painfully small patent leather boots, like one who had taken up the challenge of Time, and meant to fight him to the death.

"Good evening, Mrs. Luttrell. Ah! how do, doctor? My dear Miss Luttrell, I've been seeing your fingers in the dark as I waited outside."

"Seeing my fingers, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes; an idea—a fancy of mine," said the new-comer, bending over the hand he took with courtly old-fashioned grace. "I heard the music, and the sounds brought the producer before my eyes. Hallam, my dear sir, you have a remarkably fine voice. I've

known men, sir, at the London concerts draw large incomes on worse voices than that!"

"You flatter me, Sir Gordon."

"Not at all, sir," said the new-comer shortly. "I never stoop to flatter any one, not even a lady; Miss Luttrell, do I?"

"You never flattered me," said Millicent smiling.

"Never. It is a form of insincerity I detest. My dear Mrs. Luttrell, you should make your unworthy husband take that to heart."

"Why, I never flatter," said the doctor warmly.

"How dare you say so, sir, when you are always flattering your patients, and preaching peace when there is no peace? Ah, yes, I've heard of him," he said in an undertone. "Introduce me."

The formal introduction had taken place, and the last comer seated himself beside the new curate.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Bayle. Glad to see you here, too, sir. Charming family this; doctor and his wife people to make friends. Eh! singing again? Hah! Miss Luttrell. Have you heard her sing?"

"No, she has not sung since I have been here."

"Then prepare yourself for a treat, sir. I flatter myself I know what singing is. It is the singing of one of our *prima donnas* without the artificiality."

"I think I heard Sir Gordon say he did not flatter," said Bayle quietly.

"Thank you," said Sir Gordon looking round sharply; "but I shall not take the rebuke. You have not heard her sing. Oh, I see," he continued, raising his gold-rimmed eye-glass, "a duet."

There was again silence, as after the prelude Millicent's voice rose clear and thrilling in the opening of one of the simple old duets of the day; and as she sang with the effortless ease of one to whom song was a gift, Sir Gordon bent forward, swaying himself slightly to the music, but only to stop short and watch with a gathering uneasiness in his expression the rapt earnestness of Christie Bayle as he seemed to drink in like some intoxicating draught the notes that thrilled through the room. He drew a deep breath, and sat up rather stiffly as she ended and Mr. Hallam from the Bank took up the second verse. If anything, his voice sounded richer and more full; and again the harmony was perfect when the two voices, soprano and baritone, blended, and rose and fell in impassioned strains, and then gradually died

off in that soft sweet final chord, that the subdued notes of the piano, wiry though they were, failed to spoil.

"You are not fond of music?" said Sir Gordon, making Bayle, who had been still sitting back rather stiffly, and with his eyes closed, stare, as he replied—

"Who? I? Oh, yes, I love it!" he replied hastily.

"Young! young!" said Sir Gordon to himself as he rose and crossed the room to congratulate Millicent on her performance—Hallam giving way as he approached—saying to himself, "I'm beginning to wish we had not engaged him, good a man as he is."

"Yes, I'm very fond of that duet," said Millicent. "Excuse me, Sir Gordon, here's Miss Heathery."

She crossed to the door to welcome a lady in a very tight evening dress of cream satin—tight, that is, in the body—and pinched in by a broad sash at the waist, but the sleeves were like two cream-coloured spheres, whose open mouths hung down as if trying to swallow the long crinkly gloves that the wearer kept drawing above her pointed elbows, and which then slipped down.

It is a disrespectful comparison, but it was impossible to look at Miss Heathery's face without thinking of a white rabbit. One of nature's paradoxical mysteries, no doubt, for it was not very white, nor were her eyes pink, and the sausage-shaped brown curls on either side of her forehead, backed by a great shovel-like tortoise-shell comb, in no wise resembled ears; but still the fact remained, and even Christie Bayle on being introduced to the elderly bashful lady, thought of the rabbit, and actually blushed.

"You are just in time to sing, Miss Heathery," said Millicent.

Miss Heathery could not, but there was a good deal of pressing, during which the lady's eyes rolled round pleadingly from speaker to speaker, as if saying, "Press me a little more, and I will."

"You must sing, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell in a whisper. "Make haste, and then Millicent's going to ask Mr. Bayle, and you must play the accompaniment."

Miss Heathery said, "Oh, really!" and Sir Gordon completed the form by offering his arm, and leading the little lady to the piano, taking from her hands her reticule, made in pale blue satin to resemble a butterfly; after that her gloves, which he held.

Then, after a good deal of arrangement of large medical folios upon a chair to make Miss Heathery the proper height, she raised

her shoulders, the left becoming a support to her head as she lifted her chin and gazed into one corner of the room.

Christie Bayle was a lover of natural history, and he said to himself, "How could I be so rude as to think she looked like a white rabbit? She is exactly like a bird."

It was only that a change had come over the lady, who was now wonderfully birdlike, and, what was quite to the point, like a bird about to sing.

She sang.

It was a tippity-tippity little tinkling song, quite in accordance with the wiry zither-like piano, all about "dewy twilight lingers," and harps "touched by fairy fingers," and appeals to some one to "meet me there, love," et cetera, et cetera.

The French say we are not a polite nation. We may not be as to some little bits of outer polish, but at heart we are, and never more so than at a social gathering, when some terrible execution has taken place under the name of music. It was so here, for, moved by the feeling that the poor little woman had done her best, and would have been deeply wounded had she not been asked to sing, all warmly thanked Miss Heathery, and directly after, Christie Bayle, with his ears still burning from the effects of the performance, found himself beside the fair singer, trying to talk of King's Castor and its surroundings.

"I would rather not ask him, mamma, dear," said Millicent at the other side of the room.

"But you had better, my dear. I know he is musical, and he might feel slighted."

"Oh, yes, he's a good fellow, my dear; I like him," said the doctor bluffly. "Ask him."

With a curious shrinking sensation that seemed somehow vaguely connected with Mr. Hallam from the Bank, and his eagerness earlier in the evening, Millicent crossed to where Bayle was seated, and asked him if he would sing.

"Oh, no," he said hastily, "I have no voice!"

"But we hear that you are musical, Mr. Bayle," said Millicent in her sweet, calm way.

"Oh, yes, I am. Yes, I am a little musical."

"Pray sing then," she said, now that she had taken the step, forgetting the diffident feeling; "we are very simple people here, and so glad to have a fresh recruit in our narrow ranks."

"Yes, pray sing, Mr. Bayle; we should be so charmed."

"I—er—I really——"

"Oh, but do, Mr. Bayle," said Miss Heathery again sweetly.

"I think you will oblige us, Mr. Bayle," said Millicent, smiling; and as their eyes met, if the request had been to perform the act of Marcus Curtius on foot, and with a reasonable chance of finding water at the bottom to break the fall, Christie Bayle would have taken the plunge.

"Have you anything I know?" he said despairingly.

"I know," cried Miss Heathery, with a sort of peck made in bird-like playfulness. "Mr. Bayle can sing, 'They bid me forget thee.'"

"Full many a shaft at random sent hits," et cetera. This was a chance shot, and it struck home.

"I think—er—perhaps, I could sing that," stammered Bayle, and then in a fit of desperation—"I'll try."

"I have it among my music, Millicent, dear. May I play the accompaniment?"

Miss Heathery meant to look winning, but she made Bayle shiver.

"If you will be so good, Miss Heathery;" and the piece being found and spread out, Christie Bayle, perspiring far more profusely than when he was using the doctor's spade, stood listening to the prelude, and then began to sing, wishing that the dead silence around had been broken up by a hurricane, or the loudest thunder that ever roared.

Truth to tell, it was a depressing performance of a melancholy song. Bayle's voice was not bad, but his extreme nervousness paralysed him, and the accompaniment would have driven the best vocalist frantic.

It was a dismal failure, and when, in the midst of a pleasant little chorus of "Thank-you's," Christie Bayle left the piano, he felt as if he had disgraced himself for ever in the eyes of King's Castor, above all in those of this sweetly calm and beautiful woman who seemed like some muse of classic days come back to life.

Every one smiled kindly, and Mrs. Luttrell came over, called him "my dear," in her motherly way, and thanked him.

"Only want practice and confidence, sir," said the doctor.

"Exactly," said Sir Gordon; "practise, sir, and you'll soon beat Hallam there."

Bayle felt as if he would give anything to be able to retreat; and just then he caught Mrs. Trampleasure's eyes as she signalled him to come to her side.

"She told me she did not like music," he

said to himself; and he was yielding to his fate, and going to have the cup of his misery filled to the brim when he caught Hallam's eye.

Hallam was by the chimney-piece, talking to Mr. Trampleasure about bank matters; but that look seemed so full of triumphant contempt, that Bayle drew his breath as if in pain, and turned to reach the door.

"It was very kind of you to sing when I asked you, Mr. Bayle," said that sweet low voice that thrilled him; and he turned hastily, seeing again Hallam's sneering look, or the glance that he so read.

"I cannot sing," he replied with boyish petulance. "It was absurd to attempt it. I have only made myself ridiculous."

"Pray do not say that," said Millicent kindly. "You give me pain. I feel as if it is my fault, and that I have spoiled your evening."

"I—I have had no practice," he faltered.

"But you love music. You have a good voice. You must come and try over a few songs and duets with me."

He looked at her half wonderingly, and then moved by perhaps a youthful but natural desire to redeem himself, he said hastily—

"I can—play a little—the flute."

"But you have not brought it?"

"Yes," he said hastily. "Will you play an accompaniment? Anything, say one of Henry Bishop's songs or duets."

Millicent sighed, for she felt regret, but she concealed her chagrin, and said quietly, "Certainly, Mr. Bayle;" and they walked together to the piano.

"Bravo!" cried Sir Gordon. "No one need be told that Mr. Bayle is an Englishman."

There was a rather uncomfortable silence as, more and more feeling pity and sympathy for their visitor, Millicent began to turn over a volume of bound up music, while, with trembling hands, Bayle drew his quaint boxwood flute with its brass keys and ivory mounts from its case.

It was a wonderfully different instrument from one of those cocoa-wood or metal flutes of the present day, every hole of which is stopped not with the fingers but with keys. This was an old-fashioned affair, in four pieces, which had to be moistened at the joints when they were stuck together, and all this business the Rev. Christie Bayle went through mechanically, for his eyes were fixed upon the music Millicent was turning over.



"She, too, forgot the listeners, and played on."

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"Let's try that," he said suddenly, in a voice tremulous with eagerness, as she turned over leaf after leaf, hesitating at two or three songs, "Robin Adair,"—"Ye Banks and Braes," and another—easy melodies, such as a flute player could be expected to get through. But though she had given him plenty of time to choose either of these, he let her turn over and went on wetting the flute joints, and screwing them up, till she arrived at "I know a Bank."

"But it is a duet," she said smiling at him, as an elder sister might have smiled at a brother she wished to encourage, and who had just made another mistake.

"Yes," he said hastily, "but I can take up first one voice, and then the other, and when it comes to the duet part the piano will hide the want of the second voice."

"Or I can play it where necessary," said Millicent, who began to brighten up. Perhaps this was not going to be such a dismal failure after all.

"To be sure," he said, "if you will. There, I think that will do. Pray excuse me if I seem terribly nervous," he whispered. "Shall we begin?"

"Yes, I am ready," said Millicent, glancing involuntarily at Hallam, who was still conversing with Trampleasure, his face perfectly calm, but his eyes wearing a singular look of triumph.

"One moment. Would you mind sounding D?"

Millicent obeyed, and Bayle blew a tremulous note upon the flute nearly a quarter of a tone too sharp.

This necessitated a certain amount of unscrewing and lengthening which made the drops glisten upon Bayle's forehead.

"Poor fellow!" thought Millicent, "how nervous he is! I wish he were not going to play."

"I think that will do," he said at last, after blowing one or two more tremulous notes. "Shall we begin?"

Millicent nodded, giving him a smile of encouragement, and after whispering, "Don't mind me, I'll try and keep to your time," she ran over the prelude, and shivered as the flute took up the melody and began.

It has been said that the flute, of all instruments, most resembles the human voice, and to Millicent Luttrell it seemed to wail here piteously, how it knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew. Her hands were moist from sympathy for the flautist, and she was striving to play her best with the fullest chords so as to hide his weakness, when, as

he went on, it seemed to her that Bayle was forgetting the presence of listeners and growing interested in the beautiful melody he played. The notes of the flute became, moment by moment, more rich and round; they were no longer spasmodic, beginning and ending clumsily, but were breathed forth softly, with a crescendo and diminuendo where necessary, and so full of feeling that the pianiste was encouraged. She, too, forgot the listeners, and, yielding to her enthusiasm, played on. The slow measured strains were succeeded by the fervid runs, but she never wondered whether the flautist would succeed, for they were amongst them before she knew they were so near, with the flute seeming to trip deftly over the most difficult passages, without the slightest hesitation, and the audience thoroughly enjoying the novel performance, till the final chord was struck, and followed by a hearty round of applause.

"Oh! Mr. Bayle," cried Millicent, looking up in his flushed face, "I am so glad."

Her brightened eyes told him the same tale, for he had thoroughly won her sympathy as well as the praise of all present; Mr. Hallam from the Bank being as ready as the rest to thank him for so delicious a rendering of that charming duet.

The rest of that evening was strange and dream-like to Christie Bayle. He played some more florid pieces of music by one Henry Bishop, and he took Millicent in to supper. Then, soon after, he walked home, Sir Gordon Bourne being his companion.

After that he sat for some hours thinking and wondering how it was that while some men of his years were manly and able to maintain their own, he was so boyish and easily upset.

"I'm afraid my old tutor's right," he said; "I want ballast."

Perhaps that was why, when he dropped to sleep and went sailing away into the sea of dreams, his voyage was so wild and strange. Every minute some gust of passion threatened to capsize his barque, but he sailed on with his dreams growing more wild, the sky around still more strange.

It was a restless night for Christie Bayle, B.A. But the scholar of Oriel College, Oxford, was thinking as he had never thought before.

CHAPTER III.—A LITTLE BUSINESS OF THE BANK.

"WOULD you be kind enough to cash this little cheque for me, Mr. Thickens?"

The speaker was Miss Heathery, in the morning costume of a plum-coloured silk dress, with wide-spreading bonnet of the same material, ornamented with several large bows of broad satin ribbon, and an extremely dilapidated bird of paradise plume. She placed her reticule bag, also of plum colour, but of satin—upon the broad mahogany counter of Dixons' Bank, Market Place, King's Castor, and tried to draw the bag open.

This, however, was not so easy. When it was open all you had to do was to pull the thick silk cord strings, and it closed up tightly, but there was no similar plan for opening a lady's reticule in the year 1818. It was then necessary to insert the fore-fingers of each hand, knuckle to knuckle, force them well down, and then draw, the result being an opening, out of which you could extract pocket-handkerchief, Preston salts, or purse. Thin fingers were very useful at such a time, and Miss Heathery's fingers were thin; but she wore gloves, and the gloves of that period, especially those sold in provincial towns, were not of the delicate second-skin nature worn by ladies now. The consequence was that hard-featured, iron-grey haired, closely-shaven Mr. James Thickens, in his buff waistcoat and stiff white cravat, had to stand for some time, with a very large quill pen behind his right ear, waiting till Miss Heathery, who was growing very hot and red, exclaimed—

"That's it!" and drew open the bag.

But even then the cheque was not immediately forthcoming, for it had to be fished for. First there was Miss Heathery's pocket-handkerchief, delicately scented with otto of roses; then there was the pattern she was going to match at Crumple's, the draper's; then her large piece of orris root got in the way, and had to be shaken on one side with the knitting, and the ball of Berlin wool, when the purse was found in the far corner.

Purses, too, in those days were not of the "open-sesame" kind popular now. The *portemonnaie* was not born, and ladies knitted long silken hose, with a slit in the middle, placed ornamental slide-rings and tassels thereon, and even went so far sometimes as to make these old-fashioned purses of beads.

Miss Heathery's was of netted silk, however, orange and blue, and through the reticulations could be seen at one end the metallic twinkle of coins, at the other the subdued tint and cornerish distensions of folded paper.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you, Mr. Thick-

ens," said the lady in a sweet, bird-like chirp, as she drew one slide, and tried to coax the folded cheque along the hose, though it refused to be coaxed, and obstinately stuck its elbows out at every opening.

Mr. Thickens said, "Not at all," and passed his tongue over his dry lips, and moved his long fingers as if he were a kind of human actinia, and these were his tentacles, involuntarily trying to get at the cheque.

"That's it!" said Miss Heathery again with a satisfied sigh, and she handed the paper across the counter.

James Thickens drew down a pair of very strongly-framed, round-eyed, silver-mounted spectacles from where they had been resting close to his brushed-up "Brutus," and unfolded and smoothed out the slip of paper, spreading it on the counter, and bending over it so much that his glasses would have fallen off but for the fact that a piece of black silk shoe-string formed a band behind.

"Two thirteen six," said Mr. Thickens, looking up at the lady.

"Yes; two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence," she replied, in token of assent. And while she was speaking Mr. Thickens took the big quill pen from behind his ear, and stood with his head on one side in an attitude of attention till the word "sixpence" was uttered, when the pen was darted into a great shining leaden inkstand, and out again like a peck from a heron's bill, and without damaging the finely-cut point. A peculiar cancelling mark was made upon the cheque, which was carried to a railed-in desk. A great book was opened with a bang, an entry made, the cheque dropped into a drawer, and then, in sharp, business-like tones, Mr. Thickens asked the question he had been asking for the last twenty years.

"How will you have it?"

Miss Heathery chirped out her wishes, and Mr. Thickens counted out two sovereigns twice over, rattled them into a bright copper shovel, and cleverly threw them before the customer's hand. A half-sovereign was treated similarly, but retained with the left hand till a half-crown and shilling were ready, then all these coins were thrust over together, without the copper shovel, and the transaction would have been ended, only that Miss Heathery said sweetly—

"Would you mind, Mr. Thickens, giving me some smaller change?"

Mr. Thickens bowed, and, taking back the half-crown, changed it for two shillings and a sixpence, all bearing the round, honest

countenance of King George III., upon which Miss Heathery beamed as she slipped the coins in the blue and orange purse.

"I hope Mr. Hallam is quite well, Mr. Thickens."

"Quite well, ma'am."

"And the gold and silver fish?"

"Quite well, ma'am," said Mr. Thickens, a little more austerely.

"I always think it so curiously droll, Mr. Thickens, your keeping gold and silver fish," simpered Miss Heathery. "It always seems as if the pretty things had something to do with the bank, and that their scales——"

"Would some day turn into sixpences and half-sovereigns, eh, ma'am?" said the bank clerk sharply.

"Yes—exactly, Mr. Thickens."

"Ah, well, ma'am, it's a very pretty idea, but that's all. It isn't solid."

"Exactly, Mr. Thickens. My compliments to Mr. Hallam. Good-day."

"If that woman goes on making that joke about my fish many more times I shall kill her!" said James Thickens, giving his head a vicious rub. "An old idiot! I wish she'd keep her money at home. I believe she passes her time in writing cheques, getting 'em changed, and paying the money in again, as an excuse for something to do, and for the sake of calling here. I'm not such an ass as to think it's to see me; and as to Hallam—well, who knows? Perhaps she means Sir Gordon. There's no telling where a woman may hang up her heart."

James Thickens returned to his desk after a glance down the main street, which looked as solemn and quiet as if there were no inhabitants in the place; so still was it, that no explanation was needed for the presence of a good deal of fine grass cropping up between the paving-stones. The houses looked clean and bright in the clear sunshine, which made the wonderfully twisted and floral-looking iron support of the "George" sign sparkle where the green paint was touched up with gold. The shadows were clearly cut and dark, and the flowers in the "George" window almost glittered, so bright were their colours. An elderly lady came across the market-place, in a red shawl and carrying a pair of pattens in one hand, a dead-leaf tinted gingham umbrella in the other, though it had not rained for a month, and the sky was without a cloud.

That red shawl seemed, as it moved, to give light and animation for a few minutes to the place; but as it disappeared round the corner by the "George," the place was all

sunshine and shadow once more. The uninhabited look came back, and James Thickens pushed up his spectacles and began to write, his pen scratching and wheezing over the thick hand-made paper till a tremendous nose-blowing and a quick step were heard, and the clerk said "Gemp."

The next minute there was the sharp tap of a stick on the step continued on the floor, and the owner of that name entered with his coat tightly buttoned across his chest.

He was a sharp-looking man of sixty, with rather obstinate features, and, above all, an obstinate beard, which seemed as if it refused to be shaved, remaining in stiff, grey, wiry patches in corners and on prominences, as well as down in little ravines cut deeply in his face. His eyes, which were dark and sharp, twinkled and looked inquisitive, while, in addition, there was a restless wandering irregularity in their movements as if in turn each was trying to make out what its fellow was doing on the other side of that big bony nose.

"Morning, Mr. Thickens, sir, morning," in a coffee-grinding tone of voice; "I want to see the chief."

"Mr. Hallam? Yes; I'll see if he's at liberty, Mr. Gemp."

"Do, Mr. Thickens, sir, do; but one moment," he continued, leaning over and taking the clerk by the coat. "Don't you think I slight you, Mr. Thickens; not a bit, sir, not a bit. But when a man has a valuable deposit to make, eh? you see? it isn't a matter of trusting this man or that; he sees the chief."

Mr. Gemp drew himself up, slapped the bulgy left breast of his buttoned-up coat, nodded sagely, and blew his nose with a snort like a blast on a cow horn, using a great blue cotton handkerchief with white spots.

Mr. James Thickens passed through a glass door, covered on the inner-side with dark green muslin, and returned directly to usher the visitor into the presence of Robert Hallam, the business manager of Dixons' Bank.

The room was neatly furnished, half office half parlour, and, but for a pair of crossed cutlasses over the chimney-piece, a bell-mouthed brass blunderbuss, and a pair of rusty flint-lock pistols, the place might have been the ordinary sitting-room of a man of quiet habits. There was another object though in one corner, which took from the latter aspect, this being the door of the cupboard which, instead of ordinary painted

panel, was of strong iron a couple of inches thick.

"Morning, Mr. Hallam, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Gemp."

The manager rose from his seat at the baize-covered table to shake hands and point to a chair, and then, resuming his own, he crossed his legs and smiled blandly as he waited to hear his visitor's business.

Mr. Gemp's first act was to spread his blue handkerchief over his knees, and then begin to stare about the room, after carefully hooking himself with his thick oak stick, which he passed over his neck and held with both hands as if he felt himself to be rather an errant kind of sheep who needed the restraint of the crook.

"Loaded?" he said suddenly, after letting his eyes rest upon the fire-arms.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gemp, they are all loaded," replied the manager smiling. "But I suppose I need not get them down; you are not going to make an attack?"

"Me? attack? eh? Oh, you're joking. That's a good one. Ho! ha! ha!"

Mr. Gemp's laugh was not pleasant, on account of dental defects. It was rather boisterous too, and his neck shook itself free of the crook; but he hooked himself again, grew composed, and nodded once more in the direction of the chimney.

"Them swords sharp?"

"As razors, Mr. Gemp."

"Are they now? Well, that's a blessing. Fire-proof, I suppose?" he added, nodding towards the safe.

"Fire-proof, burglar-proof, bank-proof, Mr. Gemp," said the manager smiling. "Dixons neglect nothing for the safety of their customers."

"No, they don't, do they?" said Mr. Gemp, holding on very tightly to the stick, keeping himself down as it were and safe as well.

"No, sir, they neglect nothing."

"I say," said Mr. Gemp, leaning forward, after a glance over his shoulder towards the bank counter, and Mr. Thickens's back, dimly seen through the muslin, "does the new parson bank here?"

The manager smiled, and looked very hard at the bulge in his visitor's breast pocket, a look which involuntarily made the old man change the position of his hooked stick by bringing it down across his breast as if to protect the contents.

"Now, my dear Mr. Gemp, you do not expect an answer to that question. Do you suppose I have ever told anybody that you

have been here three times to ask me whether Dixons would advance you a hundred pounds at five per cent.?"

"On good security, eh?" interposed the old man sharply; "only on good security."

"Exactly, my dear sir. Why, you don't suppose we make advances without?"

"No, of course not, eh? not to anybody, eh, Mr. Hallam?" said the old man eagerly.

"You could not oblige me now with a hundred, say at seven and a half? I'm a safe man, you know. Say at seven and a half per cent. on my note of hand. You wouldn't, would you?"

"No, Mr. Gemp, nor yet at ten per cent. Dixons are not usurers, sir. I can let you have a hundred, sir, any time you like, upon good security, deeds or the like, but not without."

"Hah! you are particular. Good way of doing business, sir. Hey, but I like you to be strict."

"It is the only safe way of conducting business, Mr. Gemp."

"I say though—oh, you are close!—close as a cash-box, Mr. Hallam, sir; but what do you think of the new parson?"

"Quiet, pleasant, gentlemanly young man, Mr. Gemp."

"Yes, yes," cried the visitor, hurting himself by using his crook quite violently, and getting it back round his neck; "but a mere boy, sir, a mere boy. He's driven me away. I'm not going to church to hear him while there's a chapel. I want to know what the bishop was a thinking about."

"Ah! but he's a scholar and a gentleman, Mr. Gemp," said the manager blandly.

"Tchuck! so was the young doctor who set up and only lasted a year. If you were ill, sir, you wouldn't have gone to he; you'd have gone to Dr. Luttrell. If I've got vallerable deeds to deposit, I don't go to some young clever-shakes who sets up in business, and calls himself a banker, I come to Dixons."

"And so you have some valuable deeds, you want us to take care of for you, Mr. Gemp?" said the manager sharply.

"Eh, I didn't say so, did I?"

"Yes; and you want a hundred pounds. Shall I look at the deeds?"

Mr. Gemp brought his oaken crook down over his breast, and his quick, shifty eyes turned from the manager to the lethal weapons over the chimney, then to the safe, then to the bank, and Mr. Thickens's back.

"I say," he said at last, "arn't you scared about being robbed?"

"Robbed! oh, dear no. Come, Mr. Gemp. I must bring you to the point. Let me look at the deeds you have in your pocket; perhaps there will be no need to send them to our solicitor. A hundred pounds didn't you say?"

The old man hesitated, and looked about suspiciously for a few moments before meeting the manager's eyes. Then he succumbed before the firm, keen, searching look.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I said a hundred pounds, but I don't want no hundred pounds. I want you——"

He paused for a few moments with his hands at his breast, as if to take a long breath, and then, as if by a tremendous wrench, he mastered his fear and suspicion.

"I want you to take care of these for me."

He tore open his breast and brought out quickly a couple of dirty yellow parchments and some slips of paper, roughly bound in a little leather folio.

The manager stretched his hand across the table and took hold of the parchments; but the old man held on by one corner for a few moments till Hallam raised his eyebrows and smiled, when the visitor uttered a deep sigh, and thrust parchments and little folio hastily from him.

"Lock 'em up in yonder iron safe," he said hoarsely, taking up his blue handkerchief to wipe his brow. "It's open now, but you'll keep it locked, won't you?"

"The deeds will be safe, Mr. Gemp," said the manager, coolly throwing open the parchment. "Ah! I see: the conveyances to a row of certain messuages."

"Yes, sir; row of houses, Gemp's Terrace, all my own sir; not a penny on 'em."

"And these? Ah, I see, bank-warrants. Quite right, my dear sir, they will be safe. And you do not need an advance?"

"Tchuck! what should I want with an advance. There's a good fifteen hundred pound there—all my own. Now you give me a writing, saying you've got 'em to hold for me, and that will do."

The manager smiled as he wrote out the document, while Mr. Gemp, who seemed as much relieved as if he had been eased of an aching tooth, rose to make a closer inspection of the loaded pistols and the bell-mouthed brass blunderbuss, all of which he tapped gently in turn with the hook of his stick.

"There you are, Mr. Gemp," said the manager, smiling. "Now you can go home and feel at rest, for your deeds and warrants will be secure."

"Yes, sir, to be sure; that's the way," said the old man, hastily reading the memorandum, and then placing it in a very old leather pocket-book; "but, if you wouldn't mind, sir, Mr. Hallam, sir, I should like to see you lock them all in yonder."

"Well, then, you shall," said the manager good-humouredly; and taking up the packets, he tied them together with some green ferret, swung open the heavy door, which creaked upon its pivots, stepped inside, turned a key with a rattle, and opened a large iron chest, into which he threw the deeds, shut the lid with a clang, locked it ostentatiously, took out the key, backed out, and then closed and locked the great door of the safe.

"There, Mr. Gemp; I think you'll find they are secure now."

"Safe! safe as the bank!" said the old man with an admiring smile as, with a sigh of relief, he picked up his old rough beaver hat from the floor, stuck it on rather sideways, and with a short "good-morning," stamped out, tapping the floor as he went.

Good morning, Mr. Thickens, sir," he said, pausing at the outer door to look back over his shoulder at the clerk. "I've done my bit o' business with the manager. It's all right."

"Good morning, Mr. Gemp," said Thickens quietly; and then to himself, as the tap of the stick was heard going down the street, "An important old idiot!"

Several little bits of business were transacted, and then, according to routine, the manager came behind the counter to relieve his lieutenant, who put on his hat and went to his dinner.

During his absence the manager took his place at his subordinate's desk, and was very busy making a few calculations, after diverse references to a copy of yesterday's *Times*, which came regularly by coach.

These calculations made him thoughtful, and he was in the middle of one when his face changed, and turned of a strange waxen hue, but he recovered himself directly.

"Might have expected it," he said softly; and he went on writing as some one entered the bank.

The visitor was a thin, dejected-looking youth of about two-and-twenty, shabbily dressed in clothes that did not fit him. His face was of a sickly pallor, as if he had just risen from an invalid couch, an idea strengthened by the extremely shortly-cut hair, whose deficiency was made the more manifest by his wearing a hat a full size too large. This was drawn down closely over his forehead,

his pressed-out ears acting as brackets to keep it from going lower still.

He was a tamed-down, feeble-looking being, but the spirit was not all gone; for, as he came down the street, with the genial friendliness of all dogs towards one who seems to be a stranger and down in the world, Miss Heathery's fat, ill-conditioned terrier, that she pampered under the belief that it was a dog of good breed, being in an evil temper consequent upon not having been taken for a walk by its mistress, rushed out baying, barking, and snapping at the stranger's heels.

"Get out, will you?" he shouted; but the dog barked the more, and the stranger looked as if about to run. In fact, he did run a few yards, but as the dog followed, he caught up a flower-pot from a handy window-sill—every one had flower-pots at King's Castor—and hurled it at Miss Heathery's dog.

There was a yell, a crash and explosion as if of a shell; Miss Heathery's dog fled, and, without waiting to encounter the owner of the flower-pot, the stranger hurried round the corner, and after an inquiry or two made for the bank.

"Vicious little beast! Wish I'd killed it," he grumbled, giving the hat a hoist behind which necessitated another in front, and then the equilibrium adjusting at the sides. "Wonder people keep dogs," he continued. "A nuisance. Wish I was a dog—somebody's dog, and well fed. Lead a regular dog's life, worse than a dog's life, and get none of the bones. Perhaps I shall, though, now."

The young man looked anything but a bank customer, but he did not hesitate. Merely stopping to give his coat a drag down, and then, tilting his hat slightly, he entered with a swagger, and walked up to the broad counter. Upon this he rested a gloveless hand, an act which seemed to give a little more steadiness to his weak frame.

"Rob," he said.

The manager raised his head with an affected start.

"Oh, you don't know me, eh?" said the visitor. "Well, I s'pose I am a bit changed."

"Know you? You wish to see me?" said Hallam coolly.

"Yes, Mr. Robert Hallam; I've come down from London on purpose. I couldn't come before," he added meaningly, "but now I want to have a talk to you."

"Stephen Crellock! Why you are changed."

"Yes, as aforesaid."

"Well, sir. What is it you want with me?" said the manager coldly.

"What do I want with you, eh? Oh, come, that's rich! You're a lucky one, you are. I go to prison, and you get made manager down here. Ah! you see I know all about it."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Then I'll tell you, my fine fellow. Some men never get found out, some do; that's the difference between us two. I've gone to the wall—inside it," he added, with a sickly grin. "You've got to be quite the gentleman. But they'll find you out some day."

"Well, sir, what is this to lead up to?" said Hallam.

"Oh, I say, though, Rob Hallam, this is too rich. Manager here, and going, they say, to marry the prettiest girl in the place." Hallam started in spite of his self-command. "And I suppose I shall be asked to the wedding, shan't I?"

"Will you be so good as to explain what is the object of this visit?" said Hallam coldly.

"Why, can't you see? I've come to the bank because I want some money. There, you need not look like that, my lad. It's my turn now, and you've got to put things a bit straight for me, after what I suffered sooner than speak."

"Do you mean you have come here to insult me and make me send for a constable?" cried Hallam.

"Yes, if you like," said the young man, leaning forward, and gazing full in the manager's face; "send for one if you like. But you don't like, Robert Hallam. There, I'm a man of few words. I've suffered a deal just through being true to my mate, and now you've got to make it up to me."

"You scoun—"

"Sh! That'll do. Just please yourself, my fine fellow; only, if you don't play fair towards the man who let things go against him without a word, I shall just go round the town and say—"

"Silence, you scoundrel!" cried Hallam fiercely; and he caught his unpleasant visitor by the arm.

Just then James Thickens entered, as quietly as a shadow, taking everything in at a glance, but without evincing any surprise.

"Think yourself lucky, sir," continued Hallam aloud, "that I do not have you locked up. Mr. Thickens, see this man off the premises."

Then, in a whisper that his visitor alone could hear, and with a meaning look,

"Be quiet and go. Come to my rooms to-night."



VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

By H.B.H. PARSONS LITHO.

OUR RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

By THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

BEFORE we speak of the new railway, let us look at the views engraved in this number from sketches taken in that island to which the "Canadian Pacific" leads, namely, Vancouver Island, that earthly paradise lying off the western mainland coast, and shielding it from the storms of the outer ocean. Along its southern shore the island is also protected, for the long range of the mountains of Washington Territory defend it from the south-westerly gales.

One of the sketches shows this "Olympian Range" as seen from the house of the governor of the island. The hills are sixteen miles away, across the straits of San Juan de Fuca. The other sketch, on page 80, shows the lonely and gorgeous Mount Baker, veiled in mist, but lifting its double cone over ten thousand feet above the still waters of the archipelago. The low island blending with the mainland shore from this point of view, is San Juan, about which there was so much contention between the British and American governments. The King of Prussia, who was called in as arbitrator, decided that according to the wording of the treaty in dispute, it must be reckoned American territory. The drawings give a very accurate idea of the beauty of the landscape. There is no fairer land in the world than the country about Victoria, the capital of Vancouver. The climate of much of the Island is like that of Devonshire or Jersey. A more rigorous winter is to be met with at its northern end, and the high mountains which stud most of it afford opportunities of seeking an occasional snow-field in winter. But about Victoria the snow never lies long, and its inhabitants are far more ignorant of the art of skating than are their English cousins.

The great coal mines of Nanamo, near one of the best harbours on the island, are seventy-five miles distant, and their produce is brought by rail and steamer to "the city." A quaint and charming town it is, with very pleasant society, many English and Canadians having recently settled there. There is good land to be bought at moderate prices. But the chief attraction is the sport, the climate, and the beautiful scenery. Other minerals besides coal are known to exist. Great woods of Douglas fir cover the whole region, with a lovely undergrowth of arbutus, salal, an evergreen shrub, and small maples,

while underneath all grows a luxuriant vegetation of fern and other plants, giving proof of the mildness and moisture characteristic of the coast.

Many Chinese and some thousands of Indians live in this part of British Columbia. The Chinese make excellent servants, but the Celestials are not popular, and it is probable that their numbers will be much diminished in a few years. The Indians are wholly unlike their brethren of the plains of the interior. They are almost wholly fish-eaters. On the islands to the north they build houses of carved woodwork, reminding the traveller much of the Sandwich Islanders' habitations. They are not inclined to warfare, and are easily employed in the steamers on the rivers, and in the industries connected with the catching and preserving of the salmon which swarm in every creek and stream from March to October. The results we see in the provision shops in Britain, where the potted fish are sold in enormous quantities. In the shops and banks are to be observed the nuggets and gold dust parcels brought from the neighbouring mainland. These have been won from the soil and gravel of the workings in the Fraser and streams farther north, and the nuggets are often worth from £60 to £100 apiece. The crushing of the gold-laden quartz rocks will now become a prominent industry in the mountains, for the necessary machinery can by rail be easily imported. Vast mines of silver and copper will also be worked. Although the amount of agricultural land cannot be compared with that to be offered to emigrants in Alberta or Saskatchewan, there is a good deal still to be had, and the delta of the Fraser only wants good dykes to make it a closely peopled country. On account of its beauty and the many charms afforded by its society, sport, and natural advantages, Victoria is sure to become the favourite residence of men wishing to possess a home in one of the most attractive spots on the American continent.

"OTTAWA, November 6th, 1885. I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acquaint you that he has received her Majesty's commands to convey to the people of Canada her congratulations on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Her Majesty has watched its progress with much

interest, and hopes for the future success of a work of such value and importance to the Empire."

So wrote Lord Melgund, in giving the message sent by the Queen to Mr. George Stephen, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The message conveyed a wish in which all her Majesty's subjects will heartily have joined, and not they alone, but all the dwellers in North America, who have now three lines traversing the continent. Not long ago there was but one. The southernmost should perhaps also be included, although it cannot be called direct, passing as it does the Mexican frontier, and then turning northward through Southern California. The three direct lines give the inhabitants of the "Western Slope" a wholesome choice of route, and will greatly lessen the charges which they have hitherto been obliged to pay. No one expected that the British road would be completed so soon. I remember that in 1882 I told the people of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, that they might expect to see the rails laid to the harbour of Port Moody, on their mainland coast, by the year 1887, and then the statement was scarcely believed. The news seemed to be too good to be true. And now the great task has already been accomplished. One of the men who were first connected with the enterprise, namely, the distinguished engineer and man of science, Mr. Sandford Fleming, was lately enabled to telegraph "First through train from Montreal arrived at Vancouver, most successful journey; average speed, including stoppages, twenty-four miles per hour. Before long possible to travel from Liverpool to Pacific by Canadian National Line in ten days. Physical difficulties have been overcome by gigantic works skilfully executed, with marvellous rapidity." Then came the official announcement, "This completes the Company's main system, covering a distance of 3,053 miles."

Few would have believed, ten years ago, that such an announcement would be made during the present century. The work stands as the unrivalled national effort of a people only four and a half millions in numerical strength. That these should have not only deemed it possible, but should have persuaded others to think so also, is a success altogether unknown in history. There is nothing to equal the undertaking so gallantly conceived and executed. When we remember the enormous difficulties, political and physical, which had to be faced and overcome, we may congratulate the Canadians that

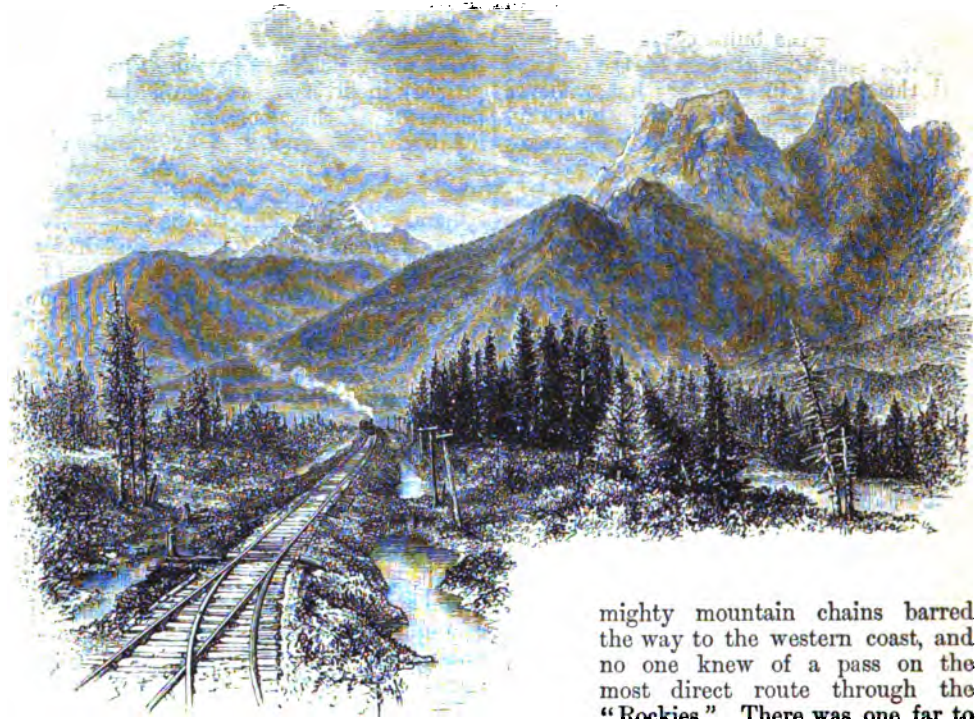
above all nations they have shown a political stability and absence of fickleness in the trust reposed in Governments, which alone stamps them as a community capable of great things. If another race had won the chief power in the northern zone of this continent, we should have seen Government after Government overthrown in attempts to carry out the vast project. Although in political strife the groundless aspersions on private character and public worth among Americans and Canadians give Englishmen an evil example, which, to judge by many cases during the recent elections, they are only too ready to follow, yet the Canadian has the advantage of the Englishman in the faith which gives the power to the national Rulers to "put a thing through." Evident as it was to the ministers of successive Cabinets, that the north-western prairie lands must be settled and mapped out with roads and railways and provincial boundaries, men feared to undertake the enormous outlay. "Times were bad," and emigration brought comparatively few to the British American shores. Twenty or thirty thousand was considered a fair number for the country to have attracted during one year. There was no regular communication with the prairie, beyond the great Lakes, unless the Hudson's Bay freighters could be considered as making those distant regions accessible. Courteous as were the officers of the Company, and hospitable to any traveller going for sport or curiosity to visit their fur-trading posts, not one of them could be found who would not deprecate the idea of "opening the country for settlement." They could not foresee that a favourable bargain for the Company would be made in reference to their lands, and they only looked upon an immigrant invasion as the expulsion of the fur-bearing animals, which alone afforded a good trade. Had they been able to prophesy they would have welcomed the tide of the white races, whose advent would enhance a thousandfold the value of the as yet useless grass ocean around them, while the influx of settlement could never penetrate into the northern forests, where for an apparently endless vista of years, the musk-rat, beaver, skunk, fox, and wolverine will yield their annual tribute for the European and American market.

But the Hudson's Bay people had had enough trouble in years long past with their competitors of the old North-west Company, and having passed these troubles and procured a monopoly, they did not desire neighbours who might become interlopers and usurpers.

So it was said that grain would not grow, that even roots were difficult to "raise," and that an arctic winter made life unbearable in winter, even for the buffalo. It was known that these spirited members of the ox tribe liked the country in summer; but whoever heard of their staying during the winter, and why should people in the comfortable groves of Ontario desire the comparatively bleak grassy levels of the Red River? Manifestly it was best to leave the buffalo to speculate in H. B.'s, and to develop the backwoods, and do all the clearing in old Canada before men thought of the lazy process of beginning agricultural work by the Royal Road of putting a plough "straight away" into virgin soil. Who knew if the virgin soil was worth the plough? Such was the language industriously employed. But there were suspicions that the country should not be left to the musk-rats and buffaloes. Lord Selkirk had persuaded some of the Highlanders, who at the beginning of the century thronged so eagerly to the emigrant vessels, to sail into Hudson's Bay, and to ascend the Nelson River, and to settle to the south of Lake Winnipeg. They formed a most flourishing colony, and the French voyageurs, who had taken unto themselves Indian wives, also thrived and multiplied. Then again the Americans, higher up the Red River, which cast its dirty waters into the lake, had found the valley most fertile, with a soil marvellously black and rich. It became evident that vast wheat-fields, affording far more space and scope than any heretofore occupied, had been hidden away in that dim green northland. The old provinces of Canada, magnificent as they are in area, had their best tracts already used for agriculture, and that craving for novelty, and for yet better land and for new soil, which is the wholesome characteristic of the Transatlantic farmers, was strong among Ontarians and the Brunswickers and Nova Scotians. Had not the Americans derived new life and hopes from the time that civilisation was carried inwards from the coast, and the mere fringe of the New England colonies, with the Carolinas and New York, had blossomed and bourgeoned into a nation controlling the Mississippi, and master of all the regions which pour their wealth through the great market-place on the shores of Michigan, the city of Chicago?

Why should not Canada also have its Chicago? To be sure there was the rocky desert to the north of Lake Superior, and a further stretch of country which, like the

north shore, was fit only for wood and minerals; but had not the United States also their desert beyond the flats of Nebraska? Was this rocky tract, which would very likely prove rich (as a part of it had already proved) in silver and copper, so bad an impediment as that horrible plain, so many hundred square miles in extent, filled with alkali dust and ugly sage scrub, called "the American Desert"? Did not that brown Sahara extend almost to the Rocky Mountains on Uncle Sam's territory, and had the Canadians anything so disagreeable and useless? No; on the contrary, it was known that once past the marshes and rocks and woods of Keewatin, there was in Canadian territory one uninterrupted stretch of grass for eight hundred miles right up to the Western Mountains. And as to the quality of the soil, the veil had been lifted. Even Richardson, the traveller and naturalist, famous in boyhood's memory as the man who had once, on an arctic expedition, shot one of his companions, an Indian, because morally certain that the said Indian had begun, in his hunger, to kill and eat Richardson's white comrades—even Richardson long ago, when accompanying Sir John Franklin, had declared the Saskatchewan country to be good. Then, in our own time, Colonel Butler had written a charming book, describing with ecstasy the riches of a region which, in spite of the ice and snow covering which enveloped it during the season of his journey, he had found to possess an excellent climate and promising soil. So the world began to believe in the north-west; and Canada saw that she must have it soon under control, or the active American might go in and possess it, and she decided to build a railway. She was so keen about doing this that, in order to get an indispensable member of her future sisterhood of provinces under the national government, she promised British Columbia that the line should be made so as to reach the Pacific in so short a time, that the Government must have anticipated a direct interposition of Providence in their behalf, Mr. George Stephen not having at that date appeared above the political horizon. It was Mr. Stephen's assent to form a company to undertake the work that virtually produced the results we now witness. This may seem a remarkable statement, but it is the bare truth. If we look back we see how government after government had been floundering in the slough of half measures, and in the "muskegs" or bogs of the political difficulties always attendant on the undertaking by the



At Canmore.

State of any great public work. The smaller the State, and the more party conflicts centre around the domestic quarrels involved in the giving of contracts to firms or companies, or even on the appointments by Government Departments to offices in connection with docks, railways, or canals, the more impossible does it become that the direct action of the State can prove a satisfactory method for the prosecution of an undertaking. A strong executive can alone provide the best means, and the best means can alone be found in a powerful company with an able chief. To these agents it is essential to confide the business, under proper conditions. Witness the ineffective progress made under Mr. Mackenzie's Government; although, with the best intentions, surveys were pushed forward, and work commenced. The difficulties seemed almost insurmountable; and almost as soon as the facile promises had been given they were repented of, because the regions, hitherto unknown, showed obstacles, as soon as they were examined, enough to daunt the stoutest heart. The north shore of Superior was known to be a mass of rock. Then

mighty mountain chains barred the way to the western coast, and no one knew of a pass on the most direct route through the "Rockies." There was one far to the north, and it was resolved to lay the line across the plains so as to reach it, and then to take a

zigzag course down the easiest river courses. But it was soon acknowledged that much more time must be given to surveying.

Meanwhile the twenty thousand white men in British Columbia were exhorted to patience and moderation, qualities which, in view of the promises formerly made to them, they found it difficult to exercise. They spoke as if their union with Canada must be repealed. They objected to the employment of Chinese, although it was not possible, except at enormous expense, to get the necessary amount of white labour to begin the road. Hardly anything was done on any section, so that men began to lose faith in the earnestness of the desire to bind the provinces together. Parties with theodolites and scientific paraphernalia, although most necessary pioneers of labour, did not strike the popular imagination to the same extent as would a party of navvies. But events were hastening towards more definite conclusions; St. Paul and Minneapolis, in Minnesota, had become great facts. Flourishing cities had been created there on lands in no way superior to those of the lower part of the Red River.



On the Fraser River.

Settlement was rapidly progressing, and the Americans had pushed their communications to our border. Most fortunate of all, of those who had seen the advantages of the country was Mr. Stephen. He had control of a tract which virtually gave him as much land on American soil as exists in the whole of Lowland Scotland. The improvement made in that part of Minnesota through the energy of himself and his friends was phenomenal. Full of eagerness as was the government of Sir John Macdonald to open up Manitoba, it was difficult to see how the feat could be accomplished; for, although there was not much opposition to the laying of a railway over the prairies, there was still hesitation as to the direction it should take, and no one believed that the hostility sure to be en-

countered by "pushing through" any portion of the line over sterile parts of the route would be successfully combated. Indefatigable as was the Minister of Railways, and capable as he had shown himself of proving that a State road could be managed without loss, by the manner in which the "International," between Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and Quebec had been administered, it was manifestly adding a tremendous load to that already placed on the shoulders of his department to saddle it with the task of another great undertaking. Even his indomitable will might recoil from such a prospect. On the other hand, there was no want of volunteers who deemed themselves able to build a railway to the moon if they could only get the contract on terms which might bridge

the interstellar spaces. New York and London vied with each other in producing men, who had talked the matter over in club smoking-rooms, and were quite ready to certify to the soundness of their own financial condition, and become the pillars of a nation. Even in Canada itself there were several who declared themselves ready to cope with any emergency, without having recourse to the unpatriotic course of employing men who had not had the advantage of opening their eyes at birth to sunshine which had become national fifteen years ago. But it was much to be desired that a syndicate should be formed which would command the confidence of men in the Old as well as in the New World, and, above all, that they who had the experience in Minnesota to guide them should come forward. Would they be induced even to look at the new country? Eminent Englishmen, guides of London opinion, had been persuaded to go as far as St. Paul, but in some cases had refused to look even at Niagara, unless from American soil, and had positively refused to look at Winnipeg, believing all things Canadian to be "cracked up" and only a future northern fringe of Washington dominion. But the patriotism of Mr. Stephen made him at all events go to judge for himself of the value of Manitoba. He came back, as many a man since has come back, convinced that in the north-west lay the future prosperity of Canada. But the Government terms were hard, for they had to satisfy public opinion, which is always suspicious of bargains made with individuals, however eminent for integrity and pluck. Pluck was the quality required, and in the case of the future president of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no doubt that this existed, combined with many others which he will pardon his friends from mentioning in an article that may possibly meet his eye. With true Canadian patriotism he finally launched out into the work, gathering round him distinguished men of the commercial world in Canada, London, and New York. Foremost among his best supporters was a chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Donald Smith, a gentleman as distinguished for his life's work in that service, as he has since become by his unobtrusive aid in assisting all good causes, whether they require his support in Canada or Great Britain.

From the moment that these gentlemen put their shoulders to the wheel, we felt that the affair was only a question of time, and that victory must soon crown the desire to

span the continent and unite the provinces. It was only an affair of time, and with Mr. Stephen at the head of the organization, the time would be made as short as possible. Now for the necessary support! It was obviously the interest of the country to get these men as their best agents, and then to help them through thick and thin, through evil report and good report; to allow no detraction to influence the Government from the honest path of backing those who were proving themselves the indispensable friends of their country. The object was a national one, for how can a country live in isolated sections, barred each from each, except by passage through a foreign land? How can a political whole be cemented together, when there is no backbone for the limbs? A railway traversing the Dominion on its own soil was only to be delayed at the price of secession, disintegration, and destruction of the Union. Completed, it would give new life and hope to the enormous territory, would carry emigrants direct to the place where they would be settled, would give to the farthest communities a pledge that their interests were not to be neglected or sacrificed, and would brace with the invigorating influence of national feeling the cohesion and solidarity of Canada. In 1881 the incorporation of the new company took effect, and with a capital of 100,000,000 dollars the start was made. Twenty million dollars in cash was to be given by the Government, and an equal number of acres of good land in the new territories was to be added. The small "bits" of the road already begun were to be completed and handed over when finished. These portions traversed country that was formidable enough from an engineer's point of view, and very little labour had been "put in" upon them. The first was that between the Lake Superior and Winnipeg, a distance of no less than four hundred and twenty-eight miles, and these were miles covering an unbroken series of lakes, bogs, rocks and woods, where no settlements were possible, where much cutting and "filling in" had to be done, with the probability that in many cases the stuff put in the treacherous swamps would sink, and have to be again brought up to the requisite levels. But nitro-glycerine and giant powder were soon at work, and the pretty lakes gemmed with countless water-lilies, and the little islets tufted with their crown of pine, and the lonely forests silent but for the knocking of the woodpeckers and the hooting of the owls, heard the blasts that gave

passage to the wide liberty of the open plains.

Again, in the far west, at the very limit of this track, almost nothing had been done. There the labour was far more serious, and great cañons between immense precipices had to be threaded, and ledges made and tunnels bored along the mountain's face, over torrents that rose with the summer melting of the snow a hundred feet in perpendicular height, sweeping with tremendous violence through the bottom of the gorges. Yet the Government promised to carry out the plan here also, and two hundred and thirteen miles of road-bed had to be laid and furnished to the satisfaction of the company. It was even undecided where the terminus was to be; but this was soon settled, and a lovely fiord running far up into the hills was chosen, having at its mouth an excellent harbour. Along the shore of this ocean inlet grew wondrous specimens of the Douglas fir and gigantic cypress, to the height of 150 and 250 feet, and of a girth of 25 and 30 feet. These stand close to the water's edge, and it is on the borders of such sheltered coast that the tallest trees are found. Inland there are magnificent groves of the same species, clothing the valleys of the Columbia River, but the finest are to be seen near the sea, and it is to be earnestly desired that they may be preserved in some area chosen as a national park, that travellers may have the attraction of visiting the tremendous aisles where the great shafts rise from the thickets of glossy-leaved shrubs, to be lost to sight in the dark green gloom above. I do not think there is any scenery more solemn and beautiful than the interior of such a grove. It wants, of course, the intense colour and the sunlit glory of the liana-hung woods of the south, and the undergrowth is not so varied or bright. But the russets and browns, the greys and sombre greens, the purple tints on the straight stems varied by the vivid hues of the moss, which provides a compass for the wanderer, because it grows most abundantly on the side which feels the western sea moisture,—all are most delicious to the eye. And overhanging the sea margin, in crannies of the rocky bays or covering the jutting promontories, are the beautiful madrona-trees, the large-leaved arbutus, with the trunks as red as coral. All this forest is evergreen. Winter strips the scattered maples of their autumnal fire, but makes little change on the steep slopes of these deep lochs. Away above, the hills become whiter, and the snow comes far down, driving the wild sheep

and goats to the valleys. But the frost is light except in the interior. The temperature, however, was often quite low enough for the Chinese labourers even near Burrard's Inlet, and as they hewed a lane through the woods and graded the track, they used every half-hour to rush away to warm themselves over little fires lit at intervals by the wayside. Crouching over these, the small blue figures, with their saucer-shaped straw hats, could be seen, acting on the Indian principle that many tiny fires are better than one big one. "You make fire so big you must run away from it; make small, then can sit close," says the Indian, and the Chinese seem to agree with him. For the cold weather to be encountered in the winter time on the higher ground white men were alone found to be of real use, and where they were employed the work went forward merrily. The big mountain buttresses were bored through, trestle bridges, to be quickly made more substantial, carried the construction trains, so that the navvies had house and food carried along with them as they progressed. Curious obstacles had to be overcome, and one which was unique was encountered near where the Thompson River joins the rushing Fraser. At this spot a remarkable land slide seems to be in perpetual operation. Probably owing to the action of some springs of water, all the soil of a whole mountain slope is slowly descending at the even rate of about eight feet per year. It is like the movement of a glacier, very slow, but very constant. Big blocks of earth, bearing on their tops shrubs and higher growth, are to be seen toppling over near the road. They look as if they would fall, but the pressure of the soil above, where the like masses are seen in apparently the same predicament, is gradual, and there is no danger of sudden descent. Each year the lowest blocks are pushed down into the impetuous river, and are taken to form atoms of the delta plain which affords such good land to the settler by the sea. The engineers, I hear, have avoided the unusual difficulty by crossing over to the other bank, where firm gravel beds give security to the road bed. Very grand are the views of peak and snow-fields from points in this tract of the valley, and at one of the finest prospects a bend had to be made, giving the traveller an opportunity to let his eye dwell on beauties which are too often seen in such journeys only for an instant.

Dangers of another kind have to be guarded against in this Alpine country, where the snow slides or avalanches had to be taken into ac-



View from Vancouver Island, with Mount Baker in the distance.
By H. R. H. PARRISS, LOUISA.

count. So much practice has been afforded by experience on the American railways in this regard, that the only question is one of expense; so many "snow-sheds" have to be placed where the falls are heaviest. These are like the coverings seen on Swiss bridges. Stout timbers, of which there is no lack, support a strong roof capable of resisting the impact of any ordinary slide; and spots where heavy falls occur are avoided, or the safe shelter of the rocks themselves is used by the process of tunnelling beneath them. Wherever high wooden bridges are necessary (and there is one which is perhaps the highest in the world), the lowest supports rest on masonry of the strongest kind. Cobweb-like as these wooden structures appear from a distance, it is wonderful what strength they possess, and how extremely rare accidents have been upon them, universal as is their use all over the American continent. The trains go over them at a leisurely pace, and if it were not for the courtesy of the conductors, who usually call the attention of the passengers to the outlook, the traveller would not know that he was proceeding along a narrow way just wide enough to hold the pair of rails forming the single track, and with an abyss below him of two or three hundred feet. In the snug cars the transit is no more trying than is the walk across London Bridge. But if a man unaccustomed to heights tries to walk across as an experiment, the sensation is not so pleasant. The "ties" or sleepers are only a short distance apart, but between each yawns the gulf below, and many a person finds it advisable to halt and gather nerve as he goes on his way stepping from timber to timber, for his eye gets confused in the effort to look through the intervals and to the next resting-place for the foot. Perhaps the shortest-sighted are the least inclined to giddiness in making such an effort. Many of course laugh at the idea of such weaknesses, but the strongest in body often prove the weakest in head. The engraving of Canmore on a preceding page gives a good idea of one of the fine hill views. The first surveys of these ravines and hills looked like one of the old physical geography charts of our boyhood, where all the acutest and tallest peaks of the globe were gathered together at the top of the map to show their relative heights. Such a formidable row of uneven sharks' teeth was never seen. It seemed impossible to run a straight line anywhere among them. And for a long time it was

believed that none could be found. Man after man who had explored the ranges had come back with the tale that as far as he could see through the dense forest unbroken range succeeded unbroken range.

The entrance to the Fraser cañon is not difficult. The engraving on page 77 gives the outlook from near the foot of its great ravines.

Every one knew the Fraser gorge could be penetrated, costly as it would be, for a waggon road had already been made to cling to the precipice walls above the foaming floods, and this had carried the gold miners up to regions where in old days the Indians could hardly get a mule along the craggy footpath scarcely fit for a goat. Then there was the Thompson River, giving access by more easy paths to Kamloop's Lake, and beyond again, by streams overshadowed by woods, to Lake Shuswap, a beautiful sheet of water, winding with many arms among the forest slopes. Then again, yet farther, there was the Eagle Pass to the Columbia River, which was a little difficult, but was certainly passable. Ah! then came the puzzle! We might follow the Columbia round its great bend of seventy-five miles and so reach the foot of an awful "coll" or neck, which might be reached by climbing three thousand feet, and so down over the "Kicking Horse Pass" to the eastern side of "The Rockies." But could the Columbia bend be avoided? All accounts said, "No, it is impossible; we see no chance of it." But Major Rogers, an American engineer, thought he would make another attempt. Through perils innumerable from the difficulty of getting food, and with dreadful fatigue, he accomplished his object. Following a stream called the Illecillawat, he took observations with the result that he came down from the entangled forests declaring that the thing could be done. He had found a practicable pass. Few believed him, but he was "not to be denied," and taking with him Mr. Sandford Fleming and Principal Grant, two men who, like himself, believed that nothing was impossible, he went over the route again, and light broke in on the darkest problem of this stupendous enterprise. The sea range in the Cascade Mountains had been traversed, the "Rockies," the most eastern, would give trouble, but a bit could be placed in their rugged jaws, and now the central or "Selkirk" range had also been conquered, for where the surveyor says the navy can go, the iron horse can follow.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—AN ANCIENT MARINER.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice-mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald."

COLERIDGE.

A REAL ancient mariner, who had sailed strange seas, shot an albatross, and come back to his own country, bringing the ominous bird with him very badly stuffed, such was Than, or Nathaniel, Rountree, Dorigen's friend, godfather, and never-failing entertainer.

It was an entertainment to see his cottage, which was neither more nor less than a small museum of unclassified curiosities. It stood high on the east side of the town; there was only another house or two between it and the stretch of green pasture-land known for centuries as Monk's Close.

The way to the cottage from the street led up through Salthouse Garth, a close yard with mean, unsavoury houses on either side, and steep worn steps that went up even beyond the rocky terrace where Than's house and garden stood. The light was clear and the atmosphere pure up there, and there was always a breeze, either from the blue moorland, which you could just discern, or from the sea. Dorigen used to stand by the gate, bonnet in hand, that the cool air might blow upon her forehead awhile; and old Than would shake his head, and say it was "a parlous habit for a little weather-fended thing like that."

One evening when she went up—it was a fair June evening—the old man was repainting his figure-heads; there were three of them in the tiny garden-plot. One of them was only a torso, nameless and sexless, and with no history save that suggested by the fact that Than had found it lying among the rough stones of the beach after a storm. Twice a year ever since he had expressed his feelings toward it through the medium of white paint. Dorigen knew all about the two other effigies, and the ships to which they had belonged. One was a lively-looking Galatea, with a wreath of carved-oak seaweed bound about her head, and white wooden arms

placidly folded. It was evident that she had long ago forgotten both Acis and his rival. Lord Nelson stood opposite, bound with an iron band to the apple-tree. Than was painting the hero's salmon-tinted complexion with quite unprecedented depth and brilliancy of tone; the contrast afforded by his heroic black hair and the whiteness of his scroll-embroidered vestment was striking. Old Than moved to a little distance, brush in hand, his head on one side, after the manner of artists in general, his every feature expressive of the delight and satisfaction he was taking in his handiwork. Suddenly, as he stood there, he heard the click of the gate behind him.

"Ah, there's my little Peace!" the old man exclaimed, putting his paint-brush back into the pot, and stepping with halting step along the gravel path to meet the small figure that was advancing. He was a tall old man, finely built and fresh-looking. His kindly blue eye and sweet ready smile said all that needed to be said for his temper. You could not look at him and have a doubt about him. Wherever he went there was a certain rare and wholesome affectionateness in the atmosphere, a tender considerateness for others that seemed to have been won out of the dire dangers he had met and braved. He had faced death—grappled with it, and he had not feared it. You felt instinctively that if there had ever been in him any pettiness or harshness they had gone out of him in that strife.

"Bless her, then! Ah thowt we wern't goin' te see t' little white faïce na more," he went on, mitigating the broad Doric of his youth somewhat by use of the curiosities of accent and inflection natural to a man who had sailed the seas with men of all countries. "Come away in," he added. "Leenock's there. She'll be glad ta see thee. Come away then."

Miss Leenock Rountree, a little, plump, yet prim old maid, was known to "the quality" of Hild's Haven as an upholstress. It was understood distinctly that she worked only for "the quality;" and it was also understood that she drew a very fine line as to where quality ended and the want of quality began. To say that you had had a bed hung or a sofa covered by Miss Rountree was to indi-

cate pretty plainly your claim to be looked upon as a person of social consideration. She could express her decisions without giving active offence. "I am sorry," she would say in doubtful cases; "I am very sorry, but my services are bespoke for months to come;" and there was usually an element of truth in the reply.

On this particular evening she was not in her most amiable temper. She did not approve of her Cousin Than's fetish-worship. Paint was expensive, and when she was doing her best, as she always did, to keep expenses down—well, it was a little provoking to see money wasted. Delicacy prevented open speech on the matter. Than might bring the larger portion to the household purse, but Miss Rountree brought her smaller portion very scrupulously, and the task of making ends meet was altogether hers. Than knew this, and if he had not been a sailor, and therefore inevitably of an extravagant turn, he would have remembered it, and have brought his memory to bear practically upon his expenditure.

Having this small vexation on hand, it was easy for Miss Rountree to add a touch of resentment when she saw the child; but she looked up from the damask curtains to which she was stitching a Byzantine border with eyes that tried vainly to express disapproval.

"Well, miss," she said with a comic little toss of her head, meant to convey the notion of high disdain. "You *are* a stranger! We thought you'd forgot us long ago. We didn't expect to see no more of you when we heard you'd gone to a grand school across the water."

"Across the water" meant everything to the dwellers on the east side of the town. Perhaps Dorigen hardly comprehended all that it meant.

"I don't think it is a grand school," she said quietly, taking off her bonnet and sitting down on the little stool that Than had placed beside his chair. Then she looked round for a moment at the plants in the window, at Judy, Miss Rountree's tortoise-shell cat, at the grey linnet that sat silently on his perch, at the stuffed auks on the mantel-shelf, and at the hard scaly-looking thing that Than had told her was bread-fruit from the Isle of Pines. She saw that these things were there, but she did not see them with the quick eye of some observant children; this was not hers until she had ceased to be a child, and then only by cultivation. She was familiar with these things—with the hideous albatross, the strange shells and corals, the palm-leaves,

the beautiful sea ferns, the big star-fish from St. Kitts. All these were impressed upon her memory by repetition of the history attached to each; and she would have missed them with pain, but all the same there would have been a certain vagueness about her recognition of them in a strange place. Turning her head a little, she glanced toward the calabash and the Japanese bowls, the compass, the harpoons of various designs, the closh, and the broken krenging-hook.* Nothing was changed; this she saw with satisfaction; still she met old Than's searching gaze with a sigh, and a look that might have indicated either weariness or disappointment. The old man was fain to know what it did mean.

"An' what does thee do at this fine new school, honey?" he asked in a tone of concern.

"Mostly sewing," Dorigen replied with an appreciable touch of disgust.

"Sewing!" exclaimed Miss Rountree. "But you could sew before you went there. I took care of that, to say nothing of your mother. Don't you learn things out of books?"

"Only spellings, and I went on to the end of the book ever so long ago. And I've had to begin again at the beginning: a-c-h-e, ache, a pain; b-a-b-e, babe, an infant."

Even old Than laughed a small derisive laugh over this.

"What class hev they put thee into, honey?" he asked.

"Into the third. Miss Hardwick said I was too small for the second."

"It goes by size then? Ah sudn't ha' thowt that noo. . . . Does she punish thee ever—the mistress?"

"Yes, I was punished yesterday, for rude language."

"*For rude language!*" exclaimed Miss Rountree under her breath, as was natural, being so shocked. "What *could* you have said?"

"I didn't know it was rude. . . . I'd seen it in a book, in Shakespeare."

"Ah, I've not read much of Shakespeare," said Miss Rountree in a tone of self-congratulation. "But I fancy there are some vulgar things in it. . . . What was it you said?"

"A girl vexed me, a big girl. She made me very angry, and I said I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a girl. And Miss Hardwick heard me, and put me in a dark closet."

"Well, it was rather rude for a little girl, an' it wasn't ladylike;" here Miss Rountree

* Kreng—a dead whale. The krenging-hook is used in preparing the kreng for the oil-copper. The closh is a wronged instrument, also used by the krengers.

spoke with authority. After musing a little while she added, "An' I don't remember ever seeing that in Shakespeare."

"Don't you?" asked the child in some surprise—it always seemed to her that grown-up people must know everything. "It's in *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus is talking to Cassius, scolding him for taking bribes, and he says:

'Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and buy the moon,
Than such a Roman.'

There was material for a picture in Than's cottage at that moment: the old man himself leaning back in his chair, his thumb in his waistcoat pocket, every feature of his face expressive of unbounded admiration; Miss Rountree on the other side, her needle suspended in mid air by the over-mastering force of surprise; the child between them, standing with her head thrown back, her face flushed with excitement, her wide blue eyes dilated and disdainful. The scorn and contempt of accent, attitude, and gesture, with which she uttered the last words had the effect of a revelation upon her auditors. Was this little Peace?

The next moment, not heeding, hardly hearing, the exclamations of praise and wonder, she sank into her seat, pale, shrinking from the after-feeling of self-betrayal, and half expecting the reproof that such a moment of forgetfulness would have drawn down upon her at home. This lasted only a few seconds. She sat silent and stirless awhile, then she drew her chair nearer to old Than, put her small hand into his, and laid her head confidently upon his knee. Quite suddenly she raised it again—

"That's your lame knee!" she said with alarmed compassion. "Did I hurt it?"

"Hurt it! Little Peace hurt anything! Bless thy little heart, no. . . . There, put thy head down again, an' keep still a bit."

She obeyed, but presently she said, speaking only half aloud, "I don't think I ever like being still now."

She spoke in the weary tone she had used before, and old Than did not fail to perceive it. Something ailed the child, something that he felt was not on the surface, nor likely to be. She was like a grown-up person with a trouble that must be kept always out of sight.

Miss Rountree had also noticed the strange

fitful mood of the little one, but she was much too wise a person to seem to notice it. She had forgotten her resentment, but she had not forgotten to be mildly sententious, this she seldom forgot. In point of fact she was rather proud of her sententiousness, imagining it to be a kind of echo of the superior conversation to which she was privileged to listen on occasion.

"Ah," she said, "that's always the way with little people. They get tired of sitting still, because they've nothing else to tire them. Wait till you've battled with the storms of life as I've done, and as your god-father's done. He doesn't get tired of sitting still."

"Nut of'n, Leenock, nut of'n," the ancient mariner replied. "When a man's sailed the saut water for eight-an'-forty year he's fain of a bit o' rest."

"It was when you first went to sea that your knee was lamed, wasn't it?" asked Dorigen, who had always a pitying consciousness of this same lameness.

"Nut just at first, honey. Ah went prentice i' the *Narwhal* when Ah was nobbut twelve, an' Ah'd been goin' on o' five year in her when she was lost. Ah was in her that last voyage, an' it was that very voyage 'at Ah broke my leg. Ah was reeght sarved. 'Twas a fool's trick."

"What was a fool's trick?"

"Why, jumpin' on te t' back of a fast whale. Did thee never hear me tell on it? . . . It'll be three-an'-forty year sen come July. We'd left Hild's Haven some time on at t' end o' March, an' put into Lerwick for another hand or two at t' beginning o' April, an' pushed wer way inta t' drift ice off o' Spitzbergen on t' first o' May. That's what them Eskimos's call t' time o' water-drops, a thaw thee knows. But 'twas a late spring that year, an' a cold 'un. Sometimes t' ice-fogs came down upon us that thick 'at we couldn't see across t' deck, an' sometimes it snowed; an' then we'd a gale o' wind 'at rolled the ship over till t' boats 'at was hung over the rough-tree rail fairly touched the water. It was i' that very gale o' wind 'at Ah caught them auks up there on t' chimna-piece. Great flocks on 'em came flyin' by t' ship for hours, goin' i' t' direction o' t' land, an' keepin' quite close down by t' sea an' t' ice. Ah reckon t' wind was over strong for 'em higher up. But t' curious part on t' was t' way they kept comin' foul o' t' hawser—that was the rope thee knows 'at kept t' ship fast te t' ice-floe. An' varry near ivery bird 'at struck that hawser fell doon dead, as though it had been shot. Ah watched hun-

dreds on 'em drop inta t' sea; an' then we fastened a bucket on te t' end of a long pole an' fished 'em out, an' a right good supper we had, Ah can tell thee."

"You eat them?" asked the child, mingling a touch of disapprobation with her surprise.

"Eät 'em! Ay, an' glad anuff te get 'em after weeks o' saut beef."

"It was after that that you broke your leg?"

"Ay, honey. . . . Where was I? Ah's nut such a good hand at tellin' a story as Ah used to be. One's head's full o' things, and one goes ower far round te get te t' middle. But Ah's comin' to it. It were along o' that gale, an' other things, 'at we'd such a bad year. Whales was scarce, an' t' ice kept despart close, an' we'd never a chance till iver sa far on i' t' season. An' then one daäy, all of a sudden, we dropped on a fine cow, an' made a couple o' harpoons fast in her wiv hardly a bit o' bother. T' wind was blowin' a stiffish breeze, an' we made t' fish fast te t' lee side o' t' ship; an' then we went aboard again, all hands on us, te get a dram apiece, an' something te eät afore we started te flense* her. We were i' all that better sperrits acause we'd been sa doon afore; an' ivery boy and man on us was te hev so much apiece extra for ivery ton o' oil we browt inta Hild's Haven, an' we reckoned we'd a good twenty ton hangin' by the fin that day. Bein' sa set up we didn't hurry ower t' mess; but we went on deck at last, an' our specksioneer† looked mighty important, Ah can tell thee. It were all along o' him bein' sa smart 'at we'd gotten t' fish. But all of a sudden Ah seed him runnin' across by t' starn, quite flayed like; an' lookin' oot o' this side, then o' that, as if he'd lost summat. Enoo he turns up his hands iv a sort o' despair—*there was no whale*. . . . The ship had drifted—drifted heavy—an' pressed upon t' fish, an' t' rope had broke, an' away she'd gone to the bottom. . . . It was a blank time that aboard the *Narwhal*!"

"But weren't there beautiful things to see?" asked the little one, her imagination craving other food than the loss of tons of oil.

"Beautiful things, honey! Ay, things 'at Ah would go te Greenland an' back te see ower again. Eh, bairn, but words couldn't tell thee o' them straänge skies an' seas, an' splendid colours, an' mysterious leets and darknesses, all changin' an' movin' like magic! There's things 'at's sa grand an' yet sa awesome 'at mony a strong man

shivers wi' fear, when there's naught to be feared on. Ah don't believe 'at there's ony such sight i' the world as them ice mountains o' Greenland, wi' their sharp white spires all glitterin' up inta t' dark sky. An' as for icebergs, why I've seen one myself eleven miles long, all broken an' glitterin' wi' blue an' green like bits o' fallen stars. There was once Ah was watchin' one—it were a cur'ous shape at the top, all pinnacles, an' arches, an' towers, just like some o' them big foreign churches—an' while Ah was leukin' at it, it begins to bend slowly ower in a sort o' graceful waäy, just like something human, an' then doon it comes, faster an' faster, an' doon, an' doon, until it crashed reet inta t' sea wiv a great crash like loud thunder. 'Twas awful, honey. T' sea boiled, an' roared an' hissed as if a thousand cannon balls had been fired inta the middle on't."

This was too impressive for comment. Dorigen's face was intent; and the old man's memory stirred to its deepest recesses.

"Ay, an' there was straänge things i' the heavens above, as well as i' the sea beneath," the ancient mariner went on. "Great arches an' circles i' the sky, white an' rose-red an' flame-coloured, wi' stars shining behind 'em. Once I remember our captain comin' doon fra the crow's-nest—that's a kind o' watch-box up at the top-gallant mast-head; it were a foggy daäy, an' he told me 'at he'd seen the splendidest fog-bow 'at iver he'd seen iv his life. It were o' all colours—far bonnier nor a rainbow, an' it seemed te go doon under his feet, by t' side o' t' ship. Up above t' fog t' sun were shining as bright as bright; an' there, right i' t' middle o' t' fog-bow, there was our captain's shadow standin' up quite dark again all them coloured rays."

"Do sailors ever take their wives to Greenland?" asked the child with an apparent irrelevancy.

"Noä, honey; I never heard o' ony man takin' his wife but one, an' he didn't bring her back. . . . But Ah's forgettin' again about the *Narwhal*. That was a blank time, an' it lasted a good bit an' all. Every man aboard had made up his mind 'at we should hev a clean ship te bring home. We were doon-hearted, but we little dreamt o' the end o' the tale, or mebbe we'd been more doon-hearted still. But that comes after. T' season were aboot ower'd, when one mornin' we heard a great shoutin' an' stampin' ower-head, an' guessin' 'at there was a fall,* we

* Flensing—the process of stripping the whale.

† Chief harpooner

* According to Scoresby, from the Dutch *val*, implying "to jump or drop," and considered expressive of the movements of the sailors when manning the boats after a whale has been sighted.

rushed on deck just as we were, some on us 'at had been i' wer berths had naught on but wer shirts an' drawers. T' cold were awful; but we'd no time to feel it. We were on t' edge of a great sheet o' thin ice, an' there, right i' the middle, was a monster of a whale, blowin' away as hard as he could blow. Away we went, as close as we could get, wi' the boat; then we carried the harpoon, wi' the line ready fastened to 't, right across t' ice. T' fish was still there, an' our speck-sioneer struck sharp; but Ah seed fer myself he hadn't struck far anuff forrad. The creatur' dived, away went t' line, an' another line, an' another, till there was no less than ten lines oot wi' that fish—a matter o' two thousand yards o' rope. Once we saw it crack some ice a foot thick wiv its crown, an' come up for a minute to breathe, an' then away it went again. At last it got into a kind o' basin, an' floated about there free o' ice, and when we got a bit closer up we saw 'at t' harpoon was swingin' an' swayin' about, just ready to drop out ony minute. Ah niver spoke a word, but went straight up te t' edge o' t' ice, pulled oot my knife, jumped on te t' brute's back, cut oot that harpoon, and struck it in again proper, afore ony on 'em knew what Ah were meanin' te do. T' creatur' were movin' off again sharp, an' just as Ah was jumpin' back Ah got a knock wiv its tail 'at sent me spinning across t' ice like as if Ah'd been sent oot of a cannon's mouth. Ah thought Ah was mashed all te pieces—so Ah was; but we'd got thirty ton o' oil, an' Ah niver plained. My leg were t'worst mashed. Some on 'em said 'at oor doctor weren't none o' t' cleverest wi' broken bones; but Ah reckon he did his best, an' he was a kind-hearted man. They were all on 'em kind anuff; but Ah'll never forget the day when our ship's carpenter brought me a pair o' wooden crutches—ay, honey, crutches! T' sight o' them were a worse blow nor t' blow fra t' whale's tail. T' noise they made knap, knappin' up an' doon t' deck o' that ship rings i' my ears yet; it 'll ring i' my ears till my dyin' daäy."

CHAPTER VII.—A PRICELESS GIFT, AND UNFORGOT.

"Or say a ruthless chance broke woof and warp—
A heron's nest beat down by March winds sharp,
A fawn breathless beneath the precipice,
A bird with unsoiled breast and unfilmed eyes
Warm in the brake—could these undo the trance
Lapping Sordello?"

ROBERT BROWNING: *Sordello*.

"AY, that sound were worse nor t' blow fra t' whale," murmured the old man, as if to

himself. Dorigen sat silent, gently stroking his lame knee. Judy was purring in the shadow of Miss Rountree's damask curtain.

Than's voice had changed. The fire had died out of the expression in his eyes. He was living again the last of the nights and days he had lived on board the *Narwhal*.

"We hadn't nut te saäy a bad passage home," he went on. "We'd put into Shetland aboot one o'clock o' Sunday mornin', Ah recollect—that were t' twenty-seventh o' August; an' we sailed again atween seven an' eight that same night. We'd despert windy weather after that; shy, changeable sort o' winds 'at made us keep in shore for t' full time; an' then ratch off te carry the tide outside for two an' a-half hours longer. It were along o' that 'at we were caughted sa close in when t' gale sprang up all of a sudden fra t' north-east—that were o' Wednesday, t' seventh o' September; an' we'd reckoned o' reachin' Hild's Haven for certain that same night. I'll never forget oor mate's words. It was aboot fowr o'clock i' t' afternoon, just when t' gale was beginnin' te rise, an' t' sea te make heavy. T' captain had sent t' royal yards doon; t' mate was blusterin' aboot despert; an' I heard him saäy wi' my oan ears: 'Hell or Hild's Haven afore mid-night, my lads!' An' he never reached Hild's Haven.

"Ah was a young man then, an' Ah's an aud man noo; but Ah'll remember that night when all else is forgot. An' mebbe in days to come, thee'll remember hearin' me tell on it, honey. There isn't another man livin' noo te tell the tale o' the wreck o' the *Narwhal*. As Ah said afore," the old man continued, "it was blowin' a heavy gale. Aboot eight o'clock we took in two reefs i' the fore an' main topsails, an' one i' the mizzen topsail; an' while we were haulin' away at t' mainsail t' main topsail split into ribbins. We were all hands on deck then—twenty-seven on us. T' wind was increasin' every minnit, an' so was t' sea; they were ragin' an' roarin' together till we could neither hear nothin' nor see nothin'. An' there Ah was, hoppin' aboot wi' my one crutch, haudin' on as best Ah could, an' drenched te the skin—as every man aboard was. T' water came flyin' up i' masses over the bows as if the *Narwhal* had been a cock-boat. At last we couldn't keep it fra one another na longer—the ship was unmanageable. We'd stowed the topsail; the vessel were warrin' down afore wind an' sea into broken water, an' we knew it was over'd then. At eleven o'clock—dead low tide—we

struck upon Northscaur rocks, an' beat aboot among 'em till a hole was knocked right through the bottom o' the ship. One poor fellow went mad wiv his agony an' terror, an' jumped overboard. That was aboot midnight; an' soon after t' captain ordered t' main an' mizzen masts te be cut away, te prevent t' vessel fra turnin' over wi' her beam toward the sea; an' then, after the masts were cut away, we fired guns, an' flashed a blue light; an' we tried hard te hoist a lantern on the top o' the cabin funnel, but t' sea washed it doon as fast as we put it up. Efter tossin' aboot among them rocks a bit longer t' vessel slewed round wiv her stern te the shore. We'd no idee then what part o' the shore we were on; but we filled the cabin window wi' lights, an' then we went below, all hands on us, an' prayed; an' then we fastened t' middle deck doon, te prevent t' oil casks fra blowin' t' ship up. But it weren't no use; t' flood-tide began te make, the decks blew up, an' the ship was up tiv her deck-beams i' water i' no time. Ah was gettin' aboot baffoonded, nut bein', so te speak, an able-bodied man; an' some on 'em put me on te t' larboard quarter, abreast the companion, an' left me there when they went below again te pray a bit. When they came on deck they had te get as far aft as they could, t' tide was makin' that fast, an' t' sea was that awful 'at it was forcin' the casks oot o' the hatchways, an' sendin' 'em flyin' aboot among t' men i' all directions. We thought every moment somebody 'ud be killed, but the crew clung te one another, an' held on oot i' the way as best they could. Eh, but that were a fearsome time, honey!

"Aboot four o'clock i' the mornin' the ship beat doon upon her starboard side till it was driven in—t' sea had a free course then—an' twisted her timbers in all directions. Most o' the crew got into the quarter-boat as fast as they could; but they were i' danger fra the mainmast, an' me an' two others clung on to the quarter athwart the ship's davit; an' while we were hangin' there we thought we saw a boat or something comin', an' we shouted an' hollo'd, but naught answered. A bit efter that the vessel began te part amidships, an' it was just then 'at Ah saw t' captain for t' last time—ay, Ah niver clapped eyes on him efter Ah saw him stannin' aft without his hat, an' haudin' on by t' rail. Just then the foremast an' bow fell on the starboard side, an' her quarter toward port wi' t' crew upon it; an' we were all plunged into that ragin', boilin' sea together. Never a soul but three on us reached the shore alive:

never a soul but three out o' seven-an'-twenty. Our captain was within a few yards o' the land when a log o' timber struck him dead i' the water. One o' the men was washed ashore clingin' to part o' the stunsail boom; another on a bit o' spar; an' as for me, Ah was washed up haudin' on by that same davit 'at Ah'd clung to fra the first. Eh, but it were straänge te think o' me bein' saved—me 'at was sa lame, an' sa weak, an' sa wicked! An' t' cur'ousest part on it all was my crutch—that same crutch 'at stands aside my bed-head te this daäy—it washed up all t' way alongside o' me, close te the davit. It was like a livin' thing 'at knew. . . . Ay, Ah've written it doon on paper 'at that crutch is te be buried wi' me—laid on my coffin, an' happed up wi' me i' my graäve."

The old man did not feel the shiver that ran through the listener at his feet. He only felt that she crept closer to him and stroked his knee with a tenderer touch than before.

"Ay, but the town were in a despart commotion," continued Than. "They tell'd me 'at the widows an' fatherless bairns heard tell o' the wreck i' the streets, an' went weepin' an' wailin' home; an' their friends an' neighbours went weepin' and wailin' wi' them. . . . Ah think folks doesn't do i' that way now-adays; they take it quieter."

"Did you ever go in a whaling-ship any more?" asked Dorigen after a time of silence.

"Any more, honey! Ay, the very next spring 'at came. But a vast o' springs came an' went afore Ah got over that last voyage i' the *Naruchal*. Nay, I haven't got over it yet, nor never shall i' this world."

"You mean being lame? That was why you were never a specksioneer, wasn't it?"

"Ay, honey: Ah were scarcely fit. But I've been out wi' the boats oft enough an' sent mony a good harpoon home. That one 'at hangs there by the clock has seen a few strange things, if it could tell on em."

"Has it? How did you get it back? Did you always have a string te it when you threw it into the whale?"

"A string, honey!" laughed the old man. "Why the foreganger was a two-and-a-half-inch hawser! I'd like thee te see a harpoon spanned in. . . . See," he went on, opening a cupboard-door beside him, and taking out a three-pronged steel fork, "supposin' this were the harpoon, an' supposin' this" (taking a ball of worsted from Miss Rountree's basket) "were the foreganger, we spanned 'em together i' this way, an' fastened the stock in at the same time, an' then it were ready for the line. We used te take two on 'em in

each boat, and mebbe half-a-dozen lances. If t' whale kept still, we used to pull down upon it an' send t' harpoon into its back without a bit o' bother; but if t' creatur' made for divin', as it oftener did, t' speck-sioneer would ha' to keep his eye open for a chance of a throw. Mebbe when we were ten yards off, or more, he'd take his harpoon, raise it i' this way, an' let go." . . .

Ah! what had happened? What had the old man done in his excitement? Judy was shrieking and flying out at the door, Miss Rountree shrieking and flying after her. Alas that old Than should have retained so much of his ancient skill! His last harpoon had gone "home" somewhere near the cat's shoulder. Judy had darted, hissing and whining, up the apple-tree; the ball of worsted was "paying out" of itself on the inner side of the threshold. "What hev I done?—what hev I done?" the old man was crying in his distress and bewilderment. "Little Peace" was distressed too; but she did not know it. She ran out, snapping the worsted as she went, and at the same time glancing up into the apple-tree. She could not climb it; but she was up at the top of the high stone wall close by without knowing how she came there. Judy was not to be coaxed—not to be soothed at a distance. She sat on her bough snarling and moaning by turns; Miss Rountree, down below, was moaning and entreating; old Than was mindful only of the child, who was so little mindful for herself. She had managed to get into the heart of the big old tree somehow, and before she quite knew what she meant to do Judy was in her lap, the "harpoon" had fallen ringing to the ground, and

expressions of grateful relief had come upward.

"But tell me if my poor Judy is alive?" implored Miss Rountree, distressed afresh by Judy's silence.

"I don't think she's any worse," replied Judy's deliverer from among the leaves. And a moment later Judy answered for herself by coming down from the tree rather slowly, yet with all her usual lithe and graceful movements. It was wonderful, everybody said; for everybody came to know of the matter; and they tell the tale in Salthouse Garth to this day, how old Than Rountree harpooned his cousin's cat with a three-pronged fork and a ball of worsted.

"An' how about thyself, honey?" said the old man with concern. "Thee'll ha' to be carefuller comin' down than thee was o' goin' up. . . . Eh, but she's a brave little woman!"

"No, I'm not—not a bit brave. I'm frightened all over."

"Is thee, honey? Thee'll be better when thee gets down."

There was a moment of silence—emphatic silence.

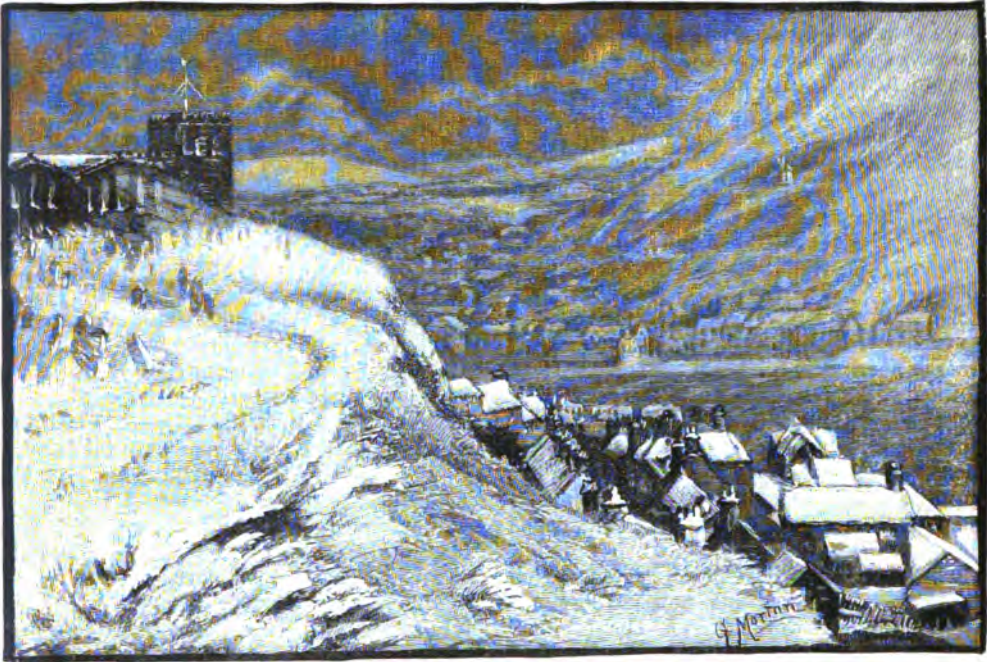
"I don't think I'm coming down any more," said the child presently. "It's so good up here."

She was sitting on a bough high up in the apple tree. Far away beyond the houses the sun had set, and a rose-pink afterglow was spreading over the sea, over the old town, over the masts of the ships in the harbour. "Little Peace's" face was rose-pink too, her

eyes were bright, and her voice was glad and free as a bird's. What had come to her? old Than wondered. Then his expression grew a shade sadder, as if he understood in a dim way what it was to the



"Over the wide grey beach."



"The quaint irregular outlines of the old town stood out in white relief."

child to be up there—to feel the sense of newness, of adventure, of escape. Miss Roundtree had gone in-doors with Judy; the old man stayed his entreaties for awhile.

"Does thee like being up there?" he asked by-and-by sympathetically.

"Yes; it is beautiful," said "Little Peace." There was much more behind, but she could not say it—she could hardly think it in any definite way. Her one idea was a wish to stay always up there, away from things noisy and ugly, from people who spoke harsh words, and used harsh manners, and who did not understand. "Yes; it would be beautiful to be always up there," she said aloud.

"But thee mun be comin' down, honey," said Than. "It'll be gettin' dark."

"It'll be beautifuler than ever when it's dark! I see a star now."

"Thee doesn't want to vex me, my bairn?"

"No; are you going to be vexed? That would be like—like somebody else. . . . Don't be vexed, Uncle Than."

Something in this speech seemed to act upon old Than's memory. He disappeared into the house for a moment or two, and then came back again to the foot of the tree.

"There—see there!" he said, holding out his two hands, in each of which there was a tiny book. "See there! I bought 'em at old Crannick's stall o' Saturday, an' I'll gie thee

them both for thy very own, honey, if thee'll come down. . . . They're full o' poythry—see!"

The last word was hardly spoken when a small foot stepped lightly on to Lord Nelson's newly-painted head; a small figure came flying into Than's outspread arms.

"Let me see them—the books!" she said breathlessly.

Two quaint, precious, memorable little books were these. One—old Than had given fourpence for it—was a tiny square volume, bound in frayed watered-silk of a dark claret colour, and entitled simply, "Sacred Poems." Her mother would let her keep that. The other, even outside of it, looked more worldly. The gay cloth cover of amber and green would be certain to arouse suspicion. It was a little larger than the watered-silk volume, it had cost more money, and it was an ecstasy only to look inside it. The type, the margin, the paper, the border lines—these things were good; but the titles of the poems, the look of them on the page, and the names at the end of them were more than good.

"Did you mean it, Uncle Than? . . . They are to be my very own?" she asked with timid, tremulous credence.

"Ay, honey. Is thee pleased?"

There was no reply, save a little sob, as if the night wind was beginning to sigh through

the branches of the old tree. A minute later the old man was alone there, and his big brown hand was warm with the touch of passionate, grateful kisses.

* * * * *

The child was allowed to keep her treasures: that came to pass without much difficulty.

Her father, silently observant, as usual, was sitting by the fireside when she went in; her mother was knitting in the twilight. The time being peaceful, was naturally favourable too.

When the candle was lit Mrs. Gower took up the little brown silk book. The names of George Herbert, of Bishop Heber, of Dean Milman were not familiar to her, but they were not unknown. She read the Burial Anthem, wiped away a quiet tear or two, and then took up the other volume. Her eye happening to fall upon a poem by Mrs. Hemans, she sought no farther for evidence of innocuousness.

"Pearls from the Poets" was the somewhat sentimental title of this newer volume, a title that told of the fashion of the day, and yet was not misleading. The pearls were small, but they were true pearls, and perfect, as Dorigen remembered, or rather perceived, many a long day afterward. A keen instinct had gone to the making of the selection. Hardly a name of real note was missing, though some were there who were even then ceasing to be of note, and some who were but just rising into it—who have risen since, never to set in obscurity again.

So—in this narrowest of narrow ways—Dorigen made acquaintance with the names of the men who were to be her masters, names that she was never to see or hear again without a quick stirring of the intellectual life-blood within her. The small books became part of her small life in a way that was wonderful to look back upon in after years. The very places where she had read them had a sunny sacredness in her memory always, being connected by such fine ties with her soul's first conscious expansion, with the corresponding expansion of the orbit in which her soul moved. Though to all outward seeming she remained a mere child, limited and constrained by all childish oversights and incapacities, warped out of reason by intangible terror, rapt beyond sense by intangible beauty, she was yet learning the things that make in the end for development. For such as she life has, from the beginning, a special way of emphasising its truths and meanings.

Nothing came to her, no sound, or sight, or event, but had its hidden intention.

Sometimes now she was allowed to go down to the sands when the tide was out, to walk for a while over the wide grey beach that stretches across the bay to the north of Hild's Haven. It is strewn here and there with wrack-fringed stones; crossed by the beck that run down from the moor; flanked by grass-grown cliffs of broken outline. In those days it was solitary and silent, save for the haunting sea-mew and the ceaseless musical stirring of wind and wave.

It is ever musical; and the music is for ever changing. You shall live within sound of it for a whole long lifetime, and it shall never sing you twice the same song; or soothe you twice with the same sense of the nearness of the Spirit that broods upon the face of the waters; or strike your whole soul through twice with the same imperious inspiration.

Later, the girl came somehow upon a few fragments of a translation of the *Odyssey*. As was natural, they were only half-intelligible, but they were wholly, and strikingly attractive. For a long time forward if she wandered far from the pier at Hild's Haven she was sure to find herself wandering with Ulysses, and sorrowing at least as much for Penelope as Ulysses himself would seem to have sorrowed. Far away over the reaches of sand and foam there was a cave in the rocks, russet, and green, and gold; the water dropped in crystal drops from the roof; the sea-flowers clung to the walls; the pools between the stones of the floor were full of floating fronds of crimson and emerald; and the clinging rose-red sea-anemone lay stirless among the wrack. But a very few strokes of imagination were needed to transform the place into Calypso's grotto.

"The cavern mid the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks."

And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a low sweet song that made him hark and smile."

Dorigen would listen; but she could never be quite sure that she heard the singing. Other voices she might hear, calling from the wind and from the wave, but they sang no song; and she knew not what it was that they seemed to require. The silence that followed was full of heart-ache; full of a strong sense of pain, and need, and unfathomable yearning.

The sea and the shore were from that time no more lonely. Nausicaa came there with her maidens to wash the linen for the royal household. Æolus wandered there, binding all winds save Zephyr only; and the Palace

of Circe was up among the trees in the Forest of Skerne Dun. Dorigen had no doubt whatever about Circe, because she could tie a "sailor's knot" herself—old Than had taught her—and it was, of course, the same knot that Homer's enchantress had taught to Homer's hero.

Many a time, too, Proteus would come up from the sea, disguised usually as an ancient fisherman of Hild's Haven, and oft at twilight the sound of the swelling horns of the sea-gods came up out of the mist. Old Than had suggested that these might be the fog-horns, blown by the seamen to prevent collision; but this was very unlikely.

Down on the sea-washed shore, or above on the wind-loved cliff-top, it was still the same. The voices that whispered among the rocks and caves called more imperatively from the vast aisles and arches of the ruined Abbey of St. Hild, from the height where Cædmon himself had walked, and listened, and re-uttered what he had heard. True, she might not understand the call; she might only know that her soul was stirred by some longing to which she could give no name; but by-and-by, with wider knowledge came content that it should be so. With a reverent humility, with an unconscious faith, she kept silence even in her own soul, wondering what these things might mean, wondering if the future would unfold the meaning.

So the prelude was played out. The keynote had been struck, quaint melodies woven together, with here and there a moving cadence that time might prove to have been prophetic. Whether this might or might not be, it was a haunting piece of music, this overture to a human life.

CHAPTER VIII.—"HATH NOT A JEW EYES?"

"But the wise gods say, No, we have better things for thee. By humiliations, by defeats, by loss of sympathy, by gulfs of disparity, learn a wider truth and humanity than that of a fine gentleman. . . . Take the shame, the poverty, and the penal solitude that belong to truth-speaking."

OLD Josef Jacobi, the Jew jet-buyer, was no Shylock. He had a wily Israelitish face, he spoke indifferent English with a fluent tongue, and he drove a close bargain. But since Mrs. Gower conceded that there were worse folks than old Josef, it may be inferred that he was no fair representative of the typical Jew of literature.

One August day—it was the Feast of Saint Hild—Than Rountree had gone down to the house by Wiggoner's Wharf to see what had become of "Little Peace." She was Little Peace no longer now, but a tall, straight girl of twelve; pale, large-eyed,

simple and quiet of manner, and with a character of her own even then—a character that had won respect even where it was least understood.

Old Than could not realise the fact that the girl was passing rapidly from childhood to womanhood. He did not wish to realise it; this she saw, and often yielded to his desires for very kindness. To-day she yielded; she would go with him to the fair in the Abbey Plain, because she had gone with him always, and not because the wax-work show or the painted mountebanks had any attraction for her. Nay, she dreaded the clamour; she had dreaded it for years past. Yet she would go since Than wished it so keenly.

The nearest way was up through Ikin's Yard, and across Monk's Close. John Gower's jet-shop was quite near to the Close. The windows were all wide open; the wheels were whirling and whirring swiftly. Some of the boys were singing "Sweet Dublin Bay."

Dorigen could not pass without looking in. There was a little place boarded off near the door, which her father used as an office; and beyond it, another little place where two women sat stringing necklaces and bracelets. It was all dusty with red rougy dust; it was all noisy; it was all untidy; somehow it looked even more untidy than usual to-day.

Her father was there; and Josef Jacobi was there; the old man had apparently just entered full of some news, some event that was surely important to him! Was it important to John Gower also? Dorigen saw at once the unusual look on her father's face; the pain, the tension, the determination.

"Did I not tell you then? Did I not warn you?" old Josef was asking excitedly. "Did I not sit down in the coffee-room where all the noise was and write this letter to you: '*Do not trust this man, this Aaron Gilderoy, any more*'? Yet you will trust him, you will let him have goods—a thousand pounds in goods, they tell me; and you will lend him moneys—a thousand pounds they tell me again. And now he is gone bankrupt. He says, 'Take shillings for your pounds,' and you take them; yes, you take them."

"No, I don't take the shillings," said John, holding out his hand to his daughter. He saw that she had heard, and that she understood. He drew her nearer to him with a touch and a pressure of the hand that reassured her.

"So! It is Miss Gower, then!" said the old Hebrew, with a little start of surprise, and a

polite bow. "I did not hear her come. We were talking of business; it is not agreeable for ladies—no. We will talk of it no more."

"There is no need to change the subject on her account," said John Gower. "She will know all about it sooner or later."

"So! But that is a pity; yes, it is a pity. Yet, doubtless, if you do not tell her, others will. For it is everywhere, this that we were saying; all the trade talks of it. They know so well this Mr. Gilderoy; he was so bad, so untrue. And the men are sorry; but they blame you—yes, they blame you. You are so wrong, so very wrong; and you will never see. I do try to make you see these twenty years."

The wheels in the outer shop went flying faster and faster; the heavy grindstones shook the walls; the voices sang hoarsely, out of tune—

"And the ship went down with her gallant crew,
As we lay in sweet Dublin Bay."

Long afterward it all came back again; the hot sunshine burning through the dusty windows in the roof, the smell of oil and rouge, the deafening noise, the half-prophetic song, the first strange touch of sorrow. She would not have known it for sorrow, save for the look on her father's face and the strained clasp of his hands.

She remembered old Than presently. He had gone out from the doorway, having heard much more than he wished to hear. He was sitting on some little grass-grown steps in the steep hill-side, above the jet-shop, leaning his head on his hand, trying in his consternation to make out what the ill-news would mean for his Little Peace.

"I think I mustn't go to-day," Dorigen said, putting her two hands into his, as if entreating him not to be disappointed.

"No, honey, no," said the old man tenderly. "I'll go by mysel', an' get thee a fairin'. Ah mun forced to get thee a little fairin'."

"But only a very little one," pleaded Dorigen, remembering Miss Rountree's accusations of extravagance. What was extravagance? she wondered. Why did people always seem to do wrong and get blamed when they had any money?—to get more blamed still if they hadn't any? She could not understand. Did anybody understand?

When Dorigen went back, the rough deal tables were all covered with finished ornaments of jet; black, glittering things that looked all the blacker and brighter for the soft blue-white paper in which they lay. Old Jacobi was examining them, expres-

sing qualified admiration of the goods, expressing his usual unqualified astonishment at the price of them.

"These bracelets with the carving, the leaf of poppy, of clover, of thistle—they are good; yes, they are good; but they are too costly—they are very much too costly. Why will you make such work as this alone? One cannot sell it—no, one cannot sell it anywhere. The people will not give so much money. In all my trade I have only two men who will give so much money."

John Gower was only half-listening. He had heard it all before, and he had other things to listen to just now. Dorigen kept sympathetic silence. The old man went on:

"Why will you not do as the others do? There is Medwin, now; he has seventy hands, while you have only seven. But he will do any work that I wish, that any one wishes. I tell him my price, and he makes the goods for me. . . . There! See! That is a sample; a bracelet he will make for me. I have ordered thirty gross to-day. How much do I pay him then, think you?"

John Gower took the bracelet, and turned it in his hand. He had seen many such; crude and lifeless in design, coarse and hasty in workmanship; the material common, full of spar and other flaws. Even in that moment he felt pride in the thought that no such piece of meretricious meanness had ever left his hands.

Here was the secret of all his early struggles—a certain originality the man had; a certain integrity, a certain artistic enjoyment in his own handiwork; and these things, as was natural, cost him dear.

"You cannot get feeling by paying for it," writes a thinker of our own day. "Money will not buy life."

True to the letter. But how many offer what of life they have to offer and find that there is none to buy! You shall stand with your life and your truth of feeling in the market-place, and watch the buyers give their money gladly for lies and shams and lifeless mechanisms.

John Gower was not beset by any misgivings as to his art—if such it could be called. It had never occurred to him that it was in itself ignoble, in its end narrow, in its use frivolous, and, therefore, he could put his life into it without hesitation. This he did; not carelessly, but with his heart and whole strength in the certain strokes of his chisel, in the skilful and intelligent movement of his knife.

Once he had carved in relief a small head

of Dante. He had caught the sad, far-seeing expression; the stamp of the power of endurance, the worn ascetic line, and it had pleased him well. Old Josef, happening to come in, had given him a commission on the spot for half-a-gross of brooches, each to have a head of Dante in the centre. . . . John Gower smiled. "I couldn't cut another if you would give me a hundred pounds," he said.

No, he could do nothing but the thing he was moved to do! and this no one about him but his daughter could understand. Buyers said he was crotchety and uncertain, as well as exorbitant in his prices. For years past old Josef and one other man had taken all that John Gower produced. It was this other man who had failed.

"And what will you do now?" Jacobi asked, after he had bought all that he cared to buy to-day. "I know what it is that you will do. You will go on all the same. I shall buy a little; no one else will buy at all; and you will go down, down. Then I shall die; and you will come quite to the bottom. So! That is it, Miss Gower. I do tell your father for his good, but he does not hear—these twenty years he does not hear what I say.

Presently Josef Jacobi went away; and Dorigen began silently to fold the paper parcels, silently to put them away into boxes and drawers, making the small service seem like an act of sympathetic ministration. This done, she closed the door, and sat down quietly beside her father, feeling instinctively that noise and obtrusiveness would jar upon the sorrowing man as upon the sick.

Yet let no one misunderstand him. He was bearing his sorrow with that true bravery which often precludes outward show of bravery. He knew of old that bearing is not ignoring, nor yet forgetting. Already his thought was as much of the future as of the present or the past; and no touch of resentment toward any man or fate lent a sting to his self-consolations.

Among Professor Ruskin's words are these:—

"And in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life—this at present of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life, that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow; and taking no troublous thoughts for coming days; so also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision; but wholly of accumulation—the life of domestic affection, and domestic peace; full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure; therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world."

Had John Gower ever come across these words he would have felt on the instant that his highest earthly ideals were here comprehended and expressed.

"Proposing to itself no future exaltation!" This was the very core of his manhood. To work his day's work while it was yet day; to rest in content, in freedom from anxiety when the evening came: this was the pure limit of his desire.

The fulfilment of this natural wish was suddenly imperilled, and other dangers loomed ahead. "Only a sweet continuance," writes the Master. John Gower knew that continuance was possible, and probable; but some at least of the sweetness must turn to bitter in his mouth.

"Shall we be very poor, father?" the girl asked at last.

John Gower smiled, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"What do you know about poverty?" he asked. "All that Wordsworth can teach you, I suppose?"

Dorigen smiled in return. She had been arranging family life in one room, with a brick floor, a deal table—unpainted, and without a cover—and one chair, that stood with uncertain leaning toward the fireside corner. The picture had no terror; there was even an element of poetry in it; and a probable chance of heroic days.

"It will make no very important difference to you at present, little woman," John Gower went on. "The change will be *here*. I shall have to pay the men off, and manage to do with the two apprentices. Having less capital, I can do less business—that is, until I get turned round again. *There* will be the question—whether I can get turned round or no. It's happened at a bad time, this loss."

"But you don't mind it very much, father, do you? It's only money."

Again the patient lines about John Gower's mouth relaxed into a smile.

"It's only money, little girl. There are worse things than the loss of money, I am aware. And I am not afraid of poverty; no man ever is who has known want. If I am afraid at all it is not for my own future." Then he paused a moment, adding with the air of a man making a sad, forced confession, "The money that I lent was money that I had put away for you."

"For me! Then please don't care for it any more, father. Do you think I shall not be able to work for myself? Wait and see." Then she kissed the hand that she held in

hers, and added, "I will work for you too, when I am older."

These were childish words, and betrayed, perhaps, childish thoughts, but they were not powerless for comfort and soothing. The silent, bent head of a lily beside you may breathe a sympathy from its chalice that shall have power to strengthen and calm.

"What particular work do you think of doing?" John Gower asked, with a touch of kindly satire in his tone that the girl felt to be very precious at that moment.

She made no instant answer, but a sudden and striking change passed over her face; the thoughtful blue-black eyes were filled with a deeper thoughtfulness; the new expression betrayed an old perplexity.

"That is what I do not know: and it troubles me," she said calmly, adding, with a certain reverence, "But I know that I shall know. I am waiting."

Something in her face prevented the reply that rose to her father's lips, and, half unconsciously, he took up his work again—the cutting of a briar-leaf from a spray that he had placed in water before him. But presently, and sadly, he put his knife down—the creative power within him was deadened for that day.

And all the while the wheels in the outer shop were whirring, the men and boys still singing:—

"And the ship went down with her gallant crew,
As we lay in sweet Dublin Bay."

Dorigen, going homeward, heard them till she reached the street. Long after that they went on singing, swiftly turning the wheels, and thoughtlessly singing.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WAY OF LIFE AT HILD'S HAVEN.

"Still doth he boast in his heart no evil to find hereafter,
While that the gods send health, and brace his knees in the
battle;
But when the blessed gods bind fast their burden upon him,
Then doth he bitterly bow to the yoke of a hard compulsion."
WESSLEY'S Odyssey.

HILD'S HAVEN still went on its quaint way, but nobody knew that it was quaint in those days. The people did not talk about it, nor tell you in loudly cheerful tones that they considered it a duty to keep up "the good old customs." Keep them up! The very phrase prepares you for hollowness, and effort, and final failure. No; things had a momentum of their own, and there would have been difficulty in attempting to stop their ancient movement. Can any put his finger on the date when change began slowly, but surely, to make itself apparent?

There was no monotony. A year was like a picture with all its fair colours in their proper places, the high lights sparkling, the shadows deep and broad. No year passed in Hild's Haven but the stormclouds sweeping up from the sea brought dark shadows upon the land—shadows that no after sunlight might break through or dispel.

Like other ills, it was not all ill. The sense of dread, of fateful and stressful event that entered into the hearts of the people, bound them together with strong silent ties of sympathy even where there was no other tie. If you met in the street the widow of the man who had been drowned by the upsetting of the lifeboat, you had quite other emotions than if you met the widow of one who had died in his bed with unheroic circumstance; and the fatherless children by her side saw something in your face that no other children saw there. No dweller in Hild's Haven could wholly disconnect himself from the wild, wide influence of the ever-imminent sea. It was wild, yet it was very sweet—sweet as the influence of the seven daughters of Pleione, for whose appearance the sailors of ancient Greece would seem to have had leisure to watch and to wait. The Hild's Haven sailor would wait, too; but not for the sorrowing Merope, nor for her happier sisters, but for the passing of some day marked in his calendar as "unlucky" for evermore.

Chiefest among days of dark omen was Innocents' Day, better known among those who dreaded its influence as "Childermas." A voyage begun on Childermas Day could only end in disaster; and this probability of calamitous event impressed itself on well-nigh every hour, and wrought in the shaping of the smallest circumstance. You might not even turn a loaf of bread downward as it left your hand, but so certainly a ship went down somewhere in the wild world of waters. In these matters, as in others, there was no sharp dividing line between the seafaring population of the place and those who worked for their bread on the sea's very margin. Life everywhere was full of ordinance and interdiction, and the blameless service of the Fates required a long and careful education.

Dorigen's training in this direction was not neglected. Mrs. Gower was unsurpassed in the quick recognition of ominous coincidence, and the close connection of the things that were seen with the things that were unseen was inferred from evidence the most remote.

When John Gower carefully broke the news of the loss of money to his wife, she received it with all the composure he had expected. The quiet, sudden, complete sinking of heart was precisely what he had looked for, precisely what he had most dreaded. She sat quite silently for a time.

The clock was ticking slowly, heavily; the silver-eyed man in the brazen moon at the top of the dial-plate looked down unsympathetically.

"Mebbe I ought to be glad it's no worse," Mrs. Gower said presently, but in tones more consonant with the extreme depth of her despondency than with any sense of relief. "I knew something would happen afore the year was out. You remember what I said when I'd refused to let Nan Skaife sing when she came wi' the Vessel Cups?*" She was the first to come, an' I ought to ha' let her sing; but I couldn't, knowin' the sort o' woman she was. An' I'll never forget her word. 'You'll repent afore next Kessenmas, missis,' she said. An' now it seems there's anuff for repentance. All the year it's been on my heart like a weight, that trouble would come. An' I don't feel yet as if I'd touched the bottom of it. It's borne in upon me strongly 'at there's more behind."

As the weeks grew into months Mrs. Gower's assurance on this head gathered strength. There was no improvement in the trade of Hild's Haven; and by-and-by a severe winter set in. The snow came sweeping and whirling from the north, drifting up the harbour in horizontal clouds; the quaint, irregular outlines of the old town stood out in white relief; the wide, snow-covered moor beyond looked sullen under the heavy skies; and life in the streets was as noiseless as life in a busy town could be. The shipwrights went silently up and down, with breakfast-cans and bundles of firewood; the crews of the vessels in the crowded harbour walked to and fro with short, quick steps about the bridge, walking the length of a ship's deck, and turning back again, as if stopped by some invisible barrier. Here and there, too, there were little groups of disconsolate-looking jet-workers standing about, ill-clad for the most part, and pinched, and shivering. They also went silently about the streets, silently walking through the snow, silently suffering.

The winter passed away, as the worst winter will, but there was no improvement in their fickle trade. The wholesale dealers had their warehouses full of stock, so that

they only bought sparingly, and at ruinous prices. The master-workers who could keep back their goods kept them, only offering them for sale when pressed for money to pay wages or to buy rough jet for the work of the hour.

This depression, following closely upon the most disastrous bankruptcy ever known in the trade, compelled many of the smaller manufacturers to close their workshops altogether. Some turned awkwardly to other trades; some reluctantly left the place; some simply sank below the surface—none seeming to know what bottom they touched, none seeming to care.

The bright spring weather brought no change—that is, none that was helpful. Some, driven by hunger and children's tears, went out in the fishing-yawls, and brought home fish, if they brought little beside. Others wandered aimlessly into the woods and fields, walking, sick at heart, between the primrose hedges, and listening to the songs of hopeful birds with feelings of dull despair.

John Gower had said that the question would be whether he could get "turned round" or not. Almost inevitably it had come to pass that, instead of turning round, he had done what the prophetic Hebrew had said that he would do—he had gone down, steadily down, and with some swiftness.

We have most of us laughed at the German student who "did not understand himself;" perhaps some of us laughed sympathetically. John Gower would have forborne to smile, knowing from experience how sad a thing it might be for a man to lose the key to his own powers. He could not speak of this strange thing that had come upon him. He saw, in a dim way, that it had followed upon the bitter humiliations and defeats that he had had to undergo. Yet still the matter was not clear to him.

For days, nay, for weeks together, he had gone to his work; he had taken his knife in one hand, his material in the other, only to find that something within him refused to second his most determined will, his most agonising desire. He would have been relieved if he could have thought himself ill, glad if he could have believed himself to be over-worked, satisfied if he could have found any cause for the incapacity that tortured him like a sin or a shame.

One spring day Josef Jacobi came upon him thus, powerless and bewildered. The old man's eyes were keen, but he made no sign.

"I have not come to buy," he said; "no, I cannot buy one smallest thing, Mr. Gower. The trade is dead. I do only come to Hild's Haven because it is my time to come. And you? You are doing well? Yes; you are doing well?"

John Gower looked into the dark, wily face of the Israelite. It was not an unkind face, there was no triumph upon it; but there was an un pitying curiosity that did not invite confidence.

"It is better with you than with some, the old man went on. "They do close their shops; they do fail, while you go on—yes, you go on. But the beautiful carvings—you make them no longer now; no. You engrave, you cut with the wheel instead of the knife? You make the goods that will sell? Yes? It is wise, it is wise. When I come again I will look at the goods that are not so much moneys. It may be I will buy; yes, it may be."

So he went out. Doubtless his well-meant words were wasted, as always before; doubtless the man to whom he had spoken was mad; yes, he was mad. And even now he was suffering; perhaps others were suffering too. There was the pale girl with the dark eyes, perhaps she too was suffering.

Was she suffering in any definite way? Had not the trouble that was in the house its compensation? Mrs. Gower had less mind now for the ceaseless watchings, the ceaseless restraints which had so saddened and narrowed the girl's earliest years; and already she was permitted to see a little more of the world than could be seen from Wiggoner's Wharf. She was old enough now to go out into the surrounding fields and lanes on summer evenings after school. And when

Mrs. Gower saw the pink tinge of colour remaining on her cheek, and marked the quicker vitality of gait and movement, she laid less and less restriction upon the girl's coming and going. It might be that she had found that such restriction was not, strictly speaking, necessary.

Dorigen made no friends, and she had but one companion beside her father—a tiny lame child, some five or six years old, named Margery Laverock, a child who could sit by the Abbey walls for an hour at a time without speaking. It almost seemed as if silence were the bond of union, so little speech passed between them. Dorigen was too shy, too sensitive for the companionship of such girls of her own age as she might have associated with. Her ways were not as their ways; and she accepted the con-

sciousness with a touchingly sad humility. But this and many other things had to be kept in the strictest silence. The two people with whom communication was possible being her father and old Than, it was natural that only a limited number of topics were open for discussion.

Of late her father had slipped into a way of making her his confidante in matters that might have been supposed to be slightly beyond her comprehension. Perhaps it amused him to watch her conscientious effort to enter into his thought; or it might be that he found some ease and relief for himself in setting his perplexities in the order of speech. Be this as it may, Dorigen was the first to know of the change he had resolved upon within the hour after old Josef Jacobi's last visit to the jet-shop. John Gower had put his carver's knife aside to



"The house by Wiggoner's Wharf."

take it up no more in the old way ; but it was not possible to him to set his hand to the mechanical wheel that day. He wanted a breathing time in which to reconcile himself, to look into the face of things, and see them as they now were. A walk by the Abbey would suffice for a dividing line between the old and the new.

It did not surprise him to find his daughter there, sitting alone within the broken wall by the western front. The surprise was hers: it was so rarely that her father left his work in the middle of the day. But she asked no question, as he sat down on the edge of the low wall near her. She looked up with the slow smile of pleasure, that was perhaps meant to express more than it actually did express. Childlike, she expected always to be fully understood. Thought-reading is taken for granted till we find, with painful surprise, the limit of human capacity in that direction.

"And what have you been thinking about, little woman?" the father asked, making a great effort to put his own trouble aside.

The usual blank look met him, and amused him for a moment. Which of us, not being closely occupied, can say what our thought has touched during the last hour or so? Is not a consecutive chain of meditation a rarer thing than we believe?

"I have been thinking of many things," the girl said slowly. "Once—more than once—I thought of you."

"What exactly did you think of me?"

"It was about your being troubled, and about your work. I cannot understand. It is so strange that every one says that it

would be better for you to do cheap and common work than good and beautiful work!"

"It is strange, and it has troubled me. But it will trouble me no longer; I am going to do the cheap and common work: I am going to do it from to-day."

XXVII—8

The girl looked up with a quick, inquiring flash of light in her eyes; the colour came to her pale face.

"You say that it will not trouble you?" she asked quietly.

There was a pause. "No," the father replied in a low, musing tone. "No, it will not trouble me—not in the same way."

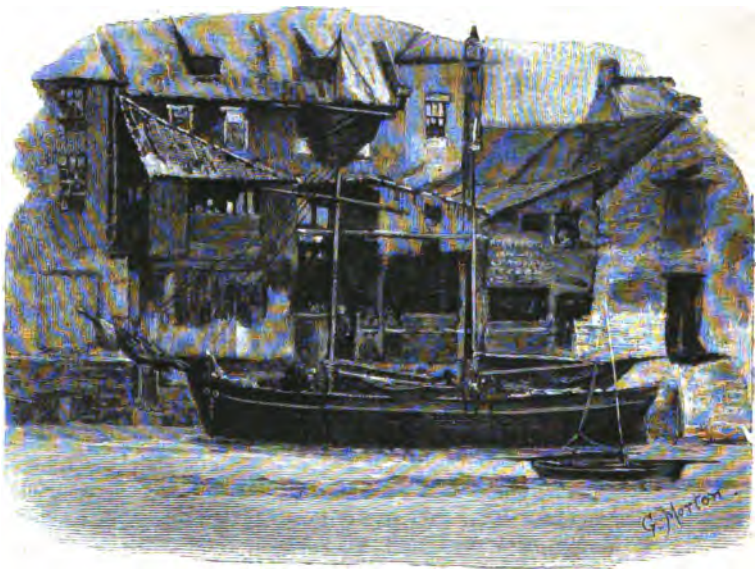
"But you will never forget?"

"No, I shall not forget," the man replied. "But I shall try not to think at all of what is past—only of the future."

This was not said despairingly, hardly sorrowfully. John Gower, as we have seen, had had an ideal future, and his ideal had been manly, unworldly, reasonable—so reasonable it had seemed that he had counted upon it with the quiet sense of security that precludes all doubt or misgiving.

Through all the recent days of strife, humiliation, defeat, he had never for an hour parted wholly with his ideal. He had at times been stricken almost to the dust by despondency; but behind all there had been belief in such eventual victory as would suffice for the fulfilment of his modest hope for the future.

And even now, even after he had con-



"Wharrah's Coal Wharf."

sented, at his own solicitation, to surrender his life to the uses of a lower level, he was not feeling that fate was tampering with final results. He had a fine patience; and if his hope was not quick nor vivid, it was tenacious to the last limit.

Dorigen was musing over his reply, "I shall think only of the future." How was the future appearing to him, she wondered. Presently she asked the question.

"It looks dark enough just now," he answered. "But I've gone through dark days before, and come out of them. I trust it will be the same again."

"And if it is not?"

"If it is not I shall go to sea."

There was another pause, another silence more terrible than any silence that had ever passed between these two before. The child's sole comfort lay in the remoteness of the contingency which had been presented for her contemplation.

Yet the idea had been planted, and firmly. Her father's words were never idle words, never unpremeditated, never uttered for any mere effect. Dorigen knew this certainly, and even then it seemed to her that she knew something more. Her eyes were drawn, as if against her will, to the grey mist-shadowed sea, that seemed so fitting a shrine for the "secrets inviolate," of which it goes on murmuring for ever, without once revealing a word. Even there by the Abbey she heard its dull reverberation as it struck the foot of the cliff with its solemn, rhythmical striking. Did she fancy a new meaning in its tone? Was the low sigh that came on the breeze from the waters in any way prophetic?

CHAPTER X.—MICHAEL SALVAIN.

"Looking up I saw
the forward-leaning face
Intently fixed and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be so young.

From time to time
Thenceforth I felt, although I met them not,
The visitation of those serious eyes,
The ardours of that face toward me turned."

The Eve of the Conquest. SIR H. TAYLOR.

ABOUT half-way down Kirkgate, a little below Alder's Waste Ghaut, there is a dark narrow yard leading down to a coal wharf by the harbour side. Wharram's Coal Wharf was the name by which it was known in days gone by.

The prevailing characteristic of Wharram's Yard is dampness. The dirt is damp, the smoke is damp, the darkness is damp. Dampness is known to be depressing; therefore it is presumably safe to say that no one ever went down into the depths of Wharram's Yard without feeling some loss of buoyancy.

There are houses all the way down, houses in which people live and work—work very hard, and live to be very old, and then die without having once been heard to complain

of depression of spirits. A neighbour may tell you that another neighbour has "getten his 'liverance at last," and perhaps something may be inferred from this; but that something is not obtruded.

The coal wharf is quite at the bottom of the yard; and it is entered by an archway that discloses a glimpse of the harbour. The old coal-porters stand leaning against the wall under the arch, each with his empty coal-sack over his arm; each with his ancient sou'-wester crushed as far down upon his bent shoulders as the weight of many tons of coal can crush it. If a stranger goes down the old men bestir themselves with pathetic alertness; but if the stranger goes up the office stair, the old men droop back under the wall again. People who order coal at the office order it by tons at a time; and the much-to-be-envied porters who have carts get the benefit of such orders as these.

One biting winter's day there was a more than ordinarily brisk stir among the poor old men. A gentleman of striking appearance and impressive bearing was seen to enter the small tunnel at the top of the yard. When he reached comparative daylight, the old porters fell patiently back into their places.

"It's t' Alum Maister fra Thorsgrif," said the man nearest to the office entrance in a deferential whisper. He touched his sou'-wester as the gentleman turned to go up the stair.

"If t' last cargo o' coal 'at went te Thorsgrif were as bad as t' last 'at com here, ah reckon 'at he'll hev summat to saäy tiv and Nendick," remarked one of the ancient porters.

"Ay! An' mickle he'll care, nobbut he gets hoddén t' brass."

"An' what odds mun t' brass mak tiv him?" asked a small, withered old man, who apparently, to use a saying of the place, had "neither brass nor benediction." "What mun he be sa keen o' t' munny for? He's nobbut a clerk."

"Clerk here, or clerk there," said the first speaker, "and Nendick hes mair te deä wi' Wharram's Wharf nor takkin' his addlins.* He wad niver dar turn upon foäls i' the waäy he dis, as if they were muck under his feet, unless he was summat mair nor a sarvant."

"No," said the withered little man, with a keen twinkle in his eyes; "no, an' he wadn't deä 't if he warn't summat less nor a maister. I've know'd Mr. Wharram this

fotty year; an' I've niver know'd him snap an' snarl like yon yethworrum."*

Wharram's office was quite the sort of place you would expect an office to be that was situated at the bottom of Wharram's Yard. It was a wide, square room with a low, smoke-blackened ceiling; the one window was also low and smoke-blackened, so that you could only just discern that it looked upon the heaving, rippling water of the harbour, and the anchored ships. A long counter covered with parcels ran across the room; there were more parcels on the shelves near the desk; more in the open cupboard behind Mr. Nendick's head. A stranger who might have wondered to see so many neat little parcels in a coal office would have ceased to wonder on its being explained to him that Mr. Nendick was permitted to do a little business on his own account; and that he preferred dealing in wrought jet to dealing in the affinitive material that lay heaped on the wharf below. It might be suspected, but it was not generally known, that the more ornamental part of the business transacted in Wharram's office was transacted solely in the interest of Mr. Ephraim Nendick.

He was an elderly man, with a long thick growth of iron-grey hair standing out resolutely below his hat. He never removed his hat; and he never changed the pattern of his neckerchief. His neck was always decorated with vivid green, and the vivid green was always decorated with large white lozenge-shaped spots. A change of necktie would certainly have been looked upon as indicative of a change of character.

He was behind the counter as usual this dull wintry afternoon; his hat was in its usual place; his hands, as usual, were occupied in the dusting and polishing of jet ornaments with a piece of an old silk neckerchief, the exact counterpart of the one he wore. He never looked up, he never stopped rubbing, he seldom spoke. He might be listening to what the customer on the other side of the counter was saying, or he might not. The customer himself considered it an open question.

This customer had paid for a cargo of coal, a cargo that had been conveyed to the Thorsgrif Alum Works by a small schooner; he had spoken a few emphatic words concerning the quality, and he had ordered another cargo to be delivered to him with such speed as wind and wave might permit.

"I suppose if the vessel doesn't arrive in

* Yethworm = earthworm.

time I can have a few tons if I send the waggons over!" the gentleman asked, speaking in a voice that was quiet and musical, and was yet as striking as the powerful head and calm grave face that he turned toward the light.

Mr. Nendick went on rubbing at a jet watch-chain, looking into it carefully. His interlocutor was watching him with the keen interest of a student of humanity.

"That'll depend," said Mr. Nendick presently, his voice seeming as if it had only been able to free itself from the green neckerchief at that moment.

"Upon what will it depend?" asked the gentleman.

Before Mr. Nendick had had time to deal with this question in his usual deliberate manner, there was a gentle knock at the office door. It had to be twice repeated before Mr. Nendick could make up his mind to ejaculate the usual invitation to "Come in."

The invitation was accepted by a tall, slight girl, who entered the place with evident trepidation, yet not without a certain quiet, unconscious dignity that was in itself sufficient to attract attention there. She crossed over to the counter, and laid a small parcel on it in silence. Then she clasped her hands simply before her, and stood as if accustomed to wait Mr. Nendick's pleasure.

She stood quite still, not even for a moment lifting the wan face that seemed pale with the paleness of sorrow, or of some strong negation rather than of frail health. Her heavy white eyelids were fringed with long black lashes; her curved red mouth was firmly closed above the deeply-cleft chin.

Mr. Nendick did not look up; he went on rubbing the watch-chain during several minutes in silence. The silence seemed to strike upon the girl's absent mood at last. She turned her head slightly, and looked into the face of the gentleman who was standing not far from her. It was a look of wonder and sadness, and keen spiritual pain; and it awoke pain, a nameless pain and trouble, in the soul of the man who had been watching her longer than she knew, and who was impressed as he might have been impressed if some tall white flower growing in the moonlight had turned and looked upon him with a wistful human face.

He was not what the world in general would have termed a poetical man; yet there glanced across his memory the wonderfully poetic words that Dante wrote when

the divine Beatrice passed him silently in the Florentine Street:

"I seemed then to behold the utmost limit of beatitude . . . as one inebriated I departed from the people."

As it happened in the street of Florence over five hundred years ago, so it happened but the other year in a dingy coal-office on a Hild's Haven wharf.

This stranger had transacted his business, and he knew that it might be expected of him that he should retire; still, he did not go; nor did he require of himself a reason for remaining.

Ephraim Nendick completed the polishing of the watch-chain; then he laid down his duster, held the chain up to the light, folded it carefully in soft white paper, numbered the parcel, and put it away with deliberateness on a shelf behind him. This done, he drew toward him with an ungracious snatch the parcel that the girl had brought. She was watching his proceedings; and the stranger watching her saw that her mouth quivered pathetically, and that a faint tinge of colour rose to her cheek as if forced there by pain.

There were three dozens of jet brooches in the packet, things of conventional design, fluted and cut in a commonplace way, but exquisitely finished, and perfect of their kind. Not even the keenly critical sight of Ephraim Nendick could discover a flaw in them.

"What's he want for 'em?" asked Mr. Nendick of the girl at last.

"Two pounds," she replied with lips that were still quivering.

"Two curses!" ejaculated Mr. Nendick, beginning to roll up the parcel with swift carelessness. Suddenly he stopped, arrested by sheer astonishment. The stranger had stepped in front of the girl, and was standing unpleasantly close to the counter.

"I would prefer that you should not speak in that manner in this child's presence again," said the gentleman from Thorsgrif, the fire flashing from under his stern brows. "If you do, I think you will repent of it."

"Whea'll mak ma repent?"

"I will."

There was a meaning and an emphasis in the stranger's tone to which Mr. Nendick was evidently unaccustomed. He finished folding the parcel, still apparently rapt in astonishment; then he threw it across the counter.

"Hoo lang d'ya reckon yer fayther's spent ower that lot?" he asked, in a tone of unmitigated contempt.

The girl had to try to recollect, which she did conscientiously. "I think about four days," she said, speaking as if she were confessing some shameful thing.

"Fower days!" repeated Mr. Nendick, "an there's prentice lads i' t' toon 'at wad be kicked oot o' their shops if they couldn't mak 'em i' fower-an-twenty hours . . . Tell yer fayther 'at ah said he was te stick te repairs if he disn't want te see hissel', an' all belanging tiv him, i' t' workhouse."

"Have you finished speaking, Mr. Nendick?" asked the gentleman, again stepping forward with a decisive step.

Mr. Nendick vouchsafed no reply, and the girl, with a look of gratitude in her soft dark eyes, turned to go. The stranger opened the door of the office for her, and when he had closed it again he took his hat, and moved to depart also. Before leaving, he turned for a moment to the clerk.

"Perhaps I was hardly justified in speaking to you as I spoke just now," he said; "that is to say, in using threatening words toward a man so much older than myself, as you are. I regret it. But remember the provocation, and don't repeat it. It will be to your advantage not to repeat it."

Meantime the girl was walking slowly up the damp, dingy yard; her head was bent, her thin, shabby cloak drawn round her. She was not startled by the footstep behind her, nor by the spoken word.

But yesterday we were told of a beautiful human prophecy that fell from George Eliot's lips while she was yet living. "What I look to," she said, "is a time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something firm if I am falling." These are the words which should be writ large on her gravestone—these, and these only. So far as George Eliot herself was concerned, the prophecy must have fulfilled itself within her before she could give it such pregnant outer shape. There are others in whom it is even now fulfilled, others to whom life is one wide yearning to save and help, or to offer the sympathy that is often more helpful than help.

This strong, stern man, strong for the battle of life and stern for all endurance, was touched with a sense of shame which included all manhood as he thought of this child, who, for the moment, included all womanhood,—of her gentleness, her courage, her apparent unprotectedness. Help he must, or at any rate try to help, though there was no time to consider how he might do so with any

tact, any gracefulness. Probably he would have failed to consider these things if the time had been longer.

"I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat as the girl turned toward him, "I would like to know if I can be of use to you. . . . I could not help hearing what passed just now. Mr. Nendick was out of temper; perhaps I had put him out. But I have some influence over him, or rather means of acquiring influence. If you will let me take your parcel back to him I think I can settle the matter for you."

A thick, grey cloud was parting into ragged drifts overhead, a pale light broke down into Wharram's Yard, seeming to the child as if it gathered about this noble-looking man, revealing a calm, forceful face, full of energy, touched with melancholy, softened by clear, dark grey eyes that seemed yearning with an infinite tenderness.

She hesitated a moment, the colour trembled on her cheeks. Her first impulse was to obey this voice, let it say what it might. But her experience had already been such as to teach her to think when she was acting for another.

"Thank you," she said, with a thoughtful, troubled look on her face. "Thank you, but I must take the parcel home. I think my father would like me to take it back to him."

The words betrayed nothing—nothing of the cruel anxiety, the disappointment, the sorrow that was oppressing the child. There seemed to be a certain inaccessibleness about her, but it was of a kind to deepen rather than repel a sincere human interest.

"Of course you must do what your father would wish you to do," the stranger said. Then, with a more courteous deference, he added, "May I ask his name?"

"It is John Gower . . . Mine is Dorigen Gower."

"And mine is Michael Salvain. I live at Thorsgrif, at the Alum Works."

Suddenly and simply the girl asked a question; it had evidently been pressing on her mind. "Are you thinking that my father should have come to the office himself?" she said.

"I have been thinking so, yes. . . . I suppose there is a sufficient reason, with which I, of course, have nothing to do. Don't think me curious or impertinent."

"No, I don't think that," she replied. "And I will tell you about it. . . . The reason why I come to this office, and go sometimes to other shops and offices, is because it saves my father so much time. I used not to do it, and my father says I shall not have to do it much longer."

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Salvain, "I should be glad if I knew that you need never do it again. . . . It could be arranged, I think. Will you let me try to arrange it? Will you ask your father if I may call and see him?"

Dorigen hesitated, and a look of trouble grew about her eyes and forehead. "I would rather go on doing it so long as it is necessary," she said in her quiet way. "My father has had some troubles, and I think it is a little comfort to him when I try to help him. And he does not know that—that things are not pleasant sometimes. I never tell him what people say, so that it does not pain him."

Michael Salvain smiled. "It was of you that I was thinking," he said.

"But it does not hurt me; besides, it happens so seldom. No one in all the town has spoken to me as Mr. Nendick spoke to-day. Some of the people are so kind that I like going."

There was a moment's silence, some intransferable thing stirring in the heart of the man, some equally intransferable thing lying still in the heart of the girl.

"You will not let me have the pleasure of helping you in any way, then?" he asked at last.

There was a pause, another faint blush, another slight effort. "I should like you to help me," the girl said, with an innocent earnestness.

"In what way?"

"I don't know I was not thinking of any way. I was only wishing. . . ."

"What were you wishing? Tell me just as you wished it. I shall understand."

"I was wishing that you would be kind to me," she said, looking up without any touch of confusion, and speaking with a simplicity all her own.

Michael Salvain held out his hand. "Good day," he said abruptly. Then with a peculiar change in his voice, he added, "I will find some way of being kind to you, my child, God willing."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

By THE EDITOR.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Day, with their festivities, have come and gone. Our illustrated newspapers have given their usual representations of the juvenile enjoyments appropriate to the season. The enormous plum-pudding, the mistletoe, the rubicund butler carrying the great salver heaped with dainties, the grandfathers and grandmothers, the grown-up brothers and sisters, and the pretty cousins, have been made to fulfil their annual parts in the "Holiday Numbers;" and now it is all over, and the bigger boys and girls have gone back to school, and the little children are left sole masters of the situation at the fire-side.

It is about the little children I wish to say a few words, for they form one of the most potent factors in the education of every man and woman who has a heart to feel the influence of innocence and purity.

There are two beautiful pictures given in the Gospels of what our Lord felt about little children, and they are both exquisitely suggestive. One is the well-known scene when "He was much displeased" with His disciples for preventing some mothers from bringing their infants to Him for His blessing. The other incident occurred when His disciples were disputing among themselves who should be greatest, and when He called them to Him and sat down, and, taking a little child, set him in the midst of these angry faces, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as this little child, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." What a contrast between these flushed men quarrelling for pre-eminence and the sweet, open countenance of the child, free from every trace of self-consciousness! Nor can we fail to see the resemblance between the glory of Christ and the grace of the child—for the child-likeness of the divine Lord is at one with the purity of the human child.

A childlike character does not necessarily belong to those who are children in years, although it is quite consistent with what is most manly in mature life. A child may be anything but childlike, for it may be childish, and worse than childish. It may be so badly trained as to be full of selfishness, vanity and self-consciousness, self-willed, and unspeakably disagreeable. It is one of the saddest sights when a child has been literally "spoiled," and its childlike beauty destroyed

by foolish and unprincipled training. And yet it is this type of childish weakness and petulance, instead of true child-likeness, which is sometimes adopted as a model by persons who wish to be considered pious. The simpering tones of voice, the puling sentimentalism, the affectation, the over-weening vanity and self-willed dogmatism, combined with bitterness, which are frequently discovered among certain religionists, arise from the blunder of imitating what is childish in the spoilt child, instead of what is childlike in the true child. For the charm of childhood is its self-forgetfulness, its teachableness, its loving confidence, and its thorough candour.

It was, indeed, a sweet model which Christ put before us when He placed that child in the midst and told us all to be childlike. Who does not, in recalling the years of his own childhood, feel them like the memory of another world, where all was bright and pure? Amid the cares and disappointments of life, it does one good even to think of that past, when the fresh breezes and the clear streams and innumerable simple delights filled every hour with joy. Then we had no lost confidences or perplexing doubts. The dear names of father and mother were our continual shelter. What a guileless faith and pure love were then ours! It is no wonder that Christ took a child to represent His kingdom, for who ever looked on the stainless purity of his own child without feeling himself drawn nearer a better and purer world, and nearer to God? Every child is a revelation to us of things ineffably good and holy. What poets and idealists they are! See them in the nursery, where, like born dramatists, they invest each common object with human interest, and play their little parts as emperors, while any stick or chair serves in their eyes as subject or rebel. You see them, too, in the most wretched City court, in rags, begrimed with filth, yet clothing that sunless alley with an ideal glory, where they mimic the pageantry of state, are kings or warriors, and drive in their brilliant equipage or navigate the stormiest sea, and behold visions of splendour and romance that exalt them far above their surroundings. "There's a proper masher!" said a little scarecrow in the hearing of a friend of mine, as the child watched his companion tricked out in a cast-away hat that almost extinguished

his head, and strutted about, his thin, bare legs and chapped heels appearing under a thin drapery of rags. For the moment these children were in the great world of fashion. Or look at such children, with their rickety and bent limbs, as you may sometimes see them in a public park in summer, and watch their wonder among the daisies and other flowers, their hunger and suffering forgotten, rejoicing, like true poets, in God's own lovely earth. There is surely a gospel in such lives. The word of Christ is infinitely beautiful: "Except ye be converted and become as that child;" except ye give up your pride and self-seeking and come back to the grand simplicities of character, and be a child before your Father in heaven and amid the grandeur and beauty of His universe, ye cannot enter that kingdom where all is simple, because all there forget themselves and dwell in confidence and holy love.

It is well to remember that it was to His disciples Christ said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." His disciples in modern times sometimes forget this, by reversing the Master's saying, and telling the little children that, except they be converted and become imitators of them in their experiences and feelings as pietists and revivalists, they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

I never like to utter a disparaging word regarding the efforts made by sincere people to make others better and to bring them to God, even when the methods they employ may be in many respects uncongenial to my own tastes and convictions. But there is one kind of religious meeting, not uncommon in recent years, for which I acknowledge that I have no patience. I allude to revival meetings for children, at which the attempt is made to "convert" God's own little children by making them pass through certain convictions of sin and attain to certain feelings of peace. This is all the worse when we recollect how easily their feelings are excited in early life, and how imitative children are. Fancy it—destroying the beautiful self-unconsciousness and producing an unnatural effort at introspection! Fancy it—addressing a dear sweet infant as if it were a child of the devil unless it becomes "converted" according to a prescribed process of experience! Fancy it—asking a little child if it has "found Christ," as if Christ had not found it, and was rejoicing over its childlike and holy beauty! Christ did not put questions like these to that child whom He placed

in the midst of His disciples. It was a child, God's own child, and that was enough for Him. It was His disciples He questioned. He did not tell the child that he must become like the disciples, but He commanded the disciples to be delivered from their ambition and vanity, and to become like the child.

There is undoubtedly much that a wise parent can do in the way of fostering religious life even in his youngest child, but it ought always to be on the lines of what is childlike. The earthly father or mother in their love should be witnesses for the heavenly Father. The little hand that is given to them should be raised and directed, so that in a similar confidence it may be given to God. Parents should not crave too much for results. Their natural anxiety to have words from the lips of those they love, or to perceive fruits which indicate the quickening of a higher life, ought to be restrained by many obvious considerations. The husbandman who has sown good seed in his field does not see any change at first. He has to wait many days, during which his field appears as barren as if no seed had been ever scattered on the surface. He would do more harm than good, if by his fussy interference he disturbed the grain in order to see whether it was likely to sprout. It is the wiser part to leave it alone, and to wait patiently for the time of the blade appearing. Its growth might indeed be hastened by exposing it to the heats of the forcing-house, but it would not be a healthy growth. What is premature seldom ripens. It is better to let every stage have its full development. And there is a stage in life where the best result is the sweet beauty of the blossom, useless for the practical ends of the farmer, but infinitely valuable as a gospel of grace and promise.

There is something exquisitely suggestive in what Christ also says of how the angels of children "do always behold the face of their Father in heaven." There may be a literal, though to us inscrutable, sense in which these words hold true, but remembering that the word "angel" means messenger, may we not regard children as God's angels, and the spirit of the child as one that ever sees God? What if all the light, and purity, and cloudless loveliness we behold in the countenance of our little children are but the reflection of a radiance to us unseen, and that there is a sense in which Wordsworth's famous lines hold literally true—

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God, who is their home!"

JOE SIEG.

WHO are the heroes we hail to-day,
And circle their brows with wreaths
of bay ?

Is it the warrior back again,
To be girt by throngs of his fellow-men ?

The statesman fighting in keen debate
For the laws that will make his country
great ?

Or the poet, whose spirit in his song
Withers like fire the front of wrong ?

Yes, these are heroes on whom we may call,
But a greater still is behind them all.

Who ? And we shout, with a ringing cheer,
"Joe Sieg, the railway engineer,

"Who did his duty and never thought
He did any more than a driver ought."

Look at Sieg, I say, as he stands
With the levers clutch'd in his oily hands,

And hearing naught but the grind of the
wheel
On the clanking rail underneath his heel ;

Or, lighting his pipe for a whiff or two,
Yet looking ahead as drivers do.

Now, any one seeing him thus would have
said,
With a very doubtful shake of the head,

"Poor stuff after all out of which to plan
Your hero when action calls for the man."

So you would think, but listen and hear
The story of Sieg, the engineer.

Down the Pennsylvanian line,
In the light of an afternoon's sunshine,

Came Sieg with a train of cars behind,
And hundreds of lives that were his to mind.

Little thought he of danger near
As he watch'd for signals set at clear.

If he thought at all, and that thought could
be said,
As he stood on the foot-plate looking ahead,

It was this : to do what a driver could do—
Run sharp to his time, nor be overdue.

So along the metals in smoke and glare,
With Sieg at his post by the levers there,

Engine and cars like a whirlwind tore
Till, just as the stoker threw open the door

Of the furnace, at once through each black
flue came
The quick back-draught, bringing with it the
flame

That, scorching with lightning fingers of
pain,
Drove Sieg and his stoker back in the train.

Back they went, bearing all the brunt
Of the fiery tongues that were hissing in front.

They caught at the cars in their wild desire,
That in less than a moment were muffled in
fire.

The engine, like some wild steed that is
free,
Shot ahead with a shriek of defiant glee.

Behind were hundreds of lives in a tomb
That was hot with the breath of their awful
doom.

To leap from the train would be certain
death,
To stay would be food for the flame's wild
breath.

Now was the time for your hero to plan ;
The hour had come, and Sieg was the man.

Not a moment he stood, for at once he saw
His duty before him, and that was law.

Not a single thought of himself came near
To shake his grand brave spirit with fear.

Only there rose, like a flash, in his eye,
As in those when the last stern moment is
nigh,

A look that would do all that duty could
claim,
And with one wild rush Sieg was into the
flame.

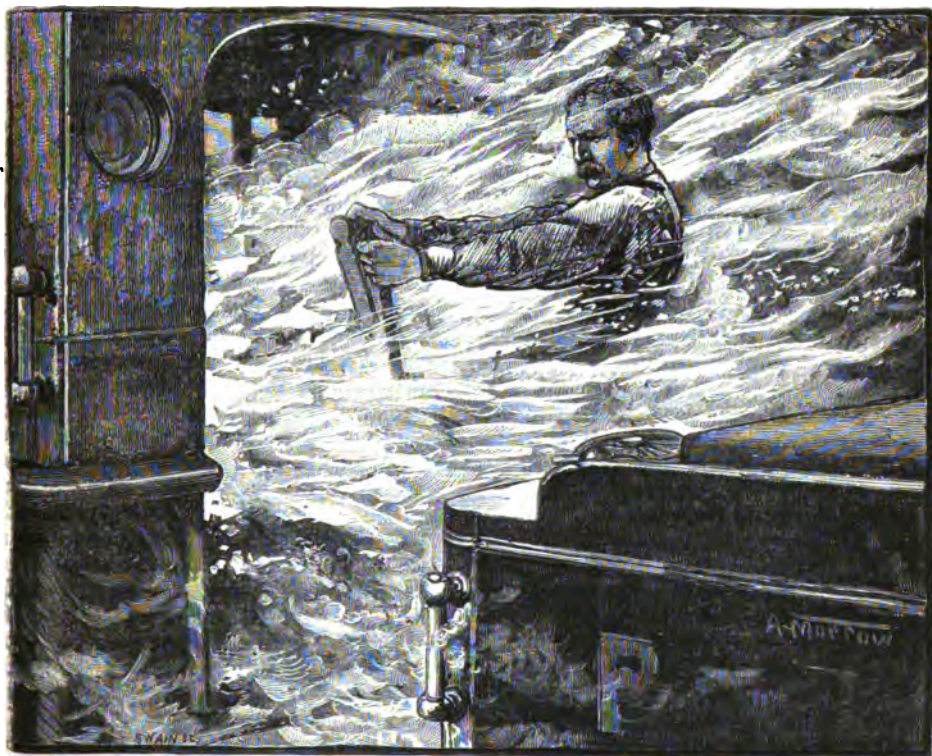
The red tongues quiver'd and clutch'd at
him ;
They tore the flesh from his arm and limb ;

They wove, like scarlet demons, between
The engine and him a fiery screen.

But he fought his way to his terrible fate
Till he felt his feet touch the tender plate.

Then, blind with the flame and its scorching
breath,
And weak from his terrible struggle with
death,

He groped for the levers, clutch'd them at
length,
And, with one wild effort of failing
strength,



'Mid the hissing of fire and the engine's
roar,
Threw off the steam, and could do no more.

When the engine at last was brought to a
stand,
Not a life was lost out of all that band.

No life, did I say ? Alas ! there was one,
But not till his duty was nobly done.

For, back in the tender, silent and grim,
Blacken'd and scalded in body and limb,

Lay Sieg, who had without aid, and alone,
Saved hundreds of lives, and lost his own.

That is the story, plain and clear,
Of Sieg, the railway engineer.

Honour to him, and no stint of praise
From the best of hearts in these modern days.

Honour to Sieg ! I say, and hail
This last Jim Bludso of the rail,

Who did his duty, and never thought
He did any more than a driver ought.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

DORA GREENWELL.

THE readers of this magazine in its former days were familiar with Miss Greenwell's name as that of the writer of many fresh and charming poems. These were mainly, though by no means exclusively, religious, and there was in them a depth of feeling and conviction, as well as a power of refined expression, which gave the authoress undoubted rank amidst the minor poets of her time. A more valid claim to remembrance may be found in the fact that she was the authoress of some remarkable works of devotion, the best known of which is, "The Patience of Hope." Without anticipating, we may safely predict that her name will be kept alive by these. It is true that the number of meritorious writers of poetry in our time is so great that the difficulty of earning a permanent reputation, pathetically deplored so long ago as the time of Johnson and Goldsmith, has increased tenfold; but there is so much that is memorable, sweet, and individual in Miss Greenwell's poetry, as to raise her clearly above the crowd, and place her in her own especial niche in the scantily cultivated field of devotional literature. It is true Miss Greenwell's books in this department have not gained so wide a vogue as might have been expected, but this neglect can only be temporary. It is so far accounted for by the fact that the volumes are by no means of equal merit, and that they even at their best show a certain incapacity for connected thought and reasoning. But after all abatement the merit of her best devotional writing is so rare, and the appreciation of this class of literature has so markedly increased, that we believe a revival of interest in her works cannot be far distant. It happens, opportunely, that an authorised biography has recently appeared from the pen of the Rev. William Dorling. Although the book might perhaps have been improved by a more orderly arrangement, it is a work of interest and value, and the writer has done his part with taste and complete self-suppression. Through the kindness of Miss Greenwell's accomplished literary executrix, Mrs. Waite, of The Vicarage, Norham-on-Tweed, I have been allowed to use, for the purposes of the following sketch, the manuscripts left by her, consisting mainly of the note-books into which she copied the beautiful quotations she delighted in, and in which she wrote the successive drafts of her poems.

Dora Greenwell was born at Greenwell Ford, in the county of Durham, in 1821. Like several other poets and poetesses of our time, the name by which she is known does not correspond exactly to that of her baptism, which was Dorothy, that being her mother's name. Her father was a man of position and wealth, and the first days of her life passed amidst surroundings she never ceased to love, and in the society of a cultured circle of friends, prominent among whom was Surtees, who has been immortalised by Scott. But reverses came, and the family were obliged to leave the ancestral home. The loss was borne very cheerfully; but Dora always felt it to be great. Henceforward, as she said, ends met, and no more; before they could be tied in a bow. On leaving Greenwell Ford, in 1848, she went with her brother (now Canon Greenwell, whose reputation as an antiquary is world-wide) to Ovingham Rectory, in Northumberland, and there she busied herself in good works amongst the people of her brother's charge, and in literature. Ovingham and Prudhoe are interesting not only from their natural beauty, but from their connection with Bewick, the great engraver. Her poems and note-books of this period show that the religious interests, afterwards so intense, were less engrossing, alike in her studies and in her writings. She published about this time a volume of poems, which was well received, and speedily followed by another. The book was issued by Mr. William Pickering, and is a very good specimen of his tasteful style. We are not aware that any of the poems in these volumes have taken a very notable place among her works.

In a short time she followed another brother, the Rev. Alan Greenwell, into surroundings less congenial. He had been appointed the first rector of Golborne, in Lancashire, a place which offered abundant opportunities for hard and self-denying work, but which otherwise could not be called very attractive. Here she laboured diligently amongst girls and young men, and gained the hearts of her brother's parishioners. Ill-health, however, compelled both her brother and herself to leave this trying field. Mr. Dorling mentions here very slightly a name that has become well known, that of Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, then Miss Grey, of whose father, John Grey, of Dilston, Mr. Myers has said that his very name "calls up

Northumberland, the valley of the rushing Tyne, its blown and rainy hills." Perhaps the close intimacy which existed for many years between Miss Greenwell and this friend, and which is on permanent record in "The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven," might have been more fully dwelt on. Some of the most remarkable passages in these works are by Mrs. Butler, and to her is dedicated "The Patience of Hope" in words that convey the strongest feeling of indebtedness.

In 1854 she entered on what was in many respects the most important period of her life. She settled down in Durham with her mother in the neighbourhood of many friends. Her health had already broken down, and never afterwards was robust; but there remained to her years of much activity, usefulness, and true happiness. Durham was in many ways a congenial home. To many it still appears the most beautiful city in England. Few views can compare with that of the City, Cathedral, and Castle as seen from the railway on a day when the sunshine falls abundant on the deep green grass. When she came to live there the former splendour of the city had somewhat waned—the days when the Prince Bishop held sway, when the church was in its glory, and all the neighbourhood was enriched by its gold, had passed—and instead there had come a large development of the mineral resources of the district. Neither the one change nor the other sufficed to obliterate the main characteristics of the place. The town continued small, and, from the presence of the University and the Cathedral, retained to a great extent its atmosphere of culture and refinement. It would be difficult at the present day to match the chapter of Durham, and the fame and success of the University are constantly growing. It would be invidious to mention names, but it is well known that some of the most brilliant and cultured men of the day still dwell, as in Dora Greenwell's time, under the shadow of the great Norman church. With these she was in full intimacy, and, although doubtless at times she felt the comparative narrowness of the sphere in which she moved, there are abundant proofs that her days in Durham were passed in quiet happiness.

From a note-book we extract the following striking passage:—

"May 15th.—An evening of incomparable beauty. When I went about seven o'clock to dine at Mr. Ashwell's everything was steeped in balm and radiance, and as I drove along in the fly a strange, wholly

ideal sensation, which I have not felt for years and years, came across me. I felt as if I was young and full of blissful expectancy and wonder. Very quiet and dream-like, I seemed to be passing into an enchanted region where all had become magical without ceasing to be familiar. The market-place was filled with clear, golden sunlight; the shops, the strange old houses, the militiamen standing gossiping and lounging at the doors of the public-houses, reminded me of some story of Hoffman's, where a strange alluring *diablerie* lies hidden under quiet matter-of-fact prose. Everybody is chatting, smoking, idling; yet the student who is passing may be a Rosicrucian, the wandering wizard pedlar who is crying his wares so cheerily may be ready to buy your soul. You feel there is a spell abroad. The only thing that broke it was the plain, care-worn, hard faces of some of the middle-aged women, who were as plain as people only can be in the North of England,—unrelieved, unpathetic plainness. When I turned out of the street towards the river, the castle, and cathedral, and the woods opposite were stepping out of a golden mist, the fields looked like the delectable ones in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'"

All around Durham are scenes of exquisite beauty. We borrow another passage from a note-book:—

"The wood opened its very heart and took us into it, as a friend sometimes does who could not be the same again if he tried. Never since I was a little girl, or even then, have I felt anything in the aspect of outward nature that brought me so near heaven, and so fully into the presence of God, as the incomparable softness, stillness, and splendour of the evening. The wood seemed all our own: no flower bloomed, no bird sang, the river was so shallow it was almost silent; it was a world of green silence and of golden sunlight trickling through the thick leaves, glittering on the river, gleaming on the crags above us, the trees standing out in clear rounded masses, with nothing of the dark gloom of summer about them, but soft and burnished as if the woods had ripened along with the corn."

One other extract we take from a neighbouring page, describing a remarkable dream:—

"I felt myself in the air in the midst of, and as it were part of, a most vehement storm and fury of wind and rain, whether in the body or out of it I could not tell; but life seemed to stream from me at a thousand points, and every one of them to be charged with absolute ecstasy as it made the rush into the keen tingling blast."

Here, it may be remarked that her style in journal writing and correspondence was singularly free and unburdened. In her prose writings, with perhaps a single exception, "The Life of Lacordaire," she is so anxious to make full use of her rich treasure of quotations, and to "load every rift of her subject with ore," that the style often moves heavily, as if bound with golden fetters.

The associations of Durham could not fail to interest her. One we have not seen mentioned is, that Jane Anne Porter and her sister, well known once as the writers of the

highly melodramatic "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," lived for years in the very street where she had her home.

Early in her Durham life she formed an association with Edinburgh through the late Mr. Constable, the well-known publisher, which yielded her great delight. Mr. Constable's kind and generous nature, his deep interest in the work of his authors, and his sympathy with all forms of religious earnestness, made him a very genial friend, and Dora soon became much attached to the whole family circle. For Scotland she had a true and cordially-avowed love. We have much in Mr. Dorling's volume of her correspondence with another Scotch friend, Mr. William Knight, now Professor Knight, of St. Andrew's, whose influence over Miss Greenwell is plainly apparent. We find from her note-books that, while owing much to Mr. Knight, she by no means adopted all his opinions. Mentioning his theory of prayer, that it brings spiritual but not physical blessings, she says, "After all deductions, we must believe far more: we must not put a limit where Scripture places absolutely none." In 1860 she finished what is by far her best work, "The Patience of Hope," which was followed by "A Present Heaven," "Two Friends," and "Colloquia Crucis." The first is the best, perhaps because it is the first. Its main faults are very easily perceived—the disconnectedness to which we have previously alluded. To discuss Miss Greenwell's philosophy, as if she had elaborated a rigid system for herself, is absurd. The fit reader will be content with the numerous aphorisms and pregnant sayings which abound in her works. "The Patience of Hope" was taken to the heart of many readers in this country, but perhaps found its warmest welcome in America. We have before us a carefully preserved letter from the poet Whittier, in which he writes of it as follows:—

"Thy little book, 'The Patience of Hope,' has been read and re-read by my sister and myself. I say nothing of its extraordinary literary merit, its peculiar felicities of expression and illustration, but with us it holds a place with Fenelon, and a Kempis, and Woolman's Journal, and with Theologica Germanica, which Luther prized next to the Bible. But for this unhappy Civil War it would have been republished by my good friends, Ticknor and Field, of Boston. If thou hast no objection, I hope to be able to have an edition of 'The Patience of Hope' printed here. I know it is just the word which many souls are hungering for. I enclose, as thou requested, a picture of myself—a poor photograph of last year. I have a larger one better, but it is not convenient to send it. Would it be too much to ask for the face of the author of 'The

Patience of Hope'? Not only my sister and myself, but many others who have read my copy of the book, would be glad to see it."

Mr. Whittier did publish the book, and no doubt its welcome in America was all the more enthusiastic because of the throes of agony with which the nation was then convulsed. There is little if any sign of flagging in her next book, "A Present Heaven," though, as she said, "The 'Patience of Hope' contains the thing I was born to do as regards writing;" but "Two Friends," published in 1862, and "Colloquia Crucis," published in 1871, are less valuable, though quite noteworthy. They repeat, to a considerable extent, the characteristic thoughts of their predecessors.

What is most notable about Miss Greenwell's devotional works—what was most notable about her mind generally—is a certain dauntless catholicity. All writers of all schools, however remote in thought or time, possessed by deep spiritual conviction, she recognises as kindred. Her manuscripts show that her studies embraced a singularly wide range of authors, and that she borrowed from each what impressed and moved herself.

Her Church sympathies were equally wide. With the Church of Rome she had strong affinities, but from it also many equally strong repulsions. Yet she repeatedly confessed to priests, and professed to derive much benefit from the practice. Her last book is dedicated to Messrs. Moody and Sankey. With all this she remained all her life steadfastly attached to the Church of England. It is not surprising that of what is called dogma her books contain very little. After much effort to find a satisfactory theory of the Atonement, she takes refuge in Robert Hall's saying—a saying often repeated and very dear to her—"The revelation contained in the Scriptures extends only to facts, not to the theory of these facts or their original causes. We are taught, on the testimony of Him who cannot lie—insulated facts which we cannot connect with those reasons with which they are undoubtedly connected in the Divine mind." And yet her failure to construct a theory of the Atonement in no way weakened her passionate faith in the fact. Her belief in the Atonement was to her like the blue flower in the German legend, which, when found, admitted to every guarded treasure, that, without the possession of it, would have been closed up. We cannot but think that in a time like ours, when rigidly constructed schemes of doctrine are felt more

and more to be unsatisfactory and insecure, while the power and blessedness of the life of faith are ever more solicitously desired, such books as Dora Greenwell's surely have a work to accomplish. It is unfortunate that they are at present out of print; but this can only be a brief obscuration.

In Durham she interested herself much in philanthropic work, especially in the gaol, where her brother was chaplain, and amongst imbeciles. In one of her note-books she speaks of a great awakening amongst her gaol class: "Teaching among them became quite a different thing from what it had been during my former six years of gaol experience, so that I often wondered both at them and myself. The powers of the world seemed to be so much more real, felt, acknowledged, inquired into, not as mere technicalities of another world, but as bearing on the life that now is." Her labours for the imbecile are fully detailed by Mr. Dorling.

On the death of her mother she removed to Clifton, about which she writes in a note-book: "About Clifton and Bristol there is a cheerful, happy, unconscious, and thoroughly unpretentious trace of vulgarity which belongs to their charm, and in some degree makes it, and I suppose is connected with red-brick houses, four-walled gardens, and the sense of substantial *bien-être* they convey, lifted into poetry by a feeling of old English pleasantness. I found all these symbols in a nosegay just brought in—stocks, single and double; pinks, southernwood, a few heartseases, ribbon grass, and variegated mint." Her stay in Clifton was not long, and she

removed ultimately to London, where she enjoyed the society of many friends, although her health was very feeble. She died there in 1882. Amongst her other works should be especially mentioned "*Carmina Crucis*," by far the most striking and individual volume of her poems. Her "*Life of Lacordaire*" is as a piece of literature very admirable, but her inability to sympathise with the subject in some of his most characteristic feelings and convictions to some extent mars its value. Of her essays the most remarkable is one on "*Popular Religious Literature*," in which she scathingly exposes the main blots on the current evangelical literature of the day—blots which it is fair to say are more and more disappearing.

The dauntless catholicity, to which we have already referred as the most striking characteristic of her mind, was especially apparent in the range of her literary appreciation. Amongst the last letters she wrote was one of cordial appreciation to Mr. Martin Tupper. Long before she had quoted his comment on the emerald rainbow in heaven—"the green memorial of earth." Other preferences were happily less disputable; we need only mention the generous warmth with which she recognised the merits of her literary sisters—E. B. Browning, Jean Ingelow, Christina G. Rossetti, and many others. Her friendships with these added greatly to the happiness of her life.

Dora Greenwell has left not only the memory of a singularly sweet and gracious personality, but work which, as we believe, has permanently enriched the literature of the Christian Church.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

UP THE NIGER TO THE CENTRAL SUDAN.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH MASAI LAND," ETC.

LETTER II.—BY STEAM LAUNCH TO RABBA.

"IN THE NIGER DELTA,

"March 20th.

"I THINK I cannot do better than commence this letter by describing to you the conditions under which I write. Imagine me, then, if you can, in such cool ease as a singlet and a pair of pyjamahs can give in the melting heat of the Niger—a heat im-

[NOTE.—The illustrations to this article are from photos; the first four by W. J. Seago, the last two by the Author. A sketch map of the country will be found on page 116.]

measurably enhanced in this case by my situation. I sit in the small cabin of the National African Company's steam launch *Français*, and immediately behind the boilers. The consequence is that I am drenched, and almost blinded, with perspiration. And though my costume may be easy, I am far from being in the pleasant condition of mind suggested thereby—a martyr, as I am, to prickly heat, and my temper and thoughts upset by the truly demon-like onslaughts of a large fly. If, then, you discover confusion

in my sentences, or something wrong with my grammar, you will know the cause. So much by way of preliminary personalities.

"I am writing on a small table, or rather shelf, in the cabin of the *Français*, midst the deafening noise of the machinery, which rattles and clangs with the self-assertiveness of a dozen ocean steamers. As if that were

language of a certain degree of strength would be to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air,' as they would take your order to be only a suggestion, and neglect it accordingly.

"I wish I could adequately describe to you the panoramic scene that opens before us as the *Français* surges its way up stream.

I think with delighted surprise how very different it all is from what my fancy had painted it. No longer do I imagine it as 'the white man's grave;' for in one short day we have passed from the foul swamps, pestilential marshes, and malodorous atmosphere which mark the mouth of the river, and somehow have become associated in the public mind with the whole of the Niger. We are now far beyond the mangroves, and in the midst of a primeval forest of utmost density. Magnificent silk cotton trees vie in height with other trees of equal beauty. Mixed with the larger forest growths, and clear from the almost impenetrable tangle, are palm-oil trees, in groups or extending like plantations along the river's banks. Now we pass a clearing devoted to sugarcane, beans, or yams. Anon we descry a native village of quadrangular-shaped huts, built on piles, looking squalidly picturesque in their state of disrepair, and yet cosy withal in their bosky corner of the dark, protecting forest, relieved by a few cocoa-nut palms among the huts.



Silk cotton tree.

not enough, alongside the *Français* is lashed a smaller, though equally fussy, launch, while our other side is supported by a long, narrow, steel barge. You can easily imagine that we thus form an imposing flotilla, as with uproarious din we rouse the echoes of the primeval forest, and frighten away the monkeys and other arboreal inhabitants far into the depths. Occasionally I hear the agent in charge giving orders, and every now and then consigning an unhappy delinquent to a warmer region than even the Niger. You may possibly shake your head at such a remark, but you must remember that you are an "untraveller traveller." To give an order to West-Coast natives unspiced with

lied by a few cocoa-nut palms among the huts. As we approach these villages, the boys gambolling in the water, naked as the day they were born, cease their game and shout with glee; women, washing themselves or drawing water from the river, add to the shrill chorus, while others, carrying children, and with great, repulsive, pendent breasts, come rushing out from the huts. The men, more calm, stand in groups and discuss our passage, recalling the days, doubtless, when they would have sent a shower of bullets after such obtrusive invaders of their territories. Others, on trade intent, rush down to their canoes, and alternately wave fish in the air and paddle

vigorously their canoes. We pass them by indifferent, however, and smile at their rude craft, and their puny efforts to overtake us, as ceaselessly, with clang and puff, we cut our way up the stream. The chief communication between the various villages and plantations seems to be by canoe. These we pass incessantly; some gliding easily down stream and swiftly disappearing, others laboriously being paddled against the rapid current, speedily to be left behind, while it seems as if the discordant cries of the monkeys from the forest were in derision of the miserable efforts of the natives. Here and there we can see the people at the various occupations required even by a barbarous race; some are repairing with puddled mud, or re-thatching their houses in anticipation of the coming wet season, others are mending canoes; some fish, and others are seen preparing the oil from the palm-oil fruit. The care of the plantations appears to fall entirely to the women.

"The interest of the scene, however, is not entirely concentrated on the land—the Niger itself often invites our attention. Now it lies gleaming, a beautiful lake isolated apparently by two sharp turns of the channel; a strip of golden sand surrounds the deceptive sheet, islands dot its surface, and the dark forest hems it all in, as a fit frame to enhance the beauties of the picture. Again, far ahead, the river can be traced in its serpentine course, forming a silvery path, varied and broken up by projecting sandbanks and islands, while canoes, paddled in all directions, give life to the scene. An invigorating breeze blows down the river, and makes the trees sigh and quiver.

"Every hour opens up to us some new phase of the Niger kaleidoscope; indeed, given a noble river, a primeval forest, some barbarous natives, with their huts and their canoes, and a tropical atmosphere, and the charming effects producible are endless. Such are the chief conditions under which we push our way northward towards the Sudan.

"But we are not without incidents and sights which stir us more deeply, and send the blood coursing more rapidly through our veins. As we pass some still, deep reach or breakwater there is sure to be a commotion among the men on board, followed by an excited shout of 'Thomson, bring your rifle! quick!' or perhaps an open-mouthed negro rushes in to tell me that a hippo. 'live there.' Of course down goes the pen, and laying hold of my rifle I hurry outside, only to see

for a moment an insignificant black object, a good way off, on the surface of the water, which is all that is discernible of the bulky 'river horse.' Before the distance is judged and the sight taken, down goes the head and a series of concentric ripples is all that remains, and it is not till we are far ahead that a deep-toned grunt tells us that that hippo. is not to be shot this time.

"Still the *Français* toils onward, and I resume my epistolary work; but not for long. A crocodile is the next object to raise excitement, and I hasten out as usual. I descry only what looks like a stranded and rotting log of wood on the edge of the sandbank. Our glasses tell another tale, however, and, without compunction, the rifle is levelled at the repulsive creature. Almost simultaneously with the report there is to be seen a sudden animation of the apparent log; either it springs, splashing, into the water, or it slowly wriggles round and calmly glides out of sight. In the former case probably both its *siesta* and its life are at an end. We stop not to examine; and I dive once more into the cabin.

"But enough about my immediate surroundings and the sights that meet my eye whenever the gnats make me throw down my pen in a temper, or drive me outside the cabin to cool down mentally and bodily.

"But now you want no doubt to learn something more positive about my movements. Well, then, let us return mentally to Akassa. You will remember that my last letter left me at the headquarters of the Niger trade. As nothing could be done there to further the objects of the expedition beyond getting together and packing for portage some necessary personal stores, we remained only three days, and on the 18th of March we went on board the *Français*.

"Before I go farther let me tell you who the 'we' are. I don't think I have hitherto mentioned the existence of my friend Mr. H——, who is to accompany me to Sokoto. From what I have seen of him, I think he will be a capital companion. Then there is Mr. Sargent, second in command on the river, and who has spent some ten years on it. He accompanies us a certain distance to give us the benefit of his experience and authority in organizing and starting our caravan. The only other European is myself, and as I need no introduction to you, I shall simply make my bow and resume my narrative.

"It had rained every day since we landed, and it poured 'cats and dogs' when we left,

so we were by no means sorry when we saw the last of Akassa.

"For the first hour our way lay up the broad lake-like expansion of the Nun mouth of the Niger. Nearing its northern extremity, we appeared for a moment to be heading insanely into the mangrove, with wreck and disaster as the probable result, when an opening suddenly appeared. Into that we sped, to be engulfed in an apparently intermingled stretch of swamp, with only a silvery network of open water to relieve the monotony.

"As we steamed along I could hardly bring myself to recognise in this narrow current the Niger of my imagination, with its mighty volume of water from the far north. Here

was only a stream about fifteen feet deep, and not more than thirty yards broad.

True, there was swamp enough, and no end of magnificent mangrove-trees. Of course a moment's thought told me that this was only one of the numerous branches into which the Niger is broken as it approaches the sea. Thus satisfied that no fraud was being played upon me, I

seated myself with restored equanimity and began speculating upon the importance of the much-reviled mangrove. I felt a strong desire to rehabilitate it in the eyes of the world, and after serious thought I unburdened myself to my companions of these conclusions. But for the mangrove the Niger could by no means be entered from the sea, and where now lies the pestiferous delta there would be one great shifting series of shallows across which no mariner would venture. The reasons are patent. The mangrove, with its numerous aerial roots springing from the stem, has made the delta. It has laid hold of the mud and bound it together, and by breaking the

force of the current caused it to precipitate its load of sediment, thus making the land grow seaward. By the same means the mangrove has compelled the current to fall into certain channels at the same time, increasing the scour, and so keeping them open and deep enough for vessels of considerable draught to pass.

"Satisfied with the effect of these sage theories, I resumed my examination of the river's banks in quest of further material for reflection. I soon became absorbed in watching the gradual change from the swamp to the dry land. First there was the mangrove and nothing else, alternately exposed as pestilential swamp or covered by water, according to the state of the tide. Next,

after a few hours' steaming, we reached a part where land appeared on a level with the highest tides. Here the mangrove showed a less vigorous growth, indicating less congenial conditions, while some palms and hardy bushes and creepers began to mix with the former. Every mile made the transformation more marked, the land a few inches higher. There were

more of terrene trees and shrubs and ferns, and more insignificant mangroves, till finally they disappeared altogether, and a perfectly impenetrable mass of land-loving, arborescent plants usurped the entire space. Still for many miles it was noticeable that the forest trees were small, and suggested more a rude tangle than anything else, and it was only after we had got well up the river that the forest acquired its ideal tropical type.

"It became very apparent as we went upward that the river was rapidly increasing in volume, in breadth, and in depth, coincidentally with the heightening of the banks. This heightening appeared as if it had been the gradient of a railway, so evenly did it



Natives on the banks.



Our Quarters at Abutahi.

rise in elevation, indicating that the less divided the river was, the higher did it rise during the floods of the wet seasons, for everywhere the delta is then submerged. Along with the rise of the banks, another development of the scene became apparent to the eyes. Signs of inhabitants appeared. For the first eight hours of steaming not the faintest trace of man was discernible. The river remained unenlivened by anything in the shape of canoes. Not a break in the wall of verdure suggested a plantation. A few water birds and an occasional monkey cry alone proclaimed the presence of anything animate. Towards evening, however, we first passed a deserted fishing-weir, then an old plantation, next a new clearing, and immediately afterwards a canoe with two women paddling homeward. At last towards sunset we sighted a couple of villages.

"Presently we anchored for the night, to be driven right speedily under our mosquito curtains by the swarms of insect pests which soon assailed us. We tried at first a modification of Mark Twain's plan for dealing with such torments. That is to say, we lighted the lamps on the launch, and then sneaked on shore, hoping that the superior attractions of the lights would keep them occupied, but we found that they were too 'cute' for us, and we had to beat an ignominious retreat.

"Our third and fourth days' steaming have been marked by new and somewhat unexpected developments; and now the full volume of the Niger lies before us, with nothing to detract from its majestic unity. The banks rise from twenty to thirty feet

above the low-water mark, and an expanse of gleaming water and dazzling yellow sand of from a mile to a mile and a half broad, stretches between.

"As mile succeeds mile in our onward course, a new factor appears on the scene. Everywhere we see signs that this river, which a few years ago was the happy hunting ground of the modern knight-errant, is now in the hands of the trader, and instead of being exclusively occupied in rolling down its 'golden sand,' bears now very largely on its broad bosom a golden freight of a different character, I mean palm oil. No doubt there will soon be a new Shakespeare with modern views who will shout,

'A floo for your trade and trade depression,
I speak of Africa and golden oil.'

"I cannot, however, help raising a sigh at this unhallowed intrusion into savage nature.

"I promised myself to have much to tell you of unadulterated natives with queer customs and dangerous ways, of romantic scenes and exciting adventures, of hardships cheerfully encountered and difficulties overcome. All these hopes are becoming apparently more and more remote. Almost daily the stentorian screws of steamers break the stillness of the primeval forest, drive the hippo and the crocodile from their noonday haunts, and the monkey and the leopard into the far arboreal depths. At every few miles you see the graceless front of a factory with its 'philistine' corrugated iron, white-washed walls and European form, glaring forth unblushingly from the 'cathedral gloom' of the forest. You land at a district-agent's residence, and are met not by pic-

turesque brigand-like 'palm-oil ruffians,' but by prosaic fellows in 'biled shirts' of the latest pattern, dazzlingly white, and stiff with starch. You are asked to admire their two-story house with its mahogany furniture, and a garden is exhibited, laid out in English fashion, with shady arbours, and no end of sunflowers. A generous 'spread' in the wilderness is then placed before you, which by its variety and amount would make a careful housekeeper at home stare.

"Finding all this too common, you hurry out as quickly as possible, resolved to find consolation in a study of the natural man in the shape of the Niger negro. The result is only confusion worst confounded. You discover that the erewhile negro has degenerated into a *nigger*, bids you 'Good morning,' and wears a lawn-tennis hat with a sunflower embroidered on it—the latest fashion on the river. The only fact which saves him from your withering contempt is the thought that he is a cannibal and likes his meat 'high,' and otherwise has a number of queer social customs. Poor, miserable creatures the Niger niggers are, with half-starved bodies which tell that they have a hard battle with nature, and with a wild and restless look and expression that proves them to have an equally hard struggle for existence with their fellow-men. I saw but little of them, so I won't attempt any further description. In time, doubtless, the cementing influence of trade may draw together the congeries of tribes into which the natives of Lower River are divided, and they may find that it is for their best interests that their mutual feuds should be laid aside and that they should live in peace. Not till then will the fertile lands of the Lower Niger yield their richest fruits, and teem, as they should, with plenty. The present prospect is certainly most hopeful. A very considerable change has taken place already; and without doubt, when the British Government has properly tackled with its responsibilities as Protector of the region, and appointed representatives to deal authoritatively in the feuds of the people, a still more thorough advance may be expected.

"I cannot leave this subject without touching on another topic. In my last letter you will remember in what strong terms I spoke of the traffic in gin and other spirits on the coast. With great pleasure I have noticed a vast change for the better as we proceed inland; and now, at such places as Abutshi, it is quite a pleasure to look through the warehouses and note the immense stores of bales of cloth along with a great variety

of European hardware, and the relatively insignificant supply of gin. This auspicious change is due entirely to the enlightened conduct of the Company, who are strenuously doing all they can to suppress the traffic and repair the sins of the old system of trading. At present they cannot absolutely stop the traffic, and they prudently give way a little to the fierce appetites of the people, as to do otherwise would only be to invite into the river the most unprincipled of traders, who would supply the poor wretches with the fiery drink to their heart's content, and ruin any attempt at introducing a legitimate trade or a desire for better things. It certainly deserves to be placed on record that at the late Berlin Conference the National African Company showed their philanthropic views and policy by originating a motion, through Sir E. Malet, that the introduction of spirits into the Niger should be absolutely prohibited by international edict. To the shame of Germany be it said, that through her strenuous opposition this motion was not carried. Doubtless, but for the fact that the Niger is at present worked by only one Company, that district, like many parts of the coast, would be deluged by the shameful traffic. Since I have seen the methods of the Company, I am proud to think that at least anything I may do for the opening up of the country will be utilised for the introduction of useful articles.

"This latter part of my letter I am writing in the comfortable quarters of Abutshi, an important depot near the better-known district of Onitsha. A photo which I send you of the dwelling-house and garden will convey to you some idea of the aspect of a trader's house on the river.

"At this point we are at the apex of the delta, or, at least, of the low alluvial plain which the mud of the Niger, aided by the mangrove, has gradually built up. The river is here quite a mile and a half broad, though at present it is much contracted by sandbanks and islands. It must be a magnificent sheet of water when the river is in flood, rising as it does over twenty feet. Steamers of several hundreds of tons' burden reach Abutshi safely at all times of the year.

* * * * *

"LOKOJA, March 28th.

"I write once more in the cool comfort of an unromantic trader's house, this time at Lokoja. Around me circle picturesque table-topped sandstone hills, and before me spreads a gleaming sheet of water, its glassy expanse relieved by green grassy islands, and extend-

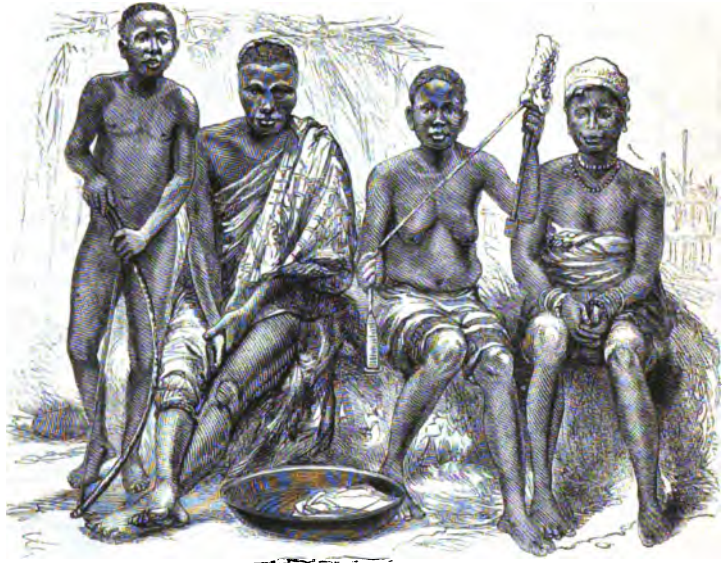
ing some miles across to the Mountains, which bound the view to the south-east. Here the dark volume of the Benué (the "mother of waters") meets the grey stream of the Kworra or Niger, to intermingle and sweep southward in one noble river, through primeval forest, alluvial plain, and mangrove swamp, till it enters the Atlantic. I require but to lift my eyes from where I sit in the shady verandah to note the one from the east and the other from the north, intermingling in one common volume.

"I need say but little as to how we got here. The description of my second day's steaming tells you nearly all that can be told of Niger scenery, as seen in the hasty glimpses we could get during our progression upward. After leaving Abutshi the country became a little more irregular, presenting here and there a cliff along the banks. The navigation became more intricate owing to the breadth of the river and the numerous sandbanks, which occupied large areas. Snags were not uncommon. It was noticeable, also, that the forest became less luxuriant and more open; that the country was more densely populated. Large cleared tracts told also of a successful attempt by man to wrest for himself the fruits of the earth from her fertile bosom.

"On the 25th we bade adieu to the reeking plains and withal monotonous landscape, and entered a picturesque section of lofty table-topped mountains, which delight the eye by their varied shapes and rugged fronts, here stern and threatening in bare precipices, there smiling and beautiful with their groups of trees and creepers. But this part, though delightful to us, was anything but pleasant for our skipper, whose whole thoughts were absorbed by the dangers of the navigation. Everywhere lay hidden rocks, made more dangerous by currents of great strength, which had brought many a launch and steamer to grief before. We passed safely,

however, and on the night of the 25th we reached Lokoja.

"Next day we were joined by the 'King of the Niger,' Captain D. McIntosh, a man unknown to fame, and yet one who has done more to make the Niger commercially what it is than any other man living. As head agent of the Company he has performed marvels by his indomitable perseverance, tact, and courage, and while preserving a truly admirable discipline among the agents and clerks, he has made himself the object of their devotion. I should like to say much of him, for his modesty is equal to his worth, and if nobody sings his praises he will content himself with the thought that virtue is its own reward. But I must hurry on with



A Family Scene (Woman spinning Cotton).

my story, and wait for another time to tell you all about him.

"The period of action has now commenced, and it has become necessary to form some idea of our situation and plans for the future. I have heard with regret that Mr. McIntosh cannot go with us. His very name would have worked miracles; but he has other work demanding his attention, and he has been so good as to say that he considers the mission safe in my hands.

"It is clearly seen on consideration, that if the slightest hint of the nature of our enterprise leaks out, we may expect the keenest opposition from the King of Nupé, who, though a vassal of the Sultan of Gandu, yet

contrives to keep his suzerain completely in the dark with regard to the Company, and pockets the handsome presents made to him every year. He will accordingly scent mischief to himself in any mission from the Company to Gandu; and his power is such that, without even recourse to open force, he could apparently stop all attempts to pass forward.

"It has been thought better, therefore, that I should proceed simply as a traveller,

assisted by the Company in his desire to see the country and people.

"The next conclusion we have arrived at is the necessity of passing up the river as quickly and as quietly as possible—to take every one by surprise, in fact. To this end it has been considered desirable not to risk the certain waste of time that would ensue if we tried to engage native porters; and so it has been determined that the factory labourers, who come mostly from Elmina,



Akra, and Brass, should be employed for this purpose. We have already collected a considerable number, and more are to be got farther up river.

"The goods we require for the caravan are now being selected and put on board the launch. An Arab born in Bornu has been engaged as an Arab interpreter. An ex-missionary, now a clerk of the Company, has also been added to our staff as second Houssa interpreter, besides two Houssas, as cashier and head horseboy respectively. Then—last, not least—a new companion has joined us in the person of W. J. Seago, a young fellow who has already spent seven

years on the Niger without boasting of a de-ranged liver.

"To-morrow we resume our voyage. Meanwhile we have hard work to engage our attention in the making-up of loads and otherwise advancing our preparations. We have now left the barbarous pagan region behind, and before us extend the great Mohammedan States of the Central Sudan. Lokoja is the southern outpost of Islamism and the commencement of the Gandu Sultanate. Already we see the influence of that religion in the accompanying civilisation which marks its professors, and I look forward with as much interest to a study of the influence of

the Mohammedans on the heathen of the interior, as I once did to the influence of the Christian on the fetish worshippers of the coast.

"RABBA, April 9th.

"I write in a hurry, and under all the ex-



Yoruba trader.

citement of the fact that to-morrow we commence our land journey. Under the circumstances I must be brief, as I am thoroughly tired, and there is much to be done yet to complete our preparations. The best news I can give you is this, that we have hoodwinked Maliké, King of Nupé, and while he is complacently imagining me to be gathering together a caravan of native porters—a work which would require months, as he knows—we are here with nearly one hundred and twenty men, a dozen horses, and everything ready for the march. The chiefs and headmen are dumbfounded, as they are without instructions from the capital. While they do not assist us they place no obstacles in our way, though their suspicions are aroused by the fact that we have no king's messenger to conduct us. Meanwhile Bida, the capital, is several days' journey from here, and before instructions can be brought back we will be out of their reach.

"We left Lokoja on the 28th, still under the guidance of Mr. Sargent. Launches and barges alike were crowded with porters. I can assure you there was no more sitting about in deck chairs watching the changing scenery. We had to set to in dead earnest making up loads in the small hold of the launch. One might as well have worked in a baker's oven, for the heat was simply terrific. To avoid heat apoplexy we had to

come up every few minutes, gasping for air, and soaking with perspiration.

"In these intervals we got time to notice that the Niger now flowed in a deep valley, cut out of the plateau, the escarpments of which rise very precipitously, while between them and the true channel lay strips of low plain flooded during the wet season. The view was sometimes very picturesque, though there was now a noticeable disappearance of dense forest.

"On the 31st we reached the important town of Egga, where we picked up a native agent named D. Viera, who is to be our chief interpreter, as well as buyer and seller in such transactions as may be necessary. A letter was left here to be forwarded to the King of Nupé at Bida, to say that the traveller Thomson was passing at present, but would give himself the pleasure of calling on his return. We were off at dawn, so no one knew of our extensive preparations.

"As we wanted, if possible, to get a number of Husa or Yoruba porters, we landed at Lafiaji, an important trading centre, but found it would be useless to spend time in the attempt. The same fate met us at Shunga, a town notable as the scene of the death of the naturalist Forbes a few months previously. The sight that interested me most at this place was that of the Yoruba men and Nupé women traders. The volu-



Nupé Woman.

minous garments worn by these two classes was a sight fitted to bring tears of joy to the heart of the British trader. It occurred to me

that, as before long the forty millions of negroes on the Congo would require dresses, some idea of the kind of garment most to the advantage of the trading interests would be desirable. The thought flashed across my mind that here was the ideal dress of the negro of the future—none of your scanty European patterns, but “pants” requiring some fifteen yards of cotton, tob or gown something more, turban about thirty yards, and say ten yards of extras—in all about seventy yards, or a hundred yards for Sundays. I will not attempt to describe these native dresses, especially that of the lady; but I send you—as I find it best in all these cases—photographs of both, from which you will be able

to form an idea of the effect of the Mohammedans upon the heathen in the matter of clothes.

“But I must hurry on. We reached this place on the 8th of April, and so well had our preparations been made and our plans laid that we finished off everything to-day and to-morrow we are off.

“A word before I close. This is the last trading station, so we may expect the pure unadulterated article beyond. I have no doubt there are stirring times for us in store, though in what shape they may come I cannot say. Don’t expect another letter in a hurry, as henceforth we cut ourselves adrift from postal amenities.”

THREE SONNETS.

Suggested by Passages in Samuel Rutherford's "Trial and Triumph of Faith."

BY THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

I.

LOOK if for evermore a fair rose grew,
And if therefrom suns near yet not intense
Won out a purple-flamed opulence
Impassioning the paleness through and through
Unchangeably beneath the unchanging blue;
Then should that rose eternally from thence
Offer its beauty to the eyes and sense.
And if eternally some mother knew
Her gentle babe in malediction born,
Eternal—but eternally most weak,
Eternal—but eternally forlorn;
Then should she aye have words of ruth to speak,
And from the mother to her child of woe
For ever should the sweet compassion flow.

II.

The roses and the mothers cannot choose
But give forth what of beautiful they have,
But give forth what fair love and sunshine gave,
In tender sympathy or in delicate hues,
Soft scents eternal, love's undying dew.
And He who bore the Man's heart from earth's wave
To heaven's calm shore that He might sweetly save,
Cannot but pity as our wail renews.
Fragrant eternally were the eternal rose,
Eternal were compassion for the child;
Eternal are our sorrows in His sight;
And everlastingly compassion flows
From Him who bears Humanity undefiled—
For the infinite pathos pity infinite.

III.

Prayer is not eloquence nor measured tone,
Nor memory musical of periods fair—
The son forlorn forgetteth half his prayer.*
Faith sighs its prayers, or weeps them with long moan,

* Compare the prayer which the prodigal meditates (Luke xv. 8, 9) with that which he actually offers.

With tears that have a grammar of their own.*
 Babes have no words, but only weep or ere
 The mother reads the little hunger there.
 Faith looks its prayers. Behold! before the throne†
 There be full many love-looks of the saints,
 And David's upward glance from the earth's snow
 To God's long spring three thousand years ago
 Is mark'd in heaven's best hymn-book of complaints.
 Ah, the best prayers that faith may ever think
 Are untranslatable by pen and ink.

* The Lord has heard the voice of my weeping."—Psalm vi. 8.

† Psalm v. 3; lxxix. 8; cf. Acts vii. 55.

OUR HIGHLAND MOUNTAINS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

II.

THERE is one dominant idea in Professor Geikie's theory about the Mountains of Scotland, and that idea is, that all Earth-movements which produce Hills must take the form of waves, so that all Mountains due to them must be like petrified billows. And not only must all Hills which are born of Earth-movements bear the image of waves, but these waves must be unbroken. Over and over again he urges that Hills cannot be true Mountain Ranges unless the crests correspond with the crest of some great undulation, and unless the Valleys between them correspond with the trough of the waves. Of course this theory means that the likeness between Hills and waves must not be mere likeness in point of form. It must be due to a real wave in the rocks themselves. The beds or strata which bend up on one side of a Mountain and form its top, must bend again unbrokenly down the opposite declivity, form the bottom of the Valley, and then bend a second time upwards, so as to constitute the other side, or valley-wall. Professor Geikie avers that this is the actual structure of some of the Hills and Valleys of the Jura. It may be so; but it certainly is not the structure of many of the most typical Hills and Valleys of the Alps. I once made a careful drawing of the western side of the Valley of the Inn, immediately above the town of Innspruck, where the rock-structure of the Mountains is magnificently displayed, and where certainly the crushings, bendings, and contortions of the strata do not in the least correspond with the trend of the Valley, or of the crests, on the pattern of a wave. Yet somehow, and on some other pattern, those alpine Hills do testify to Earth-movements on a gigantic scale. The truth is, that there is not the smallest reason to suppose that all Earth-movements have been like billowy agitations on

the surface of water. And even if they have been always of that character, it would not follow that the Hills due to them should always exhibit the simple pattern of long parallel crests and troughs. Unless those Earth-waves have been always propelled in one direction, or unless they have happened once only, and have never been since disturbed—unless other like waves have never followed, running in a line not coincident with those preceding—the original troughs and hollows would be broken up into a thousand different forms. Who has not seen the effect of crossing undulations on the surface of water? The simple ridge-and-trough pattern is resolved into patterns of the most complicated kind. And if the surface of any country, or the subterranean structure of any country, were to be thrown into the form of stony billows, at different times, and by forces not always acting in one precise direction, would not the resulting Forms be even more complicated than in any liquid? Surely the result of this argument is to show that even if it were true that all Earth-movements have been billowy, it would not at all follow that they must produce Hills and Valleys corresponding with structural crests and troughs.

But there is not the smallest reason to believe that the Earth-movements which have given birth to Mountains, have always been undulatory in the sense of producing surface-waves. The great cracks and displacements in rocks, which are called "faults," do not at all give one the impression that they can be accounted for by movements of this kind. The motions produced by Earthquakes are by no means always simple undulations. They are often most curiously spiral or twisting. All movements passing through the mass of the Earth's crust may be undulatory in the sense in which Light and Heat are undulatory. But this has nothing to do with the



Ben Cruachan.

1 and 4. Granite. 2. Mica slate beds dipping steeply into lake. 3. Metamorphic slate mixed with granite. 5. Granite showing lines of joints. 6. Deep ravine, site of desperate battle between Robert the Bruce and the Lord of Lorn, 1306.

production of a wavy surface. It is said that shocks of Earthquake of the severest kind—so severe as to destroy cities—may be unfelt and unheard by those who work in mines driven deep in the rocks through which the motion must be transmitted. The whole theory, therefore, on which Professor Geikie assumes to test the agency or the non-agency of Earth-movements by the likeness or unlikeness between our Mountains and the form of waves, is a theory without foundation.

In point of fact, however, the Mountains of the Highlands do, in many cases, correspond more or less with the form of superficial waves, provided that we include the case of breakages and fractures produced by strains and tensions along the lines of bending which were too great for the materials to bear. It is wonderful what curvatures will be taken by rocks without breaking. I give here a representation of a set of curved strata which I saw many years ago on the coast of Cornwall. Here the beds are bent into a very high arch, but the cracks indicated that the

arch had been broken up, with the possible occurrence of a deep crack running down below, we should then have the perfect model of a great “anti-clinal,” and a Valley formed, with hills on either side, which would bear a very close resemblance to many of the Hills and Valleys of the Highlands. Of course the guttering of ages must be added, and with this addition, together with the crossing of many successive bendings, and of many successive crackings, and faults, we should have a resulting surface quite as complicated as any in the Highlands.

But although, so far as regards intricacy and complication, the Highland Mountains could be fully accounted for in this way, there are other features about them which convince me that Earth-movements of altogether another kind have been largely concerned in the results which we now see. Great subsidences, and fallings in of the surface, to such an extent that whole tracts of country have tumbled down to a lower level, seem to me to be clearly indicated.

Let us take the case of the long Glen or hollow which forms the bed of Loch Awe, and let us look at the relation in which it stands to the surrounding country. It begins at a point marking the south-western extremity of a great extent of Mountain country—which is indeed continuous with the whole Grampian “Range.” But the south-western extremity is marked by the Mountain of Ben Cruachan, one of the highest in Scotland. It falls steeply and abruptly into the



Rocky strata bent into an arch. Coast of Cornwall.

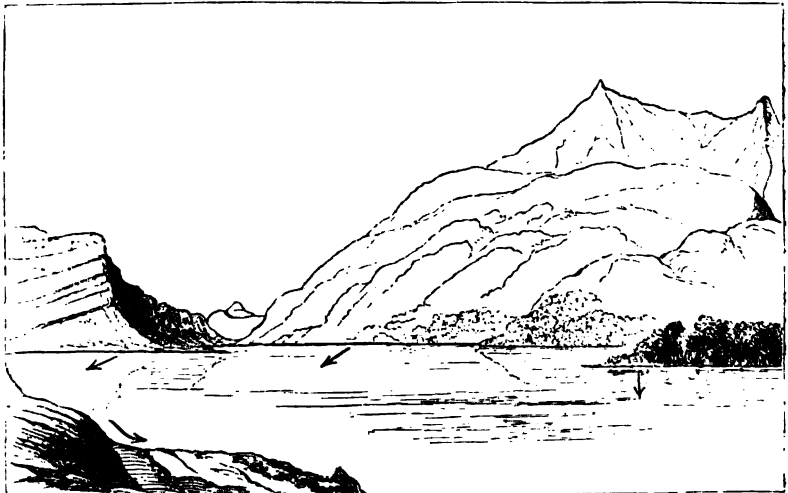
strain was very nearly too great for the cohesion of the material. Now let us suppose the cracks in this case to have widened into fractures, and that the whole crest of the

bed of Loch Awe, and into an obvious crack or fault in the rocks, through which the Lake finds its outlet to the sea. The whole tract or block of country to the Westward, lying between Loch Awe and Loch Etive, is apparently a lowered or subsided country, composed of very much the same rocks, but entirely dominated and overlooked by the great escarpment of Ben Cruachan. The section of this lower country seen at the Pass of Brander, at the base of the Mountain, presents a precipitous face dipping away from it, gaping, in fact, towards the Ben, as if it had fallen down from some old level of which the top of Cruachan is the index and the remains.

And this brings me to notice an extraordinary argument much dwelt upon by Professor Geikie in favour of his theory that all our Mountains have been merely the result of guttering. He says that there is a general average height among them all, that if we took a level touching the greater number of their tops, we should find that only a very few rise much above that level or fall much below it. This fact, he thinks, indicates that there was once a Plateau or Tableland which stood somewhere about that level; and this, he thinks, helps him greatly to the conclusion that all the Mountain Forms have been simply cut and chiselled, or dug out of this one great lumpy mass. But here again, in my opinion, the facts are not accurately stated; they do not establish or even indicate the truth of the conclusion. It is no more true of the Highland Mountains than it is of the Alps, that the tops of them are all very much on an average level. Mont Blanc, the highest Mountain in Europe, does, indeed, rise by head and shoulders above all his fellows. This I know well, from having first known that "Monarch of Mountains" by its solitary projection against a sunrise-sky, as seen from the Rhône at Lyons. But pre-

cisely the same relative pre-eminence belongs to some of the Highland Hills over all their neighbours. From the Field of Bannockburn and from the ramparts of Stirling Castle, Ben Lomond can be seen on a fine evening against golden sunsets, towering over a much lower Range. Cruachan enjoys a similar pre-eminence as seen from great distances on the Western Sea. Ben Nevis is at least double the height (4,000 ft.) of a very large proportion of the Highland Mountains. But this contrast or comparison is in reality useless for any purpose. The existence or the prevalence of an average elevation in any mountain country is quite as compatible with the theory of Earth-movements as with the theory of a guttered Plateau. The rocks have an average composition. They must oppose an average resistance to tensions and to strains, to lateral thrusts and pressures. The forces, again, to which these pressures are due, will also have an average strength and energy. These must be the two great leading factors in the result, and so in that result there can never fail to be an average of effects. Elevation from below, and guttering from above, are both operations subject to definite laws, and both of them are equally certain to have the sum of their work capable of being expressed in numbers, and these numbers will assuredly represent the elements which must be common to many cases.

Neither, in my opinion, is there any force

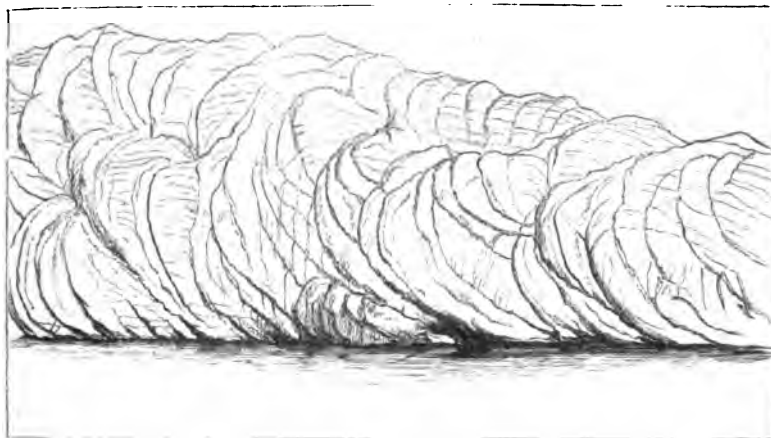


Ben Cruachan and the Pass of Brander.
Arrows show dip of beds on both sides of lake, and in island in middle.

in the argument that some Highland Mountains exhibit an outline which on every side cuts right across the bedding of the rocks.

Professor Geikie compares one of these Hills to a pile of saucers nestled one upon another—the saucers representing successive layers

that not only from their surfaces and from their summits, but from an unknown space and extent around them, there has not only



Searba, Gulf of Corebreckan. Metamorphic strata crushed and weathered.

been an immense removal of material, but, more than this, there has been the complete disappearance of a whole country. No amount of guttering will account for this great change. That part of the world as we now see it bears hardly any relation to the country which existed there in times which are geologically recent.

of rock all of which are broken off all round the Mountain. Whatever may be the difficulty of accounting for such forms of Mountain, it is certainly much more easy to do so by Earth-movements than by gutterings. It is the universal character of those cracks and subsidences in the crust of the Earth which are called Faults that they do cut sharply through the bedding of rocks. It is another characteristic that sometimes different Faults intersect each other at every variety of angle. The intervening masses of strata thus intersected may be cut off on all sides from the continuity of their own beds. If by surrounding subsidences, and by lateral thrusts beneath them, such masses of material were ever pushed up to the surface, they would present just such rude blocks as the sculpturings of Erosion might work up into the beautiful Mountain Forms which we now admire. The Geologist who admits, as we have seen, that by this very agency of Faulting, a "long wall" of precipice was actually once raised to the surface along the Great Valley of Glenmore, ought not to find any insuperable difficulty in supposing that by the same agency isolated masses and blocks of country may have been raised for the subsequent and subordinate work of his favourite tools.

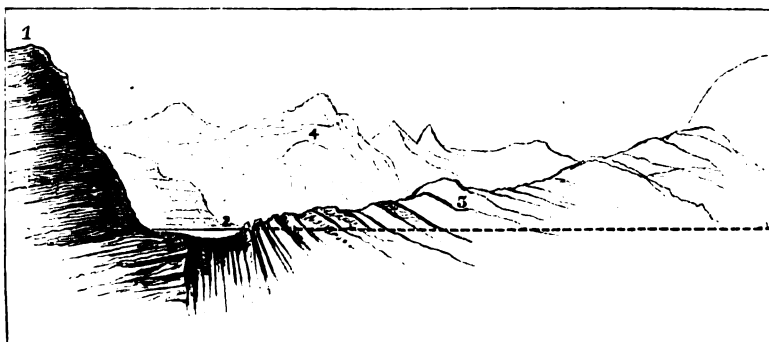
Then, what is to be said of the striking and beautiful Mountains, some of them among the highest in Scotland, which break the surface of the Inner Hebrides? They are all volcanic. It is quite true that they have been deeply guttered. It is true also

cent. It is now about twenty-five years since I was so fortunate as to discover a few beds of fossil leaves, which gave the first clue to the geological age of the great volcanic outburst of which the Inner Hebrides are the relics. We now know that there was once—in Eocene times—a great country whose surface was composed of the Oolite, and the Lias, and the Chalk. We may picture it as a country not unlike our present Yorkshire. Upon it grew great forests of a magnificent vegetation, including many plants now belonging to Japan. From underneath this country there burst—perhaps suddenly—the Subterranean Forces—Earth-movements on a tremendous scale. The whole surface was overflowed—vast sheets of lava occupied the whole, except where the Volcanic Cones raised their lofty summits amidst fire and smoke. I know of only one bit of country—a small part of Skye about Broadford, where the previous surface remains unburied. But this is only half the history of the Hebridean Mountains. The New Country established by the Volcanoes—its cones, its beds of ashes and of scoria—its volumes probably of liquid mud—all these have been removed. Even its lavas have been broken up into mere bits and fragments, which "strew the sea" with innumerable little Islets, and Rocks, and Skerries. No Geologist in his senses can suppose that all this has been done by mere guttering or without Earth-movements of an extent and of a kind which it is as yet impossible for us to follow or understand. Let us look, for

example, at the well-known precipice called the Scoor of Eigg. There is good reason to believe that this striking mass of volcanic rock is the cast of a Valley in the ancient Oolitic land—into which a lava stream was poured from the great vents of Rum. Both the sides of that Valley have disappeared, together with all the rest of the country to which it belonged. Nothing is left but the gravels of a river bed which occupied the bottom of a Glen. I do not pretend to understand the methods of a destruction so complete as this. But it is quite impossible that it can have been effected without Earth-movements of the most powerful kind.

We have much to learn yet on this branch of Geology; for the very latest operations affecting the Earth's surface are among the most mysterious with which that science is called to deal. It is curious that the very latest most remarkable discovery bearing upon the subject is one recently announced by Professor James Geikie's brother, Mr. Archibald Geikie, who is Director of the Scotch Geological Survey, and who has published to the scientific world facts respecting the Geology of the County of Sutherland which he and all his Staff regard as proving the existence of Earth-movements on an enormous scale, and of a most peculiar and unexpected character. The nature of these facts can be easily explained. Sutherland has been known for many years to present the key to the succession and age of the Metamorphic Rocks of the whole Western and Central Highlands. The Island is there comparatively narrow. The Mountains are generally so bare that the stratification can often be seen with the greatest distinctness from the summit to the base. They present, or appear to do so, a regular succession from West to East—from the oldest known rocks on the Western Coast to the Lias and Oolite on the Eastern shore. Between these two extremes there are great mountain masses which are composed of the same crystalline rocks which constitute the bulk of the High-

land Hills down to their Southern boundaries in Argyllshire and the Firth of Clyde. But this middle district of Sutherland presented many difficulties in detail, which have been the subject of keen controversy among Field Geologists for the last thirty years. The succession seemed to be broken and interrupted. Here and there beds were encountered which were quite out of their assumed natural order. Strata which belonged by their mineral composition to the very base of the whole series were unaccountably seen to lie on the top of other strata which as obviously belonged to a later age. At last all these difficulties seem to be solved. And how? By the discovery of enormous "Faults," which appear to have let down the upper rocks for thousands of feet into chasms of the Earth's crust; and then by horizontal movements of the lower beds over the top of



Loch Kishorn. Great "Fault."

1. Applecross red sandstones (Cambrian). 2. Loch Kishorn (Fault). 3. Silurian limestone beds thrown down and faulted against sandstone. 4. Mountains near Loch Maree, red sandstone, capped with white quartz.

those which had been thus cast down under their feet. In this way, whole mountain masses are described as having been shoved or pushed horizontally for distances of more than ten miles away from their natural position, straining, crushing, and altering even the very innermost mineral structure of the underlying beds, over which the tremendous weight has thus been made to pass. I do not, as yet, clearly understand the details; but the general result is intelligible enough. It reveals a new kind of operation in Dynamical Geology which throws a wholly fresh light upon the question of Mountain Forms. The West Coast of Ross-shire and Sutherland present some such Forms which are most striking, and most puzzling. Hitherto they have always been appealed to as signally striking illustrations of the mere Gutter Theory—of the wonderful effects of denudation and

erosion. It now appears that amongst those Hills there have been Earth-movements of a kind and of a degree which even the

ments, and of the subsequent work of denudation. Meantime I give a few sketches to illustrate the broken and isolated Forms into which the rocky strata have been thrown in that most interesting part of Scotland.

These Earth-movements which have been just detected are perhaps—nay, probably—of very ancient date. But there are other Earth-movements which have also been discovered very lately, that must have been among the

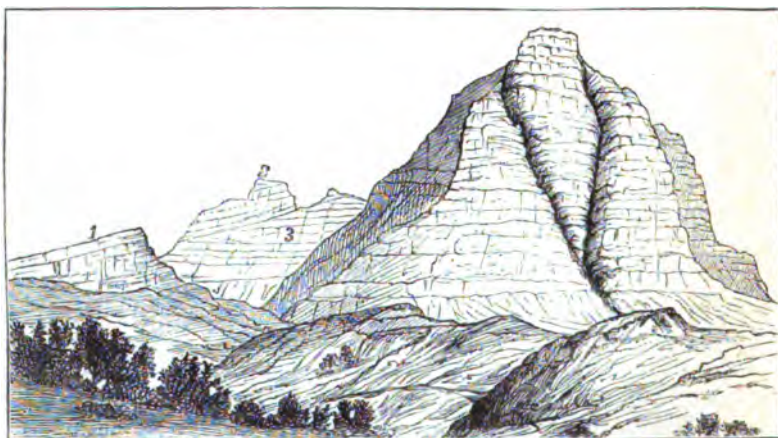


Soulvein, Assynt, Sutherland. Red Cambrian Sandstone.

1. Laurentian gneiss.

strongest believer in them had never suggested or conceived. Having often looked at some of those Hills, and often drawn them with close attention to both the marks of guttering and of bedding, I have always been satisfied that some operations, wholly outside the limits of the causation admitted by the latest school of Geologists, must have been concerned in the production of them. I rejoice that the door of new ideas has now been opened—not by mere speculation, or by assumptions of any kind—but by the patient work of identifying individual beds, and by following them through every bend, and fault, and folding, until, against all preconceived ideas and accepted explanations, the crust of the Earth has been, as it were, detected in the most violent convulsive movements. It will be the work of time and of much careful reasoning to estimate the comparative effect on Mountain Forms, of these great move-

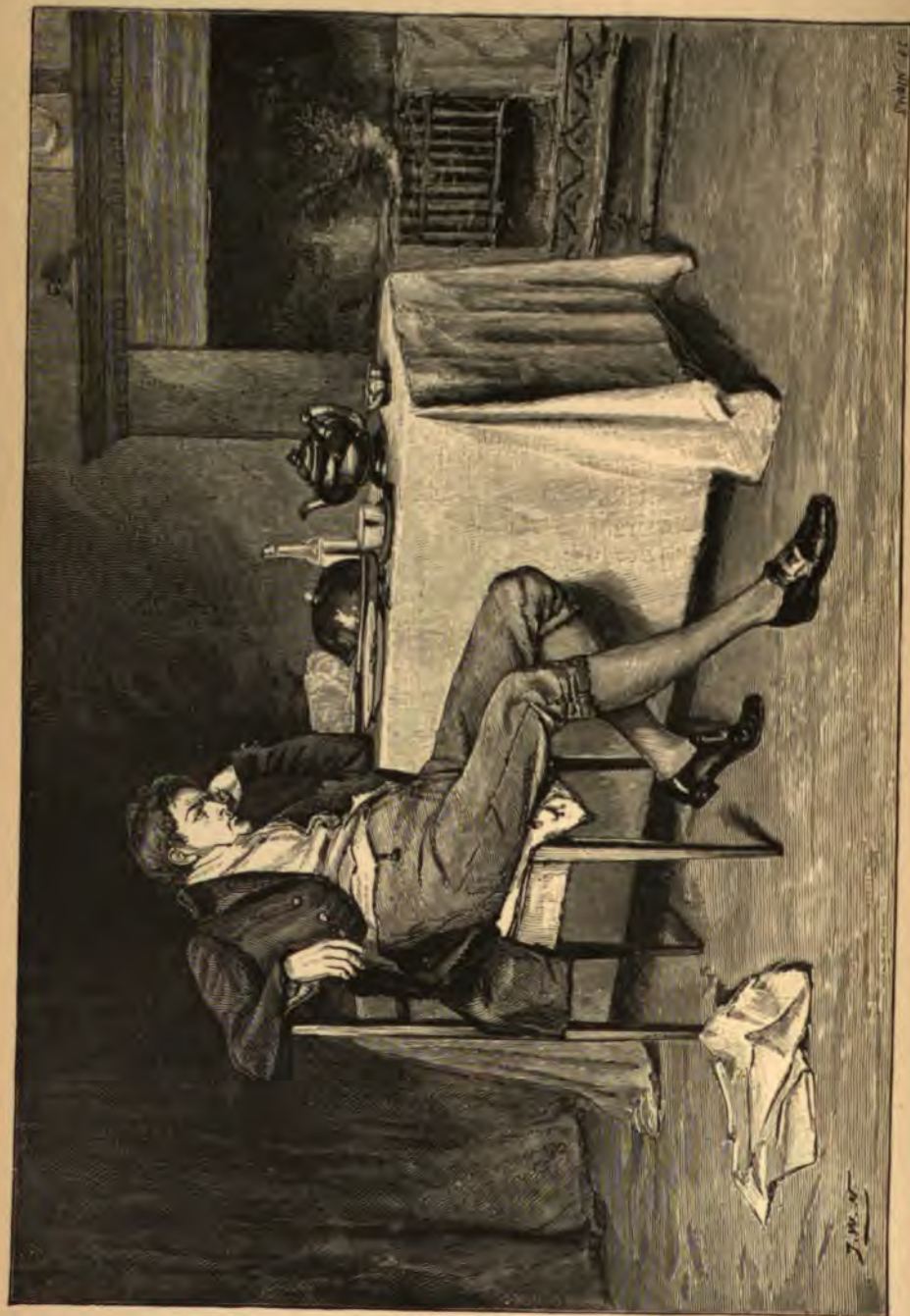
very latest operations affecting the surface of our country. The Highland Mountains are covered with Boulders and blocks of stone, which are foreign to the spots—foreign sometimes even to the whole country—on which and in which they lie. How came they there? This is the question which a committee of the Royal Society of Edinburgh has lately been investigating. Their conclusion is that these Boulders have been carried by floating ice. From personal ob-



Guineag, Assynt, Sutherland. Red Cambrian Sandstone.

1. White quartz rock. 2. Ditto, capping sandstone. 3. Red sandstone.

servation I entirely concur in this conclusion. But the necessary inference is that our Highland Hills have been very lately submerged



"He sat back in his chair to think."

under the Ocean to the depth of about 3,000 feet. This, again, must have been brought about by an Earth-movement of subsidence, and a later one of re-elevation. Stupendous ! do we say ? Yes—but only on our own small personal scale of magnitudes. A subsidence of the Earth's crust to the extent of 3,000 feet would be a movement so small as to be wholly invisible to the most powerful telescope looking at our Earth from the Moon, or even from a much nearer distance. It is, in fact, a movement infinitesimally small. We have now reason to believe that this crust is in a state of perpetual movement, from causes of which we know very little. Accelerations and aggravations of that movement are not only possible but must be considered as probable. It is also very possible

that these may be sudden. There is no confusion of thought more "worse confounded" than that which identifies the Continuity of Causes with Uniformity of Effects. What we call catastrophes—that is, the sudden exhibition of the effects of Force—are perfectly consistent with the most absolute and uninterrupted continuity in the energies producing them. Thus the Uniformitarian School of Geology must reconsider and review their doctrine as well as the Erosionists. Subterranean Force must always have had the earliest and the determining share in the production of Mountain Forms. Guttering has always been later, and, in a sense, subordinate. The agents of Erosion have been always the servants and not the masters of the agents of Elevation or of Subsidence.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK I.—THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER IV.—DRAWING A DOG'S TEETH.

"I THINK that's all, Mr. Hallam, sir," said Mrs. Pinet, looking plump, smiling, and contented, as she ran her eyes over the tea-table in the bank manager's comfortably-furnished room—"tea-pot, cream, salt, pepper, butter, bread"—she ran on below her breath in rapid enumeration, "why, bless my heart, I didn't bring the sauce !"

"Yes, that's all, Mrs. Pinet," said the manager in his gravely-polite manner.

"But, begging your pardon, it is not, sir : I forgot the sauce."

"Oh ! never mind that to-night."

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I would rather," said plump, pleasant-faced Mrs. Pinet, who supplemented a small income by letting apartments ; and before she could be checked she hurried out, to return at the end of a few minutes, bearing a small round bottle.

"And King of, Oude," said the little woman. "Shall I take the cover, sir ?"

"If you please, Mrs. Pinet."

"Which it's a pleasure to wait upon such a thorough gentleman," said Mrs. Pinet to herself as she trotted back to her own region, leaving Hallam gazing down at the homely, pleasant meal.

He threw himself into a chair, poured out a cup of the tea, cooled it by the addition of some water from a bottle on a stand, and

drank it hastily. Then, sitting back, he seemed to be thinking deeply, and finally drew up to the table, but turned from the food in disgust.

"Pah !" he ejaculated ; but returned to his chair, pulled the loaf in half, and then cut off two thick slices, hacked the meat from the bones of two hot steaming chops and took a pat of the butter to lay upon one of the slices of bread. This done his eye wandered round the room for a moment or two, and he rose and hastily caught up a newspaper, rolled the bread and meat therein, and placed the packet on a shelf before pouring out a portion of the tea through the window and then giving the slop-basin and cup the appearance of having been used. This done, he sat back in his chair to think, and remained so for quite half an hour, when Mrs. Pinet came with an announcement for which he was quite prepared.

"A strange man, sir," said the landlady, looking troubled and smoothing down her apron, "a strange young man, sir. I'm afraid, sir—"

"Afraid, Mrs. Pinet ?"

"I mean, sir, I'm afraid he's a tramp, sir ; but he said you told him to come."

"I'm afraid, too, that he is a tramp, Mrs. Pinet—poor fellow ; but it's quite right, I did tell him to come. You can show him in."

"In—in here, sir?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pinet. He has been unfortunate, poor fellow, and has come to ask for help."

Mrs. Pinet sighed, mentally declared that Mr. Hallam was a true gentleman, and introduced shabby, broken-down and dejected Stephen Crellock.

Hallam did not move nor raise his eyes, while the visitor gave a quick, furtive look round at all in the room, and Mrs. Pinet's departing footsteps sounded quite loud. Then a door was heard to close, and Hallam turned fiercely upon his visitor.

"Now, you scoundrel—you miserable gaol-bird, what do you mean by coming to me?"

"Mean by coming! I mean you to do things right. If you'd had your dues you'd have been where I was; only you played monkey and made me cat."

"What!"

"And I had my paws burned while you got the chestnuts."

"You scoundrel!" cried Hallam, rushing to the fireplace and ringing sharply, "I'll have the constable and put a stop to this."

"No, no, no, don't, don't, Rob! I'll do anything you like; I won't say anything," gasped the visitor piteously, "only don't send for the constable."

"Indeed, but I will," cried Hallam fiercely, as he walked to the door; but his visitor made quite a leap, fell at his feet, and clung to his legs.

"No, no, don't, don't!" he cried hoarsely, and Hallam shook him off, opened the door, and called out—

"Never mind now; I'll ring in a few minutes."

He closed the door and stood scowling at his visitor.

"I did not think you'd be so hard on a poor fellow when he was down, Hallam," he whimpered, "I didn't, 'pon my honour."

"Your honour! you dog, you gaol-bird," cried Hallam in a low angry voice. "How dare you come down and insult me!"

"I—thought you'd help me, that you'd lend your old friend a hand now you're so well off, while I am in a state like this."

"And did you come in the right way, you dog, bullying and threatening me, thinking to frighten me, just as if you could find a soul to take any notice of a word such a blackguard as you would say? But there, I've no time to waste; I've done wrong in bringing you here. Go and tell everybody in the town what you please, how I was in the same bank with you in London and you

were given into custody for embezzlement, and at your trial received for sentence two years' imprisonment."

"Yes, when if I had been a coward and spoken out—"

Hallam made a move towards him, when the poor, weak, broken-down wretch cowered lower.

"Don't, Rob; don't, old man," he cried piteously. "I'll never say a word. I'll never open my lips. You know I wouldn't be such a coward, bad as I am. But you will help a fellow, won't you?"

"Help you? What, have you come to me for black mail? Why should I help you?"

"Because we were old friends, Hallam. Because I always looked up to you, and did what you told me; and you don't know what it has been, Rob, you don't, indeed! I used to be a strong fellow, but this two years have brought me down till I'm as thin and weak as you see me. I'm like a great girl; least thing makes me cry and sob, so that I feel ashamed of myself!"

"Ashamed! You!" cried Hallam scornfully.

"Yes, I do, 'pon my word, Rob. But you will help me, won't you?"

"No. Go to the constable's house, and they'll give you an order for the workhouse. Be off, and if you ever dare to come asking for me again I'll send for the officer at once."

"But—but you will give me a shilling or two, Hallam," said the miserable wretch. "I'm half starved."

"You deserve to be quite starved! Now go."

"But, Hallam, won't you believe me, old fellow? I want to be honest now—to do the right thing."

"Go and do it then," said Hallam contemptuously. "Be off."

"But give me a chance, old fellow; just one."

"I tell you I'll do nothing for you," cried Hallam fiercely. "On the strength of your having been once respectable, if you had come to me humbly I'd have helped you, but you came down here to try and frighten me with your noise and bullying. You thought that if you came to the Bank you would be able to dictate all your own terms, but you have failed, Stephen Crellock; so now go."

"But, Rob, old fellow, I was so, so hard up. You don't know."

"Are you going before I send for the constable?"

"Yes, yes, I'm going," said the miserable

wretch, gathering himself up. "I'm sorry I came to you, Hallam. I thought you would have helped a poor wretch, down as I am."

"And you found out your mistake. A man in my position does not know a gaol-bird."

There was a flash from the sunken eyes, and a quick gesture, but the flash died out, and the gesture seemed to be cut in half. Two years' hard labour in one of His Majesty's gaols had pretty well broken the weak fellow's spirit. He stepped to the door, glanced round the comfortable room, uttered a low moan, and was half out, when Hallam uttered sharply the one word "Stop!"

His visitor paused, and looked eagerly round upon him.

"Look here, Stephen Crellock," he said, "I don't like to see a man like you go to the dogs without giving him a chance. There, come back and close the door!"

The poor wretch came back hurriedly, and made a snatch at Hallam's hand, which was withdrawn.

"No, no; wait till you've proved yourself a honest man," he said.

Crellock's eyes flashed again, but as before the flash died out at once, and he stood humbly before his old fellow clerk.

Hallam remained silent for a few moments, and then, as if he had made up his mind, he said, "I ought to hand you over to the constable, that is, if I did my duty as manager of Dixon's Bank, and a good member of society, but I can't forget that you were once a smart, gentlemanly-looking young fellow, who slipped and fell."

Crellock stood bent and humbled, staring at him in silence.

"I'm going to let heart get the better of discipline," continued Hallam, "and to-night I'm going to give you five guineas to get back to London and make a fresh start; and till that fresh start is made, and you can do without it, I'm going to give you a pound a week, if asked for by letter humbly, and in a proper spirit."

"Rob!"

"There, there; no words. I don't want thanks. I know I'm doing wrong, and I hope my weakness will not prove my punishment."

"It shan't, Rob; it shan't," faltered the poor shivering wretch, who had hard work to keep back his tears.

"There are four guineas, there's a half, and there are ten shillings in silver. Now go to some decent inn—here is some food for present use—get a bed, and to-morrow morn-

ing catch the coach, and get back to London to seek work."

Hallam handed him the parcel he had made.

"I will, Rob; I will, Mr. Hallam, sir, and may——"

"There, that will do," said Hallam interrupting him. "Prove all your gratitude by making yourself independent as soon as you can. There, you see you have not frightened me into bribing you to be silent."

"No, no, sir. Oh, no, I see that!" said the poor wretch dolefully. "I'm very grateful, I am, indeed, and I will try."

"Go, then, and try," said Hallam shortly. "Stop a moment."

He rang his bell, and Mrs. Pinet entered promptly, glancing curiously at the visitor, and then back at her lodger, who paused to give her ample time to take in the scene.

"Mrs. Pinet," he said at last, and in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way, "this poor fellow wants a lodging for the night at some respectable place, where they will not be hard upon his pocket."

"Well, sir, then he couldn't do better than go to Mrs. Deene's, sir; a very respectable woman, whose husband——"

"Yes, to be sure, Mrs. Pinet," said Hallam abruptly; "then you'll show him where it is. Good-night, Stephen; don't waste your money, and I hope you will be prosperous."

"Good-night, sir, good-night," and the dejected-looking object, thoroughly cowed by the treatment he had received, followed Hallam's landlady to the outer door, where a short colloquy could be heard, and then there was a shuffling step passing the window, and the door closed.

"I always expected it," said Hallam to himself, as he stood gazing straight before him; "but I've drawn his teeth; he won't bite—he dare not. I think I can manage Master Stephen—I always could." He stood thinking for a few minutes, and then said softly, "Well, what are ten or twenty pounds, or forty, if it comes to that! Yes," he added deliberately, "I have done quite rightly, I am sure."

Undoubtedly, as far as his worldly wisdom lay, for it did not take long for the news to run round the town that a very shabby-looking fellow had been to the bank, evidently with burglarious intentions, but that the new manager had seized and held him, while James Thickens placed the big brass blunderbuss to his head, and then turned it round and knocked him down. This was Mr. Gemp's version, but it was rather spoiled

by Mrs. Pinet when she was questioned, and told her story of Mr. Hallam's generous behaviour to this poor young man—

"One whom he had known in better days, my dear; and now he has quite set him up."

CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE BIT OF NEWS.

TIME glided very rapidly by at King's Castor, for there were few things to check his progress. People came to the market and did their business, and went away. Most of them had something to do at Dixon's Bank, for it was the pivot upon which the affairs of King's Castor and the neighbourhood turned. It was the centre from which radiated the commerce of the place. Pivot or axle, there it was, with a patent box full of the oil that makes matters run easily, and so trade and finance round King's Castor seemed like some large wheel, that turned gently and easily on.

Dixon's had a great deal to do with everybody, but Dixon's was safe, and Dixon's was sure. On every side you heard how that Dixon's had taken this or that man by the hand with the best of results. Stammers borrowed money at five per cent. when he put out that new front. Morris bought his house with Dixon's money, and they held the deeds, so that Morris was a man of importance—one of the privileged who paid no rent. He paid interest on so many hundred pounds to Dixon's half-yearly, but that was interest, not rent.

Old Thomas Dixon seldom came to the bank now, though he was supposed to hold the reins of government, which he declined to hand over to his junior partners, Sir Gordon Bourne and Mr. Andrew Trampleasure. It was his wish that a practised manager should be engaged from London, and hence the arrival of Mr. Robert Hallam, who wore a much talked-of watch, that was by accident shown to Gemp, who learned what a repeater was, and read on the inside how that it was a testimonial from Barrow, Fladgate, and Range for faithful services performed.

Barrow, Fladgate, and Range were the Lombard Street bankers, who acted as Dixon's agents; and the news of that watch spread, and its possession was as a talisman to Robert Hallam.

Sir Gordon did not exactly take offence, for he rarely took offence at anything, but he felt slighted about the engagement of Hallam, and visited the bank very little, handing over his duties to Trampleasure, who dwelt at the bank, had his private room, did all the talking to the farmers who came

in, and did nothing more; but everything went smoothly and well. The new manager was the pattern of gentlemanly consideration—even to defaulters; and the main thing discussed after two years' residence in King's Castor was, whom would he marry?

There were plenty of wealthy farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood; several of the tradespeople were rich in money and marriageable girls; but to all and several Mr. Hallam of the Bank displayed the same politeness, and at the end of two years there was quite a feeling of satisfaction among the younger ladies of King's Castor at the general impression, and that was, that the much talked-of settler in their midst was not a marrying man.

The reason is simple—he could only have married one, and not all. Many were vain enough to think that the good fortune would have come to them. But now, so to speak, Mr. Hallam of the Bank had grown rather stale, and the interest was centred upon the new curate. The gossips were not long in settling his fate.

"I know," said Gemp to a great many people; "gardening, eh? He! he! he! hi! hi! hi! You wouldn't have thought it in a parson? But, there, he's very young!"

"Yes, he is very young, Mr. Gemp," said Mrs. Pinet one morning to that worthy, who quite occupied the ground that would have been covered by a local journal. For having retired years back from business, he had—not being a reading man—nothing whatever to do but stand at his door and see what went on. "Yes, he is very young, Mr. Gemp," said Mrs. Pinet. "But, poor young man, I suppose he can't help it."

"Help it, no! Just the age, too, when a fellow's always thinking about love. We know better at our time of life, eh?"

Mrs. Pinet, who was one of those plump and rosy ladies with nice elastic flesh, which springs up again wherever time has made a crease, so that it does not show, bridled a little, and became very much interested in her row of geraniums in the parlour window, every one of which had lately been made more ornamental by a coat of red lead over its pot. For Mrs. Pinet did not yet know better. She had known better five years before, when Gemp had asked her to wed; but at the time present she was wondering whether, if Mr. Thickens at the bank, where her little store of money lay, should fail, after all, to make her an offer, it was possible that Mr. Robert Hallam might think it very nice to have some one to go on always

taking so much care of his linen as she did, and seeing that his breakfast bacon was always nicely broiled, his coffee clear, and his dinners exactly as he liked to have them. Certainly he was a good deal younger than she was; but she did not see why the wife should not be the elder sometimes, as well as the husband.

Hence it was that Gemp's words jarred.

"Seems rum, don't it?" continued Gemp.

"I went by the other day, and there he was with his coat off, helping Luttrell, wheeling barrows, and I've seen him weeding before now."

"Well, I'm sure it's very kind of him," said Mrs. Pinet quickly. She could not speak tartly; her physique and constitution forbade.

"Oh, yes, it's very kind of him indeed; but he'd better be attending to his work."

"I'm sure he works very hard in the place."

"Oh, yes. Of course he does; but don't you see?"

"See? No! See what?"

"He—he—he! And you women pretend to be so sharp about these things. What does he go there gardening for?"

"Why, goodness gracious me, Mr. Gemp, you don't think——"

"Think? Why, I'm sure of it. I see a deal of what's going on, Mrs. Pinet. I never look for it, but it comes. Why, he's always there. He helps Luttrell when he's at home; and old mother Luttrell talks to him about her jam. That's his artfulness; he isn't too young for that. Gets the old girl on his side."

"But do you really think—— Why she's never had a sweetheart yet."

"That we know of, Mrs. P.," said Gemp, with a meaning look.

"She never has had," said Mrs. Pinet emphatically, "or we should have known. Well, she's very handsome, and very nice, and I hope they'll be very happy. But do you really think it's true?"

"True? Why, he's always there of an evening, tootling on the flute and singing."

"Oh, but that's nothing; Mr. Hallam goes there too, and has some music."

"Ay, but Hallam don't go out with her picking flowers and botanising. I've often seen 'em come home together with arms full o' rubbish; and one day, what do you think?"

"Really, Mr. Gemp."

"I dropped upon 'em down in a ditch, and when they saw me coming, they pretended that they were finding little snail-shells."

"Snail-shells?"

XXVII—10

"Yes, ma'am, and he pulls out a little magnifying-glass for her to look through. It may be a religious way of courting, but I say it's disgusting."

"Really, Mr. Gemp!" said Mrs. Pinet, bridling.

"Ay, it is, ma'am. I like things open and above board—a young man giving a young woman his arm, and taking her out for a walk reg'lar, and not going out in the lanes, and keeping about a yard apart."

"But do they, Mr. Gemp?"

"Yes, just to make people think there's nothing going on. But there, ma'am, I must be off. You mustn't keep me. I can't stop talking here."

"Well, really, Mr. Gemp," said his hearer, bridling again, and resenting the idea that she had detained him.

"Yes, I must go indeed. I say, though, seen any more of that chap?"

"Chap?—what chap, Mr. Gemp?"

"Come now, you know what I mean. That shack, that ragged, shabby fellow—him as came to see Mr. Hallam the other day?"

"Oh, the poor fellow that Mr. Hallam helped?"

"To be sure—him. Been here again?" said Gemp, making a rasping noise with a rough finger on his beard.

"No, Mr. Gemp."

"No? Well, I suppose not. I haven't seen him myself. Mornin'; can't stop talking here."

Mr. Gemp concluded his gossips invariably in this mode, as if he resented being kept from business, which consisted in going to tell his tale again.

Mrs. Pinet was left to pick a few withering leaves from her geraniums, a floricultural act which she performed rather mechanically, for her mind was a good deal occupied by Gemp's disclosure.

"They'd make a very nice pair, that they would," she said thoughtfully; "and how would it be managed, I wonder? He couldn't marry himself, of course, and—oh, Mr. Thickens, how you did make me jump!"

"Jump? Didn't see you, Mrs. Pinet," said the clerk, smiling sadly, as if he thought Mrs. Pinet's banking account was lower than it should be.

"Well, bless the man, you know what I mean. Stealing up so quietly, like a robber or thief in the night."

"Oh! Not come to steal, but to beg."

"Beg, Mr. Thickens? What, a subscription for something?"

"No. I was coming by Mr. Hallam

wants the book on his shelf, 'Brown's Investor.'"

"Oh, I see. Come in, Mr. Thickens!" she exclaimed warmly. "I'll get the book."

"Won't come in, thank you."

"Now do, Mr. Thickens, and have a glass of wine and a bit of cake."

The quiet, dry-looking clerk shook his head and smiled.

"Plenty of gossips in the town, Mrs. Pinet, without my joining the ranks."

"Now that's unkind, Mr. Thickens. I only wanted to ask you if you thought it true that Mr. Bayle is going to marry Miss Millicent Luttrell; Mr. Gemp says she is."

"Divide what Gemp says by five, subtract half, and the remainder may be correct, ma'am."

"Then it isn't true?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Oh, what a tiresome, close old bank-safe of a man you are, Mr. Thickens! just like your cupboard in the bank."

"Where I want to be, Mrs. Pinet, if you will get me the book."

"Oh, well, come inside, and I'll get it for you directly. But it isn't neighbourly when I wanted to ask you about fifty pounds I wish to put away."

He followed her quickly into the parlour occupied by the manager, and then glanced sharply round.

"Have you consulted him—Mr. Hallam?" he said sharply.

"No, of course not. I have always taken your advice so far, Mr. Thickens. I don't talk about my bit of money to all my friends."

"Quite right," he said—"quite right. Fifty pounds, did you say?"

"Yes; and I'd better bring it to Dixon's, hadn't I?"

James Thickens began to work at his smoothly-shaven face, pinching his cheeks with his long white fingers and thumb, and drawing them down to his chin, as if he wished to pare that off to a point—an unnecessary procedure, as it was already very sharp.

"I can't do better, can I?"

The bank clerk looked sharply round the room again, his eyes lighting on the desk, books, and various ornaments with which the manager had surrounded himself.

"I don't know," he said at last.

"But I don't like keeping the money in the house, Mr. Thickens. I always wake up about three, and fancy that thieves are breaking in."

"Give it to me, then, and I'll put it safely for you somewhere."

"In the bank, Mr. Thickens?"

"I don't know yet," he said. "Give me the book. Thank you. I'll talk to you about the money another time;" and, placing the volume under his arm, he glanced once more sharply round the room, and then went off very thoughtful and strange of aspect—veritably looking, as Mrs. Pinet said, as close as the safe up at Dixon's Bank.

CHAPTER VI.—SIR GORDON IS TROUBLED WITH DOUBTS.

FIRST love is like furze; it is very beautiful and golden, but about and under that rich yellow there are thorns many and sharp. It catches fire, too, quickly, and burns up with a tremendous deal of crackling, and the heat is great but not always lasting.

Christie Bayle did not take this simile to heart, but a looker-on might have done so, especially such a looker-on as Robert Hallam, who visited at the doctor's just as of old—before the arrival of the new curate, whose many calls did not seem to trouble him in the least.

All the same, though, he was man of the world enough to see the bent of Christie Bayle's thoughts, and how quickly and strongly his love had caught and burned. For treating Gemp's statements as James Thickens suggested, and dividing them by five, the quotient was quite sufficiently heavy to show that if the curate did not marry Millicent Luttrell, it would be no fault of his.

He was, as his critics said, very young. Twenty-four numbered his years, and his educational capabilities were on a par therewith; but in matters worldly and of the heart twenty would better have represented his age.

He had come down here fresh from his studious life, to find the place full of difficulties, till that evening when he found in Millicent a coadjutor, and one who seemed to take delight in helping and advising him. Then the old midland town had suddenly become to him a paradise, and a strange eagerness seemed to pervade him.

How was he to attack such and such an evil in one of the low quarters?

He would call at the doctor's, and mention the matter to Miss Luttrell.

It was to find her enthusiastic, but at the same time full of shrewd common sense, and clever suggestions which he followed out, and the way became smooth.

His means were good, for just before leaving college the death of an aunt had

placed him in possession of a competency ; hence he wished to be charitable, and Millicent advised him as to the best channels into which he could direct his molten gold.

Then there were the Sundays when, after getting easily and well through the service, he ascended the pulpit to commence his carefully elaborated sermon, the first sentences of which were hard, faltering, and dry, till his eyes fell upon one sweet grave face in the middle of the aisle, watching him intently, and its effect was strange. For as their eyes met, Christie Bayle's spirit seemed to awaken : he ceased to read the sermon. Words, sentences, and whole paragraphs were crowding in his brain eager to be spoken, and as they were spoken it was with a fire and eloquence that deeply stirred his hearers ; while when, perhaps, at the very last, his eyes fell once more upon Millicent's calm, sweet face, he would see that it was slightly flushed and her eyes were suffused.

He did not know it, but her influence stirred him in everything he did, and when he called, there was no mistaking the bright, eager look of pleasure, the friendly warmth, and the words that were almost reproachful if he had allowed three or four days to pass.

Work ? No man could have worked harder or with a greater display of zeal. She would be pleased, he felt, to see how he had made changes in several matters that were foul with neglect. And it was no outer whitewashing of that which was unclean within. Christie Bayle was very young, and he had suddenly grown enthusiastic ; so that when he commenced some work he never paused until it was either well in train or was done.

"You're just the man we wanted here," said Doctor Luttrell. "Why, Bayle, you have wakened me up. I tried all sorts of reformations years ago, but I had not your enthusiasm, and I soon wearied and jogged on in the old way. I shall have to begin now, old as I am, and see what I can do."

"But it is shameful, papa, what opposition Mr. Bayle meets with in the town," cried Millicent warmly.

"Yes, my dear, it is. There's a great deal of opposition to everything that is for people's good."

Millicent was willing enough to help, for there was something delightfully fresh and pleasant in her association with Christie Bayle.

"He's working too hard, my dear," the doctor said. "He wants change. He's a good fellow. You and your mother must coax him here more, and get him out."

Bayle wanted no coaxing, for he came willingly enough to work hard with the doctor in the garden ; to inspect Mrs. Luttrell's jams, and see how she soaked the paper in brandy before she tied them down ; to go for walks with Millicent, or, on wet days, read German with her, or practise some instrumental or vocal duet.

How pleasantly, how happily those days glided by !

Mr. Hallam from the Bank came just as often as of old, and once or twice seemed disposed to speak slightly of the curate, but he saw so grave and appealing a look in Millicent's eyes that he hastened, in his quiet gentlemanly way, to efface the slight.

Sir Gordon Bourne, as was his custom when not at the Hall or away with his yacht, came frequently to the doctor's evenings, heavy with the smartest of sayings and the newest of stories from town. Gravely civil to the bank manager, a little distant to the new curate, and then, by degrees, as the months rolled by, talking to him, inviting him to dinner, placing his purse at his disposal for deserving cases of poverty, and at last becoming great friends.

"An uncommonly good fellow, doctor, uncommonly. Very young—yes, very young. Egad, sir, I envy him sometimes, that I do." "I'm glad you like him, Sir Gordon," cried Millicent, one day.

"Are you, my dear, are you ?" he said, half sadly. "Well, why shouldn't I ? the man's sincere. He goes about his work without fuss or pretence. He does not consider it his duty to be always preaching at you and pulling a long face ; but seems to me to be doing a wonderful deal of good in a quiet way. Do you know—"

He paused, and looked from the doctor to Mrs. Luttrell, and then at Millicent, half laughingly.

"Do we know what ?"

"Well, I'll confess. I've played chess with him, and we've had a rubber at whist here, and he never touched upon sacred subjects since I've known him, and it has had a curious effect upon me."

"A curious effect ?" said Millicent wonderingly.

"Yes, egad, it's a fact ; he makes me feel as if I ought to go and hear him preach, and if you'll take me next Sunday, Miss Millicent, I will."

Millicent laughingly agreed ; and Sir Gordon kept his word, going to the doctor's on Sunday morning, and walking with the ladies to church.

It is worthy of remark, though, that he talked a good deal to himself as he went home, weary and uncomfortable from wearing tight boots, and bracing up.

"It won't do," he said. "I'm old enough to know better, and if I can see into such matters more clearly than I could twenty years ago, Bayle's in love with her. Well, a good thing too, for I'm afraid Hallam is taken too, and—no, that would not do. I've nothing whatever against the fellow; a gentleman in his manners, the very perfection of a manager, but somehow I should not like to see her his wife."

"Why?" he said after a pause.

He shook his head.

"I can't answer that question," he muttered; and he was as far off from the answer when six months had passed.

CHAPTER VII.—A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

"GOING out for a drive?"

"Yes, Mr. Bayle; and it was of no use my speaking. No end of things to see to; but the doctor would have me come with him."

"I think the doctor was quite right, Mrs. Luttrell."

"There you are. You see, my dear, what did I tell you? Plants must have air, mustn't they, Bayle?"

"Certainly."

"I wish you would not talk like that, dear. I am not a plant."

"But you want air," cried the doctor, giving his whip a flick, and making his sturdy cob jump.

"Oh! do be careful, my dear," cried Mrs. Luttrell nervously, as she snatched at the whip.

"Oh, yes, I'll be careful. I say, Bayle, I wish you would look in as you go by; I forgot to open the cucumber-frame, and the sun's coming out strong. Just lift it about three inches."

"I will," said the curate; and the doctor drove on to see a patient half-a-dozen miles away.

"Well, you often tell me I'm a very foolish woman, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell, buttoning and unbuttoning the chaise-apron with uneasy fingers, "but I should not have done such a thing as that."

"Thing as what?" cried the doctor.

"As to send a gentleman on to our house where Milly's all alone. It doesn't seem prudent."

"What, not to ask a friend to look in and lift the cucumber-light?"

"But, with Milly all alone; and I never leave her without feeling that something is going to happen."

"Pish! fudge! stuff!" cried the doctor. "I never did see such a woman as you are. I declare you think of nothing but courting. You ought to be ashamed of yourself at your time of life."

"Now, you ought not to speak like that, my dear. It's very wrong of you, for it's not true. Of course I feel anxious about Millicent, as every prudent woman should."

"Anxious! what is there to be anxious about? Such nonsense! Do you think Bayle is a wolf in sheep's clothing?"

"No, of course I don't. Mr. Bayle is a most amiable, likeable young man, and I feel quite surprised how I've taken to him. I thought it quite shocking at first when he came, he seemed so young; but I like him now very much indeed."

"And yet you would not trust him to go to the house when we were away. For shame, old lady! for shame!"

"I do wish you would not talk to me like that, my dear. I never know whether you are in earnest or joking."

"Now, if it had been Hallam, you might have spoken.—Ah! Betsy, what are you shying at?—Keep that apron fastened, will you? What are you going to do?"

"I was only unfastening it ready—in case I had to jump out," faltered Mrs. Luttrell.

"Jump out! Why, mother! There, you are growing into quite a nervous old woman. You stop indoors too much."

"But is there any danger, my dear?"

"Danger! Why look for yourself. The mare saw a wheelbarrow, and she was frightened. Don't be so silly."

"Well, I'll try not," said Mrs. Luttrell, smoothing down the cloth fold over the leather apron, but looking rather flushed and excited as the cob trotted rapidly over the road. "You were saying, dear, something about Mr. Hallam."

"Yes. What of him?"

"Of course we should not have sent him to the house when Milly was alone."

"Humph! I suppose not. I say, old lady, you're not planning match-making to hook that good-looking cash-box, are you?"

"What, Mr. Hallam, dear? Oh, don't talk like that."

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor, making the whip-lash whistle about the cob's ears; "you are not very fond of him, then?"

"Well, no, dear, I can't say I am. He's

very gentlemanly, and handsome, and particular, but somehow——”

“Ah!” said the doctor, with a dry chuckle, “that’s it—‘somehow.’ That’s the place where I stick. No, old lady, he won’t do. I was a bit afraid at first; but he seems to keep just the same: makes no advances. He wouldn’t do.”

“Oh dear me, no!” cried Mrs. Luttrell, with quite a shudder.

“Why not?” said the doctor sharply; “don’t you like him?”

“Perhaps it would not be just to say so,” said Mrs. Luttrell nervously, “but I’m glad Milly does not seem to take to him.”

“So am I. Curate would be far better, eh?”

“And you charge me with match-making, my dear! It is too bad.”

“Ah! well, perhaps it is; but don’t you think——eh?”

“No,” said Mrs. Luttrell, “I do not. Millicent is very friendly to Mr. Bayle, and looks upon him as a pleasant youth who has similar tastes to her own. And certainly he is very nice and natural.”

“And yet you object to his going to see the girl when we are out! There, get along, Betsy; we shall never be there.”

The whip whistled round the cob’s head and the chaise turned down a pleasant woody lane, just as Christie Bayle lifted the latch and entered the doctor’s garden.

It was very beautiful there in the bright morning sunshine; the velvet turf so green and smooth, and the beds vying one with the other in brightness. There was no one in the garden, and all seemed strangely still at the house, with its open windows and flower-decked porch.

Bayle had been requested to look in and execute a commission for the doctor, but all the same he felt guilty; and though he directed an eager glance or two at the open windows, he turned, with his heart throbbing heavily, to the end of the closely-clipped yew hedge, and passed round into the kitchen garden, and then up one walk and down another, to the sunny sheltered top, where the doctor grew his cucumbers, and broke down with his melons every year.

There was a delicious scent from the cuttings of the lawn, which were piled round the frame, fermenting and giving out heat: and as the curate reached the glass lights, there was the interior hung with great dew-drops, which began to coalesce and run off as he raised the ends of the lights and looked in.

Puff! quite a wave of heated air, fragrant with the young growth of the plants, all looking richly green and healthy, and with the golden starry blossoms peeping here and there.

Quite at home, Christie Bayle thrust in his arm and took out a little block of wood cut like an old-fashioned gun-carriage or a set of steps, and with this he propped up one light, so that the heat might escape and the temperature fall.

This done he moved to the next, and thrust down the light, for he had seen from the other side a glistening, irregular, iridescent streak, which told of the track of an enemy, and this enemy had to be found.

That light uttered a loud plaintive squeak as it was thrust down, a sound peculiar to the lights of cucumber frames; and leaning over the edge, Bayle began to peer about among the broad prickly leaves of the cucumbers.

Yes, there was the enemy’s trail, and he must be found, for it would have been cruel to the doctor to have left such a devouring creature there.

In and out among the trailing stems, and over the soft black earth, through which the delicate roots were peeping, were the dry glistening marks, just as if some one had dipped a brush in a paint formed of pearl shells dissolved in oil, and tried to imitate the veins in a block of marble.

Yes; in and out—there it went, showing how busy the creature had been during the night, and the task was to find where it had gone to rest and sleep for the day, ready to come forth refreshed for another mischievous nocturnal prowling.

“Now where can that fellow have hidden himself?” said the follower of the trail, peering about and taking off his hat and standing it on the next light. “One of those great grey fellows, I’ll be bound. Ah, to be sure! Come out, sir.”

The tale-telling trail ended where a seed-pan stood containing some young Brussels sprouts which had attained a goodly size, and upon these the enemy had supped heartily, crawling down afterwards to sleep off the effects beneath the pan.

It was rather difficult to reach that pan, for the edge of the frame was waist high, but it had to be done, and the slug raked out with a bit of stick.

That was it! No, it was not; the hunter could not quite reach, and had to wriggle himself a little more over and then try.

The search was earnest and successful, the

depredator dying an ignominious death, crushed with a piece of potsherd against the seed-pan, and then being buried at once beneath the soil, but to a looker-on the effect was grotesque.

There was a looker-on here, advancing slowly along the path with a bunch of flowers in one hand, a pair of scissors in the other. In fact, that peculiar squeak made by the frame had attracted Millicent's attention, at a time when she believed every one to be away.

As she approached, she became conscious of the hind quarters of a man clothed in that dark mixture that used to be popularly known as "pepper-and-salt," standing up out of one of the cucumber-frames, and executing movements as if he were practising diving in a dry bath. Suddenly the legs subsided and sank down. Then they rose again, and kicked about, the rest of the man still remaining hidden in the frame, and then at last there was a rapid retrograde motion, and Christie Bayle emerged, hot, dishevelled, but triumphant for a moment, then scarlet with confusion and annoyance as he hastily caught up his hat, clapped it on, but hurriedly took it off and bowed.

"Miss Luttrell!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Bayle!" she cried, forbearing to smile as she saw his confusion. "I heard the noise and wondered what it could be."

"I—I met your father," he said, hastily adjusting the light; "he asked me to open the frames. A tiresome slug——"

"It was very kind of you," she said, holding out her hand and pressing his in her frank, warm grasp, and full of eagerness to set him at his ease. "Papa will be so pleased that you have caught one of his enemies."

"Thank you," he said uneasily; "it is very kind of you.—I'm the most unlucky wretch under the sun, always making myself ridiculous before her," he added to himself.

"Kind of me? No, of you, to come and take all that trouble.—Poor fellow!" she thought, "he fancies that I am going to laugh at him.—I've been so busy, Mr. Bayle: I've copied out the whole of that duet. When are you coming in to try it over?"

"Do you wish me to try it with you?" he said rather coldly.

"Why, of course. There are no end of pretty little passages, solo for the flute. We must have a good long practice together before we play it in public."

"You're very kind and patient with me," he said, as he gazed at the sweet calm face by his side.

"Nonsense," she cried. "I'm cutting a few flowers for Miss Heathery; she is the most grateful recipient of a present of this kind that I know."

They were walking back towards the house as she spoke, and from time to time Millicent stopped to snip off some flower, or to ask her companion to reach one that grew on high.

In a few minutes she had set him quite at his ease, and they were talking quietly about their life, their neighbours, about his endeavours to improve the place; and yet all the time there seemed to him to be an under-current in his life, flowing beneath that surface talk. The garden was seen through a medium that tinted everything with joy; the air he breathed was perfumed and intoxicating; the few bird notes that came from time to time sounded more sweetly than he had ever heard them before; and hardly able to realise it himself, life—existence seemed one sweetly calm, and yet paradoxically troubled delight.

His heart was beating fast, and there was a strange sense of oppression as he loosed the reins of his imagination for a moment, but the next, as he turned to gaze at the innocent, happy, unruffled face, so healthful and sweet, with the limpid grey eyes ready to meet his own so frankly, the calm came, and he felt that he could ask no greater joy than to live that peaceful life ever at her side.

It would be hard to tell how it happened. They strolled about the garden till Millicent laughingly said that it would be like trespassing on her father's *carte blanche* to cut more flowers, and then they went through the open French window into the drawing-room, where he sat near her, as if intoxicated by the sweetness of her voice, while she talked to him in unrestrained freedom of her happy, contented life, and bade him not to think he need be ceremonious there.

Yes, it would be hard to tell how it happened. There was one grand stillness without, as if the ardent sunshine had drunk up all sound but the dull, heavy throb of his heart, and the music of that sweet voice which now lulled him to a sense of delicious repose, now made every nerve and vein tingle with a joy he had never before known.

It had been a mystery to him in his student life. Books had been his world, and ambition to win a scholarly fame his care. Now it had by degrees dawned upon him that there was another, a greater love than that,

transcending it so that all that had gone before seemed pitiful and small. He had met her, her voice would be part of his life from henceforth, and at last—how it came about he could not have told—he was standing at her side, holding her hands firmly in his own, and saying in low and eager tones that trembled with emotion—

"Millicent, I love you—my love—my love!"

For a few moments Millicent Luttrell stood motionless, gazing wonderingly at her companion as he bent down over her hands and pressed his lips upon them.

Then, snatching them away, her soft creamy face turned to scarlet with indignation, but only for this to fade as she met his eyes and read there the earnest look he gave her, and his act from that moment ceased to be the insult she thought at first.

"Miss Luttrell!" he said.

"Hush! don't speak to me," she cried.

He took a step forward, but she waved him back, and for a few moments sobbed passionately, struggling hard the while to master her emotion.

"Have I offended you?" he panted. "Dear Millicent, listen to me. What have I done?"

"Hush!" she cried. "It is all a terrible mistake. What have I done?"

There was a pause, and the deep silence seemed to be filled now with strange noises. There was a painful throbbing of the heart, a singing in the ears, and life was all changed as Millicent at last mastered her emotion, and her voice seemed to come to the listener softened and full of pity as if spoken by one upon some far-off shore, so calm, so grave and slow, so impassionately the words fell upon his ear.

Such simple words, and yet to him like the death-knell of all his hope in life.

CHAPTER VIII.—CROSSED IN LOVE.

"Oh, Mr. Bayle, I am so sorry!"

He looked piteously in the handsome pale young face before him, his heart sinking, and a feeling of misery, such as he had never before known, chilling him so that he strove in vain to speak.

The words were not cruel, they were not marked with scorn or contempt. There was no coquetry—no hope. They were spoken in a voice full of gentle sympathy, and there was tender pity in every tone, and yet they chilled him to the heart.

"Oh, Mr. Bayle, I am so sorry!"

It needed no look to endorse those words, and yet it was there, beaming upon him

from those sweet frank eyes that had filled again with tears which she did not passionately dash aside, but which brimmed and softly dropped upon the hands she clasped across her breast.

He saw plainly enough that it had all been a dream, his dream of love and joy; that he had been too young to read a woman's heart aright, and that he had taken her little frank kindnesses as responses to his love; and he needed no explanations, for the tones in which she uttered those words crushed him, till as he stood before her in those painful moments he realised that the death-blow to all his hopes had come.

He sank back in his chair as she stood before him, gazing up at her in so boyish and piteous a manner that she spoke again.

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Bayle, I thought our intimacy so pleasant, I was so happy with you."

"Then I may hope," he cried passionately. "Millicent, dear Millicent, all my life has been spent in study; I have read so little, I never thought of love till I saw you, but it has grown upon me till I can think only of you—your words, the tones of your voice, your face, all are with me always, with me now. Millicent, dear Millicent, it is a man's first true love, and you could give me hope."

"Oh, hush! hush!" she said gently, as she held out her hand to him, which he seized and covered with his kisses, till she withdrew it firmly, and shook her head. "I am more pained than I can say," she said softly. "I tell you I never thought of such a thing as this."

"But you will," he said, "Millicent, my love!"

"Mr. Bayle," she said, with some attempt at firmness, "if I have ever by my thoughtlessness made you think I cared for you, otherwise than as a very great friend, forgive me."

"A friend!" he cried bitterly.

"Yes, as a friend. Is friendship so slight a thing that you speak of it like that?"

"Yes," he cried; "at a time like this, when I ask for bread and you give me a stone."

"Oh, hush!" she said again softly; and there was a sad smile through her tears. "I should be cruel if I did not speak to you plainly and firmly. Mr. Bayle; what you ask is impossible."

"You despise me," he cried passionately, "because I am so boyish—so young."

"No," she said gently, as she laid her hand

upon his shoulder. "Let me speak to you as an elder sister might."

"A sister!" he cried angrily.

"Yes, as a sister," replied Millicent gently. "Christie Bayle, it was those very things in you that attracted me first. I never had a brother; but you, with your frank and free-hearted youthfulness, your genuine freshness of nature, seemed so brotherly that my life for the past few months has been brighter than ever. Our reading, our painting, our music—oh, why did you dash all these happy times away?"

"Because I am not a boy," he cried angrily; "because I am a man—a man who loves you. Millicent, will you not give me hope?"

There was a pause, during which she stood gazing right over his head as he still sat there with outstretched hands, which he at last dropped with a gesture of despair.

"No," she said, at last, "I cannot give you hope. It is impossible."

"Then you love some one else," he cried with boyish anger. "Oh, it is cruel. You led me on to love you, and now, in your coquetish triumph, you throw me aside for some other plaything of the hour."

Millicent's brow contracted, and a half-angry look came into her eyes.

"This talk to me of brotherly feeling and of being a sister, is it to mock me? It is as I thought," he cried passionately, "as I have heard, with you handsome women; you who delight in giving pain, in trifling with a weak foolish fellow's heart, so that you may bring him to your feet."

"Christie——"

"No," he raged, as he started to his feet, "don't speak to me like that. I will not be led on again. Enjoy your triumph, but let it be made bitter by the knowledge that you have wrecked my life."

"Oh, hush! hush! hush!" she said softly. "You are not yourself, Christie Bayle, or you would not speak to me like this. You know that you are charging me with that which is not true. How can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel? It is you," he cried passionately. "But, there, it is all over. I shall leave here at once. I wish I had never seen the town."

"Christie," she said gently, "listen to me. Be yourself and go home, and think over all this. I cannot give you what you ask. Come, be wise and manly over this disappointment. Go away for a week, and then come back to me, and let our pleasant old friendship be resumed. You give me pain, indeed you do, by this outburst. It is so unlike you."

"Unlike me? Yes, you have nearly driven me mad."

"No, no. No, no," she said tenderly. "Be calm. Indeed and indeed, I have felt as warm and affectionate to you of late as a sister could feel for a brother. I have felt so pleased to see how you were winning your way here amongst the people; and when I have heard a light or contemptuous utterance about you, it has made me angry, and ready to speak in your defence."

"Yes, I know," he cried; "and it is this that taught me that you must care for me—must love me."

"Cannot a woman esteem and be attached to a youth without loving him?"

"Youth! There! You treat me as if I were a boy," he cried angrily. "Can I help seeming so young?"

"No," she said, taking his hand, "but you are in heart and way very, very young, Christie Bayle. Am I to tell you again that it was this brought about our intimacy, for I found you so fresh in your young manliness, so different from the gentlemen I have been accustomed to. Come: forget all this. Let us be friends."

"Friends? No, it is impossible," he cried bitterly. "I know I am boyish, and weak, and that is why you hold me in such contempt."

"Contempt? Oh, no!"

"But some day," he pleaded, "I'll wait—any time——"

"No, no, no," she said, flushing, "it is impossible."

"Then," he raged as he started up, "I am right. You love some one else. Who is it? I will know."

"Mr. Bayle!"

There was a calm queenly dignity in her look and words that checked his rage; and she saw it as he sank into the nearest chair, his face bent down upon his hands, and his shoulders heaving with the emotion that escaped now and then in a hoarse sob.

"Poor boy!" she said to herself as the indignation he had roused gave way to pity.

"Christie Bayle," she said, as she approached him once more, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't touch me," he cried hoarsely as he sprang up; and she started back, half-frightened at his wild, haggard face. "I might have known," he panted. "Heaven forgive you! Good-bye—good-bye for ever!"

Before Millicent could speak he had reached

the door, and the next minute she heard his hurried steps as he went down the street.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SCALES FALL FROM SIR GORDON'S EYES.

MILLICENT stood listening till the steps had died away, and then sat down at the writing-table.

"Poor boy!" she said softly, as she passed her hand over her eyes, "I am so sorry."

She laid down the pen, and ran over her conduct—all that she had said and done since her first meeting with the curate; but ended by shaking her head, and declaring to herself that she could find nothing in her behaviour to call for blame.

"No," she said, rising from the table, after writing a few lines, which she tore up, "I must not write to him; the wound must be left to time."

A double knock announced a visitor, and directly after Thisbe ushered in Sir Gordon, who, in addition to his customary careful dress, wore—what was very unusual for him—a flower in his buttonhole, one which, with a great show of ceremony, he detached, and presented to Millicent before taking his seat.

As a rule he was full of chatty conversation, but, to Millicent's surprise, he remained perfectly silent, gazing straight before him through the window.

"Is anything the matter, Sir Gordon?" said Millicent at last. "Papa is out, but he will not be long."

These words roused him, and he smiled at her gravely.

"No, my dear Miss Luttrell," he said, "nothing is wrong; but at my time of life, when a man has anything particular to say, he weighs it well—he brings a good deal of thought to bear. I was trying to do this now."

"But mamma is out too," said Millicent.

"Yes, I know," he replied, "and therefore I came on to speak to you."

"Sir Gordon?"

"My dear Miss Luttrell—there, I have known you so long that I may call you my dear child—I think you believe in me?"

"Believe in you, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes, that I have the instincts, I hope, of a gentleman; that I am your father's very good friend; and that I reverence his child."

"Oh yes, Sir Gordon," said Millicent, placing her hand in his, as he extended it towards her.

"That is well, then," he said, and there was another pause, during which he gazed down thoughtfully at the hand he held for

a few moments, and then raised it to his lips and allowed it afterwards to glide away.

Millicent flushed slightly, for in spite of herself, the thought of her visitor's object began to dawn upon her, though she refused to believe it at first.

"Let me see," he said at last, "time slides away so fast. You must be three-and-twenty now."

"I thought a lady's age was a secret, Sir Gordon," said Millicent smiling.

"To weak, vain women, yes, my child; but your mind is too clear and candid for such subterfuges as that. Twenty-three! Compared with that, I am quite an old man."

Millicent's colour began to deepen, but she made a brave effort to be calm, mastered her emotion, and sat listening to the strange wooing that had commenced.

"I am going to speak very plainly," her visitor said, gazing steadfastly in her eyes, "and to tell you, Millicent, that for the past five years I have been your humble suitor."

"Sir Gordon!"

"Hush! hush! On the strength of our old friendship hear me out, my child. I will not say a word that shall wilfully give you pain. I only ask for a hearing."

Millicent sank back in her chair, clasped her hands, and let them rest in her lap, for she was too agitated to speak. The events of an hour or two before had unhinged her.

"For five years I have been nursing this idea in my breast," he continued, "one day determining to speak, and then telling myself that I was weak and foolish, that the thing was impossible; and then, as you know, I have gone away for months together in my yacht. I will tell you what I have said to myself: 'You are getting well on in life; she is young and beautiful. The match would not be right. Some day she will form an attachment for some man suited to her. Take your pleasure in seeing the woman you love happier than you could ever make her.'"

This was a revelation to Millicent, whose lips parted, and whose troubled eyes were fixed upon the speaker.

"The years went on, my child," continued Sir Gordon, "and I kept fancying that the man had come, and that the test of my love for you was to be tried. I was willing to suffer—for your sake—to see you happy; and though I was ready to offer you wealth, title, and the tender affection of an elderly man, I put it aside, striving to do my duty."

"Sir Gordon, I never knew of all this."

"Knew!" he said, with a smile, "no; I never let you know. Well, my child, not to

distress you much, I have waited ; and, as you know, I have seen your admirers sitting about you, one by one, all these years ; and I confess it, with a sense of delight I dare not dwell upon, I have found that not one of these butterflies has succeeded in winning our little flower. She has always been heart-whole and—— There, I dare not say all I would. At last, with a pang that I felt that I must suffer, I saw, as I believed, that the right man had come, in the person of our friend Christie Bayle. It has been agony to me, though I have hidden it beneath a calm face, I hope, and I have fought on as I saw your intimacy increase. For I said to myself, it is right. He is well-to-do ; he is young and handsome ; he is true and manly ; he is all that her lover should be ; and with a sigh I have sat down telling myself that I was content, and to prove myself I have made him my friend. Millicent Luttrell, he is a true-hearted, noble fellow, and he loves you."

Millicent half rose, but sank back in her chair, and her face grew calm once more.

"I am no spy upon your actions or upon those of Christie Bayle, my child, but I know that he has been to you this morning ; that he has asked you to be his wife, and that you have refused him."

"Has Mr. Bayle been so wanting in delicacy," said Millicent, with a flush of anger, "that he has told you this?"

"No, no. Pray do not think thus of him. He is too noble—too manly a fellow to be guilty of such a weakness. There are things though which a man cannot conceal from a jealous lover's eyes, and this was one."

"Jealous—lover!" faltered Millicent.

"Yes," he said ; "old as I am, my child, I must declare myself as your lover. This last rejection has given me hopes that may be wild—hopes which prompted me to speak as I do now."

"Sir Gordon!" cried Millicent, rising from her seat ; but he followed her example and took her hand.

"You will listen to me, my child, patiently," he said in low, earnest tones ; "I must speak now. I know the difference in our ages ; no one better ; but if the devotion of my life, the constant effort to make you happy, can bring the reward I ask, you shall not repent it. I know that some women would be tempted by the title and by my wealth, but I will not even think it of you. I know, too, that some would, in their coquetry, rejoice in bringing such a one as I to their feet, and then laugh at him for his

pains. I fear nothing of the kind from you, Millicent, for I know your sweet, candid nature. But tell me first, do you love Christie Bayle?"

"As a sister might love a younger brother, who seemed to need her guiding hand," said Millicent calmly.

"Ah!"

It was a long sigh full of relief ; and then taking her hand once more, Sir Gordon said softly,

"Millicent, my child, will you be my wife?"

The look of pain and sorrow in her eyes gave him his answer before her lips parted to speak, and he dropped the hand and stood there with the carefully got-up look of youthfulness or early manhood seeming to fade from him. In a few minutes he appeared to have aged twenty years ; his brow grew full of lines, his eyes seemed sunken, and there was a hollowness of cheek that had been absent.

He stretched out his hand to the table, and slowly sat down, bending forward till his arms rested upon his knees and his hands hung down nerveless between.

"You need not speak, child," he said sadly. "It has all been one of my mistakes. I see! I see!"

"Sir Gordon, indeed, indeed I do feel honoured!"

"No, no! hush, hush!" he said gently. "It is only natural. It was very weak and foolish of me to ask you ; but when this love blinds a man, he says and does foolish things that he repents when his eyes are open. Mine are open now—yes," he said, with a sad smile, "wide open ; I can see it all. But," he added quickly, as he rose, "you are not angry with me, my dear?"

"Angry? Sir Gordon!"

"No: you are not," he said, taking her hand and patting it softly. "Is it not strange that I could see you so clearly and well, and yet be so blind to myself? Ah, well, it is over now. I suppose no man is perfect, but in my conceit I did not think I could have been so weak. If I had not seen Bayle this morning and realised what had taken place, I should not have let my vanity get the better of me as I did."

"All this is very, very painful to me, Sir Gordon."

"Yes, yes, of course," he said quickly. "Come, then, this is our little secret, my child. You will keep it—the secret of my mistake? I do love you very much, but you have taught me what it is. I am getting old and not so keen of wits as I was once upon a time. I

thought it was man's love for woman ; but you are right, my dear, it is the love that a tender father might bear his child."

He took her unresistingly in his arms, and kissed her forehead reverently before turning away, to walk to the window and stand gazing out blindly, till a firm step with loudly creaking boots was heard approaching, when Sir Gordon slowly drew away back into the room.

Then the gate clanged, the bell rang, and a change came over Sir Gordon as Millicent ran to the drawing-room door.

"Not at home, Thisbe, to any one," she said hastily. "I am particularly engaged."

She closed the door quietly, and came back into the room to stand there, now flushed, now pale.

Sir Gordon took her hand softly, and raised it to his lips.

"Thank you, my child," he said tenderly. "It was very kind and thoughtful of you. I could not bear any one else to see me in my weakness."

He was smiling sadly in her face, when he noticed her agitation, and at that moment the deep rich tones of Hallam's voice were heard speaking to Thisbe.

The words were inaudible, but there was no mistaking the tones, and at that moment it was as if the last scale of Sir Gordon's love blindness had fallen away, and he let fall Millicent's hand with a half-frightened look.

"Millicent, my child!" he cried in a sharp whisper. "No, no! Tell me it isn't that!"

She raised her eyes to his, looking pale, and shrinking from him as if guilty of some sin, and he flushed with anger as he caught her by the wrist.

"I give up—I have given up—every hope," he said hoarsely, "but I cannot kill my love, even if it be an old man's, and your happiness would be mine. Tell me then: I have a right to know—tell me, Millicent, my child, it is not that?"

Millicent's shrinking aspect passed away, and a warm flush flooded her cheeks as she drew herself up proudly, and looked him bravely in the eyes.

"It is true then?" he said huskily.

Millicent did not answer with her lips; but there was a proud assent in her clear eyes as she met her questioner's unflinchingly, while the deep-toned murmur ceased, the firm step was heard upon the gravel, and the door closed.

"Then it is so?" he said in a voice that was almost inaudible. "Hallam! Hallam! How true that they say love is blind! Oh, my child, my child!"

His last words were spoken beneath his breath, and he stood there, old and crushed, by the fair woman in the full pride of her youth and beauty, both listening to the retiring step, as Hallam went down the road.

No words could have told so plainly as her eyes the secret of Millicent Luttrell's heart.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

FEBRUARY 7TH.

Read Psalm lxxiii. Matt. vi. 24—34.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION.

ONE vital question about religion is, *where is it to come?* As Christ was preaching on the mountain about the scope of faith with the things of this life, and the lessons taught by birds and even flowers to mankind, few of those who listened to Him would have objected to religion in its proper place, and at its right time; most would have resented the supremacy that He distinctly claimed for it. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness," He said. "First," I say, is the word at which many must have stumbled. The *beautiffulness* of it as an ideal and regulator of life, or even the *desirableness* of it for rest and consolation,

perhaps none would have cared to deny. But may it be postponed until it is convenient to think about it? Can it be laid on a shelf without risk or disrespect, to wait there until it is really wanted, and to be safely trusted to do its proper office when called upon? or must it always have the first place, and instantly? This is the specious difficulty that incessantly tempts the great multitude of busy men. It is clear that in many different shapes the question presents itself. With a man's *pleasures* religion often interferes, sternly forbidding some, claiming to regulate all. Is it safe for a man to indulge himself for a time with the hope and intention some day of repenting and amending himself; sure then to find admittance when he knocks for it into a waiting father's house? Or his *worldly interests* for fifty years of his life may come into

serious competition with his principles. He may find himself run very hard in the fierce contests of the Exchange by unscrupulous, clear-headed rivals, and his temptation will be to say to conscience, "Hold thy peace, and leave me alone for the present. Ten years hence I will listen to thee and make up for all." Or the actual *pressure* of a man's daily affairs, the mere effort of winning his bread, may seem to impose such a limitation on his faculties of resource and application, that he may plausibly say, "Really, I have not time for two worlds at once. Let me secure the present, with a competence on which I may retire when life is declining. Then I will say to my soul, 'Now begin to think of what is in front of thee!' and to God, 'Forgive the frailty of thy servant, and accept him in this eleventh hour.'"

To all of which Christ replies clearly and almost sternly, "No." That will not do. It will not do for God, who has a rightful claim on all of you, your first, your best, and who will not consent to be put off with the dregs and lees of your years. Whom do you take Him for, what do you conceive Him to be, that He should be expected to connive at your postponing the spiritual interests and the supreme end of your being to money and sense, merely because you cannot bring yourselves to trust Him as your Father? Have you, further, so little perception of the awful secrets of your own moral nature, that it should seem possible for you to escape the inevitable and corroding results of deliberate worldliness, to presume that you can repent and turn to God at will, not from love but from fear? God, the living God, must be preferred, served, trusted, made first, and He will take care of us. To make Him second is to put Him nowhere. Christ here enforces a rule of the Christian life, evidently of universal obligation. Then, by way of persuading men to it, He attaches to it a promise. "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all these things shall be added unto you.

What we are to seek is, "the kingdom of God and His righteousness." In a word, we are to grasp our privileges, recognising the responsibilities that they imply.

Christ proclaimed a kingdom, with the government, polity, laws, equipments, and organization which should, in course of time, belong to it. King over it He was Himself to be. The method of admission into it was to be baptism. Its idea was the absolute equality of men as men before God. The essence of its very existence was love. Its

weapons were to be truth, suffering, and example; its area, mankind; its distinction, humility; its condition, sacrifice; its reward, eternal life. The one theory absolutely fatal to it was selfishness. Its invisible sphere was the separate human soul. Its manifestation was to be character. Its charter was Holy Scripture. The link of its concord with its members and Himself was the communion of His body and blood. Men were to seek it and to press into it. Then just in proportion to their obedience to it and sacrifices for it, it would enter into them, and possess them, and absorb them. He, its King, would dwell in them, abide with them, speak by them, act through them, shine out from them, make them His living epistles and His transfiguring, illuminating presence. But their effort was not only to be after the privileges of the kingdom, but for the inherent duties and responsibilities of it. The final end of Christ's coming in the flesh was personal human goodness. Salvation means holiness; the kingdom of God, which claims righteousness from us, bestows it on us, and produces it in us—nay, is itself, as St. Paul says, "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness," said Jesus. There is no surer test of our vital and sincere goodness than our desire for it, our consciousness of a grievous lack of it, and our strenuous efforts to attain it. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." No doubt it is very hard not to be grievously discouraged with the imperfect progress of many and slow years. Sometimes the tempter whispers to us, "Be not righteous overmuch—thou wilt never, with all thy striving, be what thou desirest. Is it not self-love that makes thee wish to be better than others? Be content." The wearied heart listens; and soon another, a truer voice whispers, "Follow me;" and we feel the face of the Beloved hanging over us. We know His voice, and we rise up once more, and take up the cross and go after Him.

"All these things shall be added unto you," added Christ. That is to say, the provision even of your bodily needs shall be made sure. Here is a temporal promise to a spiritual duty which at first sight is perplexing. We quite understand that the moral life has its reward even here, for it is a matter of observation and experience. Has the spiritual life also? The answer is that the true spiritual life implies the moral within

and beneath it; that the man who seeks God and tries to do His will before everything else in the world may be expected to have just those qualities of integrity, and truthfulness, and courage, and kindness which will procure him the favour and respect of men, with all that accompanies them; that though the divine promise will not fulfil itself by supernatural methods, it will ensure, through the operation of natural causes, the beneficial effects that always go with character. A Christian man's ideas may be despised, his opinions rejected, his motives misinterpreted, his habits mocked, but his moral character is a real and recognised force in the working of the great social machine. Religion, the meaning of which is that it binds together men into a supernatural society, by the idea of God, and the sense of His presence, and the power of His grace, and the gospel of His Son, and the hope of His reward, has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come.

Let this, then, be our New Year's rule—to put God, His cause, His service, His favour *first*, and to let all else go that interferes with it, absolutely trusting His Fatherliness about everything. “God is faithful.”

FEBRUARY 14TH.

Read Psalm xxxiv. Luke xvii. 11—19.

THE MOTIVE OF DEVOTION.

How do you account for the conduct of these men? They were strangers to the Lord, had no sort of claim on Him, met with no difficulty about their request beyond the condition essential to their receiving. Yet when He gave them all they asked, instantly and cheerfully, they were not at the pains even of thanking Him. Some think they were cowards, and that from a fear of compromising themselves with the religious authorities by too much civility to Him, they felt it safest, having secured what they wanted, to leave Him to Himself. Others attribute it to a sudden impulse of superstition. Certainly He had cured them, but how had it come to pass? and might not the spell of His mysterious power, which had acted so magically on their bodily frame, operate irresistibly on their wills and compel them to become His disciples? That was the last thing they wanted. Or was it a not unintelligible love of that fair and happy world from which they had been banished so long, with its possessions and enjoyments, its occupations and friendships, its homes and kinsmen, that in a rush of excited happiness made them forget

altogether to turn and bless the benignant Stranger through whom their gladness had come to them, the hope of pleasure expelling the sense of obligation? To me, however, the simplest, and therefore the most satisfactory way of accounting for it, is just that they were ungrateful. They had got what they wanted so easily and so quickly, that all thought of their benefactor went clean out of their minds. They had not been asked to pay for it, they were simply expected to recognise it, and they refused.

This ingratitude is a fault in our nature, of which we feel horribly ashamed when it is brought home to us (of course it seldom is brought home), which we feel to be an enormous injustice when we suffer it from others (we often think we do suffer it), and which is perhaps one of our most grievous offences against Almighty God. There are many causes for it. Pride makes some men ungrateful, they dislike to be under an obligation, so the easiest thing to do is to deny that it exists. Vanity makes others. Have they received more than they deserved, and ought to have had long ago? Selfishness explains it in others. If they acknowledge a kindness they will be expected to return it, which they have no intention of doing. But bad as ingratitude is from man to man, what is it when compared with ingratitude to Christ? What He suffered then He suffers now, what He asked then He asks now, and with much the same kind of answer, “Where are the nine?”

I. See what He *gives*. These men He had cured of their leprosy, merely because they had asked Him, and He pitied them. That act of healing is typical of all His deeds of mercy to mankind now. “Jesus Christ maketh thee whole” is true every hour, in every corner of the earth, and with manifold fulfilments. Sometimes it is in recovering us from actual sickness, sometimes in the healing of spiritual and moral trouble, sometimes in the redemptive act of present forgiveness, and of victory over indwelling sin. He is still the Healer, the Saviour, the universal Friend of suffering humanity. The Priest on His throne sees, pities, and heals.

II. Observe what He *claims*. “There are not found that returned,” “to give glory to God,” “save this stranger.” To give glory to God, means to recognise Him as the author of the mercy, to thank Him for conferring it, to serve Him as some return for it. Does not He deserve what He claims? it is only what we expect from each other.

III. Consider what He *receives*. Prayers?

Yes, by the thousands, when we are in need of Him, oh! the sad, persistent, eager, passionate cries that go up to Him from parents asking for the lives of their children, sufferers tossing in fever or agony, from the penitent for pardon, from the lonely for love. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole." "Sir, come down ere my child die." "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" Promises, too, in heaps as big as mountains, are made to Him in moments when we think less of our power of keeping them, than our keen desire for the coveted kindness. The psalmist speaks of the vows that he made in the time of trouble; of many such vows the watching angels must be witnesses. But He also receives ingratitude. The prayer is answered, and the promise is broken. The life is spared, and the service denied. The little child once more comes back to its toys and games and childish delights; but do the parents yield themselves to the Lord who has restored it them? The poverty so dreaded is averted. Is the wealth used for Christ, or spent on self?

"Where are the nine?" Let us take this question home to ourselves, about the year just over. Certainly so far as mercy is concerned, we are among the nine who have been blessed by Christ. Are we thankful for these blessings? Have we learned the lessons they were meant to teach us? have we gathered the treasures they were sent to convey to us? are we wiser as well as sadder, more filled with God, though taught the vanity of earth?

"Where are the nine?" If we desire to recognise the hand of God in all His dealings with us, and to give Him glory for continued and undeserved mercy, how shall we give Him the glory He desires in the most acceptable way? There is only one way, but that is sufficient, for when that is given, it implies and insures the rest, that of more personal and ungrudging devotion. Thomas à Kempis has said that "on two wings a man is lifted up above earthly things; that is, on simplicity and purity." To be lifted up above earthly things means to reach after God. Simplicity and purity mean aim and motive absorbed on Him. We none of us know how we are blessed. We never really value our blessings till we miss them—often, alas! only when we miss what we can never recall. Little, too, do we suspect of what we defraud God, and rob ourselves, when we refuse to give Him the praise He looks for. Let us learn afresh this new year the secret of real thankfulness. The heart of Jesus is made sad, not only

through wounded love, but at the thought of the sin that forgets Him. Joy is power, and the reward of gratitude is the joy that goes with it. If it becometh well the just to be thankful, it is his wisdom likewise. Joy brings summer unto the soul, and gives wings for its feet, that it may fly on the errands of God.

FEBRUARY 21ST.

Read Psalm xxviii. Rom. i. 8-17.

THE PRINCIPLE OF DUTY.

Fairly, I think, and not cynically, the world may be said to be divided into two classes: one, of the men who are constantly occupied with considering what society owes to them; the other, of those who are even more anxious to discover what they owe to society. We need not pause to inquire which of these two classes is the more numerous, or the nobler, or to which mankind owes most of truth and virtue, or to which St. Paul himself belonged. From the particular instance let us pass instantly to the universal duty, each in the solitary region of his own conscience, to ponder for himself the meaning of this sentence, and to inquire if he is permitting it to colour and shape his life. For we may see in it the secret of God, the burden of the Church, the safety of the nation, the enthusiasm of the saint.

The debt is a threefold one, of truth, example, and charity. Man owes truth to man, and just in proportion to his own apprehension of the value of it, and his appropriation of the substance of it, and his recognition of the necessity of it for all to cheer, elevate, dignify, and complete human nature, will be his readiness, even at personal cost, to dispense it to others. A university, of course, is the most majestic embodiment of the idea that truth is the inheritance of the race, and that the best kind of hospitality is the hospitality of the mind, joyfully welcoming all men into its temple of knowledge. But if the great truths of physics, and mathematics, and philosophy, and history are to be passed on as readily, and constantly, and cheaply as possible, how much more those vast spiritual truths which touch the only realities, which help us to pierce the veil which separates the visible from the invisible, telling us of a Divine order running through our lives, of God's redeeming purpose about us, of the way of peace, of the hope laid up for us in heaven when this weary life is over!

Another part of our debt is example, the

daily, unconscious, natural—yet often supernatural—exhibition of simple goodness. “None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.” Perhaps reverence in public worship is the best instance of what I mean. There is nothing so irresistible as a good example, nothing so much in our own power, nothing, moreover, to which our obligation is so supreme. Charity is the other part of our debt, with relations, and proportions, and degrees which justice compels, reflection indicates, and occasion supplies. Oh! if this were but more constantly recognised, if we would all of us be more willing to understand how much the happiness and goodness of others is in our own power, just through our showing them kindness, what a changed world this would be! “Owe no man anything, but to love one another.”

But to whom is the debt owed?

To God, who reveals truth that we may believe and assimilate it; who proclaims righteousness that we may recognise and desire it; who invites love that we may surrender Him our hearts. Who shall attempt to measure the greatness of our debt to God? The earth is full of His mercy, and into all our mouths doth He continually put a new song. Of course the two great mercies are our possession of His divine image in however soiled and fragmentary a way; the other (essentially bound up with it) our hope, may I not say our sense of immortality. But for these two blessings it might be easy enough to show that human life is not worth living. The first thought that should meet us at waking, the central thought that should permeate and imbue the varied activities of the day, the last thought that should solemnise us before sleeping, should be this: “To God, my Father and Redeemer, I am a debtor. Can I rob Him?” We are debtors also to each other. You remember how Christ answered a lawyer endeavouring to evade His comprehensive precept about love with the parable of the Good Samaritan. “Who is my neighbour?” “He is my neighbour who needs me, whose need I come across, know, and really have power to help, without injustice to the nearer claims of others.” It is a tremendous thought how much we owe each other, and how little aware of it most of us seem to be. Of truth, in the social intercourse we enjoy, in the opinions we propound, in the books we lend, in the commonest words we say; of example, to all those into whose company we pass, and all of whom we more or less potently influence to a degree we can hardly tell, but

for which one day we shall be judged. “Is my neighbour better or worse for me?” may be a question which it would be unreasonable and overstrained to ask every moment about everything; it is also a question which so intimately touches our responsibilities with each other that we neglect it at our peril. Now I have to show—a far harder task—what is the secret of this sense of indebtedness. “I am a debtor.” So St. Paul says. But do I feel it, and do I care for it? Is the debt too great for me even to try to pay it, as much above my reach as a fixed star, as much outside my conscience as the moral character of Julius Cæsar; or if recognised at all, is it approached with reluctance, handled with levity, and dismissed with a sense of relief?

The secret is in observing and appreciating our real relation to those who claim this duty from us, and thereby entirely transforming the burden and difficulty of sacrifice into a new force of life. The mighty fact of redemption is the true key to it all, for it shows us at once the real value of our own being, and the worth of our fellow-man, and the dearness and loveliness of God. When I see at what cost I have been redeemed, then I may find it worth while to subdue and discipline myself, for what is to come out of it. If my citizenship is in Heaven, and I am on my way there, I can wait, and it is well worth my while. As to my fellow-man, whoever he be, or by whatever name he may be called, how can I despise him, for Jesus shares his nature; how can I despair of him, for Jesus redeemed his life? The awful verity of the Incarnation casts an incredible and ineffable dignity on the meanest human soul. Man is redeemed, and he knows it; and because man is precious to God, he must be precious to his brother. “The love of Christ constraineth us.” If that thought will not stir and touch us, the sight of Jesus on a second cross would equally fail. “I am a debtor” to my brother because he is unspeakably precious to God; what is precious to God may surely be so to me.

And God, how dear and glorious He becomes when we humbly meditate on Him in the light of the fact of Redemption! The awfulness of our sin and the infiniteness of His love are alike made manifest in the shame and anguish of the Cross.

“I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed;
That thou mightest ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?”

“I am a debtor.”

FEBRUARY 28TH.

Read Psalm cxlv. Jude v. 20-25.

THE SECRET OF PERSEVERANCE.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God," writes the dogmatic but practical apostle. What is this love of God? Ours to Him, or His to us? Ours to Him, we fear, would not help us much, either for security or goodness. It is His to us, of course, and Holy Scripture writes of it in three several degrees. There is His love to all mankind, of which His redemption of the world by Jesus Christ is the measure. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son." There is His love to the people in covenant with Him, called out of the world to bear witness to His holy name. "Jacob have I loved." There is also His special love to those who accept His love, and, as best they can, give Him back their own. "If any man love me," said Jesus, "he will keep my words, and my Father will love Him." Further, this love of God to us is conspicuous both in providence and grace, in the affliction that wounds and the disappointment that denies, as well as in the prosperity which stimulates and the sunshine that ripens us. We are to see it in Jesus once dying, and now interceding for us, in the promises that encourage, and in the warnings that sober the soul. As a saintly and living poet has sung—

"He, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;
And one thing further let him know—
That to believe these things are so,
That this is blessing, this is life."—TANXEN.

But how are we to keep ourselves in this love? The very idea of *keeping ourselves* is startling to a humble mind, which feels moment by moment dependent on a power above itself. No doubt St. Peter tells us, that we are "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation;" and in this very epistle, St. Jude points us to Him "who is able to keep us from falling." But every whole truth has two halves to it; and St. Paul, who is so careful to insist that by grace we are saved through faith and that not of ourselves, "it is the gift of God," deems it no inconsistency to press on us to "work out" our own "salvation with fear and trembling." Doubtless the indispensable and fundamental condition of our keeping ourselves in the love of God, is keeping ourselves in the love of man. All true love is essentially the same, a going out of self; and so emphatically does St. John insist on love to our brother as bound up with love to God, that He tells us they cannot exist apart, can-

not even be conceived of as separate. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" He also explains that "He that dwelleth in love," that is the spirit, habit, and practice of love, "dwelleth in God, and God in him." This then is the root and elementary condition of being kept in the love of God: feeling, thinking, doing, having love to our brother man, when he comes in our way, has need of us, and claim on us, and whom it is really in our power to aid. There are many well-meaning Christians who need to grasp this truth more firmly, and to act on it more diligently than they do. This understood, there are three other factors in this secret of keeping ourselves in the love of God: truth, prayer, and expectation. It is our idea of God, in His nature, attributes, character, self-revelation, purpose, that helps us to understand, venerate, worship and love Him. The more we increase in the knowledge of Him as St. Paul puts it, the more we build up ourselves on our most holy faith as St. Jude; the more shall we cleave to, and abide in Him, Whose home and nature is love. But of this fellowship prayer is the normal evidence, the continual and vital expression. It keeps the heart alive, turns abstract verities into experienced facts, reaches God and tastes the fruition of His Godhead, receives back as its reward a sense of the love that passeth knowledge. No praying soul is ever long troubled with numbness, and real prayer not only stirs but enlarges love. But the Psalmist long ago said, "Whom have I in Heaven but thee?" The expectation of the glory to come brings a glimpse of the glory now. "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." The thought of being with Him presently is a sure help against our missing that exceeding great reward through negligence or selfishness now. Two facts shine out with an irresistible brilliancy from the Lord's incarnate life on all the successive ages of human souls, will shine until the end comes. May we lay them to heart, for our own salvation hangs on them. The exceeding and awful wickedness of sin, from which, if wilful and persevering, even the passion of the blessed Jesus cannot save us. The unspeakable glory and power and beauty of love, which as manifested in God procured for us our salvation, as manifested in man declares, applies, imitates it. "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as He is pure." "Keep yourselves in the love of God."

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER X.—THISBE GIVES HER EXPERIENCE.

THISBE KING was huffy; and when Thisbe King was huffy, she was hard.

When Thisbe was huffy, and in consequence hard, it was because, as she expressed it, "Things is awkward," and when things were like that Thisbe went and made the beds. Of course the beds did not always want making; but more than once after an encounter with Mrs. Luttrell upon some domestic question, where it was all mild reproof on one side, acerbity on the other, Thisbe had been known to go up to the best bedroom, drag a couple of chairs forward, and relieve her mind by pulling the bed to pieces, snatching quilt and blankets and sheets off over the chairs, and engaging in a furious fight with pillows, bolster, and feather bed, hitting, punching, and turning, till she was hot; and then, having thoroughly conquered the soft, inanimate objects and her own temper at the same time, the bed was smoothly remade, and Thisbe sighed.

"I shall have to part with Thisbe," Mrs. Luttrell often used to say to husband and daughter; but matters went no farther: perhaps she knew in her heart that Thisbe would not go.

The beds had all been made, and there had been no encounter with Mrs. Luttrell about any domestic matter relating to spreading a cloth in the drawing-room before the grate was blackleaded, or using up one loaf in the kitchen before a second was cut. In fact, Thisbe had been all smiles that morning, and had uttered a few croaks in the kitchen, which she did occasionally under the impression that she was singing; but all at once she had rushed up-stairs like the wind in winter when the front door was opened, and, to carry out the simile, dashed back a bedroom door, and closed it with a bang.

This done, she had made a bed furiously—so furiously that the feathers flew from a weak corner, and had to be picked up and tucked in again. After this, red-faced and somewhat refreshed, Thisbe pulled a housewife out of a tremendous pocket, like a saddle-bag, threaded a needle, and sewed up the failing spot.

"It's dreadful, that's what it is!" she

muttered at last, "and I'm going to speak my mind."

She did not speak her mind then, but went down to her work, and worked with her ears twitching like those of some animal on the *qui vive* for danger; and when Thisbe twitched her ears there was a corresponding action in the muscles about the corners of her mouth, which added to the animal look, for it suggested that she might be disposed to bite.

Some little time afterwards she walked into the drawing-room, looking at its occupant in a soured way.

"Letter for you, Miss Milly," she said.

"A note for me, Thisbe?" And Millicent took the missive, which Thisbe held with her apron to keep it clean.

"Mr. Bayle give it me hissen."

Millicent's face grew troubled, and Thisbe frowned and left the room shaking her head.

The note was brief, and the tears stood in Millicent's eyes as she read it twice.

"Pity me. Forgive me. I was mad."

"Poor boy!" she said softly as she re-folded it and placed it in her desk, to stand there, thoughtful and with her brow wrinkled.

She was in the bay-window, and after standing there a few minutes, her face changed; the troubled look passed away as a steady, regular step was heard on the gravel path beyond the hedge. There was the faint creaking noise, too, at every step of the hard tight boots, and as their wearer passed, Millicent looked up and returned the salute: for a glossy hat was raised to her, and he who bowed passed on, leaving Millicent with her colour slightly heightened and an eager look in her eyes.

"Any answer, miss?"

Millicent turned quickly, to see that Thisbe had returned.

"Answer?"

"Yes, miss. The note."

"Is Mr. Bayle waiting?"

"No, miss; but I thought you might want to send him one, and I'm going out and could leave it on the way."

"No, Thisbe, there is no answer."

"Are you sure, miss?"

"Sure, Thisbe? Of course."

Thisbe stood pulling the hem of her apron and making it snap.

"Oh! I would send him a line, miss. I like Mr. Bayle. For such a young man, the way he can preach is wonderful. But, Miss Milly," she cried with a sudden, passionate outburst, "please, don't—don't do that!"

"What do you mean, Thisbe?"

"I can't abear it, miss. It frightens and worries me."

"Thisbe!"

"I can't help it, miss. I'm a woman too, and seven years older than you are. Don't, please don't, take any notice of me. There, don't look cross at me, miss. I must speak when I see things going wrong."

"What do you mean?" cried Millicent, crimsoning.

"I mean I used to lead you about when you was a little thing and keep you out o' the puddles when the road was clatty, and though you never take hold o' my hand now, I must speak when you're going wrong."

"Thisbe, this is a liberty!"

"I can't help it, Miss Milly; I see him coming by in his creaking boots, and taking off his hat, and walking by here, when he has no business, and people talking about it all over the town."

"And in this house. Thisbe, you are forgetting your place."

"Oh, no, I'm not, miss. I'm thinking about you and Mr. Hallam, miss. I know."

"Thisbe, mamma and I have treated you more as a friend than a servant; but——"

"That's it, miss, and I shouldn't be a friend if I was to stand by and see you walk raight into trouble without a word."

"Thisbe!"

"I don't care, Miss Milly, I will speak. Don't have nowt to do wi' him; he's too handsome; never you have nowt to do wi' a handsome man."

Millicent's ordinarily placid face assumed a look foreign to it—a look of anger and firmness combined; but she compressed her lips, as if to keep back words she would rather not utter, and then smiled once more.

"Ah, you may laugh, Miss Milly; but it's nothing to laugh at. And there's Mr. Bayle, too. You're having letters from he."

Millicent's face changed again; but she mastered her annoyance, and, laying her hand upon Thisbe's shoulder, said with a smile—

"I don't want to be angry with you, Thisbe, but you have grown into a terribly prejudiced weman."

"Enough to make me, seeing what I do, Miss Milly."

"Come, come, you must not talk like this."

"Ah, now you're beginning to coax again, as you always did when you wanted your own way; but it's of no use, my dear, I don't like him, and I never shall. I'd rather you'd marry old Sir Gordon. He is nice though he do dye his hair. I don't like him, and there's an end of it."

"Nonsense, Thisbe!"

"No, it isn't nonsense. I don't like him, and I never shall."

"But why. Have you any good reason?"

"Yes," said Thisbe with a snort.

"What is it?"

"I told you before. He's so horrid handsome."

"Why, you dear, prejudiced, silly old thing!" cried Millicent, whose eyes were sparkling, and cheeks flushed.

"I don't care if I am. I don't like handsome men: they're good for nowt."

"Why, Thisbe!"

"I don't care, they arn't; my soldier fellow was that handsome it made you feel wicked, you were so puffed out with pride."

"And so you were in love once, Thisbe?"

"Why, of course I was. Think I'm made o' stone, miss! Enough to make any poor girl be in love when a handsome fellow like that, with moustache-i-ohs, and shiny eyes, and larnseer uniform making him look like a blue robin redbreast, came and talked as he did to a silly young goose such as I was then. I couldn't help it. Why the way his clothes fitted him was enough to win any girl's heart—him with such a beautiful figure too! He looked as if he couldn't be got out of 'em wi'out unpicking."

"Think of our Thisbe falling in love with a soldier!" cried Millicent, laughing, for there was a wild feeling of joy in her heart that was intoxicating, and made her eyes flash with excitement.

"Ah, it's very funny, isn't it?" said Thisbe, with a vicious shake of her apron. "But it's true. Handsome as handsome he was, and talked so good that he set me thinking always about how nice I must be. Stuffed me out wi' pride, and what did he do then?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Thisbe."

"Borrered three pun seven and sixpence of my savings, and took my watch, as I bought at Horncastle fair, to be reggilated, and next time I see my gentleman he was walking out wi' Dixon's cook. Handsome is as handsome does, Miss Milly, so you take warning by me."

"There, I will not be cross with you, Thisbe," said Millicent, smiling. "I know you mean well."

"And you'll send an answer to Mr. Bayle, miss?"

"There is no answer required, Thisbe," said Millicent gravely.

"And Mr. Hallam, miss?"

"Thisbe," said Millicent, gravely, "I want you always to be our old faithful friend as well as servant, but—" She held up a warning finger, and was silent.

Thisbe's lips parted to say a few angry words; but she flounced round, and made the door speak for her in a sharp bang, after which she rushed up-stairs with the intent of having a furious encounter with a bed; but she changed her mind, and on reaching her own room, sat down, put her apron to her eyes, and had what she called "a good cry."

"Poor Miss Milly!" she sobbed at last; "she's just about as blind as I was, and she'll only find it out when it's too late."

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER EVENING AT THE DOCTOR'S.

"BUT—but I don't like it, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell, wiping her eyes, and looking up at the doctor, as he stood rubbing his hands, to get rid of the harshness produced by freshly dug earth used for potting.

"Neither do I," said the doctor calmly.

"But why should she choose him of all men?" sighed Mrs. Luttrell. "I never thought Millicent the girl to be taken by a man only for his handsome face. I was not when I was young!"

"Which is saying that I was precious ugly, eh?"

"Indeed you were the handsomest man in Castor!" cried Mrs. Luttrell proudly; "but you were the cleverest too, and—dear, dear!—what a little while ago it seems!"

"Gently, gently, old lady!" said the doctor, tenderly kissing the wrinkled forehead that was raised towards him. "Well, Heaven's blessing be upon her, my dear, and may her love be as evergreen as ours."

Mrs. Luttrell rose and laid her head upon his shoulder, and stood there, with a happy, peaceful look upon her pleasant face, although it was still wet with tears.

"That's what I'm afraid of," she sighed; "and it would be so sad."

"Ah, wife!" said the doctor, walking slowly up and down the room, with his arm about Mrs. Luttrell's waist, "it's one of nature's mysteries. We can't rule these things. Look at Milly. Some girls begin love-making at seventeen, ah, and before! and here she went calmly on to four-and-

twenty untouched, and finding her pleasure in her books and music, and home-life."

"As good and affectionate a girl as ever breathed!" cried Mrs. Luttrell.

"Yes, my dear; and then comes the man, and he has but to hold up his finger and say 'Come,' and it is done."

"But she might have had Sir Gordon, and he is rich, and then it would have been Lady Bourne!"

"He was too old, my dear, too old. She looked upon him as a child would look up to her father."

"Well, then, Mr. Bayle, the best of men, I'm sure; and he is well off too."

"Too young, old lady, too young. I've watched them together hundreds of times. Milly always petted and patronised him, and treated him as if he were a younger brother, of whom she was very fond."

"Heigho! Oh dear me!" sighed Mrs. Luttrell. "But I don't like him—this Mr. Hallam. I never thought when Millicent was a baby that she would enter into an engagement like this. Can't we break it off?"

The doctor shook his head. "I don't like it, mother. Hallam is the last man I should have chosen for her; but we must make the best of it. He has won her; and she is not a child, but a calm, thoughtful woman."

"Yes, that's the worst of it," sighed Mrs. Luttrell; "she is so thoughtful and calm and dignified, that I never can look upon her now as my little girl. I always seem to be talking to a superior woman, whose judgment I must respect. But this is very sad!"

"There, there! we must not treat it like that, old lady. Perhaps we have grown to be old and prejudiced. I own I have."

"Oh, no, no, my dear!"

"Yes, but I have. As soon as this seemed to be a certainty I began to try and find a hole in the fellow's coat."

"In Mr. Hallam's coat, love? Oh, you wouldn't find that."

"No," said the doctor drily, as he smiled down in the gentle old face, "not one. There, there! you must let it go! Now then, old lady, you must smile and look happy, here's Milly coming down."

Mrs. Luttrell shook her head, and her wistful look seemed to say that she would never look happy again; but as Millicent entered, in plain white satin, cut in the high-waisted, tight fashion of the period, and with a necklet of pearls for her only ornament, a look of pride and pleasure came into the mother's face, and she darted a glance at her

husband, which he caught and interpreted, "I will think only of her."

"Oh, Milly!" she cried, "that necklace! what lovely pearls!"

"Robert's present, dear. I was to wear them to-night. Are they not lovely?"

"Almost as lovely as their setting," said the doctor to himself, as he kissed his child tenderly. "Why, Milly," he said aloud, "you look as happy as a bird!"

She laid her cheek upon his breast, and remained silent for a few moments, with half-closed eyes. Then, raising her head, she kissed him lovingly.

"I am, father dear," she said in a low voice, full of the calm and peaceful joy that filled her breast. "I am, father, I am, mother—so happy!" She paused, and then, laughing gently, added, "So happy, I feel ready to cry."

It was to be a quiet evening, to which a few friends were invited; but it was understood as being an open acknowledgment of Millicent's engagement to Robert Hallam, and in this spirit the visitors came.

Miss Heathery generally arrived last at the social gatherings. It gave her entry more importance, and, at her time of life, she could not afford to dispense with adventitious aids. But there was the scent of matrimony in this little party, and she was dressed an hour too soon, and arrived first in the well-lit drawing-room.

"My darling!" she whispered as she kissed Millicent.

That was all; but her voice and look were full of pity for the victim chosen for the next sacrifice, and she turned away towards the piano to get out her handkerchief, and drop a parting tear. It was a big tear, one of so real an emotional character that it brimmed over, fell on her cheekbone, and hopped into her reticule just as she was drawing open the top, and was lost in the depths within.

There was as much sorrow for herself as emotion on Millicent Luttrell's behalf. Had not Millicent robbed her of the chance of an offer? Mr. Hallam might never have proposed: but still he might.

Suddenly her heart throbbed, for the next guest arrived also unusually early, and as Thisbe held open the door for him to pass, hope told again her flattering tale to the tune that Sir Gordon might have known that she, Miss Heathery, was coming early, and had followed.

The hopeful feeling did not die at once, but it received a shock as Sir Gordon entered, looking very bright and young, to shake

hands warmly with the doctor and Mrs. Luttrell, to bow to Miss Heathery, and then turn to Millicent, who in spite of her natural firmness was a good deal agitated. She had nerved herself for these meetings, and striven to keep down their importance; but now the night had come, she was fain to confess that hers was a difficult task, to meet two rejected lovers, and bear herself easily before them with the husband of her choice.

And now here was the first shock to be sustained, so forcing herself to be calm, she advanced with extended hand.

"Oh," whispered Sir Gordon, in tones that only reached Millicent's ear, "too bad—too bad. Supplanted twice. But there, I accept my fate." As he spoke he drew Millicent towards him, and kissed her forehead with tender reverence. "An old man's kiss, my dear, to the child of his very dear friends. God bless you! May you be very happy with the man of your choice. May I?" He dropped her hand to draw from his breast a string of large single pearls, so regular and perfect a match that they must have cost a goodly sum. For answer Millicent turned pale as she bent towards him and he clasped the string about her neck. "There," he said smiling, "I should have made a different choice if I had known."

Millicent would have spoken, but her voice failed, and to add to her agony at that moment, Bayle came in, looking, as she saw at a glance, pale and somehow changed.

"He will do or say something absurd," she said to herself as she bit her lip, and strove for composure. Then the blood seemed to rush to her heart and a pang shot through her as she realised, more than if he had said a thousand things, how deeply her refusal had influenced his life.

Only four months since that day, when she had told him that they could be true friends, she speaking as an elder sister to one she looked upon as a boy. And now she felt ready to ask, who was this calm, grave man, who took her hand without hesitation, so perfectly at ease in his gentlemanly courtesy, and who had so thoroughly fallen into the place she had bidden him take?

"I see," he said with a smile, "I shall not be out of order, my dear Miss Luttrell. Will you accept this little offering too?"

He was holding a brilliant diamond ring in his hand.

For answer Millicent drew her long glove from her soft white fingers, and he took it gravely, and, in the presence of all, slipped

on the ring, bending over it afterwards to kiss her hand, with the chivalrous delicacy of some courtier of a bygone school, then, raising his eyes to hers, he said softly, "Millicent Luttrell; our friendship must never fail."

Before she could say a word of thanks he had turned to speak to Mrs. Luttrell, giving way to Sir Gordon Bourne, who began chatting to her pleasantly, while her eyes followed Christie Bayle's easy gestures, wondering the while at the change in his manner, but unable to realise the agony of soul that he had suffered in this his first great battle with self before he had obtained the mastery, wounded and changed, stepping at once, as it were, from boyhood to the position of a thoughtful man.

Hallam soon arrived, smiling and agreeable, and it was piteous to see Mrs. Luttrell's efforts to be very warm and friendly to him.

Millicent noted it, and also that her father was quiet towards his son-in-law elect. She watched, too, the meeting between Hallam and Bayle, the former being as nearly offensive as his gentlemanly manner would allow; the latter warm, grave, and friendly.

"Has Bayle been unwell?" said Hallam the first time he was alone with Millicent.

"I have not heard," she replied, glancing at the curate, and wondering more and more, as the evening went on, at the change.

Among others, the Trampleasures arrived, and to Miss Heathery's grief, Mrs. Trampleasure pretty well monopolised Bayle's remarks, or else made him listen to her own.

"And what do you think of this engagement, Mr. Bayle?" she said, in so audible a voice that he was afraid it would be overheard.

"They make a very handsome couple," he replied.

"Ah, yes, handsome enough, I dare say, but good looks will not fill mouths. I wonder L. has allowed it. Mr. Hallam is all very well, but he is, I may say, our servant, and if we, who are above him, find so much trouble to make both ends meet, I don't know what he'll do."

"But Mr. Hallam has a very good salary, I presume."

"I tell T. it is too much, and old Mr. Dixon and Sir Gordon might have taken a hundred off, and let us draw it. I don't approve of the match at all."

"Indeed, Mrs. Trampleasure?" said Bayle, who felt hurt at hearing her speak like this.

"Yes; I'm Millicent's aunt, and I think I ought to have been consulted more—but

there! it is of no use to speak to my brother; and as to Millicent—she always did just as she liked with her mother! Poor Kitty is very weak!"

"I always find Mrs. Luttrell very sweet, and motherly."

"Not so motherly as I am, Mr. Bayle," said the lady bluntly. "Ah! it's a great stress on a woman—a large family—especially when the father takes things so coolly. I shouldn't speak to every one like this, you know, but one can talk to one's clergyman. Do you like Mr. Hallam?"

"I find him very gentlemanly."

"Ah, yes, he's very gentlemanly. Well I'm sure, I hope they'll be happy; but there's always something in married life, and you do well to keep out of it; but, of course, you are so young yet."

"Yes," he said, with a grave, old-looking smile, "I am so young yet."

"You don't know what a family is, Mr. Bayle. There's always something; when it isn't measles it's scarlatina, and when it isn't scarlatina it's boots and shoes."

"Oh, but children are a deal of comfort, Sophia," said the doctor, coming up after whispering to Mrs. Luttrell that his sister looked grumpy.

"Some children may be, Joseph—mine are not," sighed Mrs. Trampleasure, and the doctor went back to his wife. "Ah, Mr. Bayle, if I were to tell you half of the troubles I've been through I should harass you."

"Kitty," said the doctor, "I want everything to go well to-night. Try and coax Sophia away, she's forcing her doldrums on Mr. Bayle."

"But how am I to get her away, dear? you know what she is."

"Try to persuade her to taste the brandy cherries, or we shall be having her in tears. I'll come and help you."

They walked back to where Mrs. Trampleasure was still talking away hard in a querulous voice.

"Ah! you've come back, Joseph," she said, cutting short her remarks to the curate to return to her complaint to her brother. "I was saying that some children are a pleasure, but it did not seem as if you could listen to me."

"My dear Sophia, I'll listen to you all night, but Kitty wants you to give your opinion about some brandy cherries."

"My opinion?" said the lady loudly. "I have no opinion. I never taste such luxuries."

Millicent could not help hearing a portion of her aunt's querulous remarks, and, out of sheer pity for one of the recipients, she

turned to her Uncle Trampleasure, who always kept on the other side of the room.

"Uncle, dear," she said, "aunt is murmuring so. Do try and stop it."

"Stop it, my dear?" he said, smiling sadly. "Ah, if you knew your aunt as well as I do you would never check her murmurs; they carry off her ill-temper. No, no, my dear, it would be dangerous to stop it. I always let it go on."

There was no need to check Mrs. Trampleasure after all. Mr. Bayle threw himself into the breach, and made her forget her own troubles by consulting her about some changes that he proposed making in the parish. That changed the course of her thoughts, and in the intervals of the music, and often during the progress of some song, she alluded to different matters that had given her annoyance ever since she had been a girl.

It was not an agreeable duty, that of keeping Mrs. Trampleasure amused, but Millicent rewarded him with a grateful smile, and he was content.

There was a pleasant little supper that was announced unpleasantly just as Miss Heathery had consented to sing again, and was telling the assembly in a bird-like voice how gaily the troubadour touched his guitar—h—ah, as he was hastening home from the war.

"Supper's ready," said a loud, harsh voice, which cut like an arrow right through Miss Heathery's best note.

"Now you shouldn't, Thisbe," said Mrs. Luttrell in tones of mild reproach, but the reproof was not heard, for the door was sharply closed.

"It is only our Thisbe's way, Mr. Bayle," whispered Mrs. Luttrell; "please don't notice it. Excellent servant, but so soon put out."

She nodded confidentially, and then stole out on tiptoe, so as not to interrupt Miss Heathery, who went on—"singing from Palestine hither I come," to the end.

Then words of reproof and sharp retort could be heard outside; and after a while poor Mrs. Luttrell came back looking very red, to lean over the curate from behind the sofa, brooding over him as if he were a favourite chicken.

"I don't like finding fault with the servants, Mr. Bayle. Did you hear me?"

"I could not help hearing," he said smiling.

"She does provoke me so," continued Mrs. Luttrell in a soft clucking way, that quite accorded with her brooding. I know I shall have to discharge her."

"She does not like a little extra trouble perhaps. Company."

"Oh, no: it is not that," said Mrs. Luttrell. "She'll work night and day for one if she's in a good temper, but the fact is, Mr. Bayle, she does not like this engagement, and quite hates Mr. Hallam."

Bayle drew his breath hard, but he turned a grave smiling face to his hostess.

"That's the reason, I'm sure, why she is so awkward to-night, my dear—I beg pardon, I mean Mr. Bayle," said the old lady, colouring as ingenuously as a girl, "but she pretends it is about the potatoes."

"Potatoes?" said Bayle, who was eager to divert her thoughts.

"Yes. You see the doctor is so proud of his potatoes, and I was going to please him by having some roasted for supper and brought up in a napkin, but Thisbe took offence directly, and said that cold chicken and hot potatoes would be ridiculous, and she has been in a huff ever since."

Just then the door opened and the person in question entered, to come straight to Mrs. Luttrell, who began to tremble and look at the curate for help.

"There's something gone wrong," she whispered.

"Can I speak to you, please, mum?" said Thisbe, glaring at her severely.

"Well, I don't know, Thisbe, I——"

"Let me go out and speak to Thisbe, mamma, dear," said Millicent, who had crossed the room, divining what was wrong.

"Oh, if you would, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell eagerly; and Thisbe was compelled to retreat, her young mistress following her out of the room.

"That's very good of her, Mr. Bayle," said Mrs. Luttrell, with a satisfied sigh. "Millicent can always manage Thisbe. She has such a calm, dignified way with her. Do you know, Mr. Bayle, she is the only one who can manage her Aunt Trampleasure when she begins to murmur. Ah, I don't know what I shall do when she has gone."

"You will have the satisfaction of knowing that she is happy with the man she loves."

"I don't know, Mr. Bayle, I—Oh dear me, I ought to be ashamed of myself for speaking like this—Hush! here she is."

In effect Millicent came back into the room to where her mother was sitting.

"Only a little domestic difficulty, Mr. Bayle. Mamma, dear, it is all smoothed away, and Thisbe is very penitent."

"And she will bring up the roast potatoes in the napkin, my dear?"

"Yes," cried Millicent, laughing merrily, "she has retracted all her opposition, and we are to have two dishes of papa's best."

"In napkins, my dear?" cried Mrs. Luttrell eagerly; "both in napkins?"

"Yes, mamma, in the whitest napkins she can find."

She glanced at Christie Bayle's grave countenance, and felt her heart smite her for being so happy and joyous in his presence.

"Don't think us childish, Mr. Bayle," she said gently. "It is to please my father."

He rose and stood by her side for a moment or two. "Childish?" he said in a low voice, "as if I could think such a thing of you."

Millicent smiled her thanks, and crossed the room to where Hallam was watching her. The next minute supper was again announced—simple old-fashioned supper—and Millicent went out on Hallam's arm.

"You are going to take me in, Mr. Bayle? Well, I'm sure I'd rather," said Mrs. Luttrell, "and I can then see, my dear, that you have a good supper. There, I'm saying 'my dear' to you again."

"It is because I seem so young, Mrs. Luttrell," replied Bayle gravely.

"Oh no, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell innocently; "it was because you seemed to come among us so like a son, and took to the doctor's ways with his garden, and were so nice with Millicent. I used to think that perhaps you two might—Oh, dear me," she cried, checking herself suddenly, "what a tongue I have got! Pray don't take any notice of what I say."

There was no change in Christie Bayle's countenance, for the smile hid the pang he suffered as he took in the pleasant garrulous old lady to supper; but that night he paced his room till daybreak, fighting a bitter fight, and asking for strength to bear the agony of his heart.

CHAPTER XII.—JAMES THICKENS IS MYSTERIOUS.

"I THINK, previous to taking this step, Sir Gordon, I may ask if you and Mr. Dixon are quite satisfied? I believe the books show a state of prosperity."

"That does us credit, Mr. Hallam," said Sir Gordon quietly. "Yes, Mr. Dixon bids me say that he is perfectly satisfied—eh, Mr. Trampleasure?"

"Quite, Sir Gordon—more than satisfied," replied Mr. Trampleasure, who was standing with his hands beneath his coat-tails, balancing himself on toe and heel, and bowing

as he spoke with an air that he believed to be very impressive.

"Then, before we close this little meeting, I suppose it only remains for me to ask you if you have any questions to ask of the firm, any demands to make?"

Hallam rose from behind the table covered with books and balance-sheets in the manager's-room of the bank, placed his hand in his breast, and in a quiet, dignified way, replied:—

"Questions to ask, Sir Gordon—demands to make? No; only to repeat my former question. Are you satisfied?"

"I did reply to that," said Sir Gordon, who looked brown and sunburned, consequent upon six weeks' yachting in the Mediterranean; "but have you no other question or demand to make previous to your marriage?"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Trampleasure—"excuse me. I want to say one word. Hem! hem!—I er—I er—"

"What is it, Trampleasure?" said Sir Gordon.

"It is in regard to a question I believe Mr. Hallam is about to put to the firm. I may say that Mrs. Trampleasure drew my attention to the matter, consequent upon a rumour in the town in connection with Mr. Hallam's marriage."

Hallam raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Have they settled the date?" he said pleasantly.

"No, sir, not that I am aware of; but Mrs. Trampleasure has been given to understand that Mr. Hallam, upon his marriage, will wish, and is about to send in a request for the apartments connected with this bank that I have always occupied. It would be a great inconvenience to Mrs. Trampleasure with our family—I mean to me—to have to move."

"My dear Sir Gordon," said Hallam, interrupting, "allow me to set Mr. Trampleasure at rest. I have taken the little Manor House, and have given orders for the furniture."

"There, Trampleasure," said Sir Gordon: "don't take any notice of gossips for the future."

"Hem! I will not; but Mr. Gemp is so well informed generally."

"That he is naturally wrong sometimes," said Sir Gordon. "By the way, are they ever going to put that man under the pump? Now, Mr. Hallam, have you anything more to ask?"

"Certainly not, Sir Gordon," replied the

manager stiffly. "I understand your allusion, of course; but I have only to say that I look upon my engagement here as a commercial piece of business to be strictly adhered to, and that I know of nothing more degrading to a man than making every change in his life an excuse for asking an increase of salary."

"And you do not wish to take a holiday trip on the occasion of your wedding?"

"No, Sir Gordon."

"But the lady?"

"Miss Luttrell knows that she is about to marry a business man, Sir Gordon, and accepts her fate," said Hallam with a smile.

"Of course you can take a month. I'm sure Trampleasure and Thickens would manage everything in your absence."

"Excuse me, Sir Gordon, I have no doubt whatever that everything would run like a repeater-watch in my absence; but, in accepting the responsibility of manager of this bank, I could not feel comfortable to run away just in our busiest time. Later on I may take a trip."

"Just as you like, Hallam, just as you like. Then that is all we have to do?"

"Everything, Sir Gordon. Yes, Mr. Thickens, I will come;" for the clerk had tapped at the door and summoned him into the bank.

"Dig for you, Trampleasure, about the salary, eh?" said Sir Gordon, as soon as they were alone.

"And in very bad taste too," said Trampleasure stiffly.

"Ah, well, he's a good manager," said Sir Gordon. "How I hate figures! They'll be buzzing in my head for a week."

He rose and walked to the glass to begin arranging his cravat and shirt-collar, buttoning the bottom of his coat, and pulling down his buff vest, so that it could be well seen. Then adjusting his hat at a correct gentlemanly angle, and tapping the tassels of his Hessian boots to make them swing free, he bade Trampleasure good morning and sauntered down the street, twirling his cane with all the grace of an old beau.

"I don't like that man," he said to himself, "and I never did; but his management of the bank is superb. Only one shaky loan this last six months, and he thinks we shall clear ourselves, if we wait before we sell."

"Bah! I'm afraid I'm as great a humbug as the rest of the world. If he had not won little Millicent, I should have thought him a very fine fellow, I dare say."

He strolled on towards the doctor's, thinking as he went.

"No, I don't think I should have liked him," he mused. "He's gentlemanly and polished; but too gentlemanly and polished. It is like a mask and suit that to my mind do not fit. Then, hang it! how did he manage to win that girl?"

"Cleverness. That calm air of superiority; that bold deference, and his good looks. I've seen it all; he has let her go on talking in her clever way—and she is clever; and then when he has thought she has gone on long enough, he has checked her with a touch of the tiller, and thrown all the wind out of her sails, leaving her swinging on the ocean of conjecture. Just what she would like: made to feel that, clever as she is, he could be her master when and where he pleased. Yes, that is it, and I suppose I hate him for it. No, no. It would not have been right, even if I could have won. I would not be prejudiced against him more than I can help; but I'm afraid we shall never be any closer than we are."

That afternoon Mr. Hallam of the bank was exceedingly busy: so was James Thickens, at the counter, now giving, now receiving and cancelling and booking cheques or greasy notes, some of which were almost too much worn to be deciphered.

The time went on, and it was the hour for closing the doors. Thickens had had to go in and out of the manager's room several times, and Hallam was always busy writing letters. He looked up, and answered questions, or gave instructions, and then went on again, while each time, when James Thickens came out, he looked more uneasy. That is to say, to any one who thoroughly understood James Thickens, he would have looked uneasy. To a stranger he would only have seemed peculiar, for involuntarily at such times he had a habit of moving his scalp very slowly, drawing his hair down over his forehead, while his eyebrows rose up to meet it. Then, with mechanical regularity, they separated again; and all the while his eyes were fixed, and seemed to be gazing at something that was not there.

"You need not wait, Thickens," said Hallam, opening his door at length. "I want to finish a few letters."

The clerk rose and left the place after his customary walk round with keys, and the transferring of certain moneys to the safe; and as soon as he was gone, Hallam locked his door communicating with the house, and began to busy himself in the safe, examining docketted securities, ticking them off, arranging and rearranging, hour after hour.

And during those hours James Thickens



"Mr. Gemp in his doorway."

seemed to be prosecuting a love affair, for, instead of going home to his tea and gold-fish, he walked down the market-place for some distance, turned sharp back, knocked at a door, and was admitted. Then old Gemp, who had been sweeping his narrow horizon, put on his hat, and walked across to Mrs. Pinet, who was as usual watering her geraniums, and hunting for withered leaves that did not exist.

"Two weddings, Mrs. P.!" he said with a leer.

"Lor, Mr. Gemp, what do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Two weddings, ma'am. Your Mr. Hallam first, and Thickens directly after. No more bachelors at the bank, ma'am."

"Why, you don't mean to say that, Mr. Thickens—oh, dear me!"

"But I do mean to say it, ma'am. He's dropped in at Miss Heathery's as coolly as can be; and has hung his hat up behind the door."

"You don't say so!"

"Oh yes, I do. It's her doing. Going there four or five times a week to cash cheques, and he has grown reckless. Let's wait till he comes out."

"Perhaps then," said Mrs. Pinet primly, "people may begin saying things about me."

"There'll be no one to say it," said Gemp innocently. "Let's see how long he stops. I can't very well from my place."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said Mrs. Pinet, grandly. "Mr. Hallam will be in directly too. No, Mr. Gemp, I'm no watcher of my neighbours' affairs;" and she went indoors.

"Very well, madam. *Ve—ry* well," said Gemp. "We shall see;" and he walked back home to stand in his doorway for three hours before he saw Thickens come from where he had ensconced himself behind Miss Heathery's curtain with his eyes fixed upon the bank.

At the end of those three hours Mr. Hallam passed, looking very thoughtful, and five minutes later James Thickens went home to his gold-fish and tea.

"Took care Hallam didn't see him," chuckled Gemp, rubbing his hands. "Oh, the artfulness of these people! Thinks he has as good a right to marry as Hallam himself. Well, why not? Make him more staid and solid, better able to take care of the deeds and securities, and pounds, shillings, and pence, and—hullo!—hello!—hello! What's the meaning of this!"

This was the appearance of a couple coming

from the direction of the doctor's house, and the couple were Miss Heathery, who had been spending a few hours with Millicent—in other words, seeing her preparations for the wedding—and Sir Gordon Bourne, who was going in her direction and walked home with her.

"Why, Thickens didn't see her after all!"

No; James Thickens had not seen her, and Miss Heathery had not seen James Thickens.

"Who?" she cried, as soon as Sir Gordon had ceremoniously bidden her "Good night," raising his curly brimmed hat, and putting it back.

"Mr. Thickens, ma'am," cried the little maid eagerly; "and when I told him you was out, he said, might he wait, and I showed him in the parlour."

"And he's there now?" whispered Miss Heathery, who began tremblingly to take off the very old pair of gloves she kept for evening wear, the others being safe in her reticule.

"No, ma'am, please he has been gone these ten minutes."

"But what did he say?" cried Miss Heathery querulously.

"Said he wanted to see you particular, ma'am."

"Oh dear me; oh dear me!" sighed Miss Heathery. "Was ever anything so unfortunate? How could I tell that he would come when I was out?"

CHAPTER XIII.—MR. HALLAM HAS A VISITOR.

MYSTERIES were painful to old Gemp. If any one had propounded a riddle, and gone away without supplying the answer, he would have been terribly aggrieved.

He was still frowning, and trying to get over the mystery of why James Thickens should be at Miss Heathery's when that lady was out, and his ideas were turning in the direction of the little maid, when a wholesome stimulus was given to his thoughts by the arrival of the London coach, the alighting of whose passengers he had hardly once missed seeing for years.

Hurrying up to the front of the "George," he was just in time to see a dashing-looking young fellow, who had just alighted from the box-seat, stretching his legs, and beating his boots with a cane. He had been giving orders for his little valise to be carried into the house, and was staring about him in the half-light, when he became aware of the fact that old Gemp was watching him curiously.

He involuntarily turned away; but seeming to master himself, he turned back, and

said sharply, "Where does Mr. Hallam live?"

"Mr. Hallam!" cried Gemp eagerly; "bank's closed hours ago."

"I didn't ask for the bank. Where is Mr. Hallam's private residence?"

"Well," said Gemp, rubbing his hands and laughing unpleasantly, "that's it—the 'Little Manor,' as he calls it; but it's a big name, isn't it?"

"Oh, he lives there, does he?" said the visitor, glancing curiously at the ivy-covered house across the way.

"Not yet," said Gemp. "That's where he is going to live when——"

"He's married. I know. Now then, old Solomon, if you can answer a plain question, where does he live now?"

"Mrs. Pinet's house, yonder on the left, where the porch stands out, and the flower-pots are in the window."

"Humph! hasn't moved, then. Let's see," muttered the visitor, "that's where I took the flower-pot to throw at the dog. No: that's the house."

"Can I——?" began Gemp insidiously.

"No, thankye. Good evening," said the visitor. "You can tell 'em I've come. Ta; ta! Gossiping old fool!" he added to himself, as he walked quickly down the street; while after staring after him for a few minutes, Gemp turned sharply on his heel, and made for Gorrings—Mr. Gorrings being the principal tailor.

Mr. Gorrings's day's work was done, consequently his legs were uncrossed, and he was seated in a Christianlike manner—that is to say, in a chair just inside his door, smoking his evening pipe, but still in his shirt-sleeves, and with an inch tape gracefully hanging over his neck and shoulders.

"I say, neighbour," cried Gemp eagerly, "you bank with Dixons'."

Mr. Gorrings's pipe fell from his hand, and broke into a dozen pieces upon the floor.

"Is—is anything wrong?" he gasped; "and it's past banking hours."

"Yah! get out!" cried old Gemp, showing his yellow teeth. "You're always thinking about your few pence in the bank. Why, I bank there, man, and you don't see me going into fits. Yah! what a coward you are!"

"Then—then, there's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong? No."

"Hah!" ejaculated the tailor. "Mary, bring me another pipe."

"I only come in a friendly way," cried Gemp, "to put you on your guard."

"Then there is something wrong," cried the tailor, aghast.

"No, no, no. I want to give you a hint about Hallam."

"Hallam!"

"Ay! Has he ordered his wedding-suit of you?"

"No."

"Thought not," said Gemp, rubbing his hands. "I should be down upon him if I were you. Threaten to withdraw my account, man. Dandy chap down from London to-night to take his orders."

"No!"

"Yes. By the coach. Saw he was a tailor in a moment. Wouldn't stand it if I were you."

Mrs. Pinet, who came to the door with a candle, in answer to a sharp rap with the visitor's cane, held up her candle above her head, and stared at him for a moment. Then a smile dimpled her pleasant, plump face.

"Why, bless me, sir! how you have changed!" she said.

"You know me again, then?" he said, nodding familiarly.

"That I do, sir, and I am glad. You're the young gentleman Mr. Hallam helped just about a year ago."

"Yes, that's me. Is he at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you come this way?"

Mrs. Pinet drew back to allow the visitor to enter, closed the door, and set down her candle, and then tapped softly on the panel at her right.

"Here's that gentleman to see you, sir," she said, in response to the quick "Come in."

"Gentleman to see me? Oh, it's you," said Hallam, rising from his seat to stand very upright and stern-looking, with one hand in his breast.

"Yes, I've come down again," said the visitor slowly, so as to give Mrs. Pinet time to get outside the door; and then, by mutual consent, they waited until her step had pattered over the carefully reddened old bricks, and a door at the back had closed.

Meanwhile Hallam's eyes ran rapidly over his visitor's garb, and he seemed satisfied, though he smiled a little at the extravagance of the attire.

"Why have you come down?" he said at last.

"Because I didn't want to write. Because I thought you'd like to know how things were going. Because I wanted to see how you were getting on. Because I thought you'd be glad to see me."

"Because you wanted more money. Be-

cause you thought you could put on the screw. Because you thought you could frighten me. Why, I could extend your list of reasons indefinitely, Stephen Crellock, my lad," said Hallam, in a quiet tone of voice that was the more telling from the anger it evidently concealed.

"What a one you are, Robby, old fellow! Just as you used to be, when we were at——"

"Let the past rest," said Hallam, in a whisper. "It will be better for both."

"Oh—h—h—h!" said his visitor, in a peculiar way. "Don't talk like that, Rob, old chap. It sounds like making plans, and a tall, handsome man in disguise waylaying a well-dressed gentleman from town, shooting him with pistols, carrying the body in the dead of the night to the bank, doubling it up in an iron chest, pouring in a lot of lime, and then shutting the lid, sealing it up, and locking it in the far corner of the bank cellar, as if it was somebody's plate. That's the game, eh?"

"I should like to," said Hallam coolly.

"Ha—ha—ha—ha!" laughed his visitor, sitting down; "but I'm not afraid, Rob, or I should not have put my head in the lion's den. That's not the sort of thing you would do, because you always were so gentlemanly, and had such a tender conscience. See how grieved you were when I got into trouble, and you escaped."

"Will you——"

"Will I what? Speak like that before any one else? Will I threaten you with telling tales, if you don't give me money to keep my mouth shut? Will I be a sneak?" cried Crellock, speaking quite as fiercely as Hallam, and rising to his feet, and looking, in spite of his ultra costume, a fine manly fellow.

"Well, yea, you cowardly cur; have you come down to do this now?" said Hallam menacingly.

"Aha!" said the other contemptuously as he let himself sink back slowly into his chair. "Don't try and bully, Rob. It did when I came down, weak and half-starved and miserable, after two years' imprisonment; but it won't do now. I don't look hard up, do I?"

"No; because you've spent my money on your wretched dress."

"I only spent your money when I couldn't make any for myself. I haven't had a penny of you lately, and as to being a coward and a cur, Rob, when I stood in the dock, and you were brought as a witness against me,

and I could have got off half my punishment by speaking the truth, was I a sneak then, or did I stand firm?"

There was a pause.

"Answer me; did I stand firm then?" cried Crellock.

"You did stand firm, and I have been grateful," said Hallam in a milder tone. "Look here, Stephen, why should we quarrel?"

"Ah, that's better, man," said Crellock, laughing. "You were so terribly fierce with me last time, and I was brought down to a door-mat. Anybody might have wiped his shoes on me. I'm better now."

"And you've come down to try and bully me," said Hallam fiercely.

His visitor sat back, looking at him hard, without speaking for a few minutes, and then he said quietly—

"I give it up."

"Give what up—the attempt?"

"I couldn't give that up, because I was not going to attempt anything," said Crellock, smiling. "I mean give it up about you. What is it in you, Rob Hallam, made so many fellows like you, and give way to you in everything? I don't know. But there, never mind that. Won't you shake hands?"

"Tell me first why you have come down here. Do you want money?"

"No."

"Then, why did you come down?"

Crellock's face softened a little, and it was not an ill-looking countenance as he sat there, softly tapping the arm of the chair. At last he spoke.

"I never had many friends," he said huskily. "Father and mother went when I was a little one, and Uncle Richard gave me my education, telling me brutally that I was an encumbrance. I always had to stop at school through the holidays, and when I was old enough he put me, as you know, in the bank, and told me he had done his duty by me, and I must now look to myself."

"Yes, I know," said Hallam coldly.

"Then I got to know you, Rob, and you seemed always to be everything a man ought to be—handsome, and clever at every game, the best writer, the best at figures. Then, after office hours, you could sing and play, and tell the best story. There, Rob, you know I always got to feel towards you as if I was your dog. There was nothing I wouldn't have done for you. Then came those——"

"Hush!"

"Well, I'm not going to say anything dangerous. You know how I behaved. I did think you would have made it a bit easier for me, when it was found out; but when you turned against me like the rest, I said to myself that it was all right, that it was no good for two to bear it when one could take the lot, and if you had turned against me it was only because it was what you called good policy, and it would be all right again when I came out. I thought you'd stick to me, Rob."

"How could I, a man in a good position, know a——"

"Felon—a convicted thief? There, say it, old fellow, if you like. I don't mind; I got pretty well hardened down yonder. No: of course you couldn't, and I know I was a fool to come down as I did before, such a shack-bag as I was. Out of temper, too, and savage to see you looking so well; but I know it was foolish. It was enough to make you turn on me. But I'm different now: I've got on a bit."

"What are you doing?" said Hallam sharply.

"Oh, never mind," said the other, laughing. "I've opened an office, and I'm doing pretty well, and I thought I'd come down and see you again, Rob, old fellow, and—— You'll shake hands?"

"Is this a bit of maudlin sentiment, Stephen Crellock, or are you playing some deep game?"

Hallam's visitor rose again and stood before him with his hand outstretched.

"Deep game!" he said softly. "Rob, old fellow, do you think a man can be all a black-guard, without one good spot in him? Ah, well, just as you like," he continued, dropping his hand heavily; "I was a fool to come; I always have been a fool. I was cat, Rob, and you were monkey, and I got my paws most precious burned. But I didn't come down to grumble. There; good night."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to the George, and to-morrow I shall go up to the gold-paved streets. There, you need not be afraid, man. If I didn't tell tales when I was in the dock, I shan't now. I thought, after all, that you were my friend."

"And so I am, Steve!" cried Hallam, after a few moments' hesitation, and he held out his hand. "We'll be as good friends again as ever, and you shall not suffer this time."

Crellock stifled a sob as he caught the extended hand, to wring it with all his force;

then, turning away, he laid his arms upon the chimney-piece, his head dropped upon them, and for a few minutes he cried like a child.

Hallam stood fuming and gazing down upon him, with an ugly look of contempt distorting his handsome features. Then taking a step forward, he laid his hand upon his visitor's shoulder.

"Come, come!" he said softly. "Don't go on like that."

Crellock rose quickly, and dashed the tears from his eyes, with a piteous attempt at a laugh.

"That's me all over, Rob," he said. "Did you ever see such a weak fool? I was bad enough before I had that two years' low fever; I'm worse now, for it was spirit-breaking work."

"Soft wax, to mould to any shape," said Hallam to himself. Then aloud: "I don't see anything to be ashamed of in a little natural emotion. There, sit down, and let's have a chat."

Crellock caught his hand and gripped it hard. "Thank ye, Hallam," he said huskily—"thank ye; I shan't forget this. I told you I'd always felt as if I was your dog. I feel so more than ever now."

"They're sitting a long time," said Mrs. Pinet, as she raked out the kitchen fire to the very last red-hot cinder. "Mr. Hallam seemed quite pleased with him; he's altered so for the better. He said I needn't sit up, and so I'll go to bed."

Mrs. Pinet sought her room, and about twelve heard the door close on the stranger, between whom and Hallam a good deal of eager conversation had passed in a low tone.

"You see I'm trusting you," said Hallam as they parted.

"You know you can," was the reply. "And now, look here, if anything goes wrong——"

"I tell you, if you do as I have arranged, nothing can go wrong. I want an agent in London, whom I can implicitly trust, and I am going to trust you. Once more, your task is to do exactly what I tell you."

"But if anything goes wrong, I can't write to you."

"Nothing can go wrong, I tell you."

"Yes," said Crellock to himself, "you told me that once before." Then aloud:

"Well, we will say nothing can go wrong, for I shall do exactly what you have said; but if anything should, I shall come down, and if you see me—look out."

CHAPTER XIV.—LIKE GATHERING CLOUDS.

THERE is one very pleasant element in country-town life, and that is the breadth of the feeling known as neighbourly. It is often veined by scandal, disfigured by petty curiosity, but a genial feeling, like a solid stratum underlies it all, and makes it firm. Mrs. White gets into difficulties, and her furniture is sold by auction; but the neighbours flock to the sale, and the love of bargains is so overridden that the old things often fetch as much as new. Mrs. Black's family are ill, and every one around takes a real and helpful interest. Mrs. Scarlet's husband dies, and a fancy fair is held on her behalf. Then how every one collects at the marriage: how all follow at the death! It must be something very bad indeed that has been committed if, after the customary unpleasant and censorious remarks about walking blindfold into such a slough, Green is not drawn out by helping hands—in fact, there is a kind of clannishness in a country town, disfigured by the gossips, but very true and earnest all the same.

Consequently as soon as the day was fixed for Millicent Luttrell's wedding, presents came pouring in from old patients and young friends. A meeting was held at the Corn Exchange, at which Sir Gordon Bourne was to take the chair, but at which he did not put in an appearance, and the Reverend Christie Bayle took his place, while resolutions were moved and carried that a testimonial should be presented to our eminent fellow-townsmen, Robert Hallam, Esq., on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of our esteemed and talented neighbour, Dr. Luttrell.

The service of plate was presented at a dinner, where speeches were made, to which Mr. Hallam of the Bank responded fluently, gracefully, and to the point. Here, too, Christie Bayle took the chair, and had the task of presenting the silver, after reading the inscription aloud, amidst abundant cheers; and as he passed the glittering present to the recipient, their eyes met.

As their eyes met there was a pleasant smile upon Hallam's lip, and a thought in his heart that he alone could have interpreted, while Bayle's could have been read by any one skilled in the human countenance, as he breathed a hope that Millicent Luttrell might be made a happy wife.

The whole town was in a ferment—not a particular state of affairs for King's Castor—in fact, the people of that town in his

Majesty's dominions were always waiting for a chance to effervesce and alter the prevailing stagnation for a time. Hence it was that the town band practised up a new tune; the grass was mowed in the churchyard, and some of the weeds cleared out from the gravel path. Miss Heathery went to the expense of a new bonnet and silk dress, and indulged in a passionate burst of weeping in the secrecy of her own room, because she was not asked to act as bridesmaid; and though Gorrington did not obtain any order from the bridegroom, he was favoured by Mr. James Thickens, to make him a blue dress coat with triple-gilt buttons—a coat so blue, and whose buttons were such dazzling disks of metal, that it was not until it had been in the tailor's window, finished, and “on show” for three days, that James Thickens awakened to the fact that it was his, and paid a nocturnal visit to Gorrington to beg him to send it home.

“But you don't want it till the day, Mr. Thickens,” said the tailor, “and that coat's bringing me orders.”

“But I shall never dare to wear it, Gorrington—everybody will know it!”

“Of course they will, sir!” said the tailor proudly, and glancing towards his window with that half-smile an artist wears when his successful picture is on view, “that's a coat such as is not seen in Castor every day. Look at the collar! There's two days' hard stitching in that collar, sir!”

“I have looked at the collar,” said Thickens hastily, “and I must have it home.”

Gorrington gave way, and the coat went home; but he felt, he said to his wife, as if he had been robbed, for that coat would have won the hearts of half the farmers round.

At the doctor's cottage Mrs. Luttrell was in one constant whirl of excitement, with four clever seamstresses at work, for at King's Castor a bride's *trousseau* was called by a much simpler name, and provided throughout at home, along with the house-linen, which in those days meant linen of the finest and coolest, and it was absolutely necessary that every article that could be stitched should be stitched with rows of the finest stitches, carefully put in.

“You're about worrying yourself into a fever, my dear,” said the doctor, smiling, “and I can't afford such patients as you. Where can I have this bunch of radish-seed hung up to dry? Give it to Thisbe to hang in the kitchen.”

“Now, my dear, how can you be so unreasonable!” cried Mrs. Luttrell, half-whimper-

ing. "Radish-seed at a time like this! Thisbe is re-covering the pots of jam."

"What jam? what for?"

"For Millicent. You don't suppose I'm going to let her begin housekeeping without a pot of jam in the store-room!"

"Thank goodness I've only one child!" said the doctor with a half-amused, half-vexed countenance.

"Why, papa, you always said you wished we had had a baby."

"Ah, I did not know that I should have to suffer all this when the wedding time came."

"Now, if you would only go into your garden, and see to your patients, my love, everything would go right!" cried Mrs. Luttrell; "but you are so impatient! Look at Millicent, how quiet and calm she is!"

The doctor had looked at Millicent, as she stole out to him in the garden—often now, as if moved by a desire to be as much with him as she could before the great step of her life was taken.

There was a quiet look of satisfaction in her eyes that told of her content, and the happy peace that reigned within her breast.

The doctor understood her, as she came to him when at work, questioning him about the blossoms of this rose, and the success of that creeper, and taking endless interest in all he did; and when she was summoned away to try something on, or to select some pattern, she smiled and said that she would soon be back.

"Ah!" he said with a sigh, "she is trying to break it off gently!" and his work ceased until he heard her step, when he became very busy and cheerful again, as they both played at hiding from one another the separation that was to come.

"Poor papa!" thought Millicent, "he will miss me when I am gone!"

"If that fellow does not behave well to her," said the doctor to himself, "and I do happen to be called in to him, I shall—well, I suppose it would not be right to do that."

As for Mrs. Luttrell, she was too busy to think much till she went to bed, and then the doctor complained.

"I must have some rest, my dear!" he said plaintively, "and I don't say that you will—but if you do have a bad headache from sleeping on a pillow soaked with tears, don't come to me to prescribe."

It was very near the time, and all was gliding on peacefully towards the wedding-day. Hallam came regularly every evening; and, after a good deal of struggling, Mrs. Luttrell contrived to call him "my dear,"

while, by a similar effort of mind, the doctor habituated himself, from saying "Mr. Hallam" and "Hallam," to the familiar "Robert," though in secret both agreed that it did not seem natural, and did not come easily, and never would be Rob or Bob.

One soft, calm evening, as the moon was rising from behind the fine old church, and Millicent and Hallam lingered still in the garden among the shrubs, where they could see the shaded lamp shining down on Mrs. Luttrell's white curls and pleasant, intent face, as she busily stitched away at a piece of linen for the new house, while the doctor was reading an account of some new plants brought home by Sir Joseph Banks, Millicent had become very silent.

Hallam was holding her tenderly to his side, and looking down at the sweet, calm face, lit by the rising moon, his own in shadow; and after watching her rapt aspect for a time, he said, in his deep, musical voice—"How silent and absorbed! You are not regretting what is so soon to be!"

"Regretting!" she cried, starting; and, looking up in his face, she laid her hands upon his breast. "Don't speak to me like that, Robert dear. You know me better. As if I could regret!"

"Then you are quite happy?"

"Happy? Too happy; and yet so sad!" she murmured softly. "It seems as if life were too full of joy, as if I could not bear so much happiness, when it is at the cost of others, and I am giving them pain."

"Don't speak like that," he said tenderly. "My own! It is natural that a woman should leave father and mother to cling unto her husband."

"Yes, yes: I know," she sighed; "but the pain is given. They will miss me so much. You are smiling, dear; but this is not conceit. I am their only child, and we have been all in all to each other."

"But you are not going far," he said tenderly.

"No, not far; and yet it is away from them," sighed Millicent, turning her head to gaze sadly at the pleasant picture seen through the open window. "Not far: but it is from home."

"But to home," he whispered—"to your home, our home, the home of the husband who loves you with all his heart. Ah, Millicent, I have been so poor a wooer, I have failed to say the winning, flattering things so pleasant to a woman's ear. I have felt half dumb before you, as if my pleasure was too great for words; and quick and strong

as I am with my fellows, I have only been an awkward lover at the best."

She laid her soft white hand upon his lips, and gave him a half-reproachful look.

"And yet," she said, smiling, "how much stronger your silent wooing has been than any words that could have been said. Did I ever seem like one who wanted flattering words and admiration? Robert, you do not know me yet."

"No," he whispered passionately, "not yet, and never shall, for I find something more in you to love each time we meet, Millicent—my own—my wife!"

She yielded to his embrace, and they remained silent for a time.

At last he spoke.

"But you seemed sad and disappointed to-night. Have I grieved you in any way—have I given you pain?"

"Oh, no," she said, looking gravely in his face, "and you never could. Robert," she continued dreamily as she clung to him, "I can see our life mapped out in the future till it fades away. There are pains and sorrows, the thorns that strew the wayside of all; but I have always your strong, guiding arm to help and protect—always your brave, loving words, to sustain when my spirit will be low, and together, hand in hand, we tread that path, patient, hopeful, loving to the end."

"My own!" he whispered.

"I have no fear," she continued; "my love was not given hastily, like that of some quickly dazzled girl; my love was slow to awaken; but when I felt that it was being sought by one whom I could reverence as well as love, I gave it freely—all I had."

"And you are content?"

"I should be truly happy, but for the pain I must give others."

"Only a pang, dear love; that will pass away in the feeling that their child is truly happy in her choice. There, there, the moonlight and the solemn look of the night have made you sad. Let us talk more cheerfully. Come, you must have something to ask of me?"

"No; you have told me everything," she said gravely. "I wish they could have been here to give their blessing on our love."

"Their blessing?" he said half-wonderingly.

"Your mother—your father, Robert," she whispered reverently as she bent her head.

"Hush!" he said, and for a few moments they were silent. "But come," he cried, as if trying to give their conversation a more cheerful turn, "you must have something more to ask of me. I mean for our house."

"No," she said; "it is everything I could wish."

"No," he said proudly, "it is too humble for my queen. If I were rich, you should have the fairest jewels, costly retinues—a palace."

"Give me your love, and I have all I need," she cried, laughing, as she clung to him.

"Then you must be very rich," he said. "But is there nothing? Come, you are a free agent now. In another week you will be my own—my property, my slave, bound to me by a ring. Come, use your liberty while you can."

"Well, then, yes," she said; "I will make a demand or two."

"That's right; I am the slave yet, and obey. What is the first wish?"

"I like Sir Gordon, dear; he has always been so good and kind to me. Ask him to come."

"Too late. He left the town by coach this evening. From a hint he dropped to Thickens about his letters, I think he has gone to Hull, and is going on to Spain."

"Oh!" It was an ejaculation full of pain and sorrow.

"I am grieved," she said softly, and the news brought up that day when he had made her the offer of his hand.

Hallam watched her mobile face and its changes as she gazed straight before her, towards where the moon was beginning to flood the leaden roof of the old church, the crenelated wall, and the crockets on the tall spire standing out black and clear against the sky. His face was still in the shadow.

"There is another request," she said at last, and her voice was very low as she spoke. "Robert, will you ask Mr. Bayle to marry us? I would rather it was he."

"Bayle!" he exclaimed, starting, and the word jerked from his lips, as if he had suddenly lost control of himself. "No, it is impossible!"

"Impossible?" she said wonderingly.

"This man has caused me more suffering than I could tell you. If you knew the jealous misery—No, no, I don't mean that," he said quickly as he caught her to his breast.

"Oh, Robert!" she cried.

"No, no: don't notice me," he said hastily. "It was long ago. He loved you, and I was not sure of you then. Yes, darling, I will ask him, if you wish it. That folly is all dead now."

"Robert," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "do you wish me to give up that request?"

"Give up? No, I should be ready to

insist upon it if you did. There, that is all past. It was the one boyish folly of my love, one of which I am heartily ashamed."

"I think he wants to be your friend as well as mine," she said, "and I should have liked it; but——"

"Your will is my law, Millicent!" he cried quickly. "He shall marry us."

"But, Robert——"

"If you oppose me now in this, I shall think you have not forgiven the folly to which I have confessed. I can hardly forgive myself that meanness. You will not add to my pain."

"Add to your pain?" she said, laying her hand once more upon his breast. "Robert, you do not know me yet."

And so it was that Christie Bayle joined the hand of the woman he had loved to that of the man who had told her she would in future be his very own—his property, and his slave. Pretty well all Castor was present, at the highest pitch of excitement, for a handsomer pair, they said, had never stood in the old chancel to be made one.

And they were made one. The register was signed, and then, in the midst of a murmuring buzz and rustle of garments that filled the great building like the gathering

of a storm, Robert Hallam and his fair young wife moved down the aisle, towards where a man was waiting to give the signal to the ringers to begin; and the crowd had filled every corner near the door, and almost blocked the path. The sun shone out brilliantly, and the buzz and rustle grew more and more like the gathering of that storm, which burst at last, as the young couple reached the porch, in a thundering cheer.

Millicent looked flushed, and there was a red spot in Hallam's cheeks as he walked out, proud and defiant, towards where the yellow chaise from the George, with four post horses, was waiting.

The coach had just come in, and the passengers were standing gazing at the novel scene.

Again the storm burst in a tremendous cheer as Hallam handed his young wife into the chaise, and then there seemed to be another nearing storm, sending its harbinger in a fashion which made firm, self-contained Robert Hallam turn pale, as a hand was laid upon his arm.

"He said that if anything did go wrong, he should come back," flashed through his brain.

Stephen Crellock was bending forward to whisper a few words in his ear.

LOVE'S SEASON.

NAY, never ask, beloved, oh, why so late?
Nor marvel I could see yet love thee not,
Love's secrets lie within the book of fate,
Uncyphered and untaught.

The self-same star shines in its lofty sphere,
The poet sees and sees a hundred times,
Before from silvery cloud emerging clear,
'Tis wooed in deathless rhymes.

The self-same melody, unseized, ignored,
May float for years in the composer's brain,

One day he careless strikes his harp's chord,
To find a god-like strain.

And countless suns rise o'er the summer sea,
Before that rosy glow the painter caught,
Transferred to canvas, for all time to be
The fadeless dawn of thought.

So soul by soul for years may dwell alone,
Yet side by side; no mortal tongue can tell
How word or smile or look doth make them one.
Therein love's miracle!

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

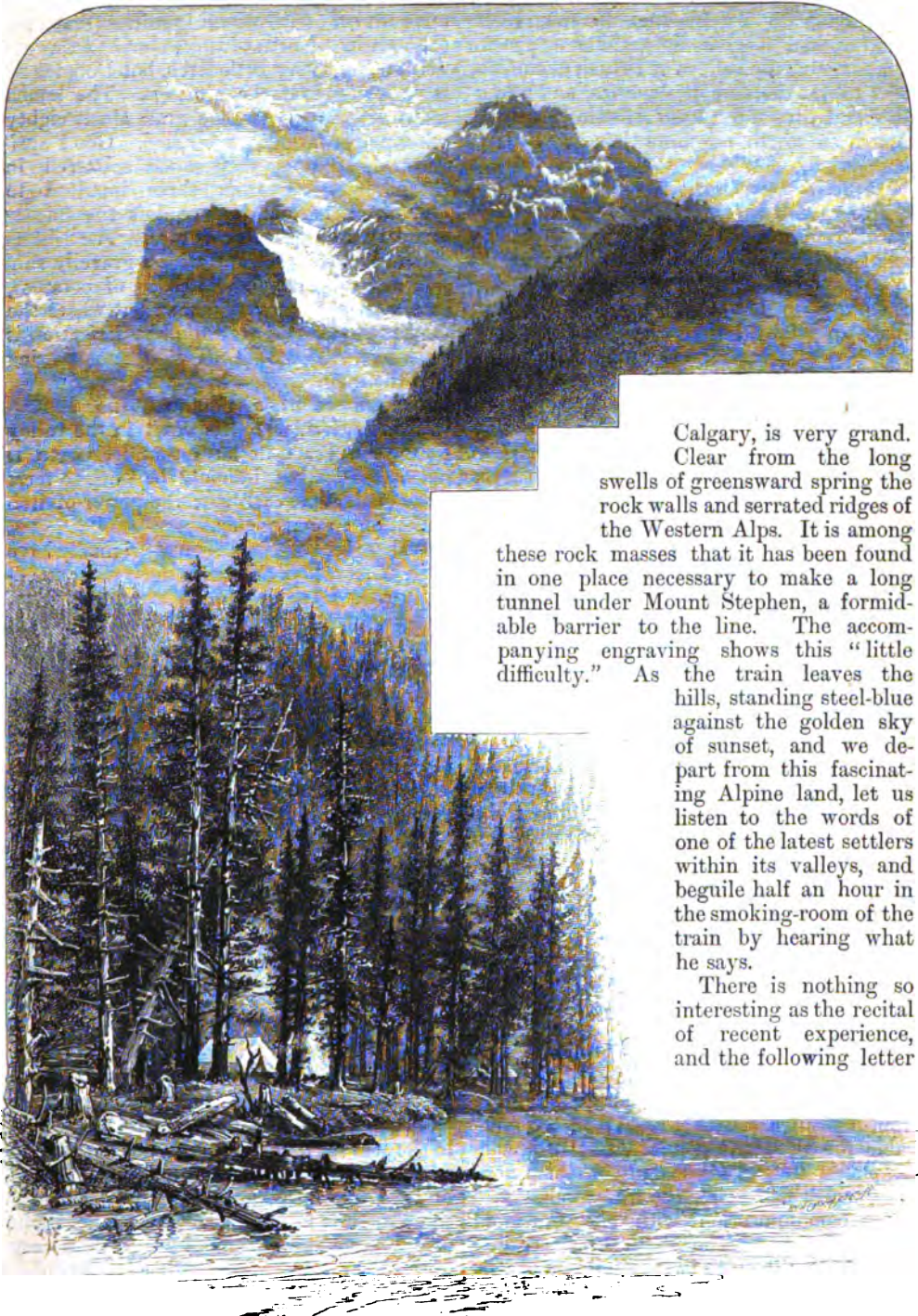
OUR RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

PART II.

THE task is done, and done in less time than many governments would take to talk of it. The Canadian Railway spans the continent. Nowhere can finer scenery be enjoyed from the window of a car than upon this line. There is no doubt that the favourite Transatlantic excursion will no longer be to New York, Niagara, Montreal and Quebec only, but that all who have a month's time to spend will go to the Pacific by the Northern American line, or

come back that way, making the Canadian Railway their object on the outward or return journey. By the "Union and Central," striking as is some of the scenery on the Western slope, there is very little worthy of note until the woods are reached, for one is borne to the top of the high ranges without knowing it, so gradual and so tame is the ascent. But on the two northern roads the approach to the mountains is most remarkable, and the view from the Canadian "Susa," namely



Calgary, is very grand. Clear from the long swells of greensward spring the rock walls and serrated ridges of the Western Alps. It is among these rock masses that it has been found in one place necessary to make a long tunnel under Mount Stephen, a formidable barrier to the line. The accompanying engraving shows this "little difficulty." As the train leaves the hills, standing steel-blue against the golden sky of sunset, and we depart from this fascinating Alpine land, let us listen to the words of one of the latest settlers within its valleys, and beguile half an hour in the smoking-room of the train by hearing what he says.

There is nothing so interesting as the recital of recent experience, and the following letter

was received by me in December. It was written by an English officer who, last year, determined to try his luck in the ranche country, and it gives so graphic a picture of life among the valleys of British Columbia, near to the borders of America, and a hundred and fifty miles from Alberta Territory, that it is worth far more than any general description.

"I have now," he writes, "been over a twelve month in this lovely country, and am therefore in a position to give an account of it which may be of value. Thanks to letters of introduction, my way was smoothed on my arrival at Victoria, and, accompanied by my son, I made my way here last winter. We had a hard time of it—in a tent up to last January, with the thermometer occasionally 40° below zero of Fahrenheit; but from the 24th of January we had the most exquisite weather imaginable. The winter was an unusually severe one, but I purposely braved it, in order to gain experience of the country at its worst season.

"First, let me give a brief description of the country and valley where we are located. Starting from the Kicking Horse Pass, where the Canadian Pacific Railway meets the Columbia River, we have a long valley formed by the Rocky Mountains on one side and the Selkirk Range on the other, and stretching for two hundred and fifty miles to the American boundary. About half-way along the valley is a flat piece of land of about two thousand acres area, with the foot-hills of the Rockies and Selkirks coming down on each side of it. This flat is, curiously enough, the watershed of the two great rivers, the Columbia and the Kootenay, there being only a difference of eleven feet between the two. The former flows north, and then makes a great bend to the south, the latter flows south and then makes a great bend to the north.

"We thus have a long valley of two hundred and fifty miles, with the Columbia and Kootenay rivers flowing in opposite directions from its centre. Both these rivers are navigable for the above distance, and it is contemplated to put steamers upon them next year, which will bring the whole valley into water communication with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The width of the valley varies from fifteen to twenty miles, and it is composed of foot-hills, benches, or river-terraces, and bottom lands, all covered with bunch grass (an excellent, nutritious grass, making the best beef in the world), and a

considerable quantity of magnificent pine and larch timber. It may be described as open forest with small prairies scattered through it. North of the watershed there is no pine, and very little larch, but Douglas fir is scattered over the grazings. The bunch grass gives way to pine grass about eighty miles north of the watershed. Good agricultural land is very much scattered in patches varying from three hundred to fifty acres, here and there, but the former quantity in one piece is rare. The soil is generally a sandy loam, with a gravelly sub-soil, and it bears splendid crops of potatoes, oats, barley, peas, and wheat, but where the sand predominates over the clay irrigation is necessary. There are many streams flowing into the main river, which afford means for irrigation. Father Fouquet, the Roman Catholic priest, who has lived in the valley for fifteen years, declares that irrigation is not necessary, but I should be loath to farm some of the lands without the power of irrigation on an emergency.

"There are parts which must originally have been lakes, where the soil is deep and exceedingly rich, forming a dark vegetable loam, and I am fortunately located on such a spot. This year I had over ten tons of potatoes from one acre, and without manure or irrigation. An acre of oats, which averaged five feet three inches in height—and some stalks were six feet six inches—turnips, carrots, and beet do admirably, but it is too cold for Indian corn to flourish. Currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and strawberries, together with numerous other berries, grow wild in the greatest profusion. There is also a wild vetch, a wild pea, and a wild onion.

"As to climate, I have found it perfectly delightful. There is generally a heavy fall of snow at this season, or early in November, which disappears in a few days. Just before Christmas the second snowfall occurs, and the snow lies until March, when it commences to thaw, and is generally gone by the 1st of April. The average depth of the snow is about fifteen inches. Horses do admirably on the wild grazings without any other food in the winter, and come out in the spring in admirable condition; but unless a man is fond of gambling he should feed his cattle for three months in winter, otherwise he might lose a large proportion of them in a very severe year. Horses, or rather large ponies, may be bought at 27 dollars per head, taking a number of various ages; cattle at 30 dollars in the same way. Wages and food are very high at present: labour 45 dollars

and food per month in summer, and 30 dollars and food per month in winter. Beef sells at 13 cents, pork at 20 cents, flour at 10 cents, potatoes at 3 cents per pound. But the local market is limited at those prices. Herds of cattle can be readily sold at Fort McLeod, distant two hundred miles from here, at 40 dollars per head. The future of the valley is dependent on its mining, timber, and cattle ranching resources. There is an almost certain prospect of a very large mining population growing up in the valley, as gold is found in all the creeks, and one 'wild horse' has given out over three million dollars within the last twenty years. The country is yet in its infancy as far as mineral prospecting is concerned, but valuable discoveries are constantly being made. A clever mining engineer who has lately visited us considers this to be one of the richest mining districts on the American continent. There is no doubt that the lumber trade will also develop, as the timber lies conveniently for supplying the north-west provinces. Cattle ranching, with ordinary care, must prove very profitable, and there is yet a field open for settlement in that direction. There is no doubt that when communication is easy the valley will become one of the great tourist routes, as the lake, river, and mountain scenery could not be surpassed. The district is admirably suited for English gentleman immigrants provided they have capital. A steady man, with a good common-sense head and, with not less than £3,000, would be sure to succeed, and with patience and hard work he might in twenty years have an income of as many thousands a year as he had capital to start with. But the man without capital should not come here; he will find the cost of food and wages so great that it will crush him before he can get returns from his farm, and he cannot count upon any returns worth mentioning under three years. As to sport, there is plenty of game; but it is difficult to get at, on account of the immense extent of forest on the mountains. There are grisly, brown, and black bears; here and there elk and caribou, besides numbers of black and white-tailed deer, mountain sheep and goats, several kinds of grouse, wild swans, geese, and ducks; but a large bag cannot be made. There are quantities of splendid trout in all the rivers, and they take the fly readily. Hitherto we have been very much out of the world; but with steamers on the Columbia and Kootenay rivers we shall be within fourteen days of England.

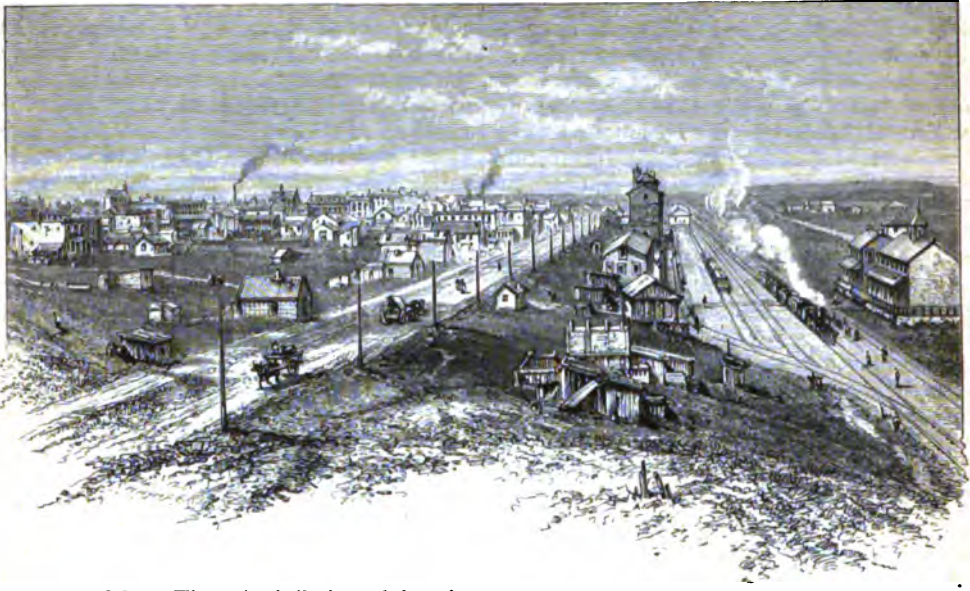
"I ought to have mentioned that although in the winter months there are one or two cold waves of three days' duration, during which the mercury has gone down to indicate the low temperature recorded, the remainder of the time has given us most enjoyable weather. February, March, and April were most lovely months. The altitude of the valley has never been accurately measured, but I make it about 3,000 above the sea. I would not advise any gentleman emigrant to bring out a wife at first; he should come himself for a year, and get things settled up, and then bring out his wife.

"Yesterday an old man, over seventy years of age, came to me. Where had he come from? He had been born and bred in Golspie. I gave him some of the whisky of the country, and told him that when next he came I might be able to give him a glass of Clyneleish whisky from Brora. I was amused at his remark of thanks, for the curse of this region may be put down as whisky-drinking in excess. Such scruples had evidently not troubled my friend, for when I announced my expectation of the arrival of mountain dew from Sutherland he said, 'Weel, now, sir, ye'll just be the making of this country!'"

It may be mentioned in passing that the cattle droves have thriven marvellously of late on this side of the mountains, among which the writer of the foregoing letter is settled; and that whisky is not a commodity allowed to be sold in Alberta, so that the old Sutherland emigrant had better remain where the country has the best chance of such "making."

If the reader has not gone to sleep already he may do so now, as the train passes on. He will miss the junction of the line to the coal-mines and the crossing of the Bow River, with the swift and clear water of the South Saskatchewan, whose waters are already made muddy by the alluvial deposits of the flat country. He will miss Regina, the official centre of the new provinces, but he may console himself if he awakes when the morning's light shines upon cultivated fields, grain elevators, substantial stations, near busy little towns, like that of Brandon, a three-year-old city. These are springing up like the flowers in spring-time all over the prairie country. They are not yet, as a rule, free of their aboriginal structures of plank, but with church towers and public buildings.

Winnipeg itself deserves a more than passing look, for the site gives promise of



Brandon.

great wealth. The Assiniboine joins its waters to those of kindred hue in the Red River's stream. Fine buildings, wood-paved streets, gas, and handsome shops show the vigorous growth of the young capital of the West. It is strange to think that only fifteen years ago Riel, the leader of two revolts, who has just expiated his second crime by death, believed himself secure here when he raised the flag of a mongrel separate state, and bade defiance to the British Empire. His last crime was the worst, for he attempted to raise the red against the white man; but peace to these recollections, which may be deemed the last trouble of the newest country in the New World.

Henceforward let us pray that an uninterrupted time of ever-progressing prosperity lies before the great grain-provinces of Canada. What they may do in the future has been shown this last year, when, in spite of insurrection and disturbance, more than eight million bushels of wheat was ready for export. With careful sowing the early frosts of autumn can be made harmless, and, to judge by the looks and words of the people, there are health and comfort to be found in the wide north land now open to all who love independence, and toil remunerative in the two great requisites of health and contentment. No one who has knowledge of the present condition of affairs dreads any Indian trouble, any more than death at a London crossing. The chiefs knew too well what was their sole chance of

getting food, and did not join Riel. The exceptions were men living far to the north of the railway, and in contact with the half-breeds. The grievances of Riel's deluded followers, the so-called Metis, have been fully investigated and remedied. No redskin would have dreamed of resistance to the law had it not been for the instigation of his evil-minded cousins. The exceeding promptness with which the Canadian troops were sent westwards, their swift tracking of the insurgent bands, the summary end put to the armed rebellion on the far away Saskatchewan, and the just and certain doom dealt out to the murderers, have produced the desired lesson.

The land along the railway may still be obtained at prices which are ridiculously cheap. Branch lines are being pushed in various directions. The whole of the eight hundred miles to the west of Winnipeg pays tribute to her advancing prosperity. The cattle ranches have proved as successful as was expected in Alberta, and where cattle cannot be easily grazed all the year round, a large amount of horse-breeding will probably be carried on, for horses appear to thrive well all over the plains, and especially in the north during the winter cold. The coal mines opened by Sir Alexander Galt have already reduced the price of coal at

Winnipeg to 8 dollars per ton. There is an apparently endless amount of good fuel, so that as other mines are developed, and a double track laid, the best provision can be made against winter's severity. The last news given to the Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company is good. "There is," says their Land Commissioner, "a decided improvement in mercantile affairs in Manitoba. The Bank deposits are largely increasing; so much so, that the rate of interest is being steadily reduced. The wholesale and retail business throughout the city shows a marked improvement. Similar reports are received from Brandon and other

points. The price of grain is much better than last year, and the quantity of first-class wheat much greater than was expected in September. The branch lines now being constructed are of benefit, both from the expenditure incurred and the improving transportation (for grain) facilities which they are creating. The Fall has been fine and very dry. A large amount of land has been ploughed, and will be ready for early sowing next year."

There is no doubt that, although in 1881 there was an undue amount of speculation, and the resultant recoil, together with the general depression in business, produced much disappointment and distress, the country is now finding its level. The national highway must reap the benefit of this solid and satisfactory advance: the dangers which menaced it have been conquered. These consisted not so much in the rocky wilderness of the Lake Superior shore, sufficient as they had been to make men decry the honest purpose of pushing the undertaking. No; the real danger lay in persistent detraction by interested rivals, and in the attempts of New York rings to



The Lake of the Woods.

cut down stocks that might compete favourably with those supported by themselves. Once this gigantic effort, made by a people of such comparatively small numbers, should succeed, there was no doubt that the southern "combinations" would have to look to their laurels. What other company possessed, as did this new upstart, harbours on each ocean, entirely free only to themselves, relieving them from the obligation of parting with the "earnings of the most remunerative traffic?" How could the fact be passed over that there was a saving in distance of more than four hundred miles, and that, if one looked at the saving in reaching Asia, the gain was enormous? Opposition was natural. But it must be acknowledged that the public opinion of the great people of the United States overlooks the small jealousies of competing companies, and regards only the "greatest good of the greatest number," and it hails with joy the opening of a new access to the West.

No more appreciative notice has come from any quarter than that given by a Chicago writer. "A transcontinental railway parallel to, and in many respects a competitor with, those of the United States, but independent of them in respect to all agreements, is now completed. The Canadian Pacific has a continuous track from Port Moody, a distance of 2,900 miles; the longest line in the world. A few days ago its trains commenced running from Montreal to Winnipeg, 1,430 miles, and from the latter point they already run west 1,000 miles. The entrance of this line into the field will soon develop some new phases of railway competition. The Canadian Pacific has been built as a national highway, and to develop the region through which it passes. Travel and freight traffic between Europe and Asia is to be diverted from the long all-sea route, and from the railways now reaching the sea at Portland and San Francisco; and the trains of the Canadian Pacific, and the fast steamers which will ply in its interest between Vancouver Island and Japan and China, will offer all possible inducements. There is no fear that American railroads will not hold their share of transcontinental business against this new rival, but it is not unlikely that rates may be materially reduced in the struggle. The suggestion that this ambitious railway may also reach down and take business right from under the eyes of American roads seems comical, and yet it appears to be apprehended. Thus the *Gazette*, published at Billings, Montana, advocates the building of

a branch from the Northern Pacific northwesterly to Fort Benton. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a great and useful work to perform in developing the vast country which has called it into being, and in this the people of the United States will be glad to see it succeed. If it is operated on the principles of fair and reasonable competition it will receive honourable treatment from the railways of the United States; and in time the growth of the continent, which all transcontinental lines will help to develop, will give them all ample support."

Of the difficulties overcome north of Superior some idea may be formed from the annexed statement:—

With the exception of about sixty miles, the principal material encountered was rock of the hardest description known to engineers and contractors, and the oldest known to geologists—sienite and trap. Over two and a half millions of solid rock excavation of this description—a mixture, chiefly, of feldspar, hornblende and quartz—had to be removed, besides large quantities of loose rock and hardpan. The task may be judged of by the fact that for fifteen months one hundred tons of dynamite per month were used. The explosive property of dynamite is considered to be equal to twelve or thirteen times that of gunpowder; so that for every month, for fifteen months, if gunpowder had been employed, enough would have been required to freight one of the Company's large steel steamers running on Lake Superior. The dynamite was manufactured on the works.

The operations went on without intermission, winter and summer, day and night, controlled by an army numbering for the greater part of the time not less than twelve thousand men. There were also employed from fifteen hundred to two thousand teams of horses, supplemented in the winter by about three hundred trains of dogs. To house and accommodate this vast host, nearly three thousand buildings of various descriptions were erected on the works. There would thus be there more than double the number of buildings that the city of Stratford contains, counting five persons to each building. Of course the comparison ends here, for the shanties and stables were in marked contrast to our three-story stone and brick edifices. We can give no estimate of the quantities of food for men and dogs and forage for horses which were brought in: but in the fall of the year seven months' provision had to be made for this hungry host, with appetites so

whetted by the hard out-door work and the eager nipping air that each man consumed on an average five pounds of solid food per diem. To bring in these supplies and the material for the works, the company had seven steamers running, and the contractors five. For the same purpose fifteen docks and storehouses were built by the company along the shore of the lake, requiring three million feet of lumber in construction. The shore was so rough that supply roads could not be built except at enormous expense; so the supplies and material were landed at these docks, and thence distributed by fleets of small boats along the line. And not only were there difficulties by land, there were difficulties by water as well. Michipicoten was one of the most valuable points of distribution along the entire coast; but it could not be advantageously availed of, owing to the fierceness of the storms. Here two docks were built, each in turn to be washed away by the violence of the sea, and here also two steamers had been sunk. Consequently the supplies had to be landed four miles west of Michipicoten, and distributed from that point instead.

The labour and expense of getting in the stuff from the coast at Michipicoten to the railway being constructed inland on the north, may be estimated from the following: First, a road through the rocks had to be built seven miles in length; then a lake six and a half miles long was struck, to traverse which a steamboat had to be constructed. A stretch of sixteen miles of rough mountainous country, requiring large rock blastings and cuttings, had then to be encountered. That accomplished, a second lake eleven miles long was reached, where another transport steamer was built. Two and a half miles more of road intervened between this lake and Dog Lake, where a third steamer was built. This boat ran from the point of taking in the supplies fourteen miles to the north-west angle and twelve miles to the north-east angle of Dog Lake, distributing her freight along the works, which were now at last reached—about one hundred miles of the road east and west being in this way supplied from Michipicoten. On these inland lakes six docks and six warehouses were built. As many as eight hundred and sixty derricks were used on the works.

Between Nipigon and the Pic there are five tunnels, and not less than ten rivers had to be diverted from their natural courses and carried through rock tunnels excavated underneath the road bed. One of these rivers

measures in width one hundred and fifty feet. There are along the coast eleven miles where in the living rock a shelf has been formed for the road bed of the railway, averaging twenty feet in width, in some places considerably wider. The rivers crossed by the line are spanned by iron bridges; the abutments—indeed, the stone work throughout—being the best kind of masonry. There is some temporary trestle work which has mostly now been filled in. As a further evidence of the quality of the work, it may be remarked that no grade exceeds fifty-two feet to the mile, and the curvature is generally good, only two curves exceeding six degrees.

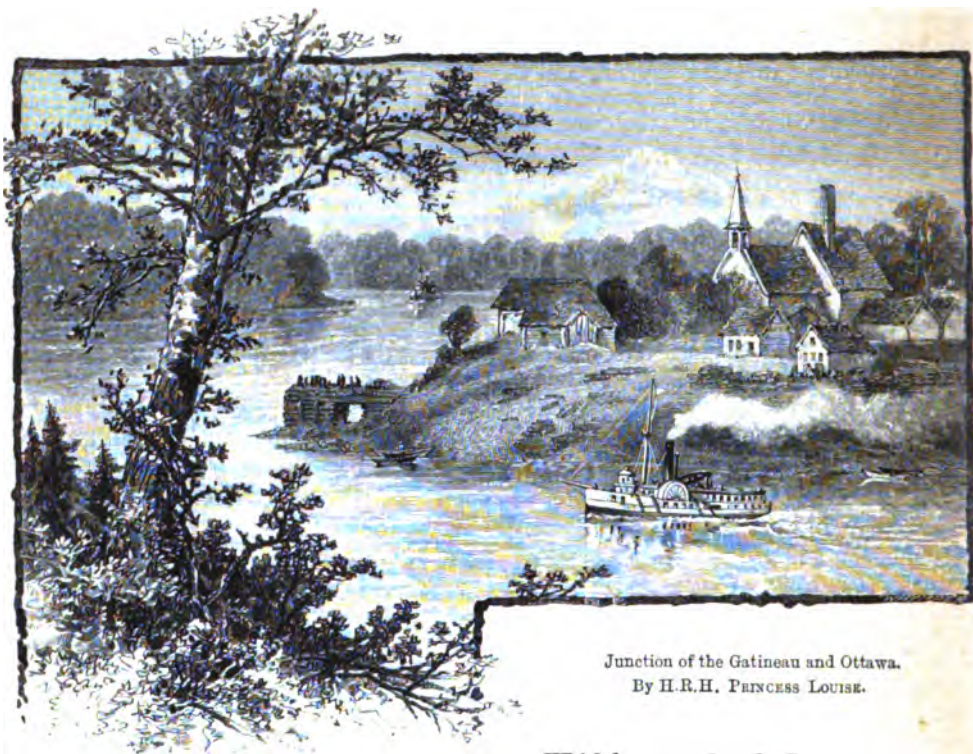
There were few accidents to call the hospitals into requisition, and such was the care exercised in the dynamite factories that no casualty whatever arose in the manufacture of the tons upon tons of explosives. There was, however, one serious result from culpable ignorance and temerity, four men having brought dynamite into one of the houses and placed it on the stove to thaw! The experience was a severe one, but to these poor fellows it carried no benefit. The survivors were more cautious. After the works were completed, care was taken to demolish the dynamite factories so as to render them innocuous.

Although last winter was very severe, with heavy falls of snow, Mr. Ross regards it as exceptional, and he does not apprehend difficulty in working the line. The winters of 1882-3 and 1883-4 north of Lake Superior were, he says, delightful, with only about two feet of snow, and no drifts.

The character of the country, he states, is very different from the dreary waste between Port Arthur and Selkirk, being bold and, with the lakes and rivers, exceedingly changeable in its aspects, striking and picturesque.

The work would have been completed earlier even than it was but for the transport of the troops to suppress the Riel rising, the labour of laying track and building bridges having to be suspended in order to take the forces round the gaps. The first troops reached the division about April 1st, and were through by the 20th. Fifteen days later a train passed over without a break. The last troops went past on May 19th, fully equipped with sleeping and dining cars.

Once the north-eastern shores are left behind the route runs through the woody country skirting Nipissing, and so by the Upper Ottawa to familiar ground around the capital of the dominion. Crossing the Gati-



Junction of the Gatineau and Ottawa.
By H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

neau River, the junction of which with the Ottawa is here shown, we are reminded that colonisation is being actively carried on by the French Canadians in the valleys of the tributary streams, such as the Gatineau, Lièvre, and others, giving a "back country" to the Ottawa and St. Lawrence valleys. Montreal is reached in less than two hours from this point. Controlling interests have been secured by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Ontario over other roads to prevent hostile intrigues. In brief, the history of the greatest undertaking of this age is seen at a glance in the following table :—

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Incorporated February 16th, 1881.

Commenced building westward from Winnipeg, May, 1881. Owns in November, 1885.

	Miles.	Miles.
Main Line . . .	2,894·7	
Branch Lines, East . . .	403·4	
Do. West . . .	221·2	
Leased Lines . . .	698·3	

4,217·6

Which have come into the Company's possession in the following manner :—

	Miles.	Miles.
Built by Government and handed over to Company . . .	706·6	
Acquired by purchase, lease, or otherwise . . .	1,370·5	
Built by Company since May, 1881 . . .	2,140·6	
		4,217·6

The mileage operated by the Company next year will (approximately) be . . . 4,235

Net earnings, 9 months ending 30th September, 1885 . . . Dollars. 2,289,000

I am sure it will be the wish of all patriotic men, be they British or Canadian, that this backbone of the Dominion may, year after year, draw ever-increasing profits. Troops and freight may thereby be sent by a route twelve hundred miles shorter than any other to China and Japan. Mail service, if sent over by this way, will be greatly accelerated, and none but British ground, and none but British ships, need be touched from London to Hong Kong. It is a noble work nobly performed.

THE THRIFT OF CHRIST.

By THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

OUR Lord forbade His hearers to be careful or anxious about life, or anything (such as meat, drink, and clothing) which is necessary to support or preserve it. Such a surprising prohibition has naturally much disturbed His disciples; many are at a loss to reconcile it with any exercise of that thrift which they believe to be right. It seems to put a premium on idleness and indifference. It apparently casts a slur upon wholesome forethought, and exalts the foolish virgins at the expense of the wise. It seems to upset the lesson we may learn from the economy of God, who foresees and prepares his works from the beginning. Take no thought for your life! Is that a sentence from the mouth of Jesus? We may well be forgiven for saying, "We cannot tell what He saith." The prohibition becomes the more perplexing to some when we read what immediately goes before it, and find that we are advised to be like fowls of the air, who neither sow nor reap, and have no storehouse nor barn. We immediately reflect that though this be literally so with them, they display a notable instinctive prescience from which many men might learn carefulness and forethought. The migratory bird, *e.g.*, provides against the mischief it might get from cold by shifting to a warm region betimes. And none among the fowls of the air will mate without an assiduous building of the nest; hereby setting an excellent example to some careless young couples who are supposed to be higher in the scale of creation. Thus, to many, the sentence of Jesus about forethought has been perplexing, if not painful. They have been at a loss to reconcile it with the recognised procedure of God, and with any acceptable behaviour or conduct of man. Some have even been tempted to lay it on the shelf, along with other matters of which an explanation cannot be found at present. This is a mistake; for another sentence contains the key to a solution of the problem. It is spoken by Jesus Himself. It is obviously intended to explain what He had just said. It admits a necessity for taking pains to get what He had been telling people not to be careful about. But He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This contains "the thrift of the Christ." It does not mean that so long as we attend to our religious duties God will, without any toil or trouble on our part, supply

what we need. There is here no premium on pious idleness. Prayer is not intended to supersede industry and patience. On the contrary, these words of Jesus, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," warn us off a worldly method of seeking necessary things, and show us a better way than that by which these things are commonly sought. Nevertheless, it does not leave us in an attitude of indolent confidence; we have to bestir ourselves and "seek." In seeking the kingdom of God, there is very much which we are set to do. The search, if we will believe it, embraces all those things about which the world of men is naturally anxious, and which it tries to secure in its own imperfect fashion. Jesus puts before us two ways in which the supplying of life is looked at—the ways, he calls them, of God and Mammon; one divine, the other worldly.

See first, the worldly way in which men make provision for life, and in which thrift is prominently seen. Nowadays we hear much about "thrift." It has become a good fashion for philanthropists to busy themselves in the preaching and cultivation of thrift. There was a time when open-handed liberality marked a love of the poor. Rich Christians liked to have a train of gratified dependants. A lavish distribution of alms was accounted to be the most acceptable form of beneficence before God and man. St. Martin divided his cloak with the beggar. The result naturally was a crop of greedy recipients who, though they could dig, were not ashamed to beg. Now the tide has turned, and many kind-hearted people believe that they do most good by promoting "thrift." There is obviously much to be said in favour of this change; but, as with all changes, there is a possibility of thrift being misapprehended and overdone. The devoted cultivation of it has a tendency to make its admirers close-fisted, avaricious, or miserly.

There is, indeed, an unlovely savour to be detected in some conspicuously provident people. No doubt they are praised. They are held up as an example to the careless and extravagant; but, occasionally there is something in their thrift from which we shrink. Surely God does not altogether prohibit any immediate fruition of this material world. We need not necessarily decline legitimate enjoyment because it offers itself to-day instead of to-morrow; and yet there are economists whose chief pleasure

seems to be found in making themselves uncomfortable while they live in order that they may die surrounded by comforts; and they are not content with the indulgence of this taste in their own persons, but too often they contrive to make ordinary life sour, fretful, or uneasy, to those amongst whom they move. These are the painfully conscientious men, who fret themselves over a penny wrong in their accounts, and perplex the inquiring child by the alarming statement that, "it is a sin to steal a pin." The people I am thinking of are examples of such as pass from legitimate and thoughtful economy into parsimonious exaggerated thrift; and when we hear them extolled as bright social examples in a Christian country, we scent a tainted odour in their virtue. Their devotion has not the right taste. They take the worldly way in providing the necessities of life. We cannot say that they fail in obtaining them; but, after all, theirs is not the true Christian method, however respectable. They are really worshippers of Mammon.

In venturing to bring this charge against some who may be esteemed a credit to their society and Church, we must remember that the worshipper of Mammon need not be a social offender. He is often a pattern of respectability. It is difficult to point out flaws in his conduct; on the contrary, it is highly and easily commended. He shows well by the side of the dissolute and immoral, and is used as a warning or reproach (often deservedly) to easy-going people who get into difficulties which they ought to have foreseen.

Indeed, if all men were sincere servers of Mammon there would be much improvement in social life. General and continuous thrift would do away with destitution, and raise the whole fabric of human society above the watermark of material want. And yet I can imagine a golden age of savings banks and social comfort grievously lacking in that which is divine. For some worshippers of thrift seem to forget that man does not live by bread alone, and that there are higher joys in store for him than deferred annuities, and provision against accident or sickness. Man does not live by bread alone. He must have bread. He is bidden to pray for it; but in our search for the necessities of life Jesus would have us see that there is something to be specially observed and heeded in the way we take to obtain them. He says, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

This, I must repeat, is no encouragement of any pious devotional performance which shall let us off work. Jesus does not support us in any indifference to the ordinary, but exacting, procedure of life. He knows that we must live. He admits our necessity for the material provisions of life. He says, with infinite consideration, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" but he would warn us against the Mammon way of getting them, saying that they are most surely received by those who seek first the rule and laws of God. This is profoundly, and, I will add, scientifically true. The greatest real good comes eventually to those amongst and by whom the laws of life and the right ways of doing things are sought and obeyed. A community in which the laws of life, physical and spiritual, are most accurately and steadily fulfilled has the best security of sustenance. But if we look only to these things, seeking them greedily, and with hand-to-mouth or mere competitive appetite; if we look only to material results, and not to the way in which they should be sought; if we yield free play to the motions of personal selfishness; if we say only "no trust, no mistrust;" if the creed of our Apostles is only, "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," the experience even of mankind does not prove that the community is therefore most perfectly safe from perils and alarms. Though individual pockets may be filled, it does not follow that the people are better for this gain. The teaching of Christ to all is, "Follow after righteousness, as the first thing to be followed." This is a high line, no doubt. It is a heroic, more than heroic line; for it is "divine." It is according to the words of the Christ. His bidding helps the people, and the individual, in the best way. See to the best laws and methods. See to mutual honesty, truth, good faith, and order, as before the Lord, and not merely to or before men. See sedulously after all that the largest-minded Christians understand by the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and "these things" which support life shall be added unto you. We all need them. God knows we need them, but we had better seek them in God's grand way. Aim high; and that not for gain of any sort, nor for personal considerations, however spiritual and exalted. Rather desire the discovery of truths and a fulfilment of the laws of righteousness. Then the lower gifts will come. They cannot come without some labour and trouble, for there is much work in seeking the laws of God; the

conditions of search are enormous, but then they will most surely be added to us.

Some will say, "This is undeniable. If all acted aright, the state of mankind would be improved. But all do not act rightly; and thus each must look out for himself." That is what some might very plausibly urge. We quite admit that individual effort will not do what universal effort would. A righteous nation is a better sight than a righteous man. But we do not always realise the power of even One righteous man. His influence is incalculable, and permeates matter unsuspected by himself. As long as a man waits for others to take the lead in righteousness he is likely to stand still, but when he himself is unselfishly righteous, seeking in the largest sense "the kingdom of God and His righteousness," he is (as it were) an incarnation of the spirit of truth and holiness; and thou canst not tell whither he goeth, thou canst not tell what souls he touches, nor what working of God's law he reveals.

Such a one, moreover, is not merely a communicator of the sacred contagion of divine truth and grace, but he is in the most exalted and safest condition, inasmuch as he is delivered from anxiety, or in a position where this deliverance is provided. We read in a famous Scripture sentence, "Be careful for nothing, the Lord is at hand." And sometimes we may touch the inner joy of this sentence. What is the real worry of life but the sense that we have not, or may not have, been true to the mind which we cherish in our best moods? A man is most surely freed from care as he, with zeal and simplicity, seeks after righteousness. Whatever his life, whether he be most exposed to public labours or domestic thorns, they are least able to press or prick him as he honestly, and with a single eye, seeks the kingdom of God and His righteousness; not in grand concerns and at important crises only, but in the details of the most ordinary personal and household routine. Others are nettled and sore. Others are burdened, and burden their acquaintance with miserable petty grievances; which nevertheless have power to sting and chafe, if we let them. But he who seeks the kingdom of God and His righteousness has things added to him which make sunshine in his soul, and which can be got or received in no other way. He does not aim at them, but they come to him, so to speak, of themselves.

This leads me to my last, though not least, thought. We have already seen that the seeking of the kingdom of God and His righteousness are, according to Jesus, the

best guarantee that things needful to this physical life shall be added unto us. But when we look beyond, we can perceive the justification of that wisdom which puts the kingdom of God first in the search for what we need. Though these words of Jesus embrace the lower wants, though they recognise our need of the things which feed and protect the flesh, they point, and point chiefly, to another and a greater hunger. When we remember, as we might, that there are appetites in us which cannot be supplied by meat, drink and raiment, then the seeking first of the kingdom of God acquires a fuller significance. These deeper wants must be met. The inner trials and needs of life override all outer necessities and sorrows. When we are in mental distress, when we are misunderstood, when we are falsely accused, when we are disappointed, when we are ashamed, what do we want? Compassion, sympathy, love. We don't then think of meat, and drink, and raiment. The craving of the wounded soul comes first. And this craving is surely provided against by the same God who creates water for the thirsty lip of flesh. No natural appetite is given us unless it be intended to be met. The hopes, fears, spiritual aspirations which we have are natural and not artificially created. They exercise man at all places, and at all times, and they are not given to us without a possibility of satisfaction. A universal persistent demand indicates the existence of a supply. God does not consider our feelings in a condescending fashion when we are hungry, thirsty, and cold, by providing material to supply our waste, and protect us against the frost; and then merely mock us with spiritual desires and intellectual cravings. He intends these to be assuaged. The answers may be distant; but they are eventually sure, and our approach towards them is guaranteed by His pointed provision of the spirit of truth to guide us into all truth. Our equipment with spiritual and intellectual appetite points to an unseen world, a mysterious future which the keenest social thrift cannot cover or even touch, but where the answers are coming as surely as the daily bread for which we pray. The hidden spiritual supply is, however, most eminently in the hands of God; and in the apprehension of it by ourselves our first search and chief devotion is bent towards His kingdom and righteousness. These we seek for the provision which we cannot see, for due support when all these things around us fail—health, years, strength. Then we feel our need of the support, divine. Then

tion, and in 1850 went thither, accompanied by a fellow votary, Jane Benham. They were most generously received as pupils by the famous painter, who assigned to their use one of the rooms in his picturesque studio by the Isar.

A few days after their departure for Munich Henry Chorley, then leading a somewhat luxurious, literary, bachelor life at the West End, came to tell me he had accepted from Messrs.

Bradbury and Evans the editorship of *The Ladies' Companion*; and he wanted Annie to go to a great miracle play of the Passion, performed that year by the devout peasants of Ober Ammergau, and who would at its termination thank God on their knees, that He had once more permitted them to perform the sacred drama in His honour. There would be *Stellwagen* to the place from Mu-

nich; and he begged her to write for him a description of the whole story, from the setting out in the morning to the end of the play, as it would be a most valuable and desirable article. She willingly complied, and thus first made known this remarkably striking, pathetic, but now trite subject to the English public. Other descriptive letters from her pen appeared in *Household Words* and the *Athenæum*. They were much admired, and Henry Chorley encouraged her to collect and publish these scattered "bits," which, under the title of "An Art Student in Munich," formed a fresh and charming book, because so genuine.

I must now recount some of the effects which Scandinavian literature produced on us. We had not long been in Heidelberg when a new realm of mental wealth unexpectedly opened to my husband and me. Our excellent and highly accomplished friend, Madame von Schoultz, had derived much alleviation from the study of Scandi-

navian authors in a time of terrible suspense, caused by the mysterious disappearance of her Swedish husband, who, it was subsequently discovered, lost his life in the Papi-neau rebellion in Canada. With her we commenced Swedish, a delightful employment, which might be called a relaxation rather than a labour, for here were no puzzling terminations, as in German, but a similarity of construction with the English, which



Highgate Fields.

made it and its cognate Danish of comparatively easy acquisition.

The Danish literature we found richer than the Swedish, both in quantity and variety. The pristine lore of Iceland and Norway was especially collected and translated into Danish. We were enchanted with the fable or *saga* literature, and found again almost all our ancient nursery tales: the little old woman whose petticoats were cut shorter, Jack the Giant-killer, the pig that would not go over the brig, and the rest. We thus gained quite a respect for those familiar tales, which the wild, stout old Danes brought to Britain from the far north. Then the grand, quaint wisdom of the *Eddas*, reminding us of Ecclesiastes, such as the sayings: "It is hard leaning against another man's doorpost;" "I clothed the wooden figures in my garments and they looked like heroes, whilst I, the unclothed hero, was of no account;" or "Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds soon choke up the unused path."

Then again, the old national ballads of the Skalds, possessing a forcible simplicity such as we had earlier met with in the German ballads of Uhland. Finally, how worthy of perusal the modern dramatic masterpieces of Oehlenschläger, and the charming historical novels of Ingemann, the Sir Walter Scott of Denmark. But whilst we found the Danish richer in graceful, poetic, original productions, the Swedish bore off the palm in history, epic poetry, and modern fiction. What, indeed, can be grander than Tegnér's "Fritthiof's Saga," or Runeberg's "Hanna," and his other pathetic poems of austere Finland and its brave and patient children?

Fredrika Bremer's novels of Swedish family life delighted us by their originality, freshness, and delicate humour, and we determined to introduce them to the English reading public. We translated "The Neighbours" and "The Home" from the German versions, but in the new editions, which appeared in 1843, we compared and revised them with the Swedish. In England and America they immediately met with wide recognition, although when we first translated "The Neighbours" there was not a house in London that would undertake its publication. We printed and published it and others of the Bremer novels at our own risk, when such became the rage for them that our translations were seized by some publishers, altered, and re-issued as new ones at a shilling each. The men in our printer's office were bribed from America, and in one instance the pirated sheets appeared before those we ourselves had sent over. Cheap editions ran like wildfire through the United States; and the boys who hawked them in the streets might be seen deep in "The Neighbours," "The Home," and "The H. Family."

In September, 1849, Fredrika Bremer, with whom I was intimately associated, from her sending me her works in manuscript for translation, stayed with us on her way to the United States and Cuba, whither, seized by the spirit of an old Viking, she was journeying at the age of forty-seven. She was short and plump in figure, and simple in her attire, which was made picturesque by a cap of conventional shape, trimmed with deep lace, and she won our affection by her freedom from ostentation and warm-heartedness.

From America she wrote to me that "the sun of the western world had developed in her many germs that had been lying snow-covered for dozens of years, but which, under its influence began to grow and expand,

making her feel that her remaining span of life would barely suffice for the ripening of what then filled her soul." Hospitable and intelligent transatlantic society offered her a perpetual feast of novel interest and excitement. She perceived that nothing stood still in America, that an onward, stirring power, both manual and spiritual, affected the entire community. Her religious and social views became in consequence materially influenced: an intense desire seized her to help poor humanity upward and onward, to aid in the liberation of every oppressed soul, above all to rescue her Swedish sisters from the dark and narrow sphere allotted to woman in that country. Impelled forward, physically and morally, she continued to journey, visiting Switzerland, Greece, and Palestine, and to write her travels and works of fiction. These later productions, from the religious philosophy they enunciated, she considered to possess a soul, and consequently to excel her earlier novels. The public did not share this opinion, although in Sweden it listened to her pleadings for woman.

We had also become acquainted with Hans Christian Andersen, of whose glowing "Improvisatore," his "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler," together with some of his inimitable fairy tales, I was the English translator. Unfortunately, the over-sensitive and egotistical nature of this great Danish author much marred our intercourse.

I may give, as an example, an incident that occurred during his stay in England in the summer of 1847. We had taken him, as a pleasant rural experience, to the annual hay-making at Hillside, Highgate, thus introducing him to an English home, full of poetry and art, of sincerity and affection. The ladies of Hillside, the Misses Mary and Margaret Gillies—the one an embodiment of peace, and an admirable writer, but whose talent, like the violet, kept in the shade; the other the warm-hearted painter—made him cordially welcome; so, too, our kind and benevolent host, Dr. Southwood Smith, surrounded at this merry-making by his five sweet and clever little grand-daughters, Gertrude and Octavia Hill, and their sisters. The guests likewise, a number of cheerful, intellectual people, prepared to ride, with flags in their hands, on the last load of hay, in the gaily decorated waggon, or join in whatever else the pastime might be—were equally anxious to do honour to Andersen.

Immediately after our arrival the assembled children, loving his delightful fairy tales, clustered round him in the hayfield, and

watched him make them a pretty device of flowers, then, feeling the stiff and silent foreigner somehow not kindred to themselves, stole off to an American, Henry Clarke Wright, whose admirable little book, "A Kiss for a Blow," some of them knew, and who, without any suggestion of condescension or of difference of age, entered heart and soul into their glee, laughed, shouted, and played with them, thus unconsciously evincing the gift which had made him earlier the exclusive pastor of six hundred children in Boston. Soon poor Andersen, perceiving himself forsaken, complained of headache, and insisted on going indoors, where Mary Gillies and I, both most anxious to efface any disagreeable impression, accompanied him; but he remained irritable and out of sorts.

Hillside with its inmates was endeared to each member of my family by many pleasant ties, and I do not think one feature of the life and place, even to the single daffodils in the park-like field, which did not get double and spoil themselves like others of their tribe, has faded from my memory. It was our chief haunt at our favourite Highgate, where, and to Hampstead with its old mansions stuck here and there midst groups of noble trees and its wild heath, we were never tired of going during our residence in Avenue Road. Even then the builders were steadily invading these rural precincts. It was quite heart-breaking to witness the demolition of grand old trees and the absorption of green fields. Everywhere unsightly masses of houses, shops, and gin-palaces were springing up to annihilate Nature. It made me very sad, for I mourned that the most simple elements of beauty—trees, wild flowers, and quietness—should be taken from many hearts who worshipped God through them. It was to me as if Balder, the most benign and gentle of the Scandinavian deities, he who shed a glory over existence, was once more ruthlessly slain, causing not only men and animals but the very stocks and stones to weep for him.

Parliament Hill and the adjacent Highgate fields were and are still untouched, and rise before me like a beautiful picture of a verdant spot such as a poet must love with his whole heart; the very place to convey vanloads of little children from the slums of London, set them down in the grass, and see their joy and wonder as, for the first time in their lives perhaps, they lift their faces into the pure air of heaven and are bathed in the sunshine of God. Surely the praiseworthy

movement now afloat to preserve this grand open space from being covered over with houses, and thus irretrievably lost as a health resort to our overgrown metropolis, will be crowned with success.

Dear to me is the spacious field, entered from the west through brickfields above the Vale of Health, and skirting Lord Mansfield's demesne of Caen Wood, especially for the sake of its old mound or barrow surmounted by ancient, scathed Scotch firs. How often have we sat there on the dry turf! Behind lay sombre London in its smoky atmosphere; to the left the wooded heights of Hampstead and its heath, over which the sun set splendidly; before us the dense foliage of Caen Wood, and to the right, seen beyond green slopes and the chain of five ponds with their fresh, flowing water, the villas and plantations of Highgate hill, surmounted by the church.

The taste of the age into the fourth decade of this century had been for what appealed as pure, noble, and harmonious, to the mind rather than to the eye or ear. The general public was wholly uneducated in art. By 1849, however, the improvement due to the exertions of the Prince Consort, the Society of Arts, and other powers, began to be felt; a wonderful impulse to human ingenuity and taste being given in the preparation of exhibits for the World's Fair, to be held in London in 1851. In this important æsthetic movement Mr. Owen Jones was a prominent teacher, being most ably seconded by his assistant, Edward LaTrobe Bateman, a young artist endowed with an exquisite feeling and skill for decorative art, extremely rare at that time, and who maintained that there was no excuse for ugliness, as beauty properly understood was cheap. He belonged to the P.R.B.'s, for so the pre-Raphaelite brothers termed themselves.

The famous band of art innovators had now arisen, and were startling the world by the novelty and oddity of their composition and colouring, combined with a marvellous fidelity in detail. Connoisseurs shook their heads and refused to believe they had power and originality, and would in the end come out all right, declaring if they had real genius they would walk in the steps of their great contemporaries, not in those of painters belonging to an early, ignorant age; besides, if their avowed principle was correct, then authors must write in the language of Chaucer.

When Millais in 1851 exhibited at the Royal Academy his "Mariana in the Moated

Grange," "The Dove returned to the Ark," and a quaint picture of two children from a poem by Coventry Patmore, and Holman Hunt some works equally strange and naïve in treatment, the then recently-appointed

Florence, spent the evening at our house in the company of some of our friends. He had earlier sent us his first volume of poems by the American publisher, Mr. Fields, and now brought us the second. But in spite of

this kind attention, he seemed such a timid non-entity that I had continually to jog my memory to prevent his suffering from neglect. A few days later the very clever and intelligent young Irish poet, William Allingham, who had been present, told Holman Hunt and Dante Rossetti he had recently met a number of Americans at our house, whereupon Rossetti replied, "By-the-by, some of those Americans



Andrew Marvell's Cottage at Highgate.

President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, privately said it was the last year he and the Hanging Committee would admit this outrageous new school of painting to their walls.

It was the day of small things to those now world-famed, highly-appreciated artists, and I remember one of the most distinguished asking us, as he had no banker, to cash a cheque of £14, given him by a Manchester gentleman for a small oil painting.

Earnest and severe in their principles of art, the young reformers indulged in much jocundity when the day's work was done. They were wont to meet together at ten, cut jokes, talk slang, smoke, read poetry, and discuss art till 3 A.M. They spoke of *The Germ*, their magazine which unfortunately met with a speedy end, as if pronounced with a "g" hard, making it sound like the "g" in girl, and found endless amusement from outsiders saying to them, "Why do you call germ thus? But of course you are right," and then adopting the wrong pronunciation.

In July, 1851, an American poet and painter named Buchanan Read, then on his way to study art at Düsseldorf, Munich, and

write glorious things. I have come across some lyrics in the *Philadelphia Courier* signed 'A Miner,' and written from Hazeldell, on the Schuylkill, as fine as any I know. I first met with one specimen, and was so delighted with it, that I sent to Philadelphia for all the papers containing the poems from Hazeldell, cut them out, and pasted them in a book with other gems of poetry."

Rossetti forthwith produced a big book of poetry, and began reading some of the lyrics, and as he expressed the deepest obligations to the unknown writer, Allingham volunteered to call on a little American, who had asked him to do so, and try to learn from him who was the splendid poet of Hazeldell. Accordingly, Mr. Allingham went to Mr. Buchanan Read, and told him what had passed. As he proceeded the stranger's face became crimson and his entire frame agitated; "I am the writer of those poems!" he replied with tears in his eyes.

There was, of course, nothing to be done after this marvellous discovery, but instantly to carry off the prize to Rossetti. They found him in his studio quite absorbed working from a model. He just looked up as they entered, gave a sharp little nod, and

went on painting. Allingham, however, walked up to him and said, "I have brought you the poet of Hazeldell bodily." Rossetti dropped his brush, and with a face glowing with excitement, cried, "You don't say so!" He quite overwhelmed the bashful stranger with his joyous acclamations, adding, "How delighted Woolner will be, for he prizes your poems as I do!"

In the midst of the jubilation Holman Hunt entered. Now Read had a most intense desire to see Leigh Hunt, and this being divulged to the two pre-Raphaelites, who were busy, they deputed Allingham to carry their visitor to Leigh Hunt, and see that he was treated with due honour. Leigh Hunt, however, was out, so they returned to Rossetti and Holman Hunt, and spent a grand evening together.

The next time Buchanan Read came to us, we had perused his fresh, invigorating poems, and were delighted to see him again. And now the ice being broken, we found him to be a very generous, grateful young man, possessing much original power and fine discrimination of art. He had been painting in Rossetti's studio, and in constant intercourse with his host, William Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Woolner.

As the day for his departure to Düsseldorf approached, a great gathering of all the P.R.B.'s took place, to commemorate his last evening in their midst. They read aloud his poetry, made much of him, and told such capital stories that some of them rolled on the floor with laughter. But although they remained together until four or five in the morning, they could

not part with him. He prolonged his stay, and as he absented himself in their company from his lodgings at Mr. Chapman's in the Strand, it was reported that the pre-Raphaelites had carried off Read in a chariot of fire.

At the close of 1870 we met him once more in Rome, where he was then residing with his gentle and wealthy wife, and dispensing hospitality with a most lavish hand. We were present at a grand entertainment which he gave in honour of General Sheridan, whose bard he might justly be called, from his very spirited and popular lay, "Sheridan's Ride," having heightened the hero's fame in America. The tax upon his vital powers in his character of poet, painter, and most sociable host, led to the constant use of strong stimulants, which, ruining his health, caused him in 1873 to quit Rome for his native land, where he breathed his last the day after stepping ashore.

Some reader has without doubt still fresh in his recollection the gay, animated appearance of London in the spring of 1851. The evidence of the approaching Exhibition was apparent on every side: houses and shops cleaned and repainted, hotels for all nations, and coffee-houses of the Great Exhibition opened right and left: huge waggons piled with bales slowly moving along to Hyde Park; and, standing in bewilderment at the corners of streets and by omnibuses, foreigners with big beards and moustachios,



Charles Mathews' House in Millfield Lane.

in queer felt hats and braided coats; whilst elegant Frenchwomen, in long cloth cloaks with picturesque hoods, and plain drab bonnets with rich interior trimmings (a new style of dress beautiful from its severity)

might be seen in Regent Street and Piccadilly, acting as a foil to Oriental magnates in gold embroidery, flowing silk, and gorgeous cashmere.

How crowded that spring was the private view of the Portland Gallery by lords, ladies, artists, priests, and distinguished foreigners! J. R. Herbert, R.A., grave and thin of countenance, spare of form, walked bareheaded at the side of portly, benign Cardinal Wiseman, and with deep reverence pointed out various pictures to him. Then came a low buzz and movement of excitement in the throng, which contained the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London, when Cardinal Wiseman, the Catholic Bishop of Clifton, Father Gavazzi and Mazzini, were seen grouped together examining the same painting. "How very odd!" was the general remark: and my husband added, "The fine arts may truly be said to form neutral ground."

In the selfsame year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park gold was first found in Australia. The marvellous gold romance of California had now begun in our own colonies. It seemed in a period of over-population and misery in Europe that gold, the great lure of the human heart, had been revealed in vast continents to call out people thither, with a voice against which there was no appeal. Nothing was talked of but Australia and the wonderful inducements offered to emigration. My husband, who was a good sailor, and needed a real change from his hard brain-work, suddenly resolved on a trip to the new El Dorado, to visit his brother, Dr. Godfrey Howitt, who had long been successfully established with his family at Melbourne, and learn what opening there might be in the Australian continent under its new phase of prosperity for our two sons, who were to accompany him. Anna Mary permanently returned from Munich to see our beloved ones off. They left us in June, 1852, and the separation would have been appalling but for the wholesome panacea of work.

Our first occupation was moving from the Avenue Road to Highgate, where I had once hoped Andrew Marvell's half-timbered, very picturesque cottage might have been our home. It proved, however, at the time too dilapidated to be rented with economy or prudence.

In the meanwhile Edward Bateman had taken on lease The Hermitage, situated at Highgate on the West Hill, a little above Millfield Lane. The premises consisted of a

small three-storeyed house and a lesser tenement, The Hermitage proper, containing a room on the ground floor and an upper chamber reached by an outside rustic staircase and gallery, the whole covered with a thick roof of thatch and buried in an exuberant growth of ancient ivy. It and the dwelling-house stood in the midst of a long sloping garden, and were hidden from the road by palings, fine umbrageous elms, and a lofty ash, which retained the name of Nelson's Tree, from the famous admiral having climbed it as a boy. When to let the landlord, in order to beautify the place, had painted the interior woodwork of the house dark green, and introduced bad stained glass and grotto-work into the cottage. Notwithstanding these gimcrack attempts at rusticity, Mr. Bateman, perceiving the capabilities, had immediately secured the place, and then under his skilful hand and eye transformed it into a most unique, quaint, and pleasant abode, the fit home for a painter. He had temporarily located Dante Rossetti in The Hermitage, when, determining to go to Victoria, where his cousin, Mr. La Trobe, was governor, he transferred the lease to us. Woolner and Burnhard Smith were his fellow travellers, and it was agreed that on the following 12th of April the P.R.B.'s in England were to meet together to make sketches and write poems for the P.R.B.'s in Australia, who were simultaneously to meet and forward a Mercury of their proceedings home.

Whilst The Hermitage was being transformed, and the voyage of the pre-Raphaelites still in embryo, I remember walking one March evening at six o'clock with Woolner along Millfield Lane. After we passed the house once occupied by Charles Mathews, the comedian, but later much enlarged, we witnessed a splendid sunset effect. The western sky was filled with a pale, golden light, fading into violet, then blue, and just in the violet hung a thin crescent moon with one large star above her. Woolner could not sufficiently admire this exquisite poem of nature, and I perceived that he was not only a sculptor but a poet.

For upwards of two years my daughters and I dwelt alone at The Hermitage, busily occupied writing, painting, and studying, our anxious hearts filled with the deepest solicitude for our dear absent ones, who were bravely encountering deprivation and toil; we could only remember that God was with them as much in the bush as in a civilised

land. It is not hard work but the gnawing pain of the mind that kills, and the memory of those days of suspense, aggravated by

very defective postal communication with Australia, brings with it a most grateful sense of the extreme kindness and delicate



William and Mary Howitt at The Hermitage.

consideration of our opposite neighbour, the Baroness, then Miss Burdett Coutts, who constantly inviting us to Holly Lodge, enabled us to enjoy change of thought and relaxation in her highly cultivated circle.

In December, 1854, my husband returned

safe and sound to England, which he enjoyed none the less for his knowledge of the Antipodes. He approved of The Hermitage as a home, and was speedily busy at his writing in the lower room of the ivy-clad cottage, which we called the Nest.

BITS FROM BURMAH.

Story-Telling.

By LADY VERNEY.

IT sometimes seems as if it required a war, or at least a rumour of war, to teach us the geography of other countries, and indeed of our own most distant dependencies. It would be curious to note how much of the current knowledge of the nation is gained by such means; how the Abyssinian war taught us the lie of the land on the east side of Africa, the Ashantee war in the west, and the march on the Soudan in the centre of Africa; how the Red River and the interior of the Canadian Dominion became known to us in the spring of one year, and the mountain ranges north of the Indus in another. Such insignificant towns as Solferino and Magenta became European property one fine morning in August, 1863; Saarbrück and Sedan in September, 1870.

We seem now to be in a fair way to learn a good deal concerning Burmah and the countries beyond it, of which our ignorance has been hitherto undiluted—a secretary of state about twenty years ago having coolly observed that “we could easily bombard Rangoon if the King was troublesome,” Rangoon being one of our own most flourishing colonial seaports. The country is fertile, with great forests of teak, and mines of iron, coal, and precious stones; the British portion of it exceedingly prosperous. The climate is excellent, with a plentiful rainfall, and in the course of the monsoons. The broad rapid river Irawaddy, nine hundred miles long, fed by the snows of the Thibetian ranges, overflows, like the Nile, at a particular period of the year and waters paddy fields of rice, of grain, tobacco, &c., with a horizon of palm-groves from which sugar is made. The water is clear and leaves no unhealthy slime or sediment behind it. The wooden houses are built on piles about four feet above the ground to escape the floods, with picturesque eaves and verandahs. A village which is four miles away from the river in the dry times of the year can be approached at the rainy season by a man-of-war’s boat rowing. A missionary, Dr. Marks, once told us how, going up the Irawaddy, he arrived at Mandalay on the eighth day and found a large city, surrounded by high embattled walls with towers and gates, and pagodas with seven stories. The palace was enclosed by a strong stockade, for who holds the palace holds the kingdom. It is a large and beau-

tiful building, with much carving, gilding, and lacquer work. He had an introduction to the King, a somewhat milder despot than Thebaw, who received him seated on the top of a flight of steps, an architectural adjunct to majesty, where the human being is led up to, as the apex of the position, which must be very effective. A grand banquet was prepared for Dr. Marks, at which there were more than thirty kinds of sweetmeats, including fried crickets, prepared by the hands of one of the Queens, the King at that time having about fifty queens and ninety children. Dr. Marks was very anxious to get up a school as the first step in civilisation, and made his petition, first for the permission, and then for a building where it could be held, both of which requests were granted. After it was opened he told the King what an immense advantage it would be if his Majesty would allow one or two of his children to go to the school.

“How old do you want them?” said the King.

“About ten years old,” replied Dr. Marks.

Then turning to one of the court, the King said, “How many children have I about ten years old?”

“Nine boys, your golden-frilled Majesty.”

And nine nice, bright-looking lads of the right age were called up and formally given over as pupils of the English Christian school. The next day they arrived, mounted on elephants; but when they got down and came into the building, every human being there, children, assistants, &c., all went down upon their stomachs, prostrating themselves before the princes, and not a bit of teaching could be done. Dr. Marks had to return to the King and ask him to give an order by which the usual ceremonies before royalties, however young and small, were to be omitted while they were in school, after which all went on merrily.

The “nine nice lads,” half-brothers of the ruffian Thebaw, appear all to have been murdered, with a number of other princes and princesses, probably as too dangerously near the throne.

The abominable cruelties, beating to death with rods for trivial offences, burning alive of men, women and children, crucifixion—a case is mentioned of a Buddhist priest—during the three last reigns are described as

frightful by Mr. Garnett Man, an eye-witness. The country was in turmoil and the Shans in a state of insurrection when we arrived.

National stories are always interesting and often very valuable, as giving the ideals and modes of thought of a people from within, and thus more trustworthy than the views of an observer, however clever, of a different race and creed, from without.

Story-telling is a great art among the Burmese, and the tales are often hung together on a slender thread, as in the "Arabian Nights," branching interminably from one to the other, taking up a secondary character out of one recital and making it the principal feature of the next, so that there is no reason why there should ever be an end. Some of these stories are full of point and contain considerable humour, but as in the early literature of every nation, they all relate to great people, kings and queens, and ministers, and chiefs; the common people have not yet begun to be interesting to themselves. I was asked to write a story for a periodical which was circulated among the Christian Burmese converts, but was warned that my peasant tales would not do at all; and, as it would be hardly accurate to describe our Queen as walking about the garden with her crown on her head and the Koh-i-noor round her neck, or the Prince of Wales shooting rabbits in a field-marshal's uniform with a cocked hat and feathers, which would have been necessary to give the gorgeous colouring required, I was obliged to decline.

In one of the stories the King is marching at the head of his army and encamps at night near a cucumber garden. He gives strict orders that no one shall enter the gate, and death is to be the penalty of any man who disobeys his injunctions. After dark he goes out in disguise to see that his commands are carried out, and is caught by the owner as soon as he enters the gate. He declares that he is the King. "That is quite impossible," answers the man; "the King never would be such a fool as to disobey his own orders," and he knocks him on the head and kills him. The next morning the dead body is discovered, and the generals and the court are in great straits; if the King is found out to be dead, utter confusion will take place, and the whole army will melt away. "You must act king," they say to the gardener, and they put the kingly crown and robes upon him. He behaves with all the dignity and decorum of an Eastern, and particularly knows how to hold his tongue. The battle is fought and won, but afterwards his head is turned; he behaves

insolently to everybody, and particularly to the priests of the great temple. Then follows a long digression into another story. There is a wind-up, however, a good way farther on, showing how, after the gardener's death, his son succeeded, but having become quite intolerable in his grandeurs and absurdities, the son of the rightful king was brought forward and put upon his father's throne. The story is evidently old, as the climax of ill-behaviour and ill-conduct is to insult the priests and neglect the temple, whereas now the Buddhist priests have gone down sadly in dignity and consideration, and the temples, which were extremely splendid with lacquer and gilding, are going to ruin. A beautiful flower, brought to England by Lord Amherst, after the first Burmese war, is sacred to the gods, if it is not worshipped, and the great racemes of crimson flowers are hung around the Buddhas. The Duke of Devonshire, to do it honour, put the plant into a splendid painted wooden vase, at Chatsworth, in which it dwined and dwindled, till Paxton, suspecting that there was some injurious paint on the pot, moved it into common earthenware, where it produced a flower, shown with great honour at South Kensington.

One story we were told by a young Burmese, sent to England for education:—

Three Brahman adventurers agreed to go together to a foreign country and to share the profit of their trade. They made much money in a short time, allotted it equally among themselves, and set off home. On their way they rested near a stream in a great forest, and two lay down to sleep. Evil thoughts entered the heart of the third, and he devised how he might deceive the other two; he went away and buried his share of the money, and then lay down as if asleep. In the morning they bathed in the stream, after which the third man began to cry out and lament that he had lost his money, insisting on their making a share for him out of what was left. The other two refused, and the third Brahman accused them of theft. "There is no living soul in this great forest," he said; "the money is lost, and somebody must have taken it." They quarrelled long but could settle nothing, and as soon as they reached home they went to law. A trial took place, and a verdict was given for the deceiver, when the other two Brahmans appealed to a higher court. The judge was puzzled, and while he was thinking painfully over the matter, unable to decide within himself who was in the right, his daughter came in and told him that it was the kind of question

which could only be decided by a woman, and that she could settle it impartially. So the case was handed over to her, and the suitors were brought in. She began by telling them a story (which is always a favourite solution of Eastern perplexities). "There were once many sons and daughters of great people in a school called Tackatho" (showing that in the olden time men and women were educated together); "one of the princesses dropped down her penholder from the upper story" (a pen consisting of a stone which makes a white mark upon black paper, made out of bamboo or straw), "and as she was thinking of going down to fetch it, she saw a prince passing along the verandah outside, and asked him to pick it up for her. He replied, 'I shall be very happy to hand up the penholder to your Highness if your Highness will allow me to marry you.' So she promised to marry him, and he went up and brought the pen. Shortly afterwards they both left the school and went back to their own countries, where the princess found that her parents had arranged a marriage for her with a neighbouring prince. She was very sorry, and asked her father's leave to go back and set herself free from the prince to whom she had affianced herself. Her parents let her go, and she travelled on and on through the forest alone. At last, when she was quite wearied out, she sat down under a sacred tree, the Banyan (every large tree and fountain is possessed by a spirit of some kind), and the spirit of the tree, the Nad, looked down out of the branches, and being angry with her for thus intruding on his dwelling, threatened to punish her severely. She entreated him to let her go on her journey to keep her word with the prince, and promised to return and suffer the punishment she knew she deserved. The Nad was mollified, and let her depart, warning her kindly not to take the shortest road, for there she would meet with dacoits (robbers). She is in such haste that she does not listen, goes by the forbidden way, and meets the thieves. They seize her, and begin to take away her jewels. She beseeches them to let her complete her journey and get back her word, and promises when she returns she will give them all she has. They let her go, and again she sets forth on and on and on, till she reaches the country belonging to the prince of her school days, who receives her with much kindness, and being greatly pleased with her fidelity to her promise, releases her from it and gives her all sorts of beautiful things. She set off on her return once more through the forest,

along the same road, and soon came upon the robbers lying asleep. She waked them up and told them she had come back to fulfil her word, and that she had many more jewels than when she went, all of which she offered them. They were much surprised at her virtue, and said they had never seen so faithful a creature. They refused to take her jewels, and presented her with more, which they had robbed from other people. Then the princess went on and on until she came to the tree belonging to the Nad, and offered herself to the spirit for punishment. He was very much pleased with her good faith, and gave her the treasures which always lie hid under the Banyan tree. Thus she reached home quite free, and heaped up with riches, when she married the prince whom her parents had chosen for her."

Then the judge's daughter having finished her story, demanded of each of the three Brahmans which person he admired most in the story. The first Brahman declared that he admired the woman most, for the prince could not do her any harm if she had stayed at home and married the man whom her parents had chosen; she might just as well have written to the other, instead of taking the trouble to go so long and tiresome a journey, for, after all, the promise was only childish words. The second Brahman said that he wondered most at the prince; people in such a case would generally have been very angry at the princess for breaking her word, instead of which he was very kind and presented her with rich gifts. The third said the robbers were most admirable, it was their duty to get as much out of other people as they could, instead of which they gave away all they had to the princess. Then the judge's daughter found out what kind of man he was, and believed him to be guilty of the theft. She ordered one of her maids to make false love to him and try to discover his secret, and when they became friends the woman asked him how he could support her if they married, since he had nothing to live on; he replies that he has plenty of money, for he has his own share hidden in the forest, and he is sure to get more still out of his two friends by the law, for he had already had one decision in his favour. Thus was the whole matter made clear; the thief was punished, and the lady was made a judge!

The story is interesting, as showing an honourable feeling for a given word, and for the light it throws on the position and respect shown to women.

With regard to the repetitions in such

stories, often wearisome to read, it must be remembered that they are meant to be recited. Mr. Ralston's recitals of Persian and Russian stories to children (and barbarous people are much in the same stage of thought as children) showed in a striking manner how repetitions gave breathing time to the hearers. They could pick themselves up before going on again, the strain of attention was relieved, and they felt on a pleasing equality with the great man, the story-teller, who held them, as it were, entranced in the hollow of his hand. At that point at least, they knew as much as he did, and could rehearse the repetitions after him.

In more serious instances, it will be seen in the account of Nebuchadnezzar and the "three children," how much the stately march of the narrative is increased by the long roll of "sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, and all kinds of music" which winds up each decree; and how the burden of "the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up," accompanying each description, fastens the picture into the memory of the auditors of the heroic action of the three, whose names are repeated twelve times in the chapter of their history.

To return, however, to Burmese stories. Fairy tales are popular among them, and there is one which comes from over the border in Siam, which was told us by a Siamese. The exaggerations all hang together artistically, and are in the same key, as it were:—"There was once a king who heard that there was an enormous giant in the far country, and he declared that he should never rest till he got a hair of the giant's head. So he sent his fleet, and they sailed and they sailed and they sailed for weeks and weeks and weeks, and at last one day in the afternoon it became suddenly dark, and they stuck fast, and could get neither forward nor backward. Now the fact was that they had got inside a hole in a sort of carrot, the smallest vegetable in the giant's kingdom. And behold, the next morning the giant's children went out to fish, and as they went they picked up two or three elephants on the way for bait, but they were only able to catch a few of the very smallest fishes in the country—'something equivalent to your minnows' (said the narrator). And as they were going back they saw the carrot growing by the water's edge, and pulled it up to put it into the curry, and inside it was the whole fleet. After they got home the giant threw the fish and the carrot into the pot in order to boil them, when the fleet rose out of the root to the

top of the water with all the men in it. 'What are those curious insects?' said the giant, peering down into the pot." Then came a good deal more, which the narrator had forgotten. "The men tried to shout to the giant and tell him what it was that they wanted, but their voices were too weak, and he could not hear a word they said. At length he lifted them up to his ear in his hand, and a whole boat's crew marched in at the hole and went ever such a long way up inside, and then they all shouted together, and told him they had come from their king to ask him for a hair of his head. So at last he was able to hear what even then seemed to him only a whisper." Unlike his kind, the giant was apparently as good-natured as he was big—he gave them the hair, lifted them back to the sea, where the hair, when put on board the fleet, nearly sank it; "after which he puffed out his cheeks and gave a tremendous blow, which carried the fleet straight home hundreds of miles at one go!"

A good fairy tale is a difficult achievement, and this one is very good of its kind. Elephants as bait and the march down the interior of the giant's ear are "excellent fooling."

There must be much hopes of a people who set so high a value on good faith, and treat their women with such honour, even in fiction; the old order is passing away, typical of change, the sacred white elephant died (query, of his own accord?) on the same day that Thebaw was carried away prisoner, and there was no court to go into mourning for him. In a lecture by Mr. Hallett, the Burmese is described as robust and healthy-looking; "his virtues are many and his failings not a few; he shows much disregard for human life and much tenderness to animals; he seems quite unable to tell a falsehood," a rare virtue in the East, as honourable as it is pleasant, if we are to govern them. "He is fond of sport and amusement, and, unlike the Hindoo, has a strong sense of the ridiculous. The women-folk mix freely in all social gatherings on perfectly equal terms, and form a very important part of society." Now that the Thebaw tyranny is overpast, we may trust that the Burmese will follow the line which the Siamese are taking so efficiently, assimilating all the best points of Western civilisation, not by mere imitation, but trying to work them in with their own organization of Eastern life and manners.*

* A railroad from India to China through Burmah, now proposed, would open the whole of Central Indo-China to the world, and be of the greatest importance to commerce.

CONVERSATION.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By THE REV. JAMES STALKER, M.A.

MARCH 7TH.

Read Psalm xii. and St. James iii.

THOUGHTS, words, actions: these are the three activities in which our life is spent. The first and the last, as representing the inner and the outer life, are constant topics of religious teaching; but perhaps words, on account of their ambiguous character, as midway between thoughts and actions, have not received equal attention. To the thoughtless a word appears the most trivial of all things; what is it but a breath carried away on the air to be immediately extinguished?

Yet, in truth, this activity is one of the great sides of life, in which we may either honour or dishonour God, in which we must display our own worth or unworth, and for which we shall at the last be either approved or rejected. Our conversation, indeed, is even more than this: it is a kind of index or epitome of our whole life; what we are in it, the same shall we be found to be in every other respect. It is to this effect that St. James says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body;" and our Lord, still more solemnly, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," as if nothing else required to be considered even at the final tribunal.

Conversation is a daily, an hourly thing; it is continued from week's end to week's end, and from year's end to year's end; it goes on throughout life, from the time when the tongue of the child learns to babble the first words till the time when the old man eloquent is celebrating the days when he was young. It takes place in the house and by the way, where two or three are met together and where crowds exchange their fleeting salutations. It passes between friend and friend, and between friend and foe, between neighbours and between strangers. There is no limit to the subjects which it may embrace. It takes in both the objects which present themselves to our observation in the places where we live, and those which are brought us by report from a distance. It ranges over the world invisible of thoughts and feelings as well as the visible world of things and men.

It moves easily from topic to topic, and may in an hour traverse a hundred subjects, passing from land to land in space, and from age to age in time. If the amount of our conversation could be represented to us visually, it would astonish us. If it were printed, for instance, how many pages would an average talker fill in a single day? In a year it would amount to as many volumes as the collected works of a great author. In a lifetime it would fill a library. The mere bulk of this activity shows how momentous it is.

But there are weightier considerations than this. Conversation is a forth-putting of the strength of the soul to produce an effect. It may be an effort of stupendous strength, or it may have no more force than the fall of a feather; for conversation, as an instrument of the mind, may be compared to those steam-hammers which can be worked either with such force as to grind an iron bar to powder, or with such gentleness as only to chip the shell of an egg. But, whether the effort be great or small, that which it always aims at is an impression on another mind. Conversation is not the affair of one person, but always of, at least, two. It is perhaps the most direct and powerful means we have of influencing our fellow-men. I put forth my hand and lay it on my neighbour's person; but in so doing I am not touching him so closely as if I speak a sentence in his hearing. In the one case only our bodies touch; but in the other our souls touch. Conversation is the touching of souls.

Souls never touch each other except for weal or woe. Every touch leaves a mark, which may be either a black mark or a point of splendour. No doubt the impressions made by conversation are generally minute. But all the impressions which we make in this way on different persons, when added together, amount to a great influence; and to those who for years are constantly hearing us speak we cannot but be doing much good or harm. One snow-flake is nothing; it melts away on the outstretched hand in a moment; but, flake by flake, the snow accumulates till it is the only thing visible in the landscape, and even the boughs of the oak crack beneath its weight. And such is the cumulative influence of the conversation of a lifetime. No man can speak for a lifetime words of

sense, kindness, and purity, without consciously or unconsciously doing much good; nor can a talker, who is impure and profane, go through the world without doing unspeakable mischief.

Sometimes, indeed, the merest fragment of conversation may have consequences which are incalculable. When the front of a train has just reached the spot where the pointsman is pressing the lever with his hand, a single touch may determine whether the whole train is to go to its true destination or to destruction. To this has been compared the solemn fact that a single sentence may fall on the ear of the hearer at a moment so critical, that it will either save or wreck his life. A single sentence of wise and manly advice may be the beginning of a long and blessed development of character. A single base and impure thought, whispered between two companions, may consume the materials out of which a manly life might have been constructed. "Behold, how much wood is kindled by how small a fire!"

MARCH 14TH.

Read Malachi iii. and St. Luke xxiv. 13—32.

The most beautiful description of conversation in existence is surely this of the prophet Malachi: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels."

This is exquisite in itself, but it is even finer in its setting. The brief prophecy of Malachi gives a broad and vivid picture of a bad time. The homes of the country were defiled with impurity, the rich oppressed the poor, the judgment-seat was corrupted with bribery, and, worst of all—the source of all other evils—the ministers of religion were godless, mercenary and slovenly, and had turned the services of the house of God into a contemptible round of formalities.

Yet there was one lily among the thorns, which recalled and fixed His gaze. There were a few saints here and there among the ungodly, and they were drawn closely together by the pressure of prevailing sin, as the flock huddle close when danger is near. Small obstacles, which might have kept them apart, fell down before the urgent necessity for mutual support; they found each other out, and entered into confidential friendships: "they spake often one to

another." No doubt, also, the circumstances in which they were placed gave the tone to their conversation: the evils of the time pressing on their hearts led them to the solemn themes of penitence and judgment; and, as they turned away their eyes from the spectacle around them to God above them, there entered into their voices the melody of faith and heavenly hope. God would willingly have shut His ears to the wretched roar the land was sending up to heaven—the song of the bacchanalian, the cruel command of the oppressor, the mumbled prayer of the hypocritical priest—but he "hearkened and heard" the conversation of the twos and threes, walking in the solitary fields, or of pious groups in upper rooms; for its deep, sweet minor was more musical in His ears than the songs of angels. Willingly would He have left unrecorded, or blotted out, the base and worthless history of the time, but He caused to be kept among the annals of heaven "a book of remembrance," filled with the sayings which were pressed out of these humble hearts by the pain of the earth beneath and their faith in heaven above.

There are, indeed, few earthly scenes more worthy of being commemorated, even by an angel's pen, than an evening of conversation of the highest kind—when the spirits engaging in it are choice, when there is unity of sympathy amidst diversity of opinion, and when the theme is noble or profound. The preliminary commonplaces have first to be cleared away, and the wits rendered supple and alert by prelusive encounters. At length, as the night grows late and every sound is hushed save that of the interchanging voices, the conversation settles down on some topic, large and living, on which the wise of every age have speculated, and which is soaked through and through with the experience of the world. From the stores of memory each interlocutor brings forth the sayings of the masters and the decisions of the schools; convictions long treasured in the mind, and reasons extemporised in the heat of the moment, are swiftly produced on either side, till, as the stream of talk at length flows smooth and mellow, experience unveils itself to experience, and each speaker allows to the other the best gift of friendship—a clear and uninterrupted glimpse into the secret depths of his being. Never is the mind so completely at its best; in shock after shock of attack and defence it acquires heat and momentum, yet, instead of being confused with excitement, it grows clearer and clearer as it burns. Rising

higher and higher in the atmosphere of thought, it describes every moment a vaster horizon, and thoughts, startling in their novelty and brilliancy, come spontaneously to the lips. You see your friend, too, as you have never seen him before: in the swift movement of argument his mind springs aloft and tips with its upstretched hand altitudes of thought which you did not think it had stature enough to reach; you see how marvellously souls resemble each other, since his has passed through the very experiences which you considered your own peculiar secret; you gain a new faith in the depth and greatness of human nature. Such conversation is "the Olympic festival of thought;" the memories of such nights of the gods gleam like gold, silver, precious stones amidst the wood, hay, stubble of ordinary experience; and those who have met each other in such encounters possess a pledge of friendship which cannot be lost.

Conversation at its very best must always be religious, for it is impossible to go to the roots of things without coming upon the soul's origin and destiny. Perhaps, also, some may think that the sacred theme of religion ought to be introduced into conversation only when it is at its best and deepest. If so, then it is not at this point nearly often enough, for unquestionably there is far too little religious conversation. Can any one doubt what was the theme on which, in Malachi's time, "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another"? Religion can be excluded from conversation only at the expense of making life shallow and commonplace.

The loss to religious people themselves arising from reticence on this subject is immense, for there is no other religious influence more refreshing than the interchange of the experiences of the soul. Even in obtaining the mastery of religious truth conversation is an incomparable instrument. By far the most valuable truth the mind possesses is that which it has acquired by its own exertions; but never do original ideas start up in it in such abundance as when it is clashing with another mind, and never does the heart of a difficulty split so readily open as in the act of stating it to a friend. If passages of God's Word were more discussed in conversation, there would be far more Christians "mighty in the Scriptures," and Christian friendship would acquire a new interest.

Those who are irreligious also lose much through the reticence of religious people on the subject of religion. To them the testi-

mony of the pulpit, or of religious literature from which alone they generally hear about it, often sounds unreal and professional; at least, they have become so accustomed to it that it no longer impresses them. But if any one is so interested in the subject as to bring it up in private conversation, they are startled; they observe the accent of conviction; and the effect is often of the happiest kind.

Still happier may be the effect of overhearing religious conversation, of a deep and experimental character, when there can be no suspicion of a proselytizing intention. If Malachi's be the most beautiful inspired description of conversation, surely this from Bunyan's pen is the most beautiful uninspired one: "Upon a day the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford to work on my calling; and, in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, and talking about the things of God; and, being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said; for I was now a brisk talker also myself in the matters of religion. But I may say, I heard but I understood not, for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the devil. . . . And methought they spake as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours. . . . I left them and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such an one."

MARCH 21ST.

Read 2 Samuel xvi. 5-14, and St. Matthew v. 33-37.

We speak of the world of thought, meaning thereby the ideas accumulated in the intellectual treasure-houses of the race, and the additions daily being made to them by

living thinkers. We speak, too, of the world of action, meaning thereby to embrace in a single act of thought all the scenes in which the trade and commerce, the enterprise and routine, of the race are going on. But there is also a world of words. As the sun travels his daily round, the portion of the atmosphere illuminated with his light, and a wide margin of the darkness around this circle, are murmurous with incessant sounds rising from millions of voices; the tongues and dialects in which they are uttered change at every degree of longitude, as he passes over it; but the multitudinous murmur goes ever on beneath him; it swells from age to age, from century to century. This is the world of words.

Is it a good world? "A world of iniquity," says St. James—"The tongue is a world of iniquity;" and, if he refers not to the tongue of the race, but to that of the individual, his assertion is still more startling; for, if this can be said of the microcosm of the individual's speech, how much more is it true of the great world of the conversation of the race!

Who can doubt its truth? Were it possible for the whole murmur of the words of the world to pass for one hour through a mortal ear, what a revelation would it be of irreverence and profanity, of impure passion, of malignity, hatred and revenge! "A world of iniquity!" When David Livingstone was wandering through the uncivilised tribes of Africa, "their mouths," he says, "were full of cursing and bitterness; the execrations they poured on each other were incredible; in very wantonness, when they met, they would pelt each other with curses, and then perhaps burst into a fit of laughter." Such are the sounds evermore torturing the air on the surface of the heathen world. And the same elements mingle largely in the speech of the civilised. It is appalling to think of the degradation of language among great masses of the population—of its defiance of God and its recklessness towards man. Into what circles, indeed, do not profanity and impurity penetrate? If the walls of many a respectable office could speak, ay, even of many an apparently Christian home, we should learn how like the human heart is beneath the broadcloth of Britain to what it is beneath the swarthy skin of Africa.

There is lacking a prevalent and poignant sense of responsibility for exercising this function of speech; and this is the reason of the abuse of it. If a man really saw and felt the consequences of scattering words of pro-

fanity and impurity, he would need to be an excessively hardened sinner not to start back ashamed and horrified. In the eyes of God he is "a madman scattering fire-brands, arrows and death;" he is sowing the fire of hell, to quote the awful language of St. James, on souls which God created, and for which Christ died. But he realises nothing of this, for his conscience does not rise above the level of the common conscience, and to the general mind the use of language suggests little sense of responsibility—"Our tongues are our own; who is lord over us?"

Every man wields in conversation a mighty instrument either for good or evil, and the use of it ought therefore to be controlled by a moral intention. Not, indeed, that there is to be no gaiety in conversation. Amusement is a necessary part of life, and few things contribute so much to this salt of existence as the wit and humour, the railery and repartee, of conversation. But these things are cordially allowed by an enlightened conscience. There is no need to crush conversation with a haunting and overwhelming sense of responsibility. But the sense of responsibility should be in the background, for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment."

This ought to be a check not only on the grave sins we have been speaking of, but also on the frivolity of conversation. How much of conversation is utterly barren and useless! It is not that it merely amuses. To amuse in a genuine and rational way is a high merit, and subserves the true ends of life. But the conversation alluded to is too vapid and arid even for amusement; it acts on the mind like an air-pump, exhausting it of every particle of thought. This is the kind of conversation which women especially are subjected to by men who have formed such an estimate of them as to suppose that everything must be made small to suit their littleness, not knowing how they feel degraded and pained by such treatment, and long to be spoken to in manly words on serious subjects.

What has been called the autobiographical element of conversation is peculiarly apt to be of this useless quality. A great deal of talk is autobiography, and autobiography of the pettiest kind—a narrow channel in which nothing but the thin thread of egotism can run. Much of it also is biographical; and this, too, is an element which might be curtailed with great advantage, for it easily degenerates into gossip and slander.

In every age these faults, which are restricted to no kind of society, but flourish even within the walls of colleges and among the gravest principalities and powers, have been the mark of the satirist. It is easy to ridicule them, but it is not easy to cure them. Mere repression will not cure them. People must talk about something, and, if they are not occupied with something better, they will talk about themselves and others. To be delivered from these debasing themes the mind must be filled with nobler subjects; it must be occupied with large and impersonal interests; and its activity must be guided by a high and serious intention. The ideal knight "spake no slander; no, nor listened to it," but this was because he was ever engaged in far-reaching and unselfish enterprises, and this is an atmosphere which the spirits of egotism and gossip cannot breathe.

MARCH 28TH.

Read Ezekiel xxxvi. 16-38, and St. Matthew xii. 22-37.

Our Lord often insisted on what may be called the inevitableness of conduct, that is to say, that the man in his secret soul being such and such, his conduct cannot but be like him. This may be said, I think, to have been one of His favourite ideas.

It was, however, in relation to conversation that He insisted on it with the greatest amplitude and variety of statement. To some who had been uttering bitter accusations against Himself, He said, "How can ye, being evil, speak good things?" Being evil, nothing else was to be expected of them; indeed, nothing else was possible. "For out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Whatever the heart is full of, with that will it overflow, whether it be the venom of malice, or the wine of wisdom and love. He compared the contents of the mind to a treasure, good or bad, and represented conversation as a selection, for each occasion which arises, made from that which is accumulated there; but how can anything be brought out of this storehouse if it is not already in it? "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things." Conversation is the fruit to the tree of each man's nature, and partakes of the nature of the tree. It would only be laughable to tie finer, but alien, fruit to the branches; everyone would find out the deception; "either make the tree good, and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt."

Elementary as this doctrine may seem, it

contradicts current notions at many points. Do we not think that we are in every case masters of our actions, and can fashion them this way on one occasion and that way on another? Speech especially is regarded as a thing of infinite flexibility, which the speaker can twist into any form he may choose. Nay, it is a common complaint that, so far from a man's words being on every occasion a faithful specimen of what abounds within him, they are far better, as a rule, than himself, and convey a false impression of what he is.

No doubt there is truth in this view, and Scripture itself has the severest things to say against flattery and hypocrisy. But the truth of Christ's view is far deeper. Conversation is a self-revelation, and, if it only goes on long enough, it is a complete revelation. Even a fool, if he be silent, may go through many a scene of life and pass for a sage, but let him open his mouth and utter six words, and the illusion is dispelled; he is found out, and his folly known.

Words may, indeed, sometimes disguise rather than reveal us, but this is the result of an effort, which cannot be kept up. It can only deceive strangers; those who are near us have divined us altogether. When a man arrives in a town, or a new circle of society, he walks for a while in a nimbus, which may exaggerate his stature and lend him a consideration which does not belong to him. But in a twelvemonth this has all passed away; he is seen in the driest light and measured to an inch; and every one knows whether he is a big man or a small one, whether his mind is cultivated or vulgar, whether the tone of his character is holy or hard.

It is not when we are trying to make an impression that we impress people most. They are watching us when we are off our guard, and our stray remarks betray us to them more than we are displayed in our calculated efforts. There is something good in us which we wish to show, and we turn the conversation round to it; but our anxiety is ludicrous, for they know it already. We are eager to show how able we are, but it is labour in vain, for everybody knows already whether we are so or not. Is there real excellence anywhere? then let him who has it go right on, for he cannot be hidden. Are you, on the contrary, really bad? it is vain to disguise it; you can only hide it for a day.

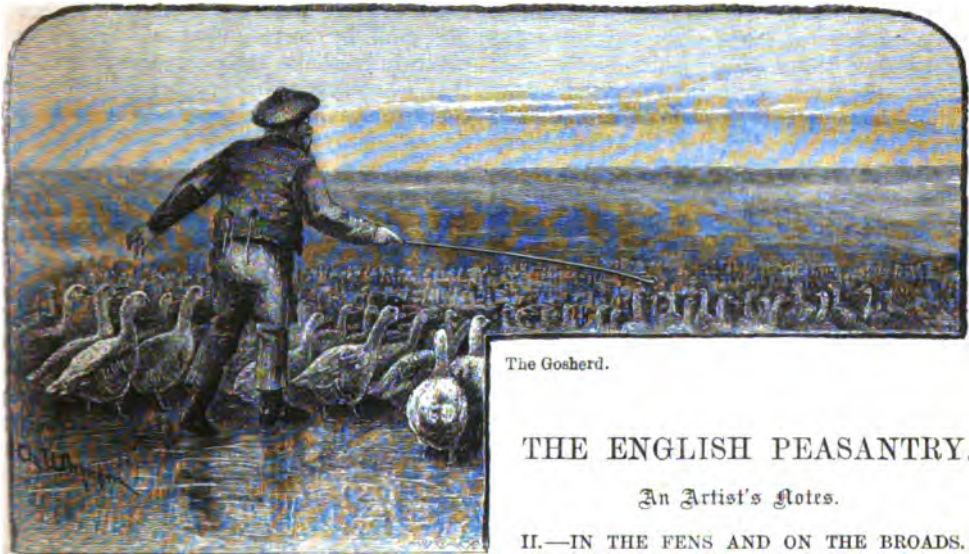
Has this doctrine of Jesus a look of fatalism? It might have, but for another doctrine of His—the central one of all His teach-

ing—the doctrine of the new heart and the right spirit. The real self of every man is something far beneath and within conduct; it is not only deeper than words and actions, but it is deeper than thought, feeling or will. It makes all these to be what they are. But it is precisely here that Christ's work is done—He creates this self anew.

Every other change is superficial and inadequate. Who has not, after an evening of barren and windy gossip, or after listening to scandal and enjoying it, gone home humiliated and disgusted, and resolved never to degrade himself with such talk again? But you will repeat it again, unless at the root of your nature love be substituted for selfishness. The impurity and profanity which poison the air of the world are exhalations from the filthy mind, the irreverent heart, the wicked temper; and, till these are radically changed, no change on the surface is worth speaking of.

The force of regeneration, the virtue of His own death, the grace of His spirit, the influence of His example, the moulding power of His ideas—these are the wonderful influences which Christ has made available for changing our nature at its very root. Without this change every expression of the Christian life—conversation amongst the number—is only a manufactured article, which lacks the sweetness and graceful ease of nature. For, as the gentle Amiel has said, "Religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows."

"This wealth of waters might but seem to draw
From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,
Yon summit half a league in air—and higher,
The cloud that hides it—higher still, the heavens
Whereby the cloud was moulded, and whereout
The cloud descended. Force is from the heights."



The Gosherd.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

An Artist's Notes.

II.—IN THE FENS AND ON THE BROADS.

IN our first paper we discussed briefly the character of the dwellers in the fen country, especially those whose lives are connected with tilling the soil. There is, however, another division who more or less still live the old life of the days when the Eastern Counties were more water than land, and it is of these that we now propose to speak.

The work of reclaiming the old fens was made additionally difficult by reason of the

deep-rooted hatred of the more ignorant of the people; for the poor "fen slodgers" could see nothing in the proposed change but a loss of their livelihood. They lived by the great flocks of wild fowl which came to these waste places, by fishing, and by cutting the sedge and reeds which grew as a thick fringe round these little inland seas, and had accordingly no desire for drainage. And so we find that a hundred years or more ago there was a constant feud



The old Duck-shooter.

going on between class and class—men in their ignorant spite burning stacks and farm buildings, firing at poor defenceless people through their windows at night time, damaging the property of those who possessed what they did not, and finally maiming poor dumb cattle. Indeed local records of about the middle of the eighteenth century read like the history of Ireland in the nineteenth century. But those days are gone; the thing the ignorant "sloggers" dreaded has come to pass, for excepting in some few outlying corners, there are prosperous farms everywhere. This of course has spoiled the district as a haunt for wild birds. The great flocks of mallard and teal, ruff, coot, and geese no longer make for the fens when they come across the seas. The wild, uncultivated race of people have also very much passed away, or become merged in the great army of those who live by tilling the soil.

Yet even to-day one comes across a small settlement or two where the majority of the males still prefer to eke out a rather precarious existence by fowling and fishing, netting and snaring; and it is not an impossible sight to see in a hard winter some old gunner going across the ice in his sledge boat on bone runners after duck or geese. Sheltered behind his screen, which is made of reeds and grasses fastened to a rough frame of wood, he can approach within gunshot of the wary flock. Having through a small aperture got his gun correctly sighted, he claps his hands, and as they

all rise with laboured flight he pours his hail of lead right into the middle of them. After a good shot the gunner will count his spoil by scores; but old greybeards mournfully shake their heads and tell you that every year the number of birds that come grows less and less. There are still a few decoys spread up and down the land where the character of the country remains suitable. But we have seen several which have fallen into disuse as they ceased to pay, and we do not think those that remain have a very long existence before them.* No longer, either, are to be found mammoth pike, like the one which was caught at Whittlesea Mere and turned the scales at fifty-two pounds. The eels too have diminished in size of late years; they are still, however, sufficiently plentiful, and often in the evening have we seen weird figures on the tops of the bank standing ready to plunge their long spear, or gleave as they term it, at their slippery quarry. After wild fowl, hares are the most notable game—and fen hares, being in great repute for coursing, are caught and sent all over the country for that purpose. They have greater speed than other hares; this no doubt arising from the much larger fields they have to gallop over unrestrained. A hare grown in a small field district never has the chance of really learning to run to the extent that these fen creatures do with their thirty or forty acre

* In one season, a few years previous to the enclosure of the fens, ten decoys furnished 31,300 ducks, widgeon, and teal for the London market.



ON THE BROADS.

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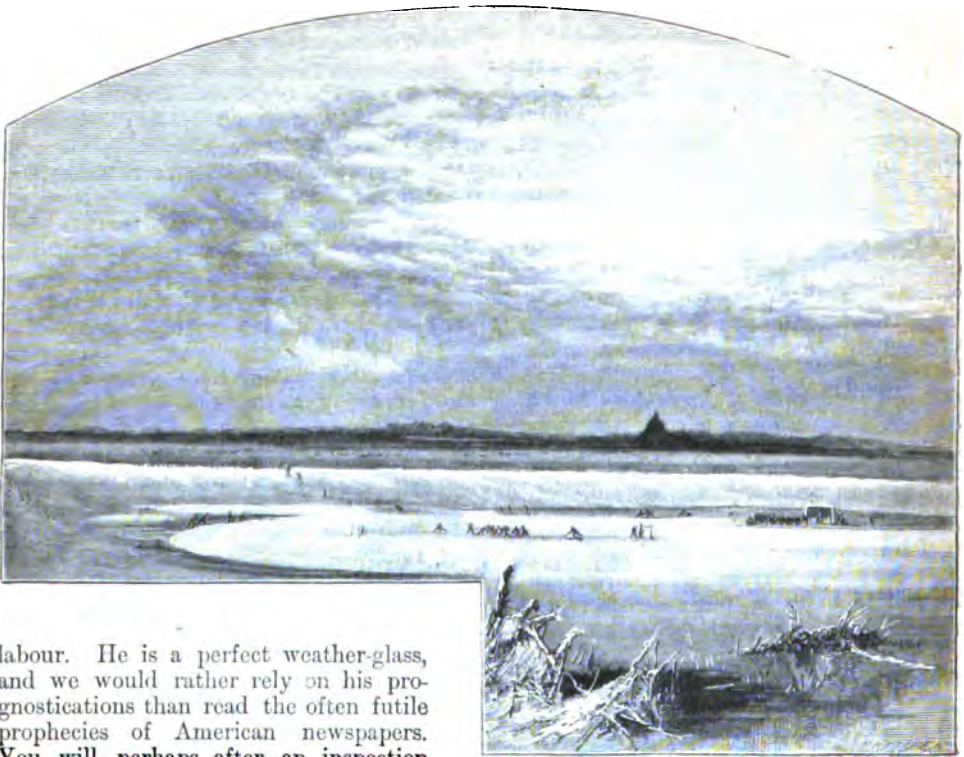
enclosures ; the only other hares that can at all be a match to these are those whose homes are on the Southdowns, and perhaps they, so far as complete freedom and natural fortunate surroundings go, are better off than even our fen friends. Plover of both sorts are common ; they and larks are netted, and quite a large business is done in the winter months in sending them to the London markets.

Farming for feathers is a great industry in the more northern parts of the fens, and is we believe as extensive now as when the whole region was a paradise for geese. At Boston, in Lincolnshire, the trade in feathers is carried on probably on the largest scale. The markets at about Christmas time are chiefly goose markets. As the growers and fatteners are also large buyers from the cottagers, they with their own grown birds often send as many as four to six thousand geese to market. It is a curious sight, one of these poultry farms, with nothing but sheds and pens for fattening. The smell is not agreeable, and there are many points in which such a farm is not as pleasant as it might be. The racks, or pens that the geese are kept in during the time they are sitting, are set in tiers one above another, and as the geese cannot get up and down by themselves, a man has to do this at stated times ; he is called a gosherd. They are driven down by him to water, and after splashing about and washing themselves, they are driven back again and lifted up to their respective boxes. The gosherd's power of remembering each goose is remarkable, since he has to put all back in their respective nests, or satisfactory incubation would not follow. The geese are kept almost as much for their feathers as for their flesh, the former being a very lucrative branch of poultry-keeping. It will horrify the reader to hear that the feathers are plucked, at least once we fear, from the birds during life, and again later on when they are killed. It is asserted that if the feathers be not taken from the living bird, they lose a certain amount of natural lightness, springiness, and elasticity. But to those who would exclaim against the cruelty, it should be pointed out that all the eider down that they ever laid their tired heads upon, or warmly wrapped themselves over with, was most certainly torn from the living bird—and by the bird itself.

Along the coast and by the sides of all the rivers, natural and artificial, there are large numbers of fishermen. Wherever, in short, there is water, a certain proportion of

the population still retain with great pertinacity those old-time callings which formerly nearly all the people followed. This is peculiarly so in the broads of Norfolk, for there you have still enormous tracts of what seem very like waste spaces, vast shallow lagoons, swamps, and endless sinuous rivers, fringed with low sedge-growing banks. They collect the eggs of the plover for the gourmand's table, and in the winter months they set great stretching bird-nets on the wastes, and from some distant point of vantage, pull the cord that causes the net with amazing speed to swing over and ensnare the unwary larks. They tie the larks in long rows on string, as they may often be seen in the poultry-shops of our large towns. It is curious, by the way, to notice how many of the birds that are for sale in the shops have clearly been caught by net, and have simply had their necks wrung ; larks, speaking roughly, are never shot, while golden and common plover, quail, and certain ducks are often to be found with no shot wounds.

Any person desirous of seeing to-day what the life of the ancient fen man used to be, could not do better than go to some little out-of-the-way broad, and make the acquaintance of some old fellow who lives on its banks, in the wreck, perhaps, of some boat or wherry, and listen to the story of his life. He will, perhaps, make a mainstay of his eel-nets (or sets, as they are called). These are fastened by stakes against the banks, right across the stream, and being weighted at the bottom, and with floats attached to the top, they are quite an elaborate and scientific engine of warfare against the slippery quarry. The number of eels that is sometimes caught in a night is astonishing—twenty to forty stones' weight occasionally being secured. Very ingenious is the arrangement, too, for sinking the net at the approach of any wherry. All night long the eel-set man watches for the sound of boats or barges, for if by chance they should come fast sailing up the stream, they would cut through his net, and do great damage, as an eel-net may cost from £20 to £40. The right to place these nets in particularly favoured spots is, in some cases, an inheritance which has been handed down from father to son, for two or three hundred years. Eels fetch from nine shillings to fourteen shillings in the London markets, and to London they chiefly go. Every season of the year brings to such a man its peculiar occupation. He cuts the sedge, and having neither cart nor barrow, will, with the help of his son or neighbour, carry such a crop by hand



A Fen in Winter.

labour. He is a perfect weather-glass, and we would rather rely on his prognostications than read the often futile prophecies of American newspapers. You will, perhaps, after an inspection of his quarters, think them rather dog-kennelly, but you would find he loved his home dearly, and would not be tempted to change it for all the charms of a brick house and hard agricultural calling.

Then another large class that live by a watery profession are the lightermen, ferry-men, and wherry-men. In certain districts of Norfolk, the rivers are the roads even now, and boats and wherries take the place of vans and carriers' carts. Huge as a wherry looks as it comes, completely filling up the way, it, as a rule, has only a couple of men to manage it; sometimes even only a man and a boy—and very hard work they have. Theirs is anything but a lazy life, for when the wind drops they must, by their own unaided strength, push, or "quant," as they say, the heavy craft along for miles and miles.

As in the more cultivated parts of the fens you find many and many a man who lives rent free, so here in the wilder broads you see the same state of things. One way which is not infrequent is to run some old boat of a sizeable sort into a little out-of-the-way creek, and almost entirely on to solid earth. The proprietor is sure to be a fisherman, and lives in this boat all the year

round. He has it all roofed in, and cuts perhaps a back door right out of the stern. Here he will gradually accumulate round him all sorts of queer odds and ends—baskets, boxes, wood, and a stack of sedge with its rough palisading round it. Sometimes the palisading is taken down and pushed out farther to allow of more elbow room for a little quite temporary structure of wood serving as a back kitchen. In summer all this is pretty much hidden by a thick screen of reeds and overhanging willows, which he is sure to secure around his retreat. In winter very few ever pass up and down this water road, and the few that do—the local fishermen and wherry-men—are not likely to trouble him or dispute his right, for they perchance themselves are looking out for an opportunity to do likewise. This very winter we paid some visits to one or two such settlers. In a few cases they have risen to comparative affluence, and own boats, which they let out to the yearly increasing number of summer visitors who have begun to discover what a lovely region the broad district is. By-and-by, if they are not troubled by

those vexatious individuals the landowners, they will put up a modest little brick building; and, once arrived at that point, it will be found very difficult to oust them.

The peat, which is commonly used for burning in the fen land, and which one sees so often in stacks alongside the cottages, is, on the whole, a cheap fuel; and where coal is not forthcoming, it makes a very good substitute. Not only is it burned in the fens, but it is used in all the neighbouring country

side. Dug in the fens, it is carted far and near, and, being delivered at the cottage doors, it is very popular. The selling price on the spot varies but little, 9s. per 1,000 blocks, or bricks, being about an average price. It is mainly cut out of the endless ditches and drains which intersect the fields.

After the peat, we are inclined to think the reeds are as profitable as any other thing. Indeed, it has been stated over and over again that the old reed beds of Whittlesea



Fish Smart.

Mere alone are worth £1,000 a year. Mr. Davies, the authority on broads, says that "the price of reeds in Norfolk is at all times high," but we fear before long their price will come down, since we have already heard rumours that astute Assurance Companies have objected to their use, and we can remember several places this year where the reeds are uncult for the first time for many winters, as a result of the objection; further, we have spoken to those who, holding large stocks of reeds, have openly confessed they wished they did not, as thatching

is going out of fashion. They cut the reeds in the winter. The man stands in one of the flat-bottomed boats, and when he has cut enough he neatly trims them, ties them into bundles, and finally stacks them to dry. All the houses, great and small, used to be thatched with this reed, and a very good roof it makes, warm in winter, cool in summer. One of these old reed-cutters confided to us all sorts of private reasons why he thought the present days were not to be compared to the past, and concluded thus: "You see we don't get the gales we used; they was

what we liked : they stripped the thatch, and forced 'em to be always buying from we."

Simple, almost pathetically so, are the amusements of these fen people—an angling match is a favourite pastime—and they also compete in eel-spearing one with another, but they seem to care but little for sports or games. In winter they have their skating it is true, but they go about that in a very stolid fashion.

There are places where it is a very simple matter to just turn the water on from the drains so as to flood a whole district, and at times of frost this is very frequently done without damage to the land, while it gives safe and healthy enjoyment to thousands.

Bury Fen, near Earith, is one of these places, where we can see crowds of men, heavy and slouching as they walk the roads or labour in the fields, going along on their running skates at a pace which astounds the novice. Straight as an arrow they go, no curves, but one perpetual direct onward rush. Pace is what they aim at, and it is clear to all who have tried that in this particular, and for that end, their style is the very best that could be devised. Men who have never learnt their method will be astounded to find that they cannot keep up with even the fair sex. Men quite advanced in years skate ; one was pointed out to us, over seventy. Matrons and little children alike go gliding along. A huge track or path going on all sides to the limit of the ice is made, and once made is kept to. Round and round this they go, all in one direction, only swinging along as if they could never tire. One favourite method is for some five or six to start off, in follow-my-leader sort of style, each keeping step like the other, so close that they almost touch, each leg fitting in like a Chinese puzzle to the very spot where the man in front had his. Wonderful time they keep, and at a wonderful pace they travel. Men who look as heavy and clumsy as rhinoceroses, go at a pace you would never have thought them capable of. Their brute strength no doubt helps them, but it is a mistake to think that it is all simple muscle that is needed ; there is real art in it, a something to be learnt which, if not picked up in youth, it is impossible to acquire afterwards.

In unscientific language, fen skating may be described as motion attained by a side-way kick or thrust of the skate on the inside edge, during a part of which stroke the other skate is on the outside edge.

The far-famed Fish Smart is considered a very fine exponent of correct fen skating, as

he not only has great power and pace, but he is also an exact and neat skater.

On one occasion we witnessed the enjoyment of a wedding party assembled at a pretty river-side inn. They had secured the services of a melancholy youth who played on a still more melancholy accordion, and there on the white-sanded pantiles they shuffled and double-shuffled till the perspiration rolled down their respective faces. The bridegroom, with face as rigid as that of a sphynx, seemed to think he was in honour bound to go on whilst there were any ready to prance with him—one round, if we may so call it, was a quarter of an hour long by the clock above their heads. They never laughed, they never spoke, those not dancing sat with their arms on the tables encircling their pots of beer, or resting their chins contemplatively on their hands. The bride, a very podgy sort of young person, who seemed little pleased with the festivity, sat sipping genteel explosives in the shape of lemonade. The bridegroom insisted on wearing, although indoors, a new heavy sham sealskin cap, and was clad in every conceivable garment he possessed, in some cases in duplicate. This was at a village seven miles inland from the sea, yet the bulk of the men were fishermen, including our bridegroom, and worked on the Yarmouth smacks. Many of those who have their homes in inland villages are for a part of the year on the open ocean engaged at deep-sea fishing. The life they lead out at sea is one of hardship and danger, but it suits them far better than any they find inland.

Over and over again have we been pleased to see the way in which the broad man has suited himself to circumstances and shown a readiness of resource of which one would have hardly thought him capable. With an instance of this we will conclude this paper. An old man who had, more or less, all his days lived by reed cutting and selling, conceived the idea during a recent hard winter of taking ice to Yarmouth. He had heard of others doing it, why should not he ? He hired a wherry, and he and his son loaded it and took it some fifteen miles to Yarmouth. He did so well by the sale of the ice that he has made it quite a business each consecutive winter. Now, from our acquaintance with the ordinary agricultural labourer, we do not think we do him an injustice when we say that he would be incapable of showing as much intelligent foresight, and power to seize opportunities, as did that old reed-cutter in a distant corner of

Norfolk. The instance is very trivial we are aware, but it is enough to show our point, the tiniest feather tells which way the wind blows.

Inadequate as these very rough notes are, we hope we have yet in some way shown what the dwellers in this slightly known district are really like. They are in many

ways good Englishmen, not easily moved, fixed and firm, as often in wrong as in right ways persistent, not to be baffled, sturdy-minded, fond of freedom, and yet able to recognise the wisdom of laws, and in the main law-abiding in all the relationships of their daily life.

G. WHYMPER.



The Isle of Ely.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

BY MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—"THE PAST HE CALMLY HATH REVIEWED."

"Roses in the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me,
Grown old before my time."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

"THERE exists in all human experience something unseen, some fact beyond our consciousness, so that the seeming of our life is not the truth of it."

So wrote one who went to his rest not so long ago, leaving behind him words of truth and insight and consolation. The insight of the words quoted here we all of us feel instantly. The seeming of our life is never the truth of it.

We are tempted to think at times that if

the truth could be made plain, to others as well as to ourselves, the burden would be lightened. If those who judge us, condemn us, mistake us and our life generally, could be made to see the yawning contradiction between the ideal we started with, and the actual we have arrived at, then assuredly we should feel new elements in the atmosphere about us. Blame would die softly into compassion. The silent reverence due to a great sorrow would supersede the thoughtless, critical word.

It might have been imagined that a man who lived a life so secluded as that lived by Michael Salvain at Thorsgrif would have escaped criticism; but experience makes for the suspicion that the greater the seclusion the greater the amount of unsympathetic

curiosity provoked. It was everywhere believed among the people of his own standing in the neighbourhood that some touch of mystery hung about his life; and this belief had arisen mainly out of the fact that he was what was termed "an unsociable man;" declining all invitations, offering hospitality only to his poorer neighbours; and being generally invisible at times and places when it might naturally have been expected of him that he would have taken a prominent position. If he were aware of this feeling the knowledge was little likely to disturb him. He would not willingly or wilfully have incurred disapproval; but, on the other hand, he would not have swerved from his ordinary course of life to deprecate unknowing and unreasoning blame.

There was nothing mysterious about his antecedents. The Salvains were an ancient and honourable North Yorkshire family; and local historians told how the knights of the name had been of such importance in the fifteenth century that they had ventured to leave testamentary directions as to their burial before the great altar in the Abbey. But the slow progress of the centuries had wrought manifold changes in the fortunes of the family. There was a half-ruined house still standing in the vale of the Esk, which was said to have been the "country seat" of later Salvains; but this had passed into other hands long before Michael Salvain's day; and the place had been turned into an ordinary farmstead. There was nothing left to tell of the ancient eminence save a few deeds and charters, and the brief mention of the family in the History of Hild's Haven.

Michael's father, Christopher Salvain, had never even in thought rebelled against the circumstances which had compelled him to live his life in no more distinguished position than that commanded by a skilful and highly-respected country doctor. He had been a power in the neighbourhood of Hild's Haven in his own day; and that day was not so far gone by as to have been forgotten by the older people of the place. That Mr. Salvain, of Thorsgrif Alum Works, was the son of Dr. Salvain of Hild's Haven would have been counted sufficient recommendation if any had been needed.

Dr. Salvain had married very early in life, and he had married somewhat in haste. If he repented at leisure he certainly kept the secret of his repentance inviolate; and it is quite conceivable that he never repented at all. It was said that he had married Mercy

Waynman for her beauty; and since she retained that beauty so long as she retained her life; he had little valid reason for regret on that head.

Her beauty was not her sole dower. She had had a little money, a little good taste, a little refinement, and a very considerable amount of unthinking easy-going amiability—all these she still had, greatly to her son's comfort. If aught in her nature or character made for his discomfort he tried dutifully to ignore it. Being unmarried he was able to appreciate the goodness of a Providence that spared his mother in health and strength to sit smiling by his fire, and make his home homelike. There was a sister's presence also. These, with one woman-servant, completed the Alum-Master's household. There had been no change since his father's death, which had taken place ten years before that winter's day when Michael Salvain met Dorigen Gower in the coal-merchant's office in Wharram's Yard.

He had time enough to think silently over that meeting as he drove in his rather shabby gig over the bleak hilly road that went winding onward and upward from Hild's Haven to Thorsgrif. The distance was said to be some seven miles; but the steep hill-sides had to be overpassed so slowly that it often seemed to be twice seven. This January afternoon, however, the road seemed shorter to the Alum-Master than usual. Afterward he could not recollect the passing of certain noticeable points in his journey. Such absorption was not new to him; but the time when he had felt its influence was so far back in his life as to give the mood all the power and effect of novelty.

For years past now he had been accustomed to think of himself as a man who had lived his life. This may seem absurd when it is admitted that his years numbered no more than thirty-six; but if you look around you shall see that it is not always a man's age by the register that determines the point of life he has arrived at. One man approaching forty shall retain a boyishness that promises exceedingly well for a green old age; while another of thirty shall be so burdened with his experience that it would be impossible to connect the idea of youthfulness with any thought of him. A man's life tells on his aspect promptly; and it is not only the outer life that tells. In this case of Michael Salvain excess of gravity had not come of his connection with the producing of alum; nor could any right-thinking person attribute his sadness of look and mien to the working of

the Pope's curse. His nature had been weighted hereditarily to begin with ; and, as is usual when such is the case, experience had duly added to the burden.

No man looking into his countenance with any eyes to see could suppose that his life at Thorsgrif was the life that he would have chosen of his own free will. In spite of the sternness, it might almost be said the ruggedness of his face, there was visible the kind of refinement that only comes of the working of intellectual forces within a man. And though these same intellectual forces be subjected to the constant adversity of negative action they shall not be wholly destroyed where the will is against destruction. Nay, if the adverseness be borne as an unforbidden and unforgettable sorrow it may rather add to, than diminish that aspect of spiritual capacity and elevation.

We all of us know what it is to be moved by some simple and sudden thing to turn and glance backward over the years that are dead, yet all unburied. It was a very simple thing that moved Michael Salvain to a retrospective mood ; but retrospection did not yield him much consolation. When does it ? Are the Mr. Bounderbys of the world really so satisfied as they seem ?

If there was anything in Mr. Salvain's life upon which he could congratulate himself it was his obedience to his father. But since this obedience had involved the renunciation of all he had most cared for in life it was not now an unmitigated satisfaction to him.

Looking back over twenty years he saw himself as he had been then, and the sight was not without its capacity for pain. There, in those dead years, stood a boy of sixteen, dreamy, yet energetic ; strong, yet tender ; unsuccessful as a scholar, yet cherishing a passionate ambition. His dream of life was a sculptor's dream ; and it haunted him night and day as such dreams will. There had been no obscurity about his call. He had heard it, and understood it from the first moment of his entrance to the studio of a London sculptor, Sir Francis Thornthwaite, who was a Yorkshireman by birth, and knew perhaps more of the history of the Salvains than they themselves knew. It had so happened that the sculptor's son had become Michael's principal school friend, and had been asked more than once to spend his holidays at Hild's Haven. By-and-by the invitation was returned ; and Michael Salvain went on his first visit to London, and entered, for the first time, within the mysterious precincts of creative art. Boy as

he was, he knew quickly that his fate was decided ; and Sir Francis, perceiving how it was with the lad, furthered his desire to the uttermost. A very short time proved to the sculptor that young Salvain had not mistaken the bent of his powers ; and more than one of the boy's first efforts drew congratulations from the connoisseurs who frequented the studio. One piece of modelling, a girl's head, done from memory, was especially commended. It was, as a matter of course, full of faults, and marred by all technical imperfections ; but nevertheless the promise was there, and enshrined in most noteworthy performance.

"I congratulate you on bearing the name of Michael," said one unthinking nobleman to whom the thing was shown. "It may be that England will congratulate herself on having given birth to a Michael Angelo of her own before many more years are over."

Here was oil enough and to spare, for the flame which had begun to burn with such fierceness unaided. From that day forth ambition was so mingled with the artist fervour in the lad's soul that the two things could never again be severed. If one should be slain it was certain that the other would not survive its destruction.

And almost from the beginning his dreams were harassed by forebodings. The boy knew his father's nature ; he knew also that his father's plans for his own future life were widely different from these new plans which he was making for himself. He prepared himself for strife, for mockery, for resistance. He would endure all, so he might in the end find victory.

He had instinct enough to keep his own counsel ; and he induced Sir Francis Thornthwaite to keep his secret till some fitting hour should arrive when it might be made known. Meantime he went back to school with such energy in his heart and brain as had never been his before ; and his progress there was eminently satisfactory to Dr. Salvain. The boy was waking up at last.

It was not till Michael's school-days were ended that the question of his future life came up with any force. It had been an understood thing with the father that his son was to follow in his footsteps. He had contemplated no particular reluctance. He knew something of Michael's curious fancy for spending all his available time in "messaging with wet clay ;" but it had never disturbed him ; on the contrary, he had even taken interest in it since he had discerned that it had so much to do with his son's severe and

thorough study of anatomy. "The lad will be a better anatomist than ever I have been," he said to himself one day, handling as he spoke an arm in clay which he had just found on a shelf in his son's room. "That deltoid is capital," he continued. "Just enough depression in the middle to show that the arm is a feminine one; and there is the necessary touch of difference too in the articulation of the outward end of the clavicle. . . . Go on and prosper, my boy."

But a marked change came over the doctor's spirit of appreciation when the full meaning of his son's devotion to anatomy was made plain to him. It was done in much trepidation, and after considerable thought. The time was evening, the place the doctor's own study.

There was not much light in the room, but enough for Michael to see the change on his father's face, the sudden look of incredulous amazement.

"It is not only my own opinion," the youth continued. He was between eighteen and nineteen years of age now, tall and well-formed for his years, and he had a not unimpressive bearing. His father had wondered over the latter, as fathers will over any sign of individuality in their children. "It is not only my own opinion," Michael was saying. "I have a letter which I asked Sir Francis Thornthwaite to write to you. He knows all. . . . And I have this, a head that I did over three years ago when I was staying at Chelsea."

The look of amazement passed from the old man's face; he grew pale, and rigid, and stern. The letter was lying on the table beside him; the fire was burning hollow and dead. His son stood opposite to him, white and tremulous—the lad's heart sank with every moment.

"You will read the letter, father!" Michael said at last. It was unwise of him to break that pregnant silence. His father turned in sudden rage, started to his feet, and flung the sculptor's letter into the fire unread. A moment later he had seized his geological hammer, and shattered the clay bust into a thousand pieces.

"There!" the old man said, his lips quivering with the strong passion that was upon him. "There! That is my answer! Tell that to Sir Francis Thornthwaite. And mention the matter to me again at your peril! . . . Leave the room at once, sir!"

"A sculptor!" he ejaculated with withering scorn, before the boy had closed the door. Then pacing up and down the room he went

on saying to himself, "A sculptor! Fool that I have been not to see it all before it came to this! A son of mine, my only son, a stone-cutter! Has he not sense enough to know that popularity and knighthood are the rewards of one in ten thousand? Why should he be the one?"

Why should he not?

That was the question that tortured Michael Salvain; or rather it was one of the questions. It seemed to him that life had resolved itself into torture altogether. From that evening his father did with him as he would. The principle of obedience, of reverence for authority, was strong within the lad, as strong as his instinct toward rebellion in this one momentous instance; and the two things strove within him many a long night through when the world was sleeping.

It is terrible to have a living power within you fighting for its own life with yours. To have spent the best of your youth in a strife like that is to have had no youth at all.

Michael Salvain never touched the plaster again. His tools and his studies were buried out of sight. There should be nothing to tempt him.

He stayed at home; reading, studying with his father; assisting him in various ways for a time; and at length it was decided that he was to go to Edinburgh in the following spring. But before spring came the old man was stricken by disease: and all thought had to be centred upon him. He knew himself that he would no more go in and out among the people of Hild's Haven.

Dr. Salvain had never been supposed to be a rich man; investigation proved him to have been poorer far than his son had imagined. Poverty began to stare the little household in the face in a most unexpected manner. Mrs. Salvain's small income was nearly all that was left to be depended upon.

It was just in this crisis that the post of Alum-Master at Thorsgrif became vacant. Michael thought of it for himself at once. He had a good knowledge of general chemistry; and knew that any particular technical knowledge he might need would soon be acquired. The salary was not large; but there was a capital old house at the top of the ravine, at a little distance from the works. It would be a healthier place for his father than the house they were living in at Hild's Haven. To live in the country had been his mother's desire for years; and there were especial reasons why change would be beneficial to his sister. Already the weight of the household rested upon Michael.

The only drawback was his youth. He was not more than two-and-twenty. But this fault was condoned by the trustees of the Thorsgrif estates: they were not sorry to have the son of a man so respected and honoured as Dr. Salvain had always been. The fact that the previous Alum-Master had disappeared suddenly, leaving his accounts in unintelligible confusion, was more in Michael Salvain's favour than he knew. His application was successful; the old home was given up; the new home entered upon with more of gratitude than of gladness, so far as Michael was concerned. But gratitude is not a bad substitute, and has been known to stand the test of time and the wear and tear of experience with less deterioration than feelings more elate in the beginning.

That was fourteen years ago. Michael Salvain was Alum-Master at Thorsgrif still—that is to say, he did the work he had always done as Alum-Master; but time had wrought such changes in the trade, and events had so happened, that he had lately been able to take over the concern to himself, taking the works on a long lease, and on terms that seemed favourable enough to him at the time when the new arrangements were made. It did not seem likely that he would ever be a rich man; but then he had no desire to be rich. What good could riches do to one whose youth was gone, and whose hope of youth had been utterly denied? It was dead within him now, and he knew it; and it seemed to him that even regret for it was dead. But its brief life had coloured his life. He was not the man he might have been.

And yet another painful experience had been his. Weighted though his life had been from boyhood, it was hardly likely that one of his artistic nature, and strong warm, human sympathies, should pass from youth to manhood not knowing the meaning and value of human love. As was almost inevitable, he had come to know it in its most passionate form, and for a time it seemed to him that fate was offering him full compensation for having thwarted him in his desire for a great career. Perhaps even Michael Angelo's fame might have been bought too dearly if the price paid for it was that long, lonely, pathetic life, the history of which moves the reader with the force of tragic poetry rather than of biographical reality.

There had been times when the loneliness had seemed to be but a fitting and seemly thing for a figure so heroic; a condition to be accepted unhesitatingly by any who might

wish to follow but ever so far behind. Michael Angelo himself, with Andrea del Sarto's Lucrezia for house-mistress, had failed somewhat of his grand and isolated eminence.

Now, however, change of belief broke radiantly upon young Salvain's changed prospects. The glance of a certain rare pale Margaret undid the bands of hardness that were tightening about his heart, and set him free to hope, to believe, to anticipate his life once more. It was given him to understand that his love was returned, and the understanding infused a vigour into the days that made life worth living beyond all question.

"Work grew play; adversity a winning fight,"

and he saw before him in the future the certain solution of all present doubts and difficulties. It was true that there would be some waiting to be done, but waiting is an easy thing, and happy, when you are all the while working toward final achievement. If Margaret Terrynton could wait and hope, Michael could wait and work; and since neither had attained the age of three-and-twenty, there seemed little unreason on the side of circumstance. Those days were the happiest days that Michael Salvain had known.

Since an end had to be put to them it were better that it should be put suddenly. The suddenness might seem like an added cruelty, but that idea was not likely to deter an ambitious, clever woman. Margaret Terrynton was very clever, very decided, very quick to perceive. When a richer man than Michael Salvain was likely ever to be, came forward, she did not hesitate. She simply sat down one evening and wrote a decisive letter putting an end for ever to the engagement which had existed between them. She wrote politely, wishing Mr. Salvain happiness in the choice of a companion for life suited to his nature, and also to his peculiar position as head of an already established household. She had had doubts of her own fitness from the beginning.

So came the second great sorrow that had fallen across his life. He bore it as a strong soul does bear such a sorrow, silently, dumbly, while the pain goes deeper for the silence that must be kept, and is more ceaseless for the seeming indifference that has to be put on and ceaselessly worn. His nature was not embittered, but it had lost its spring, and the strong desire for sympathy which underlies always the artistic nature in man or woman had been negated till human intercourse was little more than pain. He was, or be-

lieved himself to be, utterly incapable of responding to any feeling save such as turned upon some righteous contempt or indignation. If aught else remained, it was pity; he believed certainly that it was compassion alone that drew all his thoughts to the scarce-seen child who had said so simply that she would be glad for his kindness. Not for years past had any voice moved him as that quiet voice was moving him now. God helping him, he would be very kind.

That same evening, sitting with his mother by the fire, he told all his tale, excepting only the strong and sudden emotion which he did not reduce to thought even for his own enlightening. He spoke openly of his regret for the child, his suspicion of even greater poverty than she had betrayed. "And it may be so difficult to do anything," he said. "If the parents are as over-sensitive as the child, it may be impossible. Anyhow, I shall want your help, mother, especially in the beginning. You can call upon them more easily than I can."

"But I am so shy, Michael. Think of my going all the way down Kirkgate by myself to call upon people I've never seen!"

"I will go with you to the door."

"If you would go in with me, now?"

"Not the first time, my mother. Your going alone would be nothing. I mean you

baking day, and Rizpah always expects me to do the bedrooms. Besides, I don't think Joanna will be well enough to be left to-morrow."

"Isn't she well to-day?"

"It has been one of her bad days. A ship passed close in this morning, and she fancied it was like the *Abbot of Streonshalh*. She has been in one of her sad moods ever since."

"Poor Nanna! But you will go soon, mother," Michael said, rising to leave the room, and stopping to look into his mother's face as he passed her with a look that was not easy for her to comprehend. "You will go soon," he said. "I want you to be good, very good, to that sad-eyed child."

CHAPTER XII.—FAIR LAUGHS THE MORN.

"But now you talk things senseless, like a child;
Good sooth! Have we then never broken bread
In strange men's houses, and found love grow wild
In far-off lands, ere hitherward we sped!"

Wonslay's Odyssey.

MICHAEL'S support and encouragement notwithstanding, it was really a difficult matter for Mrs. Salvain to knock at an unknown door and introduce herself to unknown people. The handsome, timid old lady blushed like a girl when the door was opened, and a tall, stout, slatternly-looking woman asked gruffly what her will might be.

"This is where Mrs. Gower lives, is it not? I beg pardon, are you Mrs. Gower?"

A loud coarse laugh interrupted Mrs. Salvain's inquiries.

"Mah neäme's Bell Boartas, if ya want te knaw. Mis-thris Gower's i' bed, poor soul. T' bairn's a fort-nit oäd. But cumin if ya want owt. You're changin' thracks, mebbe?"

"No, I have no tracts with me," replied Mrs. Salvain, accepting the woman's invita-



"Looking seaward from the village at the foot of the cliff."

would not alarm anybody. . . . Will you go to-morrow if it is fine?"

"To-morrow, Michael? To-morrow is

tion to enter. Her feminine eye was attracted by the beautiful well-kept old furniture at the first glance. Her second glance fell upon

a tall pale girl who stood near the window with nervously clasped hands and dark sad eyes, sadder for the traces of weeping.

"Oh, you are the— You are Miss Gower?" said Mrs. Salvain, smiling kindly, and holding out her hand. "I was going to say, you are the little girl my son has spoken of. I shall tell Michael how absurd it was of him to call you a little girl. You remember him, my dear? He saw you the other week at— well, at Whar-am's, you know. He's been talking about you ever since; that is, he has talked about you many times. But I couldn't come sooner. My daughter has not been well. And *you* don't look well, my dear. You've been fretting. Is your mother ill?"

"Yes; she is ill," Dorigen replied, lifting her eyes to the stranger's face, and speaking in her usual quiet way.

"She's doin' as nicely as need be," broke in Mrs. Boartas. "But she's doon-sperrited, poor thing; an' neä wunder, considering t' awkward waäy 'at things hes gone lately; i' business, Ah mean. But you'll know nought aboot sike things as that; an' Ah'll just pop up an' tell her 'at you're here. You'll ha' te see t' bairn, ya know, an' hev a bit o' caäke an' a dhrop o' wahne. . . Yis, yis; ya'll be forced, or else ya'll tak t' luck awaäy wi' ya, an' that wad niver deä."

Mrs. Salvain was not sorry to be left alone with the wan, weary-looking girl, whose very look seemed to plead for sympathy. They sat down, Dorigen by the little table where the jet bracelets which she had been stringing were all spread out ready for her father when he should come in to finish and pack them; Mrs. Salvain sat in a chair quite near. She was roused to compassion herself now; not that it was a difficult thing at any time

to awaken her compassionate feelings. The instinct of motherliness was strong within her. She had almost forgotten that she was but obeying her son's behests.



"The old church on the hill stood out in solemn blackness."

"We could not get any flowers to bring you," Mrs. Salvain began apologetically. "Michael went over to see if he could get a few at the lodge; but there was nothing there. So I just brought you this little geranium; it was the only one that would go into my reticule. . . . No, don't thank me, honey. It isn't worth thanks. You shall have some better things than this. And now let me tell you at once that an idea has come into my head just now since I heard about your mother, and I *should* like to

carry it out. It would please Michael beyond anything I could do. . . . Will you go back with me to-day, my dear, just for a week or two till your mother's better? It's a cold time of year, but there's often a few fine days in February. And we would take care of you. What do you think mother would say? I *should* like to have you. And you would like it, honey, wouldn't you? Thorsgrif isn't a pretty place, but its curious. I think you'd like to come."

For a moment there was no reply. Dorigen sat quite still, her breathing came slowly and heavily; her colour rose hotly to her cheek; the large dark eyes were lifted with a look that was full of quick gladness that could yet not subdue the pain that was behind.

"If *only* I might go!" she said at last with almost breathless earnestness. Not even this simple invitation could come to her but it must be received with an intensity and depth of emotion that might have befitted some cataclysm of fortune. This then was the fulfilment of all her dreams; this was

the compensation for the drear silent days which had passed since that word spoken in Wharram's Yard had filled her life with expectancy. She had had no doubt, no fear. The word had carried its own assurance with it; an assurance that some lower, lonelier life had been left behind, that fuller and wider life was dawning at last. If the days had been lengthened out to thrice their number she would still have waited in hope. It was impossible that he who had so spoken should fail or forget. She had only to be patient; and patience was not difficult to her. . . . Now it might be that all waiting was at an end.

Mrs. Salvain was loquacious and persuasive, but she lacked something of pertinacity, and it may be that if circumstances had not favoured her she would have failed of her new desire. But Mrs. Gower was not slow to perceive that a week or two of change and country air might be a good thing for a girl who was growing too fast, and who had no appetite. The poor woman was perplexed by the suddenness of it all, and by the idea of Dorigen going to stay with strangers; though of course, the name of Salvain was not new to Mrs. Gower. The old doctor had been a familiar figure in her father's house, and John Gower had been able to add considerably to his daughter's knowledge of her new-found friend.

"It's very kind of you, ma'am," Mrs. Gower said feebly. "And it's not as if you were quite strangers, after all." She was lying propped against the pillows in her best bedroom; her thin face looked almost pretty under the pink tinge of colour that was upon it, and the pale red rippling hair looked all the better for being a little astray under the lace border of her cap. She lifted the tiny new baby into Mrs. Salvain's arms with a sigh.

"It's not a pretty baby," she said sadly; "not as pretty as Dorigen was, or little Elsie. John wants to have this one called Elsie, and I've given way, to please him; but I don't like callin' a livin' child after a dead one; it's never lucky. But he seems to have set his mind upon it. He's a man 'at thinks a deal of his children, though folks don't know it. An' I'll have to send an' ask him about Dorigen goin' to Thorsgrif. Mebbe you won't be startin' just yet awhile?"

"Oh, no; not for two or three hours yet; and I am glad you have decided to let her go," replied Mrs. Salvain, evidently feeling all the satisfaction she displayed. "I have some shopping to do, and I've promised to

go and have a cup of tea with an old friend who lives on St. Hild's Mount; and then I'll get Michael to bring the gig down here so that her things can be put in without any trouble. But don't worry about anything, now, please don't worry. The shabbiest frock she has will do as well as the best for Thorsgrif."

"I am afraid she hasn't anything else but shabby frocks," sighed Mrs. Gower. The confession was one that would not have been made to anybody; but Mrs. Salvain's kind manner and homely ways were irresistible to a woman whose life of late had been one long sorrow. And there was yet no promise of better things. Behind Mrs. Gower's concession, there was an almost humiliating acknowledgment that it might be good for Dorigen to make to herself friends, who, if they did not receive her into their houses, would yet see that the child did not go shelterless.

That day was to Dorigen like a page out of somebody else's story. When she went into the workshop her father saw at a glance that something had happened, some good thing. Her face had a glad look, yet it was almost tense in its gladness, as if the girl were exercising all the restraint she knew how to use. How could she be so heartless as to be happy when no one else was going to be happy? That was the question that was before her now. Her father saw it in part, and he grieved for the thing he saw. It brought before him the utter joylessness of the child's life as he had not seen it, and his own insight smote him with the force of a hundred spoken reproaches.

Her news was told and her request made with a quietness that would have been unnatural in most girls of her age. Her father was seated before a block in the middle of the shop, "chopping out" with a small chisel; a couple of grindstones were thundering and whirring, the brown-red dust was flying. John Gower made no reply for a moment, but the elevation at the outer corners of his eyes betokened the astonishment he was in.

"I don't want to go if you wish me not to, father," Dorigen said presently. Her voice quivered as she spoke.

And there was an answering quiver in the father's tone. "I'm very glad for you to go," he said. "What o'clock is it to be?"

"Not till four. Shall I ask Mrs. Salvain to wait till you come to your tea?"

"On no account. I don't want to see Mrs. Salvain. I don't want to see you again."

"Not to say 'good-bye'?"
 "Not to say 'good-bye.' You can say it now."

CHAPTER XIII.—"BUSY DREAMS AND FANCIES WILD."

"O weary Lady Geraldine,
 I pray you drink this cordial wine;
 It is a wine of wondrous powers,
 My mother made it of wild flowers."

COLSAKONA: *Christabel*.

It was fortunate that Michael Salvain's gig was what was termed in the neighbourhood a "sizeable" one. It held three people quite comfortably. Dorigen, indeed, sitting wrapped in shawls between Mr. Salvain and his mother, would have found the word "comfortable" pitifully inadequate to express her sensations. Delight, happiness, luxury, felicity of almost every kind was being enjoyed within that small space; but, as usual, the enjoyment was of the most silent. No exclamation of pleasure or satisfaction broke from the girl's lips.

Long ago the sun had set, but there was light enough in the intensely clear sky to throw into dark relief the picturesque lines of Danesbecke Nab. Looking seaward from the village at the foot of the cliff, you could discern the rugged point stretching out into the ocean. Beyond it ships were passing with twinkling lights visible. There were more lights in the cottage windows of Danesbecke Wyke, and in the tiny shops which looked so dim and quaint and still. Everywhere in the twilight there was this same ineffable, half-spiritualised stillness. The leafless trees that were by the steep hill-side, as they went up to Oswaldthorpe, seemed to droop in a sombre gracefulness. The old church on the hill-top stood out in solemn blackness against the band of dusky daffodil yellow that was just above the horizon. That was a long way from the village. All the way up Oswaldthorpe Bank, nearly a mile of steep climbing, Michael walked by the side of the gig; and Dorigen would have been glad to walk too, but she had not the courage to say so. It was always a difficult matter to her to break a long silence, and now it was more than ever difficult, since the silence was so strange and new and sweet.

The village of Oswaldthorpe stands some five hundred feet above the sea-level. Dorigen saw but little of it, though the moon was rising out of the eastern sea and the stars were beginning to shine in the clear æther. She could only discern the dark chimneys and gables of the cottages that struck against

the fading yellow with that peculiar and poetic mysticity which gives an impression that no picture can ever convey quite truthfully. There is nothing like it. No other effect of nature produces the same half-sad, half-yearning emotion which is awakened by the commonest object in the distance, or mid-distance, when it stands between you and a sky from which the sun has but lately gone, leaving only a faint lingering light that touches you like a pathetic reminiscence. It is an effect that has no monotony. Year by year it shall move you to the same emotion; and yet you shall never weary, nor wish that it could change.

When the village was passed, Mr. Salvain, who had taken his seat in the gig again, turned his horse's head seaward into a narrow lane.

"We shall soon be home now, my dear," Mrs. Salvain said. "You're not cold, are you? No! That's right. The next village is Thriplands, and then it's only a very little way to Thorsgrif. I hope you'll like Thorsgrif, and I hope you won't be tired, not *too* tired. I like to feel a little bit wearied myself; it makes rest so delightful. I often think there's nothing nicer than rest when one is really weary. And I hope you like being out of doors; it's so good for you. But I don't think you'll get to church on Sunday. We have to come to Oswaldthorpe, and it will be too far for you, I'm afraid. What do you think, Michael?"

"I think we'll wait till Sunday comes, mother. Then we shall see what kind of weather it is."

"Yes, so we shall," she said, reclining comfortably against the cushions her son had placed for her. She was a happy-natured woman, and she was even happier than usual to-night. The tone of Michael's voice was reward for all she had done, if reward had been needed. She was not quite sure that she was going to get on very easily with this silent, reserved girl, who had awakened both Michael's interest and her own, reserve and silence notwithstanding; but she would do her best. She had a curious feeling of being drawn as to a child who was fatherless and motherless.

They still went on; the moon was rising higher, the shadows of the hedgerows fell across the misty light that was in the lane. Here and there a bird stirred and fluttered past. At Thriplands there was the sound of a violin in a cottage by the roadside. The sparks were flying at the forge; the village lads were gathered in a knot about the blas-

ing light. What made the ecstasy, the mystery, of all these common sights and sounds? How came the sense of sweet expansion, of soft harmony? What awoke the underlying fear of any touch of change, even the change of coming nearer to the end of the journey? Something that was almost a sob escaped the girl's lips with the passionate desire that that journey might never end. She imagined it as she sat there, the driving on and on, always in darkness, in silence, always through quiet cliff-top villages, always with the silver moon behind sparkling upon the sea, always with Mrs. Salvain on one side, and this strong, tender, protecting figure on the other. The power, the gentleness, the gravity of this man's ways seemed curiously mingled in the child's mind with the solemn beauty of the night. His meaningful silence was blent with the silence that was upon the land; and for her there was something in his nature that answered strangely to the yearning awakened by the half-hidden, incomprehensible distances into which the low moonlight fell faintly and dimly, but partly revealing the softened outlines of the farmsteads and the isolated groups of trees. It was as if a spell had been cast over her, leaving her only enough of her normal faculties for the entertainment of dread lest the spell should break. If it did break would she find herself in the old, sad environment of Wiggoner's Wharf?

"There! This is Thorsgrif, my dear," broke in Mrs. Salvain, as her son turned the horse's head seaward once more. They had been winding round by devious ways, sometimes almost turning their backs upon the rugged coast-line, and facing the sloping waste of land which lay between the sea-edge and the moor. Now the great glittering expanse of water was at their feet again, and they were nearer to it than they had been before.

The village of Thorsgrif was smaller than either of the other villages they had passed through. A few tiny, low-roofed cottages stood perched irregularly on the very edge of the stern dark rock. Down at the foot of the cliff there appeared to be more cottages nestling on a ledge that was barely out of the reach of the white lapping waves, the sound of which was near enough now to enter as a fresh element into the charm that was working so strongly upon the girl's mind. It may be supposed that this was not a new sound, but the supposition cannot be readily granted. The sea has its separate tone for the base of every cliff, the angle of every rock, the sweep of every bay; and a sea-lover shall not confuse them or mistake

them. This fresh, swift, rushing ripple heard in the night at the foot of Thorsgrif Ness was not the ripple that broke up the sands at Hild's Haven; it was new, and in relation with all the other new things that were making such deep impression, and the scent of the sea-wrack, as it came mingled with the strong sulphurous odour of burning alum shale, became at once a part and parcel of the new life which had been entered upon so suddenly, and with such deep unspoken gladness. Afterward it seemed to Dorigen that her very soul had grown in that brief journey from Hild's Haven to Thorsgrif Ness.

Mrs. Salvain kept up her smooth little comments on the things which might have been visible, but were not.

"You can't see much of the works, my dear—only just the tops of the sheds, and the smoke from the mine. A heap of burnt shale is called *mine*, you know; but you shall go down to-morrow and see it all, and Michael will tell you everything. And some of the men live down there; in those cottages beside the works there are seven or eight families. I shouldn't like to live down there myself; I've said so to Michael many a time. The cliff looks frightfully dangerous when you look up from below; indeed it is dangerous. You must never sit down under it, my dear. Once—it was in the year 1808—two young Staithes girls, sisters they were, sat down on the scaur—I'll show you the exact spot when we go down—and while they were sitting there talking quietly together, and looking out over the sea, a sharp splinter of rock fell from the top of the cliff, spinning round and round as it fell, and it struck one of the sisters on the back of her neck, so that it took her head quite off. The other sister saw it rolling away over the scaur to a great distance before it stopped. Think of that, my dear, whenever you are tempted to sit down under the cliffs. It is quite true, and what has happened once may always happen again."

"All the same I should recommend Miss Gower *not* to think of it; and I should hardly have told the story to her to-night, my mother," Michael said, carefully rounding a corner of the lane just beyond the village. The moon was sailing in a nest of cloud now; every cloud-edge was tipped with pale gold, and shaded below with various pearl tints, whilst a darker bank of vapour was gathering far away in the distance where Hild's Haven was. Dorigen half-turned, and a pathetic yearning for the home fireside

and her father's face came over her all at once and unexpectedly, breaking in upon the new spell like the pain that comes in dreams; and she could not put it quite away that night, nor any night. She had not known till now the strong tie that bound her to that homely home in the "Haven toun in the farthest part of Yorkeshire."

While she was still in the grasp of that yearning, Mr. Salvain got down from the gig again, and opened a gate that barred the descent into what appeared to be a wood in

a rocky hollow between two tall points of the dark sea-cliff. One white road led almost straight downward, but the road they took was a winding one to the right, and kept them still facing seaward. There were dark holly-trees on either hand, glistening where the light fell; the tops of the young pine-trees shot upward from below; some tall Scotch firs swayed gloomily in the breeze; a twisted leafless alder-tree stood out across the stream of misty light. Just then the moon quite suddenly swept herself free from the clouds,



"Against the gold and grey of the sky."

and disclosed a tall irregular stone house, massively built, and of more considerable size than strangers usually expected to find it. Picturesque gables and clusters of chimneys stood out in fantastic line against the gold and grey of the sky; the numerous small windows were half-hidden in the clustering ivy. The road up to the front of the house led over a kind of terrace with a low stone balustrade that overhung the hollow, which was filled by the tangled wood. The terrace was grass-grown; the wheels went over it almost silently. The glittering, rippling sea was so near—it was just over the edge of the terrace—that for a moment Dorigen had a sense of fear that they might go too far in an unthinking moment. But the

horse seemed to stop of his own good-will by the broad stone steps under the porch; and when the door was opened Mr. Salvain came to the side of the gig, and with mindful gentleness lifted Dorigen across into the dimly-lighted hall.

"Take care of her, Joanna," he said to a tall thin woman with dark unsmiling eyes, who came out from one of the rooms on the left. "Take care of her, and have some of mother's elder wine made hot and sweet."

Long, long years afterward that voice came back to her, and the simple words that the voice had said that night, "Take care of her, Joanna!" It was not till these after days came with their burden of experience that she understood clearly why a strong

man's voice should have had in it vibrations of such womanly tenderness. But even at the time when they were uttered, she awoke to the new strange grace that words might have when spoken in new ways; and all night in the room with the oriel window there came mingled with the impressions of the old china and the dark oak, and the quaintly-patterned blue chintz, a kind of beautiful and gently tyrannous excitement, which seemed at times as if it were about to grow too keen and quiver into pain. . . . Michael Salvain's voice and footstep on the stair in the early morning seemed to crystallise these vague elements of emotion, and to give a point for the concentration of any experience that might arise out of the days that were to be spent in the house at Thorsholm Ness.

CHAPTER XIV.—“HATH HE MEDDLED WITH ALAM, OUR HOLY FATHER'S MARCHANDISE?”

“Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—
And, just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?”
Evelyn Hope: ROBERT BROWNING.

THE morning was bright and sunny as any real spring morning could have been. The doors and windows were all wide open to let the sunshine in; the breeze from the sea came with it, and the fresh free sound of the rushing wavelets at the foot of the cliff. The holly-trees were sparkling, the red boles of the Scotch firs showed in fine contrast to the dull blue-green of the foliage; and there was bird music in the air, the sound that seems always the natural accompaniment of sunshine. The scream of the sea-gulls came softened by distance; they had forsaken the ledges that were all about the mouth of the ravine.

Dorigen was standing at the end of the terrace, leaning upon the ivy-grown balustrade, when Mr. Salvain came back from the beach at breakfast time. She had been looking into the wide tangled hollow below. The young fir-trees grew almost down to the sands on this side, and on that there was a great slope of blue-grey shale, with a rugged fractured piece of rock standing out at a sharp angle above. The white wavelets were leaping right up into the little stone-strewn creek, meeting the narrow stream of brown peaty water that ran surging and gurgling all the way down from the moor. Every sound was a soothing sound, and

made for that perfect dreamful peace which is usually as unattainable as it is desirable.

Dorigen turned when she heard footsteps on the grass-grown terrace. A quiet pink flush rose to her pale face, a light came into her dreamy eyes; her lips half parted as if to smile or speak, but she waited for the brief undemonstrative greeting that came, and replied with a brevity which was certainly “the next thing to silence.” Her reticence was pleasing to Michael Salvain, and congenial. He knew that she could speak on occasion.

“It gave me a moment's uneasiness to find that you were not indoors,” he said, speaking in his usual quiet, considerate way. “I was afraid the fine morning might have tempted you farther afield, and I didn't want you to tire yourself before breakfast. . . . Will you come with me this morning to see the works?”

The girl looked up with a flash of gladness in her eyes; a soft colour came swiftly over her face.

“Yes, I should like. . . . I should like to see the alum works.”

“What were you going to say?”

“I was going to say that I should like to come with you.”

“And what made you change your answer for a less pleasant one?”

Ah, what was it? What was it that was filling the hours with strange, sweet meanings that were all the sweeter for being intangible and incomprehensible? It was like some new and beautiful dream; and often it happens in dreams that one is perplexed, and cannot give quite the answer one longs to give. And then one awakens, and it has not mattered that no answer has been given of any kind.

Michael Salvain had no touch of cruelty in his nature, but he half smiled to see the large wondering eyes lifted to his in genuine perplexity. He kept silence for a moment, having an artist's eye for the picture that was before him. The blue sea that was the background repeated itself in the dreamy blue eyes that were looking into his; the small pale face looked paler for the abundance of the heavy black hair that lay about it. “It is not a face that others would call beautiful,” he said to himself; “not yet; and it is a face that will come to its own slowly, if ever at all. . . . I shall like to watch its coming.”

Presently there was the sound of a window opening behind them; a dark, sweet, smiling old face leaned forward. “Come

in, my dear, come in," said Mrs. Salvain. "Breakfast is ready at last! And I'm ever so much obliged to you for being here, for Michael is always cross when he has to wait for his meals, and I'm sure he isn't cross this morning. Come in."

Mr. Salvain smiled a little under the accusation. He was given to admit that punctuality was one of his small vices; and, truth to say, if it were a virtue in him its rewards were of dubious value. Dorigen came to discern clearly that he had not inherited it from his mother.

The breakfast was set out in an old brown room which opened upon a kind of courtyard at the back of the house. There was a high wall with patches of ivy straggling up it here and there. A flagged pathway went round the square a few feet from the wall; there was a covered well, with steps that led down into its dark depths. Here and there a rough wooden garden-chair was standing upon the bright green turf. The sun was slanting into the place now, making the ivy glisten, and catching the dew-drops that were upon the grass. Beyond the top of the wall the furzy common that was between the house and the village rose with a sudden swell. There was nothing else. The dark whin-bushes stood against the sunny blue of the sky; some fowls were pecking about over the rugged hillocks, geese were cackling in high aggressive disdain; and the homeliest of these sounds made harmony for ears accustomed only to the clatter of the shipbuilder's hammer and the "Ho! heave ho!" of the sailors in the harbour at Hild's Haven.

There was no one but Mr. Salvain and his mother in the quiet quaint room. The old-fashioned furniture was such as Dorigen was used to at home, but it was less well-kept; and later she missed the order and preciseness to which she had always been accustomed. The abundant breakfast table had an air of something that was almost untidiness, and more than once the fancy crossed Dorigen's mind that Mr. Salvain was noting things with a silent sadness that betrayed long and useless remonstrance. If only she might have served him herself! With all the loftiness of nature which she believed him to have, he seemed to be a man who might have even an undue appreciation of snowy table linen, bright silver, and exact arrangement. She was not considering the opposite of these things through her own eyes, but through his; and the girl might have been a little sorry if Mrs. Salvain had

left her time for such idle sorrow. But the kind old lady went on smiling sweetly, and chattering freely and easily, as was her wont at all times. She was a woman of few reservations.

"My daughter will be down presently," she said to Dorigen, speaking to the child with a certain courtesy that it was in her nature to give. "You did not see much of her last night. It is seldom, indeed, that she will see strangers at all; but she will take to you, my dear. I can tell from something that she said at bedtime that she will take to you. And I shall be glad, I shall be very glad, because it does her good to be with any one who is patient and companionable."

Dorigen could only look perplexed and sigh faintly; she did not comprehend. A change had come over Mrs. Salvain's face as she spoke; the still beautiful brown eyes had drooped heavily, and pathos had been visible in the curves of the handsome sensitive mouth. Mrs. Salvain sighed; then she spoke again—

"I will tell you all about it, my dear, some time," she said. "You are only a child, but you are not like other children; you will understand, and you will be sorry. Every one was sorry for my Joanna, and though the story has been written and printed, it was not her story; that was only known to the people about here. It was Captain Marsingale's story that people made such a fuss about. Perhaps you have heard of it or read of it. He was captain of a whaler, the *Abbot of Streonshalh*, and he went out to the Greenland seas and never came back again. I dare say you have heard how it all happened?"

"Did he take his wife with him?" Dorigen asked.

"Yes, honey, he did. Then you have heard about it?"

"No, but my godfather knows, and once he promised to tell me; perhaps he forgot."

"He might forget to tell you; he could never forget the story; no one could forget that, it was too terrible," replied Mrs. Salvain. "But terrible as it was, there have been times when I have felt that he deserved it all—Henry Marsingale, I mean. It was he who spoilt my child's life, I cannot but remember that. I cannot but remember it with her before my eyes every day, moving about like the ghost of her murdered self. Oh, my dear, if you had known what a bright, bonny girl my Nanna was, you would not wonder that I speak so! But

hush! She is coming. Don't say a word of this unless she speaks of it to you herself—please not a word, my dear.”

A fuller stream of sunshine came into the room with the opening of the door. A tall, black figure entered, with impressive step and movement, bending gracefully to kiss the anxious, watchful mother. Then Mr. Salvain placed a chair for his sister, who laid her hand gently and silently on Dorigen's head for a moment as she passed, but did not speak. She was not given to much speaking; that could almost be seen on the thin, wan face. Yet it was an eloquent face, in the darkest hours it was eloquent.

But little more was said; and half an hour later Dorigen and Michael Salvain were walking over the furzy cliff-top common to Thorsgrif. The wind came up from the sea, bringing always the free fresh sound of the rushing water. A steamship was gliding northwards; down at the foot of the cliffs a few children were playing on the green sandy slope. Beyond there was Thorsgrif Ness; it ran out to the sea like a wide black wall of rock, broad enough on the top of it, where it was nearest to the cliff, for sheds, and buildings, and heaps of brushwood to be scattered over it everywhere, while the great cisterns for steeping the burnt shale were ranged on the wide plateau that was a little above the level of the workmen's cottages.

Already it was a busy scene. The diggers were at work in the shale, others of the men and boys were gathered about the tramways over which the small waggons were moving to and fro. There were men at the pumps, men at the cisterns, men at the fires. The white smoke came curling up out of the cliff-side hollows, smelling strongly of sulphur. Was it possible to live down there always in that smoky, stifling atmosphere? Dorigen wondered as they began to descend the steep pathway that led from the village on the cliff-top to the hamlet which was so perilously near the bottom. She did not ask the question, but the wonder was in her eyes, mingled there with a certain look of quiet, glad delight.

“It is as if a load had been lifted from the child's life already,” Michael Salvain said to himself, taking pleasure in the knowledge that he had lifted it. Surely this was a pleasure he might take? This at least could hold no danger.

Was he taking this small pleasure more eagerly than he knew? Having done his pleasureless duty so long and so sternly, was it at all possible that the first touch of

change might find him unprepared, and not rightly watchful?

He was not watching himself to-day, but another. All his life he had been a student of humanity, capable of noting and following an unobvious human motive from its source to its last outcome in the shape of human action. This alone, it seemed to him, had kept his soul alive with any worthy living. Men, the worst of them—and he rather preferred to consider the worst—were so much better than the world deemed of them, so much more worth one's care and pains, so much more deserving of one's pity and sympathy; and as for forgiveness, every year of his life made forgiveness easier. We pardon all that we comprehend. It is comprehension that is difficult, and it is here that the student of humanity has the advantage of the man who has made no study of his kind at all. The latter is in the position of a judge who has only the plaintiff's accusation by way of evidence, and who declines to hear what the defendant has to say for himself. It was the habit of Michael Salvain's mind to put himself in the place of the defendant for a while.

It was natural to his position that much of his thought should be occupied with decisions for and against; and it had so happened that of late he had been a little weary of the ways of men, a little sickened by contact closer than usual with lowliness and dulness, darkness and meanness. Now as he went down among his men he felt his old sympathy reviving; his smile and his word of greeting went out with the old freedom, and he knew that it was not the sunshine or the blue breezy morning. It was something newer than these, newer and more precious.

They went round by the great cisterns that were open to the sky. Some of them were forty feet in length, and had as many waggon-loads of the calcined mineral soaking there in the water.

“I don't expect all this to interest you now,” Mr. Salvain said; “but if you live to be old you may some day like to tell of it. There will be no alum works on this coast by that time, perhaps none anywhere.”

“Why do you think that?”

“Because already other things are being used in place of alum for many purposes . . . You know how it first came to be made in this neighbourhood?”

“No, I do not know anything.”

“Ah, that is a pity. But I am not sure that I shall enlighten you.”

“Why?” asked Dorigen, after pausing a little.

"I might be forming a nucleus round which information would go on gathering."

"But that would be good. I should like that more than anything."

"Probably; but all the same it would be a mistake," replied Mr. Salvain half-smiling, yet hardly knowing himself whether he spoke in jest or earnest. The child's very ignorance had a charm for him, simple ignorance being a quality which lends itself easily to a certain kind of attractiveness when it is untainted by affectation; and there are natures which can be touched by conscious want of knowledge to sympathy of the same sort awakened by other wants.

Dorigen Gower's need of knowledge, her hunger for it, her consequent receptiveness, seemed to be understood of Michael Salvain without words of explanation. It was written on her face and in her eager, changeable, wistful eyes, which seemed for ever looking for something that had not yet discovered itself, or promised discovery in any facile way. The expression was touching whether you comprehended it or not; but a certain amount of comprehension had come to Michael Salvain quickly; it was growing rapidly, and with it was growing that sense of nearness which usually comes only after long intercourse. Before that first day was over it seemed to him that the girl's mind



"The white smoke came curling up out of the cliff-side hollows."

and his moved each to the other with the instant and perfect accord which seldom comes except by learning and that unconscious study which we all of us apply in human intercourse of every kind. The successful students are accredited with tact, which is but a briefer name for fineness of perception.

But as yet the day was only in its beginning. They were still wandering about among pits and cisterns, among heaps of brushwood and coal, piles of casks, mountains of shale, and "doggers" of limestone, put aside for the makers of cement. All these things needed explanation; and, notwithstanding Michael Salvain's dread of "the touch of change," a

lesson in elementary geology was given then and there, the great fractured cliff, with its four or five distinctly visible lines of strata, serving for a text. The story of the beginnings of alum-making on the Yorkshire coast followed inevitably.

"It was in Queen Elizabeth's reign," Mr. Salvain said. "It is believed that alum was not made in England at all before that date. We imported it from Italy, and history says that the Pope had a monopoly of its manufacture. But a certain enterprising Yorkshireman, one Sir Thomas Challoner, happening to be 'upon his travels,' was moved to speculation, some say by noting certain peculiarities in the colour of the foliage in the

regions where the Pope's alum shale was found, and remembering identical peculiarities in the colour of the foliage about his own estate at Guisborough. Others say—and this seems more probable to me—that he was struck by the resemblance of the rocks to those in his own neighbourhood. Anyhow, he was aroused to effort, and, being aware that open action would lead to undesirable consequences, he stooped to strategy. It is said that he bribed some of the Pope's alum-makers to come with him to England, and had them conveyed on board a ship, concealed in casks. On his return he began making alum at once. The Pope got to know of it, and immediately constructed that very appalling curse, which you may have shivered over. One of the historians of Hild's Haven mildly calls it 'a shocking document.' Have you seen it?"

"No; but I have heard of it. Isn't it rather like that in the 'Jackdaw of Rheims?'"

"Very much like it, only completer."

"But 'nobody seemed one penny the worse' for the cursing in the 'Jackdaw.'"

"Are you wondering if the Pope's curse is likely to fall on me?" Mr. Salvain asked, taking Dorigen's hand to help her over a pile of wood that was lying in the way to the sheds. "I believe it included everything and everybody connected with alum-making in England."

"Are you afraid of it?" she asked quite gravely.

"Well, not exactly afraid; but I have wondered sometimes if it had anything to do with my prematurely grey hairs. Part of the curse was especially directed that way. 'May they be cursed in the hair of their head, and in their brain, in the crown of their head, and in their temples, in their forehead, in their ears, and in their eyebrows.' It was very circumstantial, you see."

Dorigen was silent. The wind was driving a cloud of white smoke across their path; some men with wheelbarrows were passing noisily; the sound of the waves among the stones in the angle of the rock seemed to be growing louder; the gulls were swooping and screaming by. It was difficult to think out the idea of such a thorough malediction in all its bearings just now.

"I don't think I should like to be an alum-maker," she said at last.

"No? But I hope you don't object to having an alum-maker for your friend?"

Once more the child kept silence for a moment. Then she lifted her face again with the wistful look upon it, but there was

a tinge of colour breaking through her natural paleness.

"Will you be my friend always?" she asked with simple earnestness.

"Always, if it may be," Michael Salvain said, growing grave as he spoke.

It was but natural that his mind should project itself into that "always." What would it mean for this child, whose sixteenth summer was not yet quite begun? What for him, whose years were reckoned by more than thrice ten winters? He hardly knew from whence or from what he had derived the feeling that the life of this timid, fragile girl at his side would not be the common, beautiful woman's life, of home-making and motherhood, and sweet, needful household cares; but the feeling was there with him, drawing him to watch, to wonder with ever-increasing interest. It might be that his own unfulfilled life quickened his perception. A man whose dream has been broken, whose strength has been turned aside from the working out of his own vein, will start sooner to note the signs by which he discerns that another human being within his ken has had, or will have, some special call to some special part in the world's work. No word that had passed the girl's lips had betrayed that she had yet awakened to consciousness. In truth, he saw that she had not awakened. The yearnings were there, the wonderings, the sadnesses, the isolation; but as yet these things had no meaning, and Michael knew that not he himself, nor another, might help in the revelation.

CHAPTER XV.—JOANNA.

"O wedding guest! This soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be."
COLERIDGE.

THE drawing-room in the Alum-Master's house was like all the other rooms, low and wide, and somewhat dim in the far corners of it. It was over the room Mr. Salvain used as an office, and had two narrow windows looking down into the ravine. Just beyond the dark angle of rock a strip of the grey North Sea was visible—enough of it for stormy weather, Mrs. Salvain was wont to say.

The room was comfortable, and a few slight changes would have made it consistently picturesque. The old oak chairs, with finely-carved wheat-ears growing up the backs and spreading out fanwise at the top, would have been priceless in the eyes of a connoisseur; and there was a bookcase to match, and a

tall bridewain that perhaps should have had no place in a drawing-room; but since it was a handsome piece of furniture Mrs. Salvain liked to have it there. The old china—which consisted mainly of incomplete tea-services, with other odds and ends of things that had originally been for use rather than for ornament—was put carefully away in dark cupboards. A teapot was not, to Mrs. Salvain's taste, a thing to decorate a table with, and the idea of hanging bread-and-butter plates on the wall was as yet undeveloped. On the whole the room had very few ornaments for its size, and these, sad to say, were commonplace and incongruous. It is the ornamentation of a room rather than its furniture which provides the test of your æsthetic standpoint.

The one thing that arrested instant attention was a large picture—an oil-painting. A professional artist would have perceived it to be a most ambitious piece of amateur work, and yet he might have been as much surprised at the success of the attempt as at its daring.

It was a full-length figure, and represented a tall, beautiful girl in white raiment, with floating ribbons of palest blue, and decked with wild flowers, from the wreath of blue harebells and white convolvulus on her head to the bunches of green, graceful fern and creamy meadow-sweet on the skirt of her dress. Her hands were full of heather, late honeysuckle, and rose-red campion. It was evident that the picture had been painted when the year was—

"Growing ancient—
Not yet in summer's death, nor in the birth
Of trembling winter."

The first time Dorigen entered the room she stopped instantly before the picture. For her it was a new revelation, and almost overpowering by reason of its vividness and the nearness of its great beauty. She drew back a little shyly, as if not liking to stare too intently into such a living, breathing face as that before her.

Its exceeding loveliness was its most evident attribute, but not its only one. The rest perplexed you. There was talent, that the original might flash upon you suddenly; there was subtilty, that might dawn upon you slowly. Altogether it was a wonderful picture to come upon in the Alum-Master's house at Thorsgrif.

The Alum-Master was there, and his mother.

"Ah! you like the picture, I see," Mrs. Salvain said, in pleasant tones. "It is my niece, Ermengarde Vyse, or rather Ermengarde

Fairfax, now. She is the daughter of my poor sister Alice, who died when Ermine was born. I brought her up; she lived with us till she was seventeen, but I never saw how beautiful she was till Mr. Fairfax came and painted that picture. He is a clergyman, but I always say he has mistaken his vocation. He should have been a painter. But I suppose he knows best."

"Was she dressed like that when she was painted?" Dorigen asked, not knowing how to put the question that was in her mind rightly.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Salvain replied. "She was supposed to be representing a character from one of Shakespeare's plays. Which is it, Michael? Perdita?"

"Yes, mother. And I dare say Dorigen knows all about Perdita."

"She is in the *Winter's Tale*," Dorigen said, blushing with a hotter crimson blush than usual to hear Mr. Salvain use her name so softly and kindly. "I like her because she is so fond of flowers."

"What does she say about flowers?" asked Michael, in an absent tone, being busied with searching for a book.

"Oh, don't you remember? She wishes so much for spring flowers:

"O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon!—daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

Michael Salvain was listening to the timid, fervid, eager tones, in which natural affright seemed to be struggling with poetic enthusiasm. He had seldom heard so many words from Dorigen's lips at once; and unbidden there came to him, as it were, a reply from the same play—

"When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever."

Already she was speaking again.

"What a pretty name it is—Ermengarde!" she was saying as she stood, still entranced, before the picture.

"Yes, it is pretty," Mrs. Salvain replied. "And it suits her too, being rather stately. My sister chose it just before she died. Alice used to think a good deal about names, and she used to say that in some way or other a person's name always influenced both his own character and men's estimate of him. . . . By the way, yours is an unusual name, my dear. It is a family name, I think. I fancy I have seen it in the churchyard."

"Yes," said Dorigen. "It is on my aunt's

gravestone, and the name is just the same—Dorigen Gower. My grandfather chose her Christian name. He had seen it in one of Chaucer's poems; I think it is the 'Frankleine's Tale.' I have not read it, but my father says it is the name of a lady who was very good and very true, and had much sorrow."

"It was odd to give a child the name of a person who had had much sorrow," Mrs. Salvain replied musingly. Then she turned away, and went to see what Joanna was doing. The mother never forgot the daughter who had lived on and on, but always with a broken heart. Mrs. Salvain only half understood that it was broken-heartedness. She gave no name to the malady that turned all things, if not to "favour and to prettiness," at least to pathos and to quietness; she left that to be done by the ruthless tongue of rumour.

Mr. Salvain had found the book he had been looking for, but he was not reading it as he sat there between the windows, with his head a little on one side, and resting upon his hand in a certain peculiar way he had had from boyhood. Something in his mother's comment had awakened again his curious and premature fear for the future of the child who was sitting at a distance from the Perdita, and still looking into the face of it with an admiration that was almost reverence. The expression added a new grace, a new fineness, to her own countenance.

"Tell me exactly of what you are thinking," Mr. Salvain said, with that abruptness he often used. Yet the tones were kind, and the voice musically low.

Dorigen turned, blushing and confused.

"I was thinking that I should like to see that lady. Did Mrs. Salvain say that she was still living?"

"Yes; she is living near London, and, if I remember rightly, she will not be more than twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. Her husband is a curate, and since they never stay long in one place, it is not impossible that you may see her. She does not come here now, but perhaps you will not always remain at Hild's Haven. . . . Tell me about your plans for your future life. It is unwise to make plans, but I know you have made some."

The blush deepened on the shy, susceptible face. The accusation was true, but at sixteen one's plans are seldom suited for revelation. Besides, already circumstances were threatening to stand in the way of any fulfilment of Dorigen's one definite idea.

"I shall have to do some work," she said, with a visible shadow coming upon her face as she remembered the struggles that had been of late in the house by Wiggoner's Wharf. "I shall have to learn to do some kind of work so that I can earn money."

"And that is not what you would like best? I can believe it. But supposing that that was not needful—supposing that you could arrange circumstances very much after your own mind, how would you arrange them? For instance, how would you occupy your time?"

"If I could do exactly as I liked," the girl replied hesitatingly, "I would have a small house, a very small one, and full of books. And I would live quite alone, so that I might read always."

"That is your ideal life at present?"

"Yes."

"And you think it will last?"

"Yes. I think I can never wish so much for anything as for that."

What a childish vision it was! and, even for a child, how marvellously straitened! But Michael Salvain had no doubt that this was the one thing she saw at that time. It agreed with his idea of her. Always he perceived in her the need for perfect simplicity of living, for freedom from all manner of complications; and he saw also that the instinct of humanity in her was as if it did not exist. She would live alone. He believed it. And the life of thought would be all sufficing. He believed that also; divining that the intellectual life would grow in her, whether checked or not checked, until it became a passion. If he were desiring provision of her happiness only this should have satisfied him, for he was aware that, from the days of the ancient Greeks till now, philosophers have held that the highest happiness attainable by man lies always in the exercise of the higher mental faculties. But all the same he was not satisfied, foreseeing that the lines of her lot were not laid, nor likely to be laid, parallel to the lines of her desire, and that out of fateful deviations enough of suffering might arise. But here his sight was not altogether dimmed.

"Whoso suffers most has most to give,"

he said to himself, knowing that the end of human training is that a soul shall learn to perceive, according to its measure, the goodness that lies in full and free giving. "For this cause came I unto this hour."

He sat a little longer, indulging the speculative mood that was upon him, and then he

went out, going down the path between the firs and the holly-trees to the very marge of the ebbing tide; and Dorigen watched him till Mrs. Salvain came back, and her daughter with her. The twilight was beginning to fall by that time, and presently Joanna sat down to the piano, and Dorigen sat listening, dreaming, wondering, always with the feeling that Thorsgrif was a place that lent itself easily to your saddest moments. In after days those twilights were remembered with a special distinctiveness, as if they had held some affinity with the days to be.

But those Thorsgrif days were by no means all twilight. They passed on quickly—fine days, dull days, sunny days, rainy days; and each of them alike in being days of new, sweet, troublous pleasure. And there was nothing to account for it all, nothing but a young girl's heart, learning, wondering, yielding, trembling on the verge of betrayal; nothing but a strong man's love, indulged to-day because it was so safe, and good, and brotherly, repressed to-morrow because it was discerned to be a thing so near to peril and to pain. From the beginning it had been half a pain, but neither the pain of it nor the pleasure of it was rightly comprehended as yet, and therefore it was not appraised at its full value.

For Dorigen the hours of Michael Salvain's absence were the only hours that dragged in any way, but not being an impatient spirit the waiting and the watching of the clock was only a subdued form of happiness. His step, his voice, the touch of his hand upon her head, was reward enough; and it was well, perhaps, that he did not perceive the half of the joy his mere coming gave. No alarm for her touched him. Her simplicity was her safeguard, and the word "love" a sign for a poetical idea to which she could attach no actual meaning. She should learn no meaning from him.

So the days went on, growing fuller of deep, silent joy, fuller of something that was strangely akin to sadness. In all her life there were never any more days quite like these.

No suspicion crossed the mind of the dear, gossiping, unthinking old lady, who sat and watched with beautiful kind eyes that saw nothing.

"The way Michael has taken to that child is wonderful; don't you think so, Nanna?" she said one day. Mr. Salvain and Dorigen had just set out to walk by the sands to Hunswyke; and it was new that he should

leave the works in the middle of the afternoon without special reason.

"Yes, it is rather wonderful; but she is a nice quiet little thing," Joanna said. She was lying on a sofa near the open window. A volume of Coleridge's poems was in her hand, open at the "Ancient Mariner;" her brown eyes had the far-seeing outlook they had had for so many years. Perhaps it was difficult for Joanna to come back all at once from the ice mast-high and the snowy cliffs to the discussion of her brother's fondness for a girl who had only yesterday been a stranger. Nothing in Joanna's life was of yesterday. She was older than her brother; but you could not easily guess what age she might be, because her face was not worn in any way, and her figure was slight and willowy as it had always been. To those who knew her and her story, it seemed that life had stood still with her for many years, so that she was yet but a girl in that experience which counts for so much in reckoning a woman's age.

Her story had been told to Dorigen. Mrs. Salvain had told it one day when they were sitting together at the seaward end of the terrace. There was a large three-masted ship with nearly all her sails set passing far out at sea.

"Will my Nanna see that, I wonder?" the mother said a little anxiously, as if speaking to herself. "I hope she will not. I am always glad that so many of the ships that pass now are steamships; they awaken no recollections for her. But that is a little like the *Abbot of Streonshalh*. Do you see it, my dear? At this distance it is just what the whaling-ships used to be. Your father will remember about the whaling days. It seems to me only like yesterday that the whalers used to come in with all their tons upon tons of oil and whalebone; and all the town so glad to see the poor crews back again, and the men so glad to come back with their hard-earned gains, and their wonderful stories. It is, indeed, but like yesterday. The *Abbot of Streonshalh* was one of the very last to go out of Hild's Haven to the Greenland seas."

"Was that the ship that never came back again?"

"Yes, honey. We were speaking of it the other day, you know, and I told you that the captain's name was Marsingale—Henry Marsingale. I hardly know what has made me think so much of him lately, and of the way he used to come to our house when Nanna was quite a little girl. The doctor saw it all coming before I did, and he was not so very

well pleased to see it either; but he made no ado when Henry Marsingale asked if Nanna might be his wife. She was only seventeen, not much older than you are now, my dear; and her father said that, though he made no objection to the engagement, he should not consent to their being married till Nanna was twenty-one. Henry didn't like the idea of waiting so long, I could see that; but he yielded pleasantly enough when he saw that the doctor was not likely to change his mind, and all went as smoothly as could be for two years. Our house was like a home to him when he came off his voyages, and Nanna was as happy as happy could be. I don't know how it is that I have thought so much of that time during the past week or two. Perhaps it is having you in the house, dear. A house is always brighter for having a young face in it, and I do think you're happy."

"In all my life I have never been so happy," the girl replied with grave earnestness, and a little sigh broke in to attest the happiness.

"That is right, honey," said Mrs. Salvain, hearing only the words. "I hope you'll come to Thorsgrif often, if only you can be spared, now there's a baby at home. . . . But I was telling you about Henry Marsingale, and how, just when my poor Nanna had passed her nineteenth birthday, she was struck down by a blow that seemed almost as if it had killed her as it fell. Henry had gone to Market-Studley to see his friends, and when he had been gone just a month there came a letter to say he was married. Think of that, my dear; and my Nanna with all her beautiful embroidered things cut out and half-made, and everybody knowing all about it! Not that that was the worst; it was Henry himself that she cared for, and the news was like death to her. For months she lay half-unconscious, and I never thought that she would be herself any more, not even so much like herself as she is now; and I ought to be grateful. But oh! it is hard when I think it all over again."

"Don't tell me if it pains you," Dorigen said. She was listening with new sympathies, new insight; and the sad attention in her eyes and on her face told Mrs. Salvain that she had effectively awakened the girl's interest and compassion.

"I can tell you the rest now, honey," she replied, "and then when Nanna talks to you you will know what she means, or at any rate what it is that she is thinking about. You see it was the suddenness that hurt her

so, and injured her health. Henry Marsingale had written the most loving of love letters after he left Hild's Haven. Then he went to a grand party and saw a very beautiful girl, and fell in love with her, and she with him; and they were married that day fortnight. And they were so passionately attached to each other that when the time came for him to sail they couldn't make up their minds to be separated. And she went with him—think of it, a bride of a few weeks in a rough whaling vessel like the *Abbot of Streonshalh*, and bound for the Greenland seas! It did make a talk hereabouts, I can tell you."

"And were those the people who never came back?"

"Yes, my dear. They sailed away, Captain Marsingale and his wife and a large crew, I forget how many altogether, over thirty I believe, and so far as I know they were never once heard of again while they were living. You may think how it is when a ship goes like that; how folks wait and hope and fear and despair, and yet never give up thinking that the one they cared for most may be miraculously preserved, and come back alive, though all the others be lost for certain. There have been such strange returns at Hild's Haven; men coming back alive and well after twenty years of absence and silence. But none of the crew of the *Abbot of Streonshalh* ever came back, nor will they. If certainly be as satisfactory as people say it is, the friends of those men should be amply satisfied. It was as if providence went out of its way to clear up that mystery."

"Was it really cleared up?" Dorigen asked.

"Yes, my dear. That was how it came to be printed and put into the papers. I am not sure if I can tell it all rightly, just as it was written, because it is mixed up in my memory with the things that were said; but I will tell you as well as I can, though my poor husband used to say that I was never a good hand at telling a story.

"This is not exactly a story, however; for I remember so much about it myself, and as I was saying, it only seems like yesterday that it all happened. And it was rather strange that the thing I dreaded most of all was the return of the *Abbot of Streonshalh*. For Nanna was getting a little better, and I thought that if Henry Marsingale were to come back to Hild's Haven, and bring his wife with him, and Nanna should see them, it might undo all that time and care and her

father's skill had done. But my dread was idle. And I am afraid that when people began to look grave and to shake their heads sorrowfully, I was hardly so grieved as I ought to have been. Perhaps I was sorrier when I knew that everybody had given up hoping. And the years passed on, one hardly knows how; but they did pass, and it seemed as if the name of the *Abbot of Streonshalh* was about forgotten in Hild's Haven, when one day news came that brought all the old feeling back again, with new horrors in it. The tale was told to us in this very house, for we had left Hild's Haven by that time. And my Nanna was listening, and I hadn't the presence of mind to stop the man who spoke. I was too much overcome with the news myself, even Ermine was horror-struck. But it was worse for poor Nanna, who had never rightly recovered. That one hour did more for her hurt than all the years of silence had done for her healing. I did blame myself afterwards.

"It was one of the crew of the *Neptune* who came to tell us about it. Captain Fox had sent him, having heard how we were likely to be interested in knowing all that might be known of Henry Marsingale.

"The *Neptune* was not a Hild's Haven ship; but she was a whaler; and she had just returned from the Greenland seas, having had a voyage which had been eventful in many way. The man—he was one of the specksioneers, and his name was Elias Ford—said that he had never had such a time in his experience, and hoped never to have such another.

"There was something very impressive in his manner as he began his tale. Sailors are very superstitious, you know; and this man was no exception to the rule. He said that from the very beginning of the voyage he had had a feeling that something unusual would happen before the end of it. The feeling had gone on growing; and one evening in August, when the *Neptune* was suddenly becalmed in the middle of a vast number of icebergs, the idea occurred to him that the time had come for which some unknown influence had been preparing him all the while. He said he believed that others on board the ship were impressed in much the same manner as himself, and he felt certain that Captain Fox was not without some touch of foreboding.

"Of course a feeling of that kind might in a measure arise out of their circumstances and surroundings. Elias Ford said that the strange stillness, the oppressiveness of the

atmosphere, the nearness and vastness of the icebergs, all helped to heighten the feeling of unusualness. He described the scene from the side of the ship very graphically. He said that the icebergs were immense, and closely wedged together; and so arranged as to look like the peaks of snow-covered mountains rising one behind another away as far as any one could see. It was evident that the ocean was blocked up so as to leave no passage; and it was also evident that it must have been so blocked for a long time. Captain Fox was not without fears for the ship's safety in such circumstances; but, being becalmed, he could not move away. There was nothing to be done but to keep an extra strict look out. They were safe enough unless the ice began to move.

"But sometime about midnight, and quite suddenly, a gale sprang up; with it a violent snow-storm set in; and then, to the dismay of the crew of the *Neptune*, they began to hear all too plainly the crashing, thundering, tearing sounds of the moving icebergs. They were struck by some of the smaller masses several times; indeed the man said that every moment the vessel received some fresh shock; and escape seemed impossible; for the open water, if there was any, was not discernible through the thickly-falling snow. They spent the whole of the night in the midst of these known and unknown dangers; but to their great satisfaction the storm went down in the morning as suddenly as it had arisen; and, strange to say, the *Neptune* was not much the worse for her night among the moving ice.

"Almost as a matter of course the daylight showed a change of scene; but Captain Fox was not prepared for the change he saw. The vast accumulation of icebergs, the accumulation of years, had separated, forming a long sea-lane that wound away between the ice mountains as far as the eye could see. There was still a little haze in the distance; but as the morning wore on it lifted, and the sun broke through; and there, about two miles up that wonderful opening, the Captain of the *Neptune* saw a strange ship moving slowly before the wind, with her sails set in a most unusual manner, and all her yards and rigging hanging in wild disarray. Then, while the Captain was still watching her, she ran aground upon the ice, and lay quite motionless. His curiosity, and that of his men, was excited to the uttermost; but when he ordered a boat out for the purpose of rowing up the mysterious canal between the ice, the men were not too ready to accom-

pany him. They were curious, and they were courageous; but they were not undismayed.

"They went onward slowly and silently. Not a soul appeared on the snow-covered deck of the mystic ship. They hailed her; but no answer came.

"Again and again Captain Fox and his men called to the men of the stranded vessel, but they answered never a word.

"The men of the *Neptune* rowed round the ship before stepping on board; and an open port-hole near the main chains caught the Captain's eye. Into this port-hole he looked; and within he saw a man leaning back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him. . . . Captain Fox spoke; but the man did not move, or turn his head. He sat as one indifferent to intrusion.

"Captain Fox's men would have dissuaded him from his purpose now; but it seems he was not a man to be turned easily. He went on deck, two of his reluctant crew with him; and they removed the hatchway, and went down into the cabin.

"The Captain acknowledged afterward that a tremor seized him as he entered. The man before the writing-table sat still as before. His pen was in his hand; the log-book lay open on the table before him, just where he had made the last entry.

"That last entry was dated, and the date showed that it had been written exactly thirteen years.

"It ran thus :—

"'We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief.'

"Captain Fox read this; then he turned silently and entered the master's cabin. There, half-reclining on a bed, was a beautiful girl, with her red lips parted as if to speak; and her still fair and freshly-tinted face looking outward as if deeply interested in what was happening. Her lovely pale gold hair was thrown back, and rippled downward over her white neck and arms; her hands were pretty, and dimpled like the hands of a baby. . . . Thirteen years that fair face had rested on the dimpled hands.

"Her husband—it was Henry Marsingale—was kneeling on the floor not far away from her. He had a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other; and the tinder lay beside him for the lighting of the fire. . . . Thirteen years he had been kneeling beside the damp tinder.

"I cannot tell you much of the rest of the crew. There was a boy at the bottom of the gangway stairs; but the others were in their berths for the most part. . . . Thirteen years they had rested in their berths on board the *Abbot of Streonshalh*.

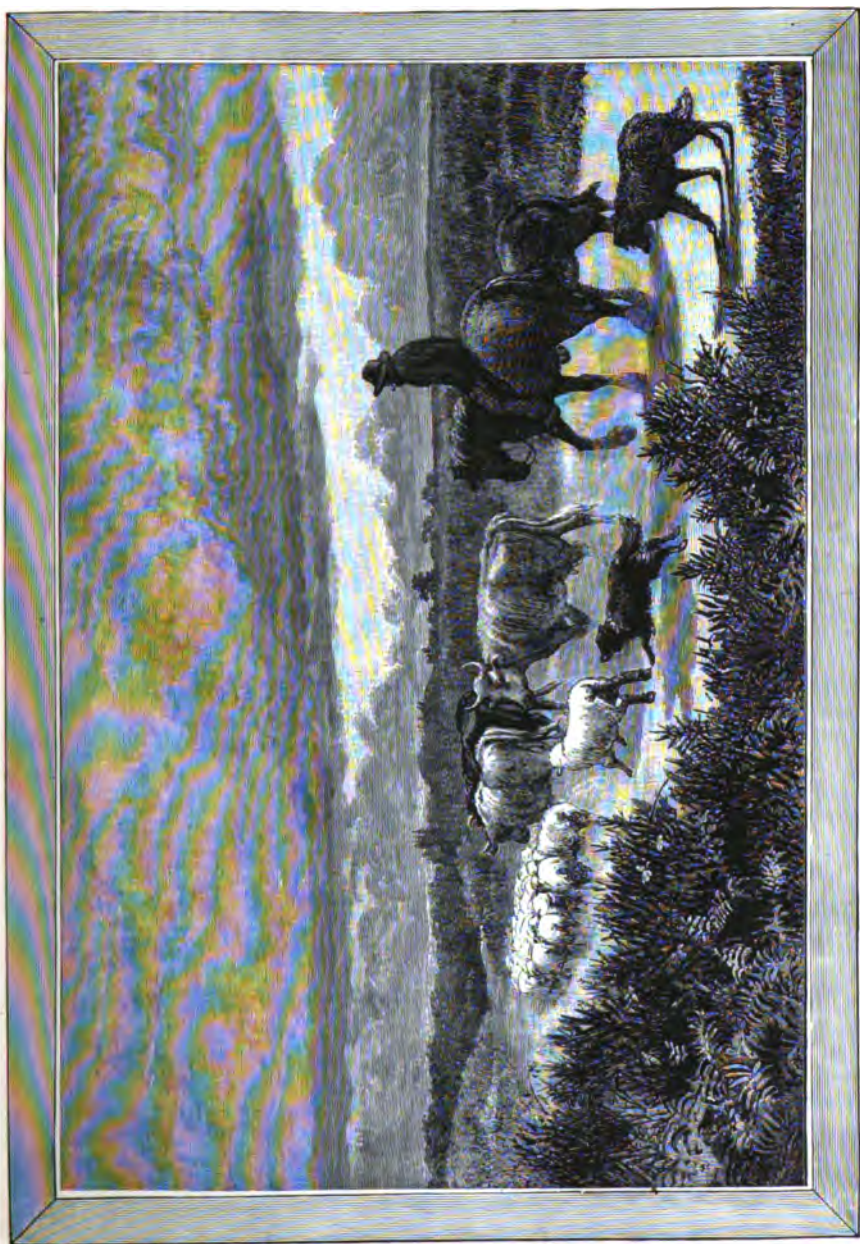
"That was the tale that Elias Ford told to us, and my Nanna heard it. She sat quite still till the man had done; till he had told how the sailors of the *Neptune* had hurried their Captain away from the terrible ship, and how he had brought nothing with him save the log-book, then she fell fainting on the floor; and again for a long time we dispaired of her life.

"We got to know afterward that Captain Fox had sent the log-book to the owners of the *Abbot of Streonshalh*, and that he had drawn up an account of all that he had seen in the opening between the Greenland icebergs. It was this account that was printed.

"You will not wonder now that my daughter is not as others are; that she has strange visions, and hears strange voices. There are people who will tell you that she is half-insane, but that is not true. Her mind is as sane as mine; but now and then it is withdrawn, so to speak, and passes into regions where mine may not follow; and it is not always easy to get her back again. That is the utmost that can be said. No woman ever had a better daughter than my Nanna, or one more good, and gentle, and loving. I would suffer anything rather than let her know that I had a headache."

Dorigen was silent and pale, and involuntarily she shivered a little as Mrs. Salvain finished speaking. The gentle murmur of the sea far out over the sands helped the impression of the moment; and the white sails on the extreme edge of the horizon were sufficiently suggestive of the reality of the picture presented in so few words. The very ship that was passing might have a dead faithless lover on board; and some one, somewhere, might be sad for his faithlessness. Was love always sad? This same sadness was not quite comprehensible. To love another, being a thing so sweet and beautiful, was surely also a sufficing thing? What did it matter if you cared for any one, and they did not care for you again? You could go on loving; his presence could still be sweet to you; the sound of his voice still precious. Why not? Was love so poor a thing that it could not afford to give?

Ah, the generosity of that beautiful first love!



THE MOORLAND ROAD. BY WALTER BOTHAM.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—"AH! WHAT A SWEET RECESS, THOUGHT I, IS HERE."

"But at afternoon, or almost eve
'Tis better; then the silence grows
To that degree you half-believe
It must get rid of what it knows,
Its bosom does so leave."

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE is one thing that we are surely all of us very slow to learn—the extent of our own powers of adaptability. It might seem as if half the sting of life would be taken away if we could trust ourselves to reconcile ourselves. But we choose the sting, and drive it home on every occasion.

We all of us know how much we have suffered from the troubles we went out to meet, going out vainly, or but just to see the arrows of outrageous fortune glance aside. Some of us know how we have quivered to the last nerve in anticipation of some utterly overwhelming stroke, something it might be that would drive us forth from the gates of our own poor un-Edenlike little *pied-à-terre* to wander over the face of the earth till we could find another—another place to lay our head, but not another home. There could never be another home. Once scatter those half-shabby, uninteresting chairs and tables; once dislodge that handful of books on the shelf; once take down those worthless pictures from the wall, and the chief of life's satisfactions, the good of name and place, the sense of security, the idea of a rest and a peace with which no man might interfere, would be gone for ever. Never again could fate offer to us all that those four narrow walls enclosed.

The feeling is a good and right feeling, and underlies much virtue, but we exaggerate it. Now and then we find our exaggeration.

You shall leave your home for a little while; you shall travel; you shall even spend six weeks at a seaside lodging, and at the end of that time you shall not be able to resist the feeling that you could drift away from your old moorings without any great wrench or strain. Of course you are glad enough to go back, but all the same you are very much aware that the past few weeks of your life have all but effaced the few years that preceded them. You could do very

well at Schaffhausen or at Saltgate-on-the-Sea. It would be dreary, but it would not be heart-breaking.

By the time the daffodils were budding in the hollow below the Alum Master's house, Dorigen had come to feel that she had lived at least half her life on the cliffside at Thorsgrif. She had forgotten nothing; her memory was too keen and vivid to permit of any forgetting. But her life had been divided, and the nearer half was inevitably in the forefront of her mind.

At the beginning of March a snowstorm had set in. The white flakes had drifted rapidly up the ravine, lying softly upon the strong, widespread arms of the spruce fir, whitening the boles of the barer trees, bringing out the tender curves of the branches. Snow at Thorsgrif was not the same thing as snow upon the red roofs of Hild's Haven, and a new appreciation of the beauty of winter awoke in the girl's mind. Awakening at a time when life was expanding so greatly, and yet so softly and sweetly, she came to associate always in her mind the far-off upland whitening under the low indigo sky with a certain sense of the largeness of the peace that might be in a quiet uneventful life. These days were to all seeming utterly uneventful, and the stillness that was in the house was often so great that Rizpah's loud voice and unconsidered movements broke upon the ear with some harshness, though there was nothing harsh about Rizpah herself. Her bright black eyes, rose-red cheeks, and unfailing alertness helped in the making of a personality that seemed to be a very indispensable part of the Alum Master's household. It was Rizpah who broke off the ice-sheath from the first snowdrop, and brought it indoors, wet and sparkling, while the snow was still a foot deep in the hollow. "It'll please yon bairn," she said to Joanna, who was in the kitchen looking after a tiny brood of chickens. The finding of the chickens unexpectedly under an old wheelbarrow that was turned up in the snow had been one of the events of the week, and it was recorded in the *Hild's Haven Messenger*, much to the satisfaction of the people of Thorsgrif generally, and of Enoch Farah in particular, who, being the discoverer, had consequently the distinction of being men-

tioned by name—that was something for a man to tell to his grandchildren!

Enoch as yet lived a single life down among the alum pits, and was Mr. Salvain's man-of-all-work, being groom, gardener, poultry-keeper, office boy, and messenger. As a matter of course, it was asserted in the neighbourhood that Rizpah meant to take pity on his loneliness, but Rizpah had not at all made up her mind about that, and Enoch knew it, and was suitably mindful of his ways. When he discovered that it pleased Rizpah to find or to make any small thing that could be offered to the shy, quiet guest, who gave so little trouble, and who was so evidently made much of by the master, why then it pleased Enoch to do the same, so that quite a collection of shells, fir-cones, wonderful pieces of seaweed, sea-bird's eggs, feathers, and nests was being gathered in Dorigen's room to be taken to Wiggoner's Wharf. Already a certain tremulous fear was coming over the child as the days went on toward full springtime, and every Saturday she awaited Mr. Salvain's return with more or less of apprehensiveness.

Something of the same feeling haunted Michael Salvain himself, and in no light degree, but there was wilfulness in his deliberate refusal to think of it definitely. "Let it alone. What else had he so good? All that he had most cared for in life had been wrested from him before he had even tasted its full sweetness. Here was a little solace purposely sent, and why need he, who had no ascetic leanings, choose to put it away? Let it alone," he said in his heart, as if speaking to some warring spirit within him who would question his right to any good, any joy, any sweetness. That was all he asked. "Let it alone; at any rate, for a little while let it alone!"

It was a satisfaction to him, and helped him in his unreason, that so far as the child herself was concerned, only good results of her stay at Thorsgrif were visible. Week by week, almost day by day, the wan, weary look was disappearing from her face, the pink colour staying more permanently on lip and cheek, and the deep dark blue of her eyes growing brighter and clearer. Her very hair seemed to rise, and curve, and flow with a new determination in its dusky beauty; and the small white hands grew rounder and less pathetic looking. "If she might stay here altogether," Michael said to his mother one evening, "she would soon be as strong as the strongest."

"I only wish she might stay," Mrs. Salvain replied heartily. "She's a deal more

help than trouble, and she's never in the way. If there's nothing she can do she just buries herself in a book till she thinks she's wanted. I should be very glad for her to stay at Thorsgrif if they'd let her."

The following day being Saturday, Mrs. Salvain and her son went over to Hild's Haven, promising to call as usual at the house by Wiggoner's Wharf to see the baby, and bring back an extension of leave. It had been extended so many times that Dorigen's heart failed a little when the trap drove off; and Rizpah, seeing the tear that was brushed away, sat down to finish the framework for a certain alum-basket that she was preparing. It was made of wire, and the wire was wrapped unevenly with cotton, so as to give the finished basket the look of white coral. Dorigen was to go down to the works to see it put into the crystallising liquor.

"I will go down with you to-day, if you like," Joanna said. And Dorigen was glad, because she knew that Mrs. Salvain would have been glad if she had been at home. Joanna seldom went out of doors except just to the top of the hill at the back of the house, where she could see the great wide ocean stretching away from sky to sky. She would stay there for hours, when the wind was down, but the wind is very seldom down on the cliff top at Thorsgrif, and on the hottest days you feel the cool air rising from the restless waves.

It was by no means hot this March afternoon. The sun was shining, but a wild, boisterous, easterly wind was coming over the green cliffs, over the dark whin-bushes, that were already in bud, and waiting till the blossom should be wanted for dyeing Easter eggs before they burst into flower. That was the favourite dye of the Thorsgrif children. The purple of logwood might be all very well for children who lived in the town, but for the country there was nothing like the full bright amber of the golden whin.

Joanna and Dorigen went on, fighting with the wind that blew so strongly in their faces that conversation was not easily possible. But Joanna was not silent. Was it the wind that was exciting her, the dancing of the bright blue sea, the quick rushing of the great white waves? "It was just such another day when the *Abbot of Streonshall* sailed," Joanna was saying, speaking audibly, but yet as if to herself. "Just such another day as this. I heard the men's voices through the wind as they weighed the anchor; and I heard Henry's voice. . . . I shall hear it

again; I know I shall hear it again; but it will be a long time first—a long, long time, though he knows that I am waiting to hear it. It is strange to have to wait so long!”

So for a time Joanna went on talking, and the broken, half-intelligible sentences came like words of warning that the wind was bringing across the seas. Dorigen did not understand it all; how should she? And yet she was drawn to listen, to brood over the strange experience that was open to her so far. It was a relief, though mixed with fear and trembling, when she discerned Mr. Salvain and his mother as they turned a far-off corner of the road.

“Shall we wait here for them?” Dorigen said; and Joanna consented at once, showing always in the smallest things as in the greatest the yieldingness of one who has no motive left in life to make any going or any staying of the least importance. They stood awhile in silence, then, turning suddenly, Joanna saw the colour that was deepening and glowing in Dorigen’s cheek.

“Why are you blushing so?” she said in her quiet, impersonal-sounding tones. “And why does Michael change colour when you come into the room, or meet him unexpectedly? I never thought he could have blushed like that. It makes me feel sorry for him, strangely sorry. . . . And I am sorry for you, it is as if you were in pain. It is pain, it means pain, to change colour so and be confused. . . . Do you love him? Do you love my brother? He is very good, very kind, but try not to love him. . . . Love is pain. . . . All love is pain; all love is sorrow; all love is waiting, and suspense, and disappointment. And in the end it is lamentation, and mourning, and woe. . . . In the end it is always mourning and woe!”

The girl made no reply. Her face was burning, her eyes were hot with tears that might not fall. The sudden shame of a discovered love which had never been openly discovered to herself, but had been kept in the secret and silence of her own heart’s deepest and most wordless recesses, was almost more than she could bear at that moment. She had no strength left, nor had she any art to cover her own confusion. She put her hand beseechingly on Joanna’s arm.

“You will not speak of it,” she said; and the words came from her lips quiveringly. “You will not speak of it to him—to any one! Tell me that you will not.”

“No; I will not speak of it to any one but yourself,” Joanna said, taking the girl’s trembling hand in hers caressingly. They

were close to the village; the gig was coming down the hill just opposite. Mr. Salvain, with his head a little on one side, was driving slowly in and out among crowing babies, quacking ducks, leisurely fowls, and supine pigs. Mrs. Salvain was looking happy and comfortable, and all the handsomer for the wind-raised colour on her olive cheeks. Michael’s face was not easy to read; the expression was not the expression that had been his to set out with.

“So you’ve come to meet us?” Mrs. Salvain said cheerfully as the gig stopped. She insisted upon getting down to walk over the common; and presently it was arranged that she and Joanna were to walk back together.

“And you’ll go down with Michael, my dear,” Mrs. Salvain said. “And he’ll give your basket to Enoch; and he’ll tell you about your father. I am sorry, though I make no doubt but that it will be for the best in the end. I said so to your mother. But there now; don’t go white like that, honey: nobody’s ill, or anything. It’s only business and such like; but Michael will tell you.”

Mr. Salvain helped the girl into the gig silently; then, when the horse’s head was safely turned downward, he looked very sorrowfully and tenderly into the white apprehensive face beside him. It even seemed to have grown thinner and older in the brief moments which had passed since his coming.

“You will take me home,” she said, in a voice that betrayed the depth to which the few words had gone.

“Yes,” Michael said soothingly, and knowing that there was within him a greater longing to soothe and comfort the child than he might obey. “Yes; I will take you home as soon as you wish to go, or, at any rate, as soon as ever it is needful. I have talked it all over with your mother.” Then Michael paused suddenly, as if there were something to be weighed before it was said. It came with effort at last. “Your father is not going to sail for a month yet,” he went on in a lower tone. “And I am not to take you back until the last week, unless you specially wish it.”

The horse went on, stepping cautiously downward; the wheels of the gig went on grinding over the stones; the sea at the foot of the cliff went on leaping and dashing, rolling and breaking. No words broke its grand and great rhythm.

It might seem as if it would have been a small thing to this child, whose home was at

the very gate of the sea, that her father should go down to the sea in ships as so many others did; but it was in no sense small. She knew that the decision had only been arrived at after long and untold suffering; she comprehended the full force of the compulsion, knowing that her father, who had been a voyage or two in his youth, had an unconquerable aversion to the life of an ordinary seafaring man. It was not its roughness, but its coarseness that he dreaded; and the fact that the personal habits of a lifetime would have to be given up, and others substituted less endurable to a man of his fastidious



"No; I will not speak of it to any one but yourself."

temperament. All this, and more, Dorigen comprehended. In a dim way she entered into the feeling of the neighbourhood, which decrees that the landsman who cannot live by the labour of his hands, and therefore "has had to go to sea," has lost in a certain sense the little caste he ever had. It is an understood thing that such a man, whatever his age, standing, or capability, must "go before the mast," a phrase that carries its meaning darkly for most of us, but may be presumed to cover a life of more or less continued hardship. These things, and others, underlying the pain of the idea of parting and separation, the dread of the countless sea perils and dangers, were enough to lessen the heartbeats of one so easily touched to apprehension as Dorigen Gower.

Thinking over these things in silence, cast suddenly down to a great depth of sad thought and emotion, it seemed as if then and there, on the side of the bold dark rock at Thorsgrif, there awoke in her that keen sense of accountableness, of responsibility

laid upon her which never left her again. It struck her then imperatively, and for the first time, that she might never in this world

stand alone in a little world of joys and sorrows of her own. The fact that this great grief had reached her across the miles that divided her from Wiggoner's Wharf, was in itself instructive and impressive. Here was another soul-lesson learnt in hardness and in pain.

Once, as she sat thinking, she had a wild strong impulse to beg Mr. Salvain to turn his horse's head and drive her back to Hild's Haven that very hour. But this she did not do; she could not. Some contrary current of impulse met this,

and stayed it. Nevertheless, it had its influence.

"Will you take me home next week?" she asked at length, with the gentle wistfulness of sorrow in her tone and manner.

"Yes; I will indeed, if you wish it," Michael said, replying out of the extreme tenderness that was touching him more deeply than he knew. "You shall go any day that you may wish to go." Then, because he needed to say some kind thing at that moment, he added, "but we *shall* miss you; we shall miss you terribly."

Even as he uttered the words they struck him with a pitiful sense of inadequacy. "Miss her!" His very heart sank achingly as he thought of the emptiness there would be in the house, the chillness that would seem to be in his home-coming when these days were over. For Dorigen the words were as if she had not heard them. They had no meaning for her just then.

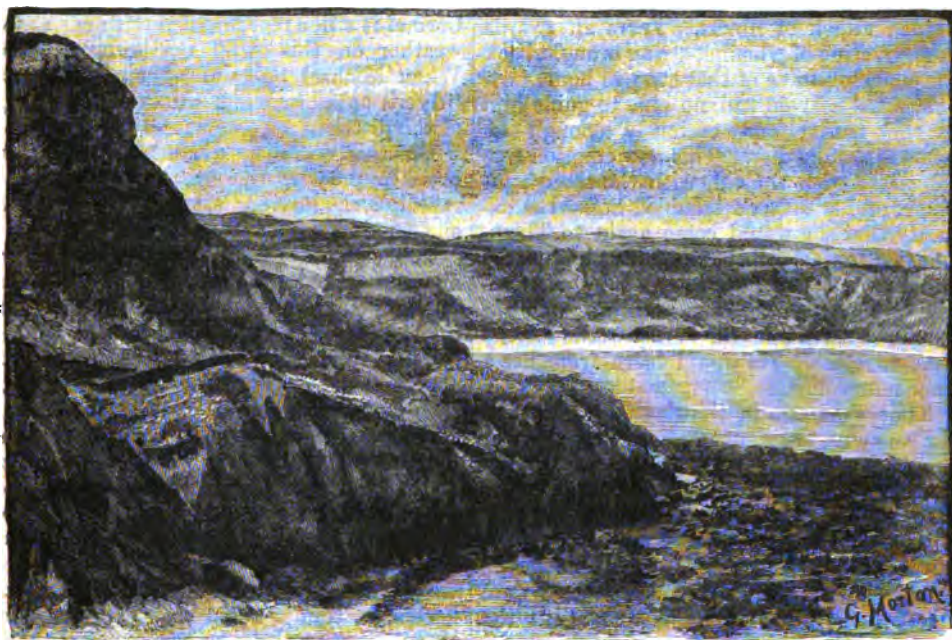
They had reached the works by this time, and Enoch had taken the horse, which was

as much at home in his stable in the midst of the smoke of the shale as up on the edge of the ravine. The work of the day and of the week was almost over now, and Dorigen, with her wire basket in her hand went on with Mr. Salvain to the sheds, going carefully round by the edge of the cisterns and through between the piles of burning mine. There was still alum in one form or another on every side of them when they entered the long low red-tiled buildings; some of it was evaporating and crystallising in the big leaden pans. It was in one of these sheds that the basket was left, to be dipped again and again,

until the crystals formed upon the wire framework.

"You shall have it next week," Mr. Salvain said, "and you shall come and see it put in if you like." But he easily divined that the idea of the toy had lost its charm. Your finest ornament shall not soothe your lowest sorrow. And it is in the deeper moments of existence that we find the narrow limit of the highest art.

In the next shed two of the men were knocking off the hoops from a cask of the pure white crystal; and as Mr. Salvain and Dorigen entered the place the men were just



"The wild, wide bay curving some three miles away to Hunswyke."

breaking up the hard, dull, unattractive-looking mass. It was a surprise to the girl to see the wonderful display of fantastic and exquisite forms that were disclosed; the tall glittering castles, and campaniles, and minarets—some were quite imposingly suggestive. There were rocky arches that might have been entrances to the sea-caverns of the Nereides, and crystal pillars that might have supported the roof of the enchanted Castle of Carbonek. Mr. Salvain selected a few of the more beautiful fragments—one had taken the form of a Maltese cross.

"There!" he said, putting them carefully into Dorigen's hand, as they turned away.

"You can keep those to remind you of Thorsgrif until you come again. . . . You will come again; will you not?" Then he paused a little, and added in tones that were perhaps unconsciously lower and more tender than he had used before, "I should like to feel that we had made you happy."

Michael Salvain had not spoken lightly, but he was not prepared for the change which came over the girl's face as he turned to look into it; the sudden rush of hot colour, the strange confusion, betrayed an emotion that surprised him. Till this moment she had forgotten Joanna's words on the top of the cliff, and all that they had meant to her; or

if she had not forgotten, she had only been conscious as of a dull, secondary pain, or rather uneasiness connected with another set of experiences. Now that moment came back with all its weight of shame and dread. If Joanna had seen, then Mr. Salvain might have seen too; and all her life would be shamed in his sight and in her own. She forgot to give any answer, she forgot his question; she forgot all save this new burning sense of exposure and betrayal. What had she done? How might she have left it undone? And what could she now do or say to save herself? The moment was overwhelming; the very silence seemed full of humiliating embarrassment; and her tremulousness was like that which comes with some sudden attack of illness. Years afterwards the quivering of a bonnet-string brought back the silencing force of that strange hour.

Michael Salvain had no clue to guide him to the truth; and curiously enough he missed it altogether. This new emotion was connected with the old, with the thought of home, of her father's troubled life. His entreaty that she would come again to Thorsgrif had projected her mind into the future; and just now that future was doubtless seeming very dark to her vivid imagination. He would be more mindful of his words for the time to come. He would learn from her a finer mindfulness.

They were out in the daylight, or rather the twilight, again now, sauntering on over the dark waste of rock toward some steps that were cut in the northern face of it. The wild, wide bay was before them, curving some three miles away to the fishing village of Hunswyke. Great wrack-grown boulders were strewn upon the beach; they were especially large and picturesque about the mouth of the ravine, at the top of which the Alum Master's house stood.

"We will go home that way, if you would like it," Michael said, grasping at the idea as promising a little distraction to the girl's over-anxious mind. "The wind is going down, and the 'dyer's neäf' is over there in the north, but the rain will not fall yet awhile. . . . Come along; I will show you where the daffodils grow."

"Are there some daffodils?" she asked, brightening, and looking delighted in spite of all her troubles. "I have never seen daffodils growing."

"There will be some in a few days," Michael replied. "I noticed yesterday that the buds were turning over. They grow a little way up the gill, farther up than the

house; and the finest ones are by the beck-side. I will show you where they are now, and then you can watch them unfolding. They will be out beautifully by the middle of next week. . . . You are not too tired to go round that way?"

"I am never tired," said the girl, leaping lightly from one slippery stone to another, and it seemed easy to believe her.

CHAPTER XVII.—DAFFODILS.

"I rose anon, and thought I would goon
Into the wood, to hear the birds sing,
When that the misty vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire was the morrowing."

OSWALD.

THAT little dark cloud like a man's hand which Elijah saw from the top of Mount Carmel is still a recognised forerunner of wet weather on this wild northern seaboard. When Michael Salvain spoke of it as the "dyer's neäf," he was but using the language of the district.

On this occasion, as on that when the prophet prayed, the small cloud spread rapidly: the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.

For some days the rain poured down almost without intermission; so that there was no going out to watch the daffodils unfolding, or to see the alum basket covered with crystals. But yet they were not empty days, nor altogether filled with the coming sorrows—Mr. Salvain took care of that.

One day there was the room that served him as office and study to be turned out and then set in order again. Dark old cupboards full of dark old books were thrown open, long-closed drawers were emptied out upon the floor, cabinets disclosed ancient secrets which had been locked up in diaries and letters, written in faded brown and grey ink on yellow paper. They were very pathetic, these little troubles, mysteries and perplexities of a hundred years ago, and yielded much for the wonder and enlightenment of an ignorant child.

Another day there were the garrets to be explored, real old-fashioned garrets filled in the real old-fashioned way with treasures of ancient furniture—broken, dusty, disused, but still treasures if you could see them rightly. In one corner there were three spinning-wheels in various stages of decay, in another a wonderful clock with heavy brazen elephants that had long refused to walk in procession, trampling upon the hours as they went. There were toys that dead children had played with, dolls that dead little hands had dressed. There were book-

boxes filled with antiquated medical and botanical lore, shabby portfolios full of old engravings, odds and ends of quaintly-embroidered garments, drawers with snuff-boxes and shoe-buckles in them, trays full of shells and coins. It was like going back to live for a day in the dead years, with the dead gracious-mannered people who had worn wigs, as sundry very bad portraits testified, and who had carried canes, and offered each other snuff with a politeness that was carried to a science. Whilst so many other things are being revived, why do we not revive this science of fine manners? Are we too careless, too much troubled about many things, too busy making our graven images and setting them up to be worshipped? Yet believe it,

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

The rain still came down sadly, ceaselessly, and the sweet, soft ripple of the little beck was swollen to a roar that seemed to echo and thunder to the very heart of the rocks on either hand. The sea was shrouded in the mist of the grey rain; the gulls went sailing by on grey ghostly wing; the top of the opposite cliff was lost in the greyness. There was no break anywhere; the rain went on dropping from the trees to the quivering undergrowth below; the sodden earth would no more of it, so that streams gathered where the dry land had been, and ran downward to the foaming beck that was rushing with mad turbulence to the swollen sea.

A continuance of such weather has always more or less of oppressiveness in it, and disposes you to sympathy with the sadder side of life, its failures, its griefs, its disappointments. Michael Salvain, going to and fro from his own house to the works as usual, seemed to himself to be feeling afresh all the weightier negations of his life. Existence is only tolerable to some men when there is a distinct idea of some good to be attained in the future, some desirable point to be reached; but Michael had not considered himself to be one of these. He had brought himself to face the idea that for him there could be no future good in this life, and to face it without much flinching. As was inevitable, any new thought of it saddened him, but for a long time past it had not dismayed him. Was he dismayed now? Was he dissatisfied? Was he awakening in the middle of the day to find that it was not yet night, nor near it, but that for him there could be no golden afternoon?

He would rather not have been awakened.

The awakening was only pain to him; but he might not turn aside and sleep again at will. He must wait. It might be that things would slip back into their old groove unawares. "It might be," he said, crossing the furzy common in the rain and the wind. "It might *not* be," he said, sitting over his own study fire in the twilight with Dorigen beside him, lost in the book on her knee, but every now and then lifting a keenly-interested face to ask some question for her own better enlightenment. Her utter ignorance of things she should have known, her possession of knowledge that no one who did not know her intimately would have dreamed of requiring from her, was amusing to Michael Salvain. She knew nothing that was not hers by natural assimilation. There had been no guidance, no influence, no pressure, and Michael knew that the opportunity was his of studying a very wild-flower of humanity. Day by day the study had grown more deeply interesting, hour by hour the dread was growing within him of the moment when this delight would end. "I can never part with you, my little wood-anemone," he said to himself as he sat in the silence, watching the dark bent head near the window that just caught a ray of light from the parting clouds.

"It is going to be fine," the girl said, lifting her blue-black eyes from the page of "Ossian" that she was reading. "It is Selina's song coming true.

"The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day.
The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies
the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down
the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream!"

Dorigen stopped, listening to the sound of the water. Here, in Mr. Salvain's study, it came softened a little. The rain had ceased, there were only the droppings from the trees to glitter in the ray of light that slanted downward into the hollow.

Something in the light, in the moment, in the child's face and voice seemed to create a new sudden sweetness in the room, a something intangible as the scent of a white violet, yet precious enough to awaken fear and yearning, and that tremulous discontent of the soul which lies always at the very gate of happiness. It is something to have stood by that gate, something to have looked even across the borderlands of bliss. What you have seen with your soul's eyes you shall never again disbelieve.

It was not possible that Dorigen should escape the influence of the moment. Seeing Michael Salvain's face turned to hers,

meeting his eyes filled with the sadness of an unwise tenderness, the dread that was half a joy awoke in her again, troubled her for awhile, and then ceased to trouble her, being overpowered by the sense of nearness and happiness, and that strange exaltation which admits of no lower cares. There was no questioning, Does he love me? Does he not love? There was not even need of question. The spell of the hour was enough for the hour, and the kindness of the grey, deep-set eyes that met hers in that still, sweet silence enough for all life beyond. How should there be any question?

Only a few days ago the girl had said that her heart's desire was that she might live alone: now if she had been asked the same question, and had answered truly, she would have said—

"I would live with you; I would live my life with you in this dim brown room, in this house of yours on the bleak cliff-side. I would be your servant, I would wait upon you. I would be always here when you needed me: I should see when you did not need me; and I would never trouble you. I want nothing but that—to be near you, to be helpful. If you should love any one else better, I would still be near you, if I might. I would never trouble you."

That was the mood she was in, simple, pure, unselfish, and as nearly happy as the moods of earlier love may ever be. This was another hour to be laid in the memory for a life's keeping.

It was curious, and a proof of affinity, that Michael Salvain should break the silence with the question—

"Tell me which has been the happiest day of your life."

She looked into his face, blushing, speaking almost in a whisper, answering quite truthfully—

"I think it was the day when you spoke to me in Wharram's Yard."

Michael Salvain did not smile, but a look as of inward light spread over his face softly and swiftly.

"You remember that day?" he asked.

"I shall always remember it," she said. "I think I did not know till then that I could be happy—not very happy."

She spoke simply, and without confusion; but the crimson colour deepened on her cheeks; and the sudden drooping of the long black lashes over her eyes betrayed some inner perturbation. Michael Salvain watched, wondered, reproached himself; then quite suddenly he got up, and went

out into the grey damp evening. What was happening to him? What was it that was dominating him? What voices called him back to the fireside with such forceful, beseeching sweetness? They went on calling all the way as he went up the ravine in the deepening twilight. The rain-drops fell upon him in a shower as he brushed his way hastily under the trees; a startled thrush went twittering across his path; the clouds went on breaking, drifting, melting away from the dark starry blueness that was above the sodden moor. He would walk there till he was weary; till his weariness silenced those voices within him. The old sad, dead peace was better than this strange unrest.

No day had yet been fixed for Dorigen's return to Hild's Haven. Her father had not wished that she should return immediately. He believed more than Mrs. Salvain had told him of his child's happiness and well-being; and but for the dread of interfering with it he would have gone over to Thorsgrif more than once that he might have had the satisfaction of seeing it with his own eyes; but he restrained himself. Being so used to restraint it had come to be as a first instinct, and it seldom happened that he had need to repent of the leadings of a mental habit he had acquired so hardly.

The rain had ceased to drop from the trees when the morning broke again, and the sun struggled bravely through the warm white mist it was creating all about the steaming earth.

"Eh, but you'll see things grow this morning, missy," Rizpah said, helping Dorigen to put on the quaint black beaver bonnet that she wore, and the woollen cloak of black and white check. "There 'll be floors of all kinds oot doon i' t' wood in a daäy or two."

"But don't go too far this morning, honey," Mrs. Salvain added. "Michael will be back from Hunswyke before dinner time, and he'll go up the gill with you."

"I will not go far," Dorigen promised, unthinkingly, going out with her basket swinging on her arm. It was like stepping into a new world. The trees were all budding. There was a crisp greenness upon the brown hawthorn hedges; the beck was tumbling and dashing with a roar down below, and almost drowning the song of the lark that was overhead, singing somewhere in a clear blue world of her own above the mist. The child stepped lightly along, over the terrace where the swallow-wort was creeping out from the grass; and daisies with their pink petals only half unclosed. There was no



"She was already on the bridge when this thought occurred to her."

real flower-garden. A white rose-bush grew at the end of the house, but it was hardly yet in leaf. By-and-by a few wallflowers would unfold, and a pansy or two; but these made no answer, yet, to the call of the spring. Till this morning she had called so faintly.

Now she was calling louder; every day her voice would have new tones in it. This morning's freshest note was the cry of the new-year lambs on the common, and on the sloping upland above. A few days more, Mrs. Salvain had said, and the cuckoo would be there with her message; and Dorigen's eyes had sparkled as Mrs. Salvain spoke, for she had never heard the cuckoo. All she knew about it was that poets had written of it, and her father had always loved it; and whenever he was glad for anything, and forgetful in his gladness, then he sang in an odd tuneless thrilling way Logan's poem, "To the Cuckoo." He had

made a tune for it somehow, a tune with echoes compounded of "Auld Lang Syne" and Zion Chapel in it; and terrible as it might have been to better trained ears, Dorigen liked it better than any tune she knew, and as she went springing downward to where the daffodils grew she found herself singing it with all the voice she had, to the great surprise of Enoch Farah, who was standing near the bottom of the ravine, preparing to cut down an ancient white-stemmed holly-tree that was going to decay. Enoch stopped a moment to listen; the words came quite distinctly,

"What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?"

"That'll be a hymn 'at Ah deän't know," Enoch said, going on with his work again. "But it's varry bonny, an' missy can sing a bit! Ah sudn't ha' thowt it. She leuks mair like a bairn 'at had been shut up wiv a lot o' Quaäkers."

Dorigen went on singing, though Enoch could not hear her as she went up the

tangled path by the side of the noisy swollen streamlet. The sun was piercing through more brightly every moment now, glittering on the ivy that was all about the trunks of trees; on the purple briar-sprays that curved over into the beck, and were swept by the rushing water. And, ah! there were the daffodils; some with bent, budding, lemon-tinted heads, some uprising, some just bursting, and showing hearts of deep, rich, rosy amber,—hearts, rather than cups, for they were double daffodils. But these open ones were all on the other side, and the little wooden bridge, a single narrow plank, with the slenderest, rudest handrail, did not look inviting as it hung but just out of reach of the foaming, eddying water. This was tantalising in the extreme. The girl was no coward at any time; and this was neither the time nor the place to induce cowardice, but she recollected that she would be very sorry to make Mrs.

Salvain angry. She was already on the bridge when this thought occurred to her; but she drew back. She would go a little farther up the gill; there might be daffodils to be had without crossing the beck.

She had not gone far when the sight of a large cluster of crisp blue-green leaves with bright amber chalices dancing above them gladdened her eyes. They were quite out of reach of the beck, upon the edge of a little overhanging peak. The long slender boughs of the willows closed overhead, with the yellow catkins slowly opening to the sun; above that again the larches towered, and the blue-grey Scotch firs. There was hardly a peep of the sky to be seen down there at the bottom of the hollow.

Dorigen was not thinking of the sky as she stood, or rather knelt, in half-reverent admiration by the daffodils. Her basket was beside her; her bonnet was slipping backward. . . . Was something else slipping? . . . Were the trees falling? . . . Something was falling, tearing, rending. The child clutched at the tangled roots that were being torn apart. They had been at her feet; now, in one instant they were over her head. That was the last conscious thing she did, to clutch at the roots as she went down into the fiercely rushing stream with the wet point of earth which had given way beneath her.

She had not fallen far; but there was a big brown boulder, round which the water was foaming and eddying, and her forehead had struck the stone as she fell.

She felt the blow as she went down into the water; but it did not seem to hurt her much. She uttered no cry; and the words that came to her, "I am killed," came quite peacefully. There was no horror in them, no dismay.

Perhaps it was well that she knew no more.

The sun went on shining down into the wooded hollow between the rocks; the water went on rushing, dashing, foaming, sweeping the undergrowth on either side as it went. In one place a robin sat chirping on the edge of a great moss-grown stone; and he never stirred nor ceased his song for the white up-turned face that was borne swiftly past him to the sea.

A moment later the face disappeared; and the black floating hair that was about it was borne down also. Still the bright-eyed robin went on chirping his spring welcome out; and up above the lark's song was no less glad than before.

The little wooden bridge was there, a lifted hand might have grasped it; but no hand was raised from the dark water that was dashing onward below it, always onward to the sea.

A little lower down Enoch Farah's attention was arrested. He had seen many things swept by with the foam that morning: gate-posts, drowned fowls, a skeil,* and a milking-stool; now the thing he saw was a small basket, tossing like a cork on the eddying water.

"As Ah live that's oor missus's!" he exclaimed, jumping from the place where he stood by the holly-tree to a lower level, and holding out his axe at arm's length to try to stop the basket. "It'll be missy 'at's lost it inta t' wather, Ah reckon. Ah sall . . ."

Enoch's very thought stood still there. Two small feet were in the whirling water just above him. The next moment they were whirled out of sight, and a white face with dark floating hair was cast within his reach.

The man never knew whether he had plunged into the water, or whether he had lost his balance in trying to reach the thing he saw, and fallen in. He only remembered afterward that he had found himself being dashed from stone to stone with irresistible violence, clinging to the body of his master's guest with all the strength he had, and knowing that no effort answered to his.

He raised a great cry as he went onward, and again another. And the sea-gulls stooped and swept by with a low derisive chuckle. That was the sole response that came.

The man's strength began to fail. His life was going, not for another life—he could almost have borne that thought; but the thought that troubled him made death seem wasteful. Was there no escape? he asked, trying to raise his head from the water that seemed to stun him with its furious roaring, and almost as he asked the question, he struck with his burden against a boulder that he knew to be one of the large ones at the very mouth of the ravine. He knew but little beside. Did he free himself? or did the force of that furious water free him? Escape was difficult to him even when he found himself relieved from his burden; yet it was possible. And utterly exhausted he lay upon the small driftwood which had gathered upon the sands. . . . He hid his face that he might not see.

One moment the thing that he had tried

* Skeil, an old-fashioned milk-pail, with an upright handle in place of a bow.

so bravely to save remained there ; poised, so to speak, across the narrow end of the stone ; then a turn in the eddying mass of water changed the balance, and again the white face with the black hair about it went downward, always downward to the sea.

Its tossing and buffeting was almost done. But a very few feet were between it and the white waves that were breaking upon the sands in the spring sunshine ; but a very few more of the great green and brown wrack-covered stones impeded the course of Thorsgrif Beck as it went on its mad way.

The world is more than ever incredulous of miracles, though the daily newspaper teems with them ; and the commonest miracle of all comes in the form of narrow escape from death. I, who write, have had my hairbreadth escape ; and you, who read, can doubtless remember the time when you stood very close upon the boundaries of the Silent Land, looking across, perhaps, with more or less of dismay because of the suddenness, and utter unpreparedness for what might come after. Life is seldom quite the same after one such moment of conscious nearness to death, and though you know it not, that moment still has its influence.

Dorigen Gower was saved from all dismay ; for her it was as if the borderland had been already passed.

That another huge stone was lying in the bed of the stream, that she struck against it, and rested there, was nothing to her. The water was shallower here, having room to spread itself, and a vigorous effort might have wrought deliverance ; but no effort was made. The precious moment went by with its chance unheeded.

She took no note of the fact that the tide was rising ; that the white foam of the waves was mingling with the creamy foam of the beck but just below where she lay.

It was of no importance that a tall dark figure was hurrying over the sands from Hunswyke Bay, with all possible speed because of the rising tide. The risk the man was running was so great that he might have been pardoned for noting nothing save the things that might make for his own safety ; and in truth it was as if by an accident that Michael Salvain turned his head at that moment.

The next moment would have been too late. The light figure was again swerving round, the head was downward to the sea, the white face upturned to the sky, the hands lying placidly on either side. Michael saw it all in that one instant ; the next, the child

was in his arms, lying lifeless there to all appearance.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TWO VOICES.

"Then how grace a rose ! I know a way,
Leave it, rather."

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE unconsciousness of a human being, complete, prolonged unconsciousness, is one of the great mysteries of life.

Which of us has not considered the strange problem that a restoration to life after hours of unconsciousness from drowning presents ? Six, seven, even eight hours of persistent effort to restore vitality has been rewarded. Where then has the soul been ? Supposing no effort to have been made, at what moment would the spark have gone out, changing the apparent death to real death ? Does the soul leave its house more slowly and reluctantly than we suppose ?

It was more than an hour before Michael Salvain came back from Oswaldthorpe, bringing the doctor. Enoch Farah was in the kitchen, looking shattered and ill ; and the poor bruised, fragile little figure Michael had left lying on the sofa in the dining-room was lying there still, with closed eyes, pallid face, and barely discernible breathing. The lips seemed to quiver once or twice ; the water was still dropping from the dark heavy hair which hung over the pillows ; now and then a tremor stirred the long eyelashes.

"She does breathe !" Mrs. Salvain said half-inquiringly to Dr. Duncan ; the doctor replied that she was breathing satisfactorily, and Michael Salvain hearing this went away. There were willing hands enough without his ; and he needed sorely to be alone at that moment.

He went into his study and shut the door, and for awhile he walked up and down trying to calm the strong agitation that beset him. He could blind himself no longer now ; he would not try to blind himself.

All day since his waking in the morning there had been with him a feeling of pressure, a something impelling him to think, to look forward ; preparing him, as it were, for the crisis which had notwithstanding come upon him with suddenness. All the way as he had walked to and from Hunswyke, the one small white wistful face had come before him as he had seen it in his own room on the previous evening. It had seemed to haunt him, flitting between him and the great wide waste of waters, gliding by his side, looking into his face with dark sad eyes

that troubled him and questioned him ; and he could make no answer.

Then had come that terrible sight, that shock which was no vision, no unreal thing, but an appalling reality. Truly if miracles were yet possible, one had been wrought in the moment when he had dashed into Thorsgrif Beck, and come out on the other side with that fragile figure safe in his arms. Then he had made answer readily enough.

"My darling ! my darling ! you must live, for I love you, I love you passionately," he had said, stooping to kiss the bruised forehead. And now his words came back to him, and he repeated them. "My child, my darling, I love you, beyond all doubt, I love you," and the mere sound of the words spoken audibly by his own lips passed over him like a shock, leaving him powerless.

Strong man though he might be, he trembled as he stood there looking out upon the afternoon sunshine that was streaming down the ravine, lighting up the grey and purple-brown mysteries of the background of leafless trees, touching with gold the green and russet-red of the mingled undergrowth. The peacefulness of the scene seemed to mock him.

The strength of all the past dead years of negation, of comparative lifelessness, of voluntary renunciation of all that men call pleasure and delight, was in the present moment lending an intensity to his emotion that surprised him even as it overpowered him.

"Be our joys three parts pain !"

prays the master singer of our day. For Michael Salvain at this moment the three parts of pain were all that he was conscious of. If the joy was there he did not dare to look upon it as joy.

It could not be but that he should look beyond the mere fact of his love. He looked tremulously ; for a few moments he even dared to look as if hope had been his, as if he had been a man who might have set himself to win a return of his affection.

"She is a child now," he said, still speaking audibly. "But she is a grave and quiet child, and in two years, or three at most, she will be a grave and quiet woman. On the face of it the sole disparity will be that of a few years."

But within him, lying deeper than his spoken word, there was knowledge that this difference of years was the least of the impediments that stood in his way. He had been conscious of these from the beginning, and his consciousness had underlain his

wilful blindness. Now that he might shut his eyes no longer he would drag all to the light of day, and look upon it clearly. There should be no excuse for future mistakes.

There was a battle to be fought ; this he could not but discern plainly. He would fight it now.

This very hour he would conquer—so he said ; and the word was like the blow that a man strikes at his own heart with his own hand.

He would take time to do it. It should not be a rude and hasty attempt to trample down the thing that might have made all his life so new and strong and sweet. No, he would reason with himself, and himself should make answer. So he would have something to go upon in that future that loomed before him like one dense, chilling cloud. It was a future which had seemed low-toned enough before ; now it was dark with a darkness that could be felt.

The strongest plea that his opposing spirit had to put forward was put first.

"Think of her, of her common welfare," said the lower voice. "You can raise her from absolute poverty to comparative wealth. You can at least secure that she shall know but little of life's worst hardships. You can be to her as the firm ground whereon she may stand to live her life ; you can be as a defence so that she shall be untossed by the tempests that shatter the existence of unprotected women everywhere."

And the higher self, with its clearer insight, made answer—

"I grant all that you say ; but already I perceive in her that which argues ill for contentment with the ordinary routine of ordinary feminine life. The prospect of existence being made 'comfortable' would have but little charm for her even now. In a few years it will be hateful. Her horizon will never be bounded by a prettily furnished house and a sufficiency of smart clothing. And as for the storms of life, they are in her destiny. It is written on her forehead that she shall not escape. If I obey the impulse that is upon me, these storms will come in the shape of mad rebellion against the narrow bounds of such a life as I could offer to her here in the cleft between the rocks of Thorsgrif. She would come to reproach me, and with reason, for having taken advantage of her youth, her ignorance, her inexperience. And what answer could I make ? The best that would be possible to either of us would be a heavy silence, broken only by jarring and discord."

"Why discord?" asked the lower voice. "Without vanity, without self-delusion, you can hardly help but be aware that you have awakened that within the child that will never sleep again. . . . Surely to love, to be loved in return, is sufficient to human happiness!"

The voices paused here, long enough for a vision to pass through the man's brain of all that his love in its fullest perfection might mean to him. Deliberately he lingered there, drinking deep draughts of the passionate sweetness that life, even in imagination, offered to him, if he would but yield. The trees were stirring outside as the light breeze swept fitfully from the sea; there were voices in the hall. Dr. Duncan was saying, "There is no danger now—none whatever," and Mrs. Salvain was telling him, in timid, tearful tones how glad she was, and how thankful. Michael was thankful too, and the current of his thought was turned by his deep thankfulness. He would dream no more; he would go on sternly with his fighting. He would make answer to that last temptation; but it seemed none the easier now that he knew certainly that the child had revived—had come back, as it were, to life again. A new sense of her nearness to him took possession of his soul. It was as if she had entered into the controversy, joining her plea to the lower voice that spoke rather than to the higher. It was to her that he made answer rather than to that other part of himself.

"You love me, little one—you think you love me? And I, who might have been so glad, can only be sorrowful, very sorrowful.

"We have met late, it is too late to meet,
O friend, not more than friend."

That is how it must be; I will give you for your love, a friendship so strong, and warm, and watchful that you shall miss nothing now, and hereafter you shall thank me; with all your passionate heart and head you shall thank me. . . . And I! I must set myself to grow, so that your thanks shall satisfy me, or so that I can live my life and work my work unsatisfied."

"And this is final?" said the lower voice.

And the higher made firm answer, "It is final."

There was another silence in the man's heart—a silence of a painful parting, the parting between the living and the dead. The deed was done. All was over.

To have struck yourself such a blow, to have once in your lifetime deliberately renounced a true and tender human love for

the good of the one beloved, is surely to have achieved the last height of sacrifice.

Is it peace when the deed has been done? Is your virtue its own reward? Is your giving repaid to you in good measure, well pressed down and running over?

Let each one who has made the sacrifice answer for himself. Your experience shall not lie parallel to mine, nor may mine help you in a crisis.

"The true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure, with rapture even."

If it be yours to find this true affinity, you shall not repent.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Salvain came to her son's room she came with the news that Dorigen was doing well. The child had spoken, and spoken quite naturally, asking, first of all, if the basket had been lost.

"But she is asleep now," Mrs. Salvain said. The poor old lady's eyes were still bright with excitement; two spots of colour were burning on her cheeks. "She is sleeping nicely, and Dr. Duncan says she is going on as rightly as can be; but he thinks it will take her a long while to get over the shock and the bruises. Poor little darling! It seems the bank gave way under her. Enoch has been up to the spot, and he says it is close to where the path branches off to Whinfields. It is a marvel to think of anybody being washed down from there to the sea, half-killed, and half-drowned, and then coming back to life again. Enoch says the force is so strong that he had no more power against it than a child. I've sent him home now, and made him promise to go to bed. You don't want him, Michael, do you?"

"No, mother, certainly not; he has done enough for one day."

"He did his best, I don't doubt. But what a mercy it was that you were there to do better!"

"Not better, mother. I didn't risk my life."

"No; but you saved Dora's. . . . She will seem to belong to us more than ever now; won't she, Michael?"

Mr. Salvain raised his eyes to his mother's face. She thought they looked heavy and weary; but she understood no further. "I think you had better go and lie down too," she said tenderly. "We shall all of us feel some reaction after this anxiety. But I feel very thankful; I do feel thankful. I could never have faced her mother again if she had been drowned."

Mr. Salvain made no answer, and his

mother went away with the soft sigh that took the place of her smile so readily on occasion. He was not yet equal to the task of answering her commonplaces about the day's events. It had been a great crisis in his life, one of the days that stand out above all other days, and his thought was not yet adjusted to the changes it had wrought. As he sat there it seemed that there could never be but one adjustment. There had been renunciation in his life before—vague, habitual, half-congenial; now he must grasp a keener, sharper rule. If he would really conquer in this great thing, he must conquer in all else that touched his life. Only so might there be any victory.

CHAPTER XIX.—“IS ONE DAY MORE SO LONG TO WAIT?”

“If I could trust mine own self with your fate,
Shall I not rather trust it in God's hand?
Without whose will one lily doth not stand,
Nor sparrow fall at his appointed date.”
CHRISTINA ROSSSETTI.

DORIGEN GOWER, like most highly organized people, was possessed of an immense vital elasticity. In spite of her natural paleness and fragility of appearance, she was unacquainted with the feeling of weakness, and such weariness as she knew was, as a rule, very much a matter of mental depression. At her worst moments a smile or a few friendly words would put all the springs of life into fullest motion again, and a new turn of thought would sustain her powers of endurance far beyond the point when a less impressionable person would have sunk from exhaustion. Such temperaments are apt to be perplexing, but they are seldom disappointing. They will answer to almost any call, bear almost any strain, and exhibit a power of rebounding after fatigue or accident that is infinitely astonishing, even where it is scientifically understood.

It seemed little short of marvellous to the household of Thorsgrif that, three days after she had lain for hours in the arms of death, so to speak, she should be out again, flitting lightly to and fro amongst the holly-trees below the terrace, sauntering down on to the sands in the still sunshine with Joanna, or climbing up the narrow paths that led through Thorsgrif Gill to Whinfields, the picturesque farm on the hilltop where Squire Ormston lived in elderly single-blessedness. It was said that the Squire was looking out for a young wife, and for over thirty years past he had liked to have it said that he was looking for her. He was sensitive about his

age, and as evasive as a woman who has lost her first youth and found no compensation.

The Squire was standing at his big green gate one day when Joanna and Dorigen passed.

“Whya this 'll be t' young laädy 'at was wshed doon t' beck t' other daäy!” he began, speaking to Joanna, but looking intently at Dorigen as he spoke. The girl was blushing; looking as confused as a child convicted of wrong-doing. “Ya'll ha' to mind, miss. 'Tisn't allus 'at there's a gentleman at hand te rescue young ladies when they're gettin' drooned. . . . Salvain considers hisself a lucky fellow, *Ah'll* be boond!”

Dorigen's cheeks were hotly flushed all the way as they went up to the moor, but Joanna made no comment beyond saying, “Never mind, dear; never mind. Squire Ormston will have his joke, but nobody minds him.”

It was not easy not to mind. The day when she had fallen into the stream had been a crisis in the girl's mental life as well as in that of Michael Salvain. She had loved him before; and from the day that Joanna had spoken to her on the edge of the cliff she had known that it was love that was in her heart, and filled all her thought of one human being with such strange sweetness. But there had been no pain in the feeling, because there had been no fear or jealousy, and it had had no root of selfishness. Though it had never passed beyond that stage it had been to her a lifelong good, and a lifelong thing of beauty, precious and fragrant in the memory to the end. But all was changed now. Unrest had entered, and vague fear, and need of some hope that could be grasped, and felt to be tangible. It was the old, old story: “If he will not love me I must die.” And the change was written on her face, about her heavy eyelids, and her drooping mouth. It was as if she were repeating to herself all day, “If he will not love me I must die.”

It was twilight when they came back from the moor, and a large, low moon was just coming up from the cliff tops behind Hild's Haven, rising from a bank of low, misty clouds that stretched all across the sky, and hung upon the distant horizon like a grey, sad curtain. Dorigen could not see the Abbey, or any sign of the old town, but again the strong, sudden yearning for her father's face and the home fireside came upon her; a new perturbation striking through the old, till the very air seemed filled with aching desires for that which was not. Joanna was silent, and Dorigen felt grateful for her silence as they went together down

the hilly road between the budding hawthorn hedges. The kindest words would have fallen jarringly upon the mood that possessed her so completely at that moment.

It did not leave her when they went indoors. Miss Camble, who was a friend of Joanna's, had come down from Gowbusk to spend the evening; a fire had been lighted in the drawing-room, and the tea-table set there. "Come in, my dears; come in! You're very late," Mrs. Salvain said, with her amiable smile. And Miss Camble smiled amiably too. She was a tall, fair woman, with a foolish face, and a thin, wide mouth that never ceased from its wearisome smiling. Dorigen had seen her before, and she was not sorry to see her again, sitting there by the drawing-room fire, with her velvet head-dress all stuck over with glass pearls, and her blue knitting in her hands. Mrs. Salvain liked to talk, or, rather, to listen to Miss Camble; and Dorigen knew that she might be as silent as she chose without exciting remark. It was as if a passion for silence had fallen upon her.

It seemed to deepen as the evening went on. The windows were open, the soft breeze came in, making the dim lamp-light flicker upon the walls, bringing the scent of the sea up through the green mist of the budding larches. Presently Joanna left the room; Mrs. Salvain and Miss Camble went on talking by the fire; and by-and-by Dorigen, sitting by the window, heard the tones of the little, old, square piano that stood in the dining-room. Dorigen felt as if something stirred in her own heart, answering Joanna's impulse. "May I go down, Mrs. Salvain?" she asked, almost tremblingly. "May I go and listen? I should like to listen on the terrace, if I might?"

"Of course you may go, dear, and I'll get you my knitted shawl; but be sure you come in if you feel chill," Mrs. Salvain said kindly. By this time the moon was up over the Scotch firs at the top of the hill; the trees stood still and dark in the mystery of light; underneath there was the deeper mystery of blue-black shadow. The water of the beck had subsided now, and the sound that came was like the sound of rustling leaves mingled with the dropping of rain. Below, the incessant sea was rippling, shining; the waves were rushing softly; falling slowly and sadly back. The tones of the piano came like part of the scene, full of sad harmonies, wistful yearnings, uncomprehended depths of aching pain. The very stars that shone down from the clear ether seemed to add to the feeling of

overfulness that was about the child's heart; and the sea, that had always seemed so full of sympathy, looked silent and lonely, and had a strange coldness that touched her like the face of a changed friend. As she reached the end of the terrace she held out her arms appealingly.

"But you will be good to my father?" she said, speaking audibly, and almost prayerfully. "You will be still, and calm, and kind. He is so good; he has had much trouble . . . And I have no one else. . . . In all the world there is no one else. O, be good to him!"

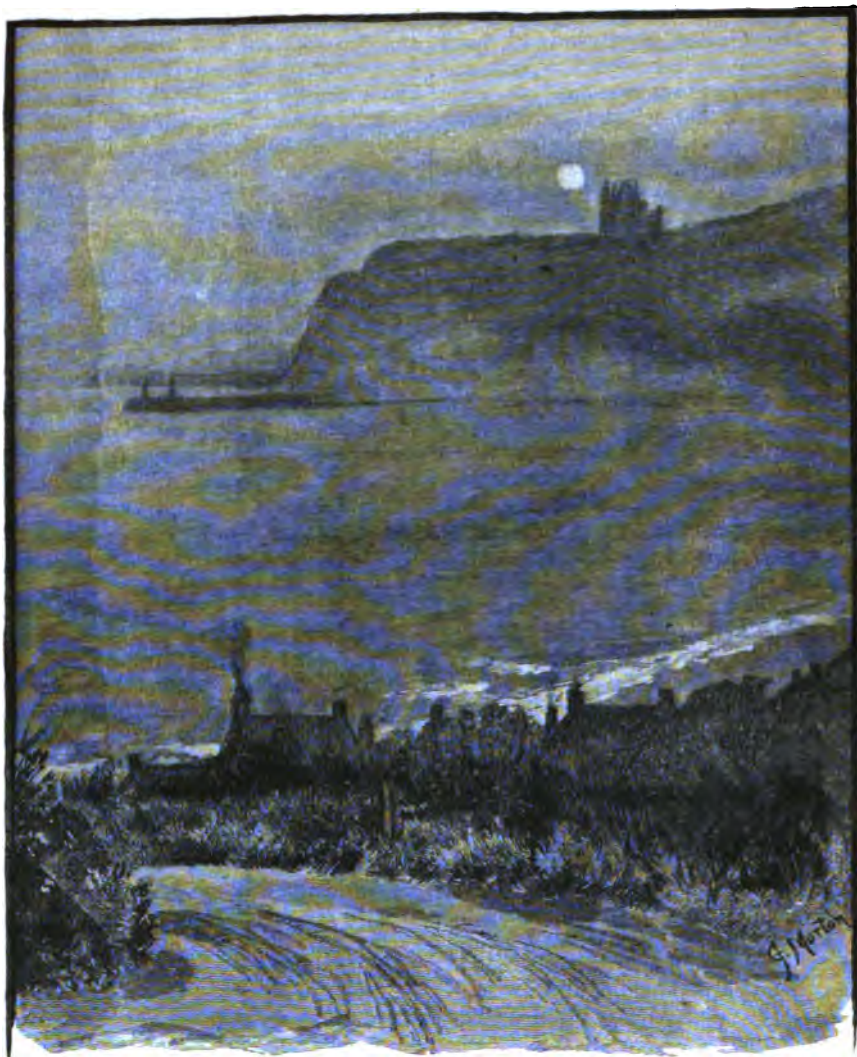
Does it not almost always happen, when we have made a resolution that an instant and extreme testing of its strength comes upon us unawares? Michael Salvain, coming up by the path that led from the sands, was arrested first of all by the pale figure that stood in the moonlight against the dark ivy that covered the front of the house. The music reached him, too; it was an adagio of Mozart's in B minor—a solemn, sad, impassioned thing that seemed to speak of parting, and pain, and the utterance of last words in almost every phrase of it. Involuntarily he stood still, leaning with his face seaward against the trunk of a gnarled oak-tree. A few of the dead russet leaves of last year hung on the boughs, stirring in the night air; for him the waves fell with a soft, pathetic gentleness; across their falling came the subdued cry, "I have no one else; in all the world there is no one else. O, be good, then, to my father!"

He would not, he could not, withhold an answering word.

"Don't say that, my child," he exclaimed, stepping on to the terrace, and speaking as a man speaks who has been struck with a pain which has seized his whole being. He was quite close to her; bending over her that she might hear and believe his lightest word. "Don't say that," he went on. "Did you not promise me that I should be your friend—that I should always be your friend? and is not friendship the best thing left on this earth?"

She did not answer, but all unknowing what she did in the glad excitement of his presence, she put her small white hand into his with a movement of trustful affection that she might have shown to her father; and Michael Salvain's heart bounded with a gladness he had never thought to know again.

Why might he not take the child to that throbbing heart of his? Why might he not give back love for love? It was in him—



"A large, low moon was just coming up from the cliff tops."

may it was himself? Why should he strain every nerve to seem hard, and cold, and unresponsive? It was like a falseness. A feeling was rising within him that was like a reproach.

Was he going to have that battle to fight over again? The question came definitely, and he answered it definitely.

"If I do not yield, the battle will end only with my life. . . . But heaven helping me, there shall be no talk of yielding. *If I yield, I fall*—so much I know, not knowing how I know, nor what lies behind the knowledge."

"You are too young yet to understand all

that I mean when I speak of friendship," he said tenderly, and with as much emotion as if he spoke of love itself. "You were thinking that you would never have any one to care for you or protect you but your father, who is going away from you; but surely you believe that we do care for you here, that we shall always care for you? I should be very sad to-night if I thought that we were in any danger of losing sight of you when you go back to Hild's Haven. I shall come and see you as often as I may, and when things are settled at home we shall want you to come back here and stay with us for a longer visit

than this has been. That will be something for us to look forward to, and you will like to think of it too—I know that. . . Tell me that you will try not to think any more that there is no one to care for you.”

He was still holding her hand, still bending down to her there in the still moonlight. Joanna's music was coming slower and sadder the waves were dropping downward to the sea more faintly; the girl's perplexed heart seemed to beat more faintly in unison. What did it all mean, this profession of friendship? What was there behind and between that seemed like coldness, that came like disappointment? Though the evening was so mild she felt herself shivering in the light air that stirred the boughs. It was a long time before she made answer, then she said, in a tone that seemed hardly her own—

“Will you take me home? . . . May I go on Saturday?”

Michael Salvain felt it all—the change, the disappointment, the aching, the chill. He comprehended it better than the child comprehended it herself.

And again there came upon him the shock of battle, again he reeled under the charge that struck him as he stood.

It would be better that the child should go as she asked. Then at least there would be less fierceness in the attacks that would beset him, and it would be better for herself that she should be out of reach of any influence that might not be for her future good. All this he felt, and yet it was not easy to make answer.

“Yes,” he said presently; “yes, I will take you home on Saturday if you wish. But you remember that to-day is Thursday, that there will only be one more day?”

“Yes, I remember.”

Was this the real parting between them? Michael felt as if it must be, the hour was so full of pain, of stress, of apprehension.

A great weariness, a weariness “of love, life, all things,” began to creep over him as he stood there in the night that was so still and mystic in its beauty. Had he all the old lessons to learn over again? Had he yet to perceive that the good of life is the depth of the sacrifice it permits, and that only in giving, complete unrestrained giving up of all that a man has, is there any safety or satisfaction?

He asked the questions aloud, forgetting that the girl beside him could hardly have followed his thought. She turned her head and looked into his face inquiringly.

“Are you meaning that one should give

up caring much for one's friends?” she asked in some surprise.

“That belongs to what I mean,” he answered. “And yet, no; it is impossible to care too much. The danger is always of not caring enough. If I care for you rightly I shall think more of your happiness than of my own. We do not understand *that* sufficiently in our friendships and relationships. The renunciation they demand of us is the measure of the depth and value of them.”

The earnestness in his tone struck upon his listener, as earnestness always will. We know certainly when a man has paid the full price for his utterance, whether it be of the tongue or of the pen, and your cheap phrase is as your cheap merchandise, and shall come to its market price in the end.

Dorigen made no answer; but Michael went on, being impelled to speech by the strong emotion that beset him and held him in its grasp.

“All that is best in this life opens a way to sacrifice,” he said. “And if a man or woman, fore-ordained to the higher life, does not accept sacrifice, voluntarily, deliberately, it is forced upon him or her with circumstances that add a ten-fold bitterness to the simple loss. To renounce a seeming good of your own will is hard, but that it should be torn from you while you chafe, and writhe, and cry aloud to gods and men is immeasurably harder. But this is the lower side of the matter. There is a higher side, the side on which the gain lies—the only true gain for a human soul. You can find by experience alone what I mean, and I think you will find it. I think you will some day see that no growth, no good, no elevation, no true joy is possible but through and by sacrifice. Peace comes by pain. Whatever your aim in life may be, you will not reach it, or grasp it, save by letting all else go. If your aim should be, as I think it will be, to live the truest life a human being may live, you will find that your pathway lies always over the thorns. In the smallest things as in the greatest, sacrifice is safety, sacrifice is peace, sacrifice is life. Without sacrifice there is no true living.”

There was a strange depth and intensity in the silence that followed—an intensity that was to the girl as if that one hour were there and then striking its roots through her whole being, underlying, uplifting the past, the present, the near and the far-off future. Something in the word that had been said was like the opening of a door where she had been standing knocking in the darkness. She

might not wholly understand, but she had heard, and something within her that was not understanding had answered. Was it belief? Was it faith? Was it that finer spiritual insight by which we now and then discern for a moment at a time some great truth too high, too subtle for the point we have arrived at in our soul's life? Ah! these flashes of heaven's own light! Each one of them is an apocalypse, and reveals enough for a man's redeeming.

CHAPTER XX.—“SO FAREWELL, THOU WHOM
I HAVE KNOWN TOO LATE.”

“JUST as you will, my dear, but you might have stayed another week, you know,” Mrs. Salvain was saying. “Your father doesn't leave Hild's Haven for a fortnight yet, and mother is quite happy about you—she said so; though she was alarmed enough when I told her of the tumble you had had in the beck. Of course, I didn't make the worst of it, for fear she shouldn't let you come again. Joanna is talking already about your next visit.”

So Mrs. Salvain ran on. It was only the middle of the forenoon, but she sat quite complacently in the dusty, untidy dining-room, working at a yellow canary pecking at a basket of oranges, each orange about half the size of the bird's small head.

“It is for a footstool,” she said, smoothing out the piece of work upon her lap, and contemplating it with her head on one side. “And I'm going to put a purple ground, and then finish it off with a purple fringe. I thought I might take it with me to Oswaldthorpe this evening. I may have a chance of doing a little of the grounding between the tea and the speeches. What do you think, Joanna?”

“You could take it, mother, and see.”

“So I could, my dear; and you might take your embroidery, and Dora could take a book. It's so wearisome, sitting for nearly an hour while they are clearing the tables and preparing for the speeches; and it will be too late and chill to be out of doors.”

Mrs. Salvain did not notice the quick change of colour on Dorigen's cheek. This was her last day at Thorsgrif, and the idea had been present with her from her first awakening in the morning. She had a very natural desire that the most should be made of it in some way, and there had been a little disappointment for her when Mr. Salvain had started for the works as usual, saying only “Good morning,” and saying it with

even less than his ordinary warmth and emphasis. As the morning wore on she counted the minutes till dinner-time; something might happen then perhaps, some word might be said that would have gladness in it, some look given that would be good to remember; and it had seemed to her that that last evening could hardly be as the other evenings. She had forgotten the missionary meeting at Oswaldthorpe. Surely they would not take her there—Mrs. Salvain and Joanna. Mr. Salvain was not going—he had said so in the beginning, and Dorigen had hoped, even before she knew that she was going home the next day, that he would so arrange matters that she need not go either. Now the thing had become imperative. It could not be that she must go to the schoolroom at Oswaldthorpe, and pretend to be amused while her very heart was aching to be elsewhere. It was not exactly a childish trouble, but only a child could have felt it with such tragic depth and intensity, and yet have made no effort all day to escape the dreaded disposal of herself in the evening. Could they not see? Did they not know? she asked herself, and the next moment there came over her a very passion of fear lest she should say or do or look anything that should lead them to suspect how it was with her in that foolish heart of hers.

Had Joanna any suspicion? More than once Dorigen, looking up, found Miss Salvain's eyes fixed on her face, half sadly, half wonderingly, and then the girl's blush deepened, and her eyes fell in embarrassment. What could she do? What could she say? Was it after all so terrible a thing that she should wish to stay at home that evening? She could go to missionary meetings at Zion Chapel almost any time, and it might be that she would never again spend an evening at Thorsgrif. There was very little comfort for her in all those kindly-meant utterances concerning some future visit. She had not grasped the idea in any helpful way. This one evening was more to her than any number of evenings to come. Let them leave her to do as she would for this once and she would ask no more of them. How strange it was that she could not ask even this!

Dinner-time came at last, and with it Mr. Salvain; but he was absent and apparently self-absorbed in a degree that took away all hope of any help that he might have been moved to afford. The child watched him, and her heart sank. Presently he went away, and she could watch him no longer; then her heart sank lower still.

Was the end to be like this? The afternoon went on; Enoch came up from the alum-works, dressed in his Sunday coat, and quite ready to drive the gig over to Oswaldthorpe. The sight of him was like the forging of another link in that binding chain of events. There was no hope of deliverance.

"Put your grey frock on, honey," Mrs. Salvain said, taking Dorigen's hand affectionately, as they went up-stairs together. "Your grey frock and your best bonnet, and you shall take my scarlet shawl to put round you in the evening. It will be late, and perhaps very chill; but we'll take care of you, so that you shan't catch a cold to take home with you. . . . I can't feel as if this were really your last evening."

Was this an opportunity? The girl looked up quickly as the impulse to speak stirred within her, but she was not equal to the effort. Another moment and the opportunity was gone.

The tears that fell over her face were very natural tears, but they were soon dried. She had not been accustomed to find life arranged to her own liking, and having that aptness to seize an analogy which is the usual accompaniment of mental activity, she perceived that here was opportunity enough for making an experiment in that voluntary acceptance of contrary circumstance which Mr. Salvain had spoken of the previous evening. "She would think no more of it," she said to herself, tying the strings of her brown straw bonnet, and then, even as she stood there, the sharp and sudden dashing of rain upon the window-pane caused her to look up with wide, surprised eyes, recognising, in childish fashion, a stroke struck verily for her deliverance. Another dash came, more angry than the last, a rush of wild gusty wind followed, then voices were heard on the landing, one uttering words of dismay, another mildly persisting. Surely Joanna was not wishing to go to Oswaldthorpe now!

"You'll be so disappointed, my dear!" Mrs. Salvain said, coming into Dorigen's room. Joanna came in too, looking concerned and kind. "Joanna wants to go, even though it's raining like this. She says it will only be a shower; and I shouldn't mind it for myself; but I couldn't think of taking you, honey. And it *will* seem so unkind to leave you." Dorigen's colour was changing; it was difficult to her to speak, but she managed to speak unreservedly, and, as usual, somewhat brusquely. "I am very glad it rains," she said, looking from Mrs. Salvain to Joanna as if for better understanding. "I didn't want to go

to Oswaldthorpe. All day I have been wishing to ask you if I might stay at home."

"Well now, you *are* a strange child!" Mrs. Salvain said in real perplexity. "Why couldn't you ask? And why don't you want to go? I suppose it's those musty old books again. Think of a child like you wanting to spend the last evening in that way! But you shall do as you like, dear. I am only too thankful that it's no disappointment to you. And Michael will be here by six o'clock, he'll be a little company for you. But we must go now, or else we shall be too late for tea. Come and see us start, honey."

Dorigen stood at the door as they drove off in the small misty rain which had succeeded the first heavy breaking of the shower.

"It *will* be provoking if it comes out fine after all," Mrs. Salvain said, having, with her usual want of grasp, already lost sight of Dorigen's reluctance to spend that evening away from Thorsgrif. The old lady looked very handsome under her umbrella as she turned to kiss her hand. Dorigen was smiling, but half-sadly; a sudden shower of rain-drops was brushed from the holly-trees as the gig turned the corner of the terrace; then all was quiet and still; and the big sombre old house looked empty, and Dorigen's light footstep fell upon the stair with a hollow sound she had never noticed before. What after all would the evening be like, now that the rain had fought for her, and brought about the thing she had so intensely desired?

She had no clear idea, except that she would be in the house when Mr. Salvain came home to his tea; and that he would be surprised. She was not quite sure, poor child, that he would be glad, not very glad as she would fain have made him, if she might. What was it that had changed him so of late, especially since that day when he had saved her from the sea? He had never been quite so kind, except that one evening on the terrace; never quite so gentle, so thoughtful in his ways as he had always been before. But now perhaps, now this last evening, it would be different again. A certain tremulousness came over her as she stood there thinking, a certain quiet but deep conflict of hoping and fearing was begun. Surely these last hours would hold some good that might be remembered for good!

When six o'clock came twilight was beginning to close over Thorsgrif Gill, and there was yet no footstep on the hilltop

road. Dorigen had taken off her bonnet, rearranged her hair, and tied her white muslin frill closer to her throat with the piece of pink ribbon that Mrs. Salvain had brought from Hild's Haven on the previous Saturday; so that she had the satisfaction which was not a small one, of feeling at least tidy. It had been enough hitherto; but it was not enough this evening. A sudden longing to be beautiful, very beautiful, beset her; and she had only one idea of beauty now. If she might only have had a quantity of pale gold hair like that in the picture up-stairs, and large liquid light blue eyes, and a queenly figure, then life would have been altogether different. Love would have come as a right, instead of having to be fearfully hoped for, and sadly waited for. What was there in such a face as hers that one like Mr. Salvain should care for it? Only half knowing why, she went up-stairs again, and stood before the glass awhile, seeing in the grey twilight nothing but a small, white, inanimate face, which seemed as if nobody could ever care to look at it a second time. She turned from it sadly, and went into the drawing-room, where the great picture was. Ah, *that* was a face to dream over, indeed! Those were eyes to haunt you whether you cared for their haunting or no! Had they ever haunted Mr. Salvain?

She heard his footstep as she stood there. He was coming along the terrace, coming carelessly, heavily, as he often did. Was he thinking of her? Would he be angry to find her there? She did not feel that it would be very easy to go down and speak to him in the darkness. Keziah was in the cow-house where Enoch was milking, and the table was set ready in the dining-room. Perhaps she had better go and make the tea.

Michael was standing on the step at the door as she went slowly down the stair. He turned in evident surprise.

There was a moment's silence.

"I did not go to Oswaldthorpe with Mrs. Salvain," Dorigen said at last rather timidly.

"And why was that?" Mr. Salvain asked, speaking in a tone that was less reassuring than he knew.

"I—I didn't want to go," was the reluctant confession. "And it rained a little."

There was silence again, a moment of deep intense perplexity. The man had not prepared himself for another conflict; and it was here upon him with all the weight and disadvantage that suddenness can give. Beyond all doubt it was confusing.

Another man would have gained by as-

suming something of lightness or cheerfulness of manner. It would not have been difficult; but the idea never occurred to Michael Salvain. His whole soul was in the hour and its event; and it is probable that he could not have trusted himself off guard, not even in seeming.

"We must have some tea, then," he said, turning to go into the house. Keziah was lighting the lamp, the kettle was singing by the fire; the old brown-red room looked a very picture of comfort and cosiness. It was no fitting background for yearnings, or heart aches, or still despairs, and yet it had probably known many. But it may be that in all the years of its existence it had never been the theatre of a more pathetic scene than was beginning now.

And yet it was a very simple scene, hardly more than a *tableau*. Any one looking through the old red curtains of watered moreen would only have seen a cheery fire, an oval table with a white damask cloth; a tea-tray with cups and saucers of ancient china; a girl with small white hands and a grave face making tea deftly and mindfully; a dark, stern man with a still graver face taking his teacup without lifting his eyes, or saying aught but the curtest "thank you" he could utter. He seemed to be growing paler in his silence, and he ate nothing; moreover, he knew that his companion ate nothing, yet he made no remark. He dared not trust himself to care for her wants. The feeling was with him that one spoken word would betray him, one wistful, tender inflexion of her voice in answer might at this last hour undo all that had been so painfully done.

There was another moment of indecision when the tea was over, and Keziah had cleared the table. What should he do? There would be yet two hours, or more, before he need expect the return of his mother and sister. He could hardly leave the child alone; nay, he was conscious of the fact that he did not want to leave her, and he saw no inconsistency here. Though he might not speak, nor even meet the eyes which he knew were seeking his all the while; yet he could not, would not secure himself from temptation by flight. He was conscious that this last evening was indeed the last. "There will never again be another opportunity," said the voice within him. "Now again you might speak, now you have the only chance of securing the only earthly happiness you can ever know. When this one evening is over it will be too late, too late!"

He was standing by the fire as he listened, and Dorigen had seated herself on a chair by the table with a volume of Wordsworth's poems. Her head, bent downward, was resting on her hand, her white eyelids drooped heavily over her eyes; her slight figure seemed to be yielding itself to some grace or sweetness of idea that was in the printed page. There was, for Michael Salvain, a strange eloquence about her. It was as if he could hear the thing she would have said if she had spoken. But he knew now that she would not speak. He was aware of the changes the last few days had wrought. Her life had begun, she had awakened; she would no more ask him in her innocent way if he would be her friend always. . . She did not care for his friendship now. So much he knew, and it was the most perilous knowledge he had; and made his task harder far than it had otherwise been.

Ah, what that one evening might have been if he had but willed, if he had but dared to offer to this child his life's love instead of his life's friendship!

He sat down presently in his own chair at the other side of the table, and took up the newspaper, which he had not seen, turning himself a little so that the lamp-light fell full upon the page. Was he really reading? Dorigen wondered, looking up timidly after a time, and seeing the pale, stern profile and the fixed look that was in the deep-set grey eyes. She saw more than these, and unconsciously her eyes dilated, and her colour came and went swiftly as she began to divine how it might be with him in that strange, unkind silence. There was a drawn, pathetic look about the mouth under the short moustache, that told only too plainly of conflict,—hard, sorrowful conflict; and unerring intuition told her that the conflict concerned herself. Did he care for her? In that instant she knew that he did, and the knowledge made her heart leap within her. Let all else be, then, if he loved her. Then swiftly came the fear, "But I am not worthy of his love. I am too young, too ignorant, too childish, too inefficient. I am not *enough* for him; and this he knows, and this he will not overpass. So it is that he has conflict; so it is that he must be silent." Then her eyes drooped under the new knowledge, and her head sank on her hand. "He must always keep this silence!" she said with slower pulse and heavier breathing. "He will always keep this silence!"

But after this turbulence calm came down, and peace. *If he loved her his love was enough.*

So in this strange, mute way the scene was lived out. The minutes went slowly, being so weighted, so full: the clock ticked each one away with emphasis and emotion. "The last hour!" it said; "the last! . . . the last! . . . the last!" Each swing of the pendulum affirmed it. "The last hour! . . . the last! . . . the last! . . . the last!"

Had she been hoping all day for this? Had the rain fallen in her favour for this? Had every circumstance conspired to bring them together on this last evening for this?

Then the old clock in the corner changed its burden, and said, "Only for this! . . . for this! . . . for this! . . . for this!"

Not the slightest movement in either escaped the other. Mr. Salvain knew that the child beside him had not turned the page of her book for an hour. She knew that during the same space of time he had not changed the position of his newspaper.

More than once he looked at his watch. "He is wishing for Mrs. Salvain and Joanna to come back," the girl said to herself, knowing that the first sound of the wheels would strike the hour of her hope's ending.

It was not a question of hours now, but of minutes. Would he not speak once? Would he not lift his eyes to look into hers once? She was watching him closely that she might not lose the boon if it were given.

And he? He marvelled at her long silence and stillness, praying only that it might last to the end.

Why should such a passage in any life-history be written down? Why not have changed it all, and given a tragic scene, with passionate words, despairing tears, and histrionic gestures? It might have been done quite easily. But are the great turning-points of life always scenic? Does not Fate sometimes stand by with a finger on her lip while the wheel turns in utter noiselessness? Looking back through its effects upon your whole after-life, you can discern the hour that was so full of importance, but you perceive with surprise how little it lends itself to picturesque description. To this day your soul is saddened by it, your life coloured and changed by it, and yet it is as a story without a point, a composition without a theme, a picture with no sufficient motive.

The sound of the wheels came at last, grinding down heavily more than the gravel on the path. Mr. Salvain rose to open the door: a white, stricken face was lifted to his, and he could not but see it. The sight was sharper than a stroke of steel. One moment he stood, silent under the shock of impulse,

then he put out his hand, laying it upon the child's head softly, tenderly. "God bless you!" he said in broken, reverent tones. "God bless you, little one!" Then he passed on, still suffering, still enduring; but the girl was comforted with a comfort that was upon her through many days that followed upon that last day in Thorsgrif Gill.

* * * * *

That was the end. Dorigen went home next day in the gig with Mr. Salvain and his mother. The new baby had grown, and was a very pretty baby, with round grey-blue eyes, and soft, pale red hair curving and shining all over its head. There was a little smile, as if of welcome, when Dorigen took it in her arms; and that was more than John Gower had for his elder daughter. The man was crushed, changed. Hope was dead in his heart at last, and he knew it.

"You are glad to see me back again, father?" Dorigen asked of him before the day was over.

He looked up for a moment. There was light in his sunken eye, and a word of warmth on his lip, but remembrance struck him and restrained him.

"I shall be glad no more," he said. Then he rose up and went out, leaving his children alone with their mother.

There was change in Mrs. Gower too, and Dorigen was quick to perceive it. The old austerity, the old tendency to perpetual suspicion and repression was gone. A new kindness had come in place of them, a new gentleness of manner, a new softness of look and voice. She listened patiently and with satisfaction to all that Dorigen had to tell of her new friends.

"Anybody might see they'd been good to you," she said, glancing at her daughter with a touch of pride. "You look quite different, as if you'd been years away; an' you're ever so much taller. . . . Oh, but I've thanked Heaven for givin' you such good friends. Mind you try to deserve them, honey. I've thought many a time lately 'at mebbe they'll befriend you when there's nobody else."

"But you're better, mother; you don't feel ill now?"

"No; I'm well enough; but it's borne in upon me strangely 'at there's change comin'. I don't mean only your father's goin' to sea; that's bad enough; but it isn't the worst, I'm fearin'. There's more than I can tell a child like you. An' it's you I think of most. I've thought of you a deal lately, an' I've dreamed of you at nights almost ever since you went

away; an' such strange dreams they are. I seem to see you in a strange country; an' all alone, always alone; an' always in the dark, with rain an' wind beatin' upon you till you scarce can stand. An' you never seem to know the way, an' there's never nobody to tell you. Night after night I've woke your father with cryin' an' sayin', 'O show her the way! Will nobody tell her which way to go?' An' then I get to sleep again, an' dream the same thing all over again; but nobody ever comes to show you the way."

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It was not a bright home-coming; and though Dorigen quietly slipped back into the old life, it was yet lived with a difference, a wider and deeper difference than any one dreamed. That high tide of emotion which had lifted her soul from itself had borne her onward and upward to a loftier region of living and thinking. And there was more light in that higher region—light which illuminated existence on every side, so that not the smallest deed seemed to be really small, or without its influence upon the future.

It was natural, almost inevitable, that a certain half-poetic yet wholly real asceticism should grow out of this new carefulness of thought, word, and deed. Day by day, without her knowing it, the commonness of the common life about her grew more apparent, more distasteful. It was as if some influence which she herself could not discern were descending between her and the people who yet looked upon her with kindly glance, and spoke in tones of half-wondering deference. It was no matter for pride, nor yet for regret; indeed, it was no occasion for speculative thought of any kind. The atmosphere about each of us is intangible, and less to be felt by ourselves than by others. Only the rude and spiritually insensible ignore it; and you shall gauge a man's character by the easy obtuseness with which he pushes through the natural outworks of your individuality, and shows how much he considers himself at home with you by crushing his way boldly among the finest and most cherished of your secret emotions. For one to show his capacity for human irreverence is to betray his soul's shallowness as nothing else can betray it; and no intimation shall excuse the vulgarity of flippant manner and overfamiliar speech. Moreover, the human being from whose unseasonable and untempered forwardness you have once had to shrink shall never again command your full confidence.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

By THE EDITOR.

DEATH has of late been busy among the chiefs of our Scottish universities, for of their five Principals, no less than four have been cut off within a brief period. Sir Alexander Grant, of Edinburgh, was the first to be taken; his departure was quickly followed by that of the Principal of Aberdeen; and now within five months, the two Principals of St. Andrews have been removed from scenes which must ever be associated with their names.

It is no passing cloud of sorrow which rests on the most ancient and picturesque of our universities, for St. Andrews can never be, to many of us, the same again. In September, John Shairp, the accomplished Principal of St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's, was buried near his old, romantic home in Linlithgowshire; and in February, the remains of the beloved Principal of St. Mary's were followed by a crowd of sorrowing mourners gathered from far and near; and as the chill snow-showers drove along the wintry sea, he was laid to rest near the precincts of the cathedral, and almost under the shadow of the tower of St. Regulus.

Shairp and Tulloch were typical men, alike in lofty tone and in their intense patriotism, while wholly dissimilar in many other characteristics. Shairp—poetic, contemplative, and pure as a saint—had drunk in the very soul of Wordsworth. He delighted in nature. Armed with his long hazel stick, and protected by his plaid, it was his custom to wander far and wide over Highland moors and among Border solitudes, sleeping in any shepherd's cot, and crooning as he walked some old ballad or Gaelic song. Modern "progress" had little attraction for him, and he had less liking still for the so-called "Broad" section of the Church, to which so many of his earliest and dearest friends more or less belonged, such as Arnold, Stanley, Jowett, Norman Macleod. His sympathies seemed to be equally divided between the Evangelicalism of earnest Scotch Presbyterianism and the devotional charm of the Oxford of Newman and Keble. Tulloch, on the other hand, rejoiced in the intellectual life of the time, and was one of the chief representatives of the liberal thought which has of late years been remoulding the spirit of the Scottish Church. His influence was wholly on the side of "a sweet reasonable-

ness," and of a wide toleration. He had for many a day, in common with others who have passed away and whose memories are now universally revered, to bear the burden of suspicion, and to endure the hard names of "Latitudinarian," and "Rationalist," but these things did not shake his loyalty to conviction. Uniting rich stores of learning with a commanding eloquence, he fulfilled a leading part in enlarging, to the healthy measure of its present freedom, the once narrow limits of Scottish theology. His life was full to the brim with an ardent sympathy, which made him respond with intense keenness to the demands which the age made on his Christian enthusiasm. His bodily appearance was a true exponent of his inner nature. In any gathering of men at which he was present he at once attracted attention. His manly form carried aloft a head which might have served as a study for an Apollo, his countenance beamed with intelligence, and his splendid eye, when his feelings were roused, literally blazed with fervour. Tender as a child, and moved to tears by the slightest thrill of pathos, he would, when touched by anything he deemed intolerant, ungenerous, or dishonest, rise into bursts of the most passionate oratory. The term "broad churchman" does not always convey a complete representation of the person so designated. There are some who assume the title and display the narrowest bigotry regarding all dogmas but their own. There are others who with a bitter cynicism have nothing to offer but the hard stone of negation to hungry hearts crying for bread. But Tulloch was broad in the best sense, for his large tolerance of spirit was combined with a burning love to God and Christ and to his brother man. There has been no man in Scotland for several years so many-sided. He was widely read in men as well as in books, for he had travelled extensively in Europe and America, and had the power of attracting confidences.

He was little more than a youth when he was appointed to the chair of theology in St. Andrews. Beyond one or two reviews, notably one on the "Hippolytus of Bunsen," he had done little in literature. But Bunsen had been charmed by his review, and wrote strongly in favour of its author to Lord Palmerston. The credit of Tulloch's appointment belongs, however, to Lord

Palmerston himself, who, it is said, was so struck by what he saw of Tulloch during an evening spent with him in a country house, that he said to their host, "Why should we not appoint this young minister to the vacant chair?" It was not long before Tulloch abundantly vindicated his choice. Perhaps the ablest of all his works was published the following year, and from that date till his death his literary labours were incessant. To the disgrace of Government many of the chairs in our universities are kept at starvation allowance. Tulloch's chair was miserably endowed, and he was accordingly forced, as much by circumstances as by a laudable ambition, to slave at literature. Books, reviews, magazine articles followed one another in swift succession from his versatile and always brilliant pen. From its first outset he was a large contributor to the pages of GOOD WORDS. Always graceful and vigorous in diction, his works displayed extraordinary aptitude. There is a wide distance between the closely reasoned arguments of his work on "Theism" or on "Rational Religion and Christian Philosophy," and his wise counsels to young men in "Beginning Life;" and when we reckon how that distance was filled up by various excursions into the region of history or of spiritual experience, we can calculate the variety and richness of his accomplishments.

For many years his labours, outside of the duties proper to his chair, were almost entirely literary, and, more than once, the mental strain caused by ceaseless toil so injured his health that he had to seek rest abroad. His overwrought brain affected his nervous system with a distress which those who have suffered similarly describe as being worse than acute pain. I cannot forget the joy with which the bright-souled and good man greeted my brother, Norman Macleod, and me when we were at Athens on our way home from a tour in Palestine in 1864. He was then recovering from a "break-down" which had brought with it the usual accompaniment of nervous weakness and depression. Among other happy incidents during our stay in Greece, we made an excursion together to Marathon, and never did two congenial spirits leap forth in more brilliant talk than did the two friends whose life-work is now over. It was one of those bright April days which in that climate out-rival our richest summer glory. We drove in the clear, sunny air up past Lycobettus and by the shallow valley of the Ilissus, and on between the ranges of Hy-

mettus and Pentelicus, by a road which was of primitive structure, and escorted by soldiers who represented law in a State where the traveller ran the danger of meeting banditti within a mile or two of the capital. These conditions gave zest to our enjoyment of the scenery—the copses of chestnut and oak, the picturesque villages, and still more picturesque peasantry, the glimpses of blue mountains, whose very names were a romance, and the slips of bluest sea that looked like bits of sky islanded upon earth. The interchange was ceaseless of humour and pathos, of what was most ludicrous with what was most solemn. We rested for an hour or two on the Tumulus under which the warriors are buried who fell in the immortal struggle. The traditional tomb of Miltiades was but a few yards off, and we were surrounded by the mountains that "look on Marathon" and on the wide bay opening into the sea, beyond which arose the rugged hills of Eubœa. Tulloch and Macleod were at their best that day, and simply revelled in their almost boyish enjoyment of every incident.

In his later years Tulloch entered more than he had previously done into the arena of active public life. He was on the Commission on Education during its temporary existence, and his subsequent appointment to the Chief Clerkship of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and his elevation to the chair of Moderator, brought him into close contact with the business of the Church. For the last few years of his life he was recognised as the chief leader, the most forcible debater, and the wisest counsellor the Church possessed. For, although Presbyterianism avows the principle of ministerial equality, it can never refuse to acknowledge the dominating influence which supreme talent or strength of character must always exercise. It has thus always one or two unnamed bishops, who gain an authority that is at once free and almost unquestioned. The Assembly of the Church is the nearest thing to a parliament which Scotland now possesses, and he who gains the place of trusted leader must have many rare gifts. Latterly Tulloch was compelled to champion the Church in a warfare that was uncongenial to his nature. He played the most important part among churchmen in resisting the movement for Disestablishment. He had no taste for controversy of this nature, and in some respects his temperament did not always fit him for its conduct, but there was no man in the country who could have

rendered to the Church the service that Tulloch gave. Over and over again he protested—sometimes with touching pathos—against the necessity which carried him away from other and more congenial pursuits. But he was too strong a man to take refuge in literary retirement when public duty called him to don his armour. There are men of culture who affect a cosmopolitanism so colourless as to make them despise what they are pleased to regard as the mere provincialisms of Scottish Church life. There are cockney-

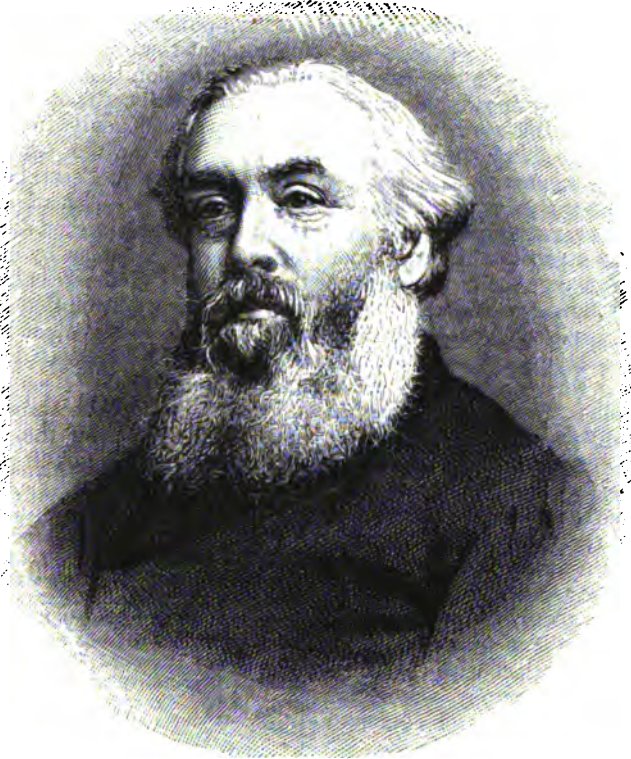
men who scarcely understand the questions in dispute and are ignorant of the growth of their own national life. Tulloch was too patriotic, his sympathies as an historical student were too true, not to perceive the value of the old traditions, institutions, and habits, which had moulded a people, and so he threw himself with a devotion, which it is feared hastened the

fatal end, into the turmoil of the recent election. He had indeed always been a keen politician. During the time he was editor of *Fraser's Magazine* he not only wrote many articles of a purely political character, but was brought into close contact with the leading men of the Liberal party of which he was a member. He proved himself an admirable editor, but the labour which fell on him when he had to conduct a magazine published in London, while he himself had so many onerous duties in St. Andrews, was more than his strength admitted, and it is believed

that he never recovered the effects of that attempt.

I have scarcely ever known a more chivalrous soul, and his loss appears irreparable at this moment to many of us in Scotland. We had no man who in recent years touched the national sentiment at so many points, or who stood forth so prominently in many fields of interest. We have men of culture and men of action; we have ecclesiastics of many types, great preachers and great leaders; we have men of letters and men of administra-

tive capacity; but we have no man who so combined all these gifts, and who so elevated them all by the nobility of his character and his catching enthusiasm. He is mourned by all classes. The news "Tulloch is dead," came with the shock of a personal loss to thousands who had never even seen him, but who had learned to love him and feel proud of him for their



From a Photograph by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.

country's sake. Since the death of Norman Macleod no Scottish churchman enjoyed so much of the confidence of the Queen, who has in many ways and with characteristic graciousness expressed her sense of his loss. He was not an old man—only sixty-three years of age—when he was struck down. But to all who knew him—worn in health and wearied in heart and brain—the thought that he is at rest may relieve the grief which in its selfishness would dwell more on the sadness of the bereavement to themselves, to their church and country, than on the peace that is now his.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS.

II.—WORDS IN THEIR INFANCY.

THERE are not many words whose history, like that of *Fortuna*, can be traced back without a break from their old age to their very birth, but whenever this can be done, we invariably find that, like *Fors* and *Fortuna*, every word expressed in the beginning something that could be handled or smelt or seen or heard. Every word, in fact, has had to spend some time in the cradle and in the nursery, and during that period there is little call for abstract ideas or sublime conceptions.

For some reason or other a certain class of philosophers has always protested, and is still protesting, against this view, whether it is advocated as a mere theory by sagacious thinkers like Locke, or proved as a fact by the students of language. They seem to consider it almost as an indignity that language should have started with such poor and home-spun materials, and should not from the very first have been endowed with general, abstract, spiritual, and sublime ideas—should have been earth-born, in fact, not heaven-born. But why should these idealistic philosophers feel uneasy on that score? When will people learn that in order to know what a thing is, we must always try to learn what it can become? As far as any outward signs of language and reason are concerned, no doubt a baby is no better than a puppy. But an infant, that is to say, a being that speaks *not yet*, grows into a speaker, a puppy never develops into anything but a barker. Aristotle would have said that with regard to language a baby and a puppy were alike *actually*, but not so *virtually*. I confess I like these old technical terms, if only they are properly understood, and it is by no means easy to replace them by more telling words. We might say that there is virtue in the baby, but not in the puppy; and that though the infant does not speak as yet in very deed, there is in it a germ which sooner or later will unfold—will blossom and bear fruit. Aristotle, who was one of the first to struggle with these distinctions, called what we call germ or power or force *δύναμις*, which in Latin was rendered both by *potentia* and *virtus*, while what was perceptible in act or deed was said by him to exist *ἐνέργεια*, which mediæval philosophers have translated by *actû*. When we now use these words *virtually* and *actually*, we

hardly remember to whom we owe them; nay, we sometimes imagine that it was reserved to the nineteenth century to discover the constant transition of the *virtual* into the *actual*—the very essence of evolution and development—a misconception which has lately received a well-deserved castigation at the hands of Professor Huxley.*

But it is strange that not philosophers only, but philologists also, nay, even comparative philologists, seem to have a kind of feeling that there is something disheartening in the confession that language is entirely of the earth, earthy. They would like to make an exception, if only in favour of a few words. Thus, while Cousin pleads as a philosopher for at least two words—*je*, I, and *être*, to be—as of equivocal birth, G. Curtius, whose recent death will long be felt as a real calamity by all who have the true interests of the science of language at heart, claims an exemption from the general rule for at least three pet roots of his own, viz., *MAN*, to think; *SMAR*, to remember; and *GNÂ*, to know.

Cousin, in his "Lectures on the History of Philosophy during the Eighteenth Century" (Paris, 1871, vol. ii. p. 274), writes,—

"I shall give you two words, and I shall ask you to trace them back to primitive words expressive of sensible ideas. Take the word *je*. This word, at least in all languages known to me, is not to be reduced, not to be decomposed; it is primitive, and expresses no sensible idea; it represents nothing but the meaning which the mind attaches to it; it is a pure, true sign, without any reference to any sensible idea. The word *être* is exactly in the same case; it is primitive and altogether intellectual. I know of no language in which the French verb *être* is rendered by a corresponding word that expresses a sensible idea; and therefore it is not true that *all* the roots of language in their last analysis are signs of sensible ideas!"

A "sensible idea" is a horrible mixture, but supposing that it is meant for a sensuous percept, there is no difficulty any longer in discovering a very definite percept which is at the bottom of *être*. The French *être* has passed no doubt through many vicissitudes, and it really stands for so monstrous a grammatical blunder as *essere* instead of *esse*. It does not stand for *stare*, as has been sometimes supposed, though *stare* was used to express the concept of mere being in the French *être*, *je suis être*, i.e. *ego sum status*. The question therefore is whether we are able to

discover something earthy even in so airy a concept as *être*, to be. Without entering here into the whole history of that word of which I have treated elsewhere,* I think I may safely say that *AS*, which is the corresponding form in Sanskrit, meant originally to breathe, just as *BHŪ* (*fui*, *φύω*) meant to grow, *VAS* (Germ. *wesen*, *I was*) to dwell, *VART* (Germ. *werden*) to turn. All these are what Cousin would call very sensible ideas; and in the same way, whenever we press hard on the so-called auxiliary verbs, they will always disclose behind their faded features clear traces of an original purpose very definite, very palpable, very sensible.

The case is somewhat different with *je*, *ego*. This pronoun does certainly not express what Cousin would call a sensible idea, but, like all pronouns, it is simply demonstrative, pointing to something in space or time, not very different originally from the Greek *ὅς* or *ὅδε*, this man, i.e. I.

It might be said, no doubt, that Cousin produced these objections a long time ago, and at a time when the results of comparative philology had not yet become the common property of all educated people. This is true. But what shall we say then of Curtius? Though he too is sometimes represented as *passé*, I doubt whether very much that is really new and true has been added to the permanent capital of the science of language by those who are constantly telling us themselves that they have far outstripped him. By all means let us all outstrip one another, and let us readily confess that in some things the young are sure to outstrip the old. Curtius was the very last man to grudge the younger philologists their new discoveries, their more minute distinctions, their filigree work traced on the somewhat cyclopean walls on which the founders of our science had erected their noble edifice. He did not object to being criticised; he was ready to learn even from his own pupils. But he certainly seems to have been surprised, as others have been, when those who had built some very useful attics, declared again and again that the first and second floors of the building erected by such men as Bopp, Grimm, and Pott, were no longer fit for respectable people to live in.

Well, I have often differed from Curtius, and he from me; but our differences have generally ended in a mutual understanding, for the simple reason, I believe, that we both cared for truth, and not for victory. I feel no hesitation, therefore, in expressing

my dissent from him even now when he himself can no longer reply, and I deny that the three roots which he mentions* as exceptions to the general rule, that all abstract words are derived from concrete, constitute real exceptions.

With regard to the root *SMAR*, to remember, Latin *memoria*, I have fully shown in a chapter devoted to the root *MAR*,† a parallel form of *SMAR*, that it meant to care, to love, to desire, as we see in Sanskrit *smara*, love, and in Greek *μεμνησθαι*, *μέμνημα*, *λόμπος*, &c., and I have tried to explain by what process the concepts of caring, loving, dwelling on, could be expressed by a root which meant originally to grow soft, to melt, the very concept which is assigned to the root *MAR*, the sister root of *SMAR*.

The root of *GNĀ*, to know, had no doubt reached its abstract meaning in all Aryan languages before the Aryan family was broken up, and that is a long time ago. But we can still perceive that the root *GNĀ* is formed from a root *GAN*, like *MNĀ* from *MAN*, *DHMĀ* from *DHAM*, &c. Now this root *GAN* meant really, I am strong, I can, and originally, I beget, as we may see in such derivatives as *γονεύς*, *parens*, Sk. *ganitā*, *γενετήρ*, *genitor*, &c. A root which originally meant, "I am strong," "I can," and afterwards, "I know," may surely be said to have expressed a very sensible idea. We say in German *Ich kann Griechisch*, in the sense of "I know Greek," and this includes both the practical knowledge, the *τέχνη*, and the theoretical knowledge, the *ἐπιστήμη* of Greek. This *ἐπιστήμη*, or knowledge, is, as Aristotle tells us, the result of repeated *ἐμπειρία*, of practical experience, power, or skill. In Sanskrit *sak* means to be strong or able, the desiderative *siksh* means to learn. We can thus understand how in an early phase of thought, *I can*, *I have mastered*, became *I know*, while in a later phase of language *I know* became *I can*, for, in Anglo-Saxon *ic can*, I can, is really an old preterite of *cunnan*, to know.

There remains, therefore, out of the whole capital of language one root only, *MAN*, to think, of which, according to Curtius, it would be impossible to find a material origin. Let us see whether really we cannot follow up that root also a little farther, and trace it to its homely nursery. We find here again two forms of the same root, *MAN* and *MNĀ*, giving rise to such words as *μένος*, mind, Sk. *manas*, Lat. *mens*, and *re-min-iscor*, but also to *μνήμη*, memory. That this root

* "Lectures on the Origin of Religion," p. 197.

* "Grundzüge der Griechischen Etymologie," p. 109.

† "Lectures on the Science of Language," vol. II., p. 347.

MAN is the same root which we have in μένω, 'I remain, or in Latin *maneo*, has been admitted by Curtius and by most comparative scholars; but Curtius thinks that "the concept of remaining and continuing was secondary, and derived from the primary concept of meditative and hesitative thought as the opposite of quick deed" (l. c. p. 103). Unnatural as this may sound, there is much to be said for it, as for most of Curtius's observations. In the growth of language and thought words do not only change their material into a spiritual, but likewise their spiritual into a material meaning. While at first the quickness of thought is likened to the quickness of lightning or of horses, after a time the quickness of horses is likened to the quickness of thought. As early as the Veda we find horses called *manogava*, "quick like thought." And as thought is not only quick, but, from another point of view, may be said to be slow, Curtius's view is by no means unnatural, and might be supported by not a few analogies. If we ask a man whether he is coming, he might say, "I am thinking," i.e. "I am hesitating." The great *Cunctator*, *Fabius*, might really be translated as the thoughtful general if, as Curtius thinks, *cunctari* is connected with the Sk. *SANK*, to ponder, the Gothic *hugjan*.

But in spite of all this, everything seems to me to point in a different direction when we are looking for the true origin of MAN, to think. The fact that MAN would be the only root which started with an abstract meaning would alone be enough to make us feel very doubtful. But there is stronger evidence in support of the theory that MAN meant first to remain, or, in a causative sense, to make remain, to stop, to hold; and that it afterwards only took the meaning of holding, remembering, thinking. I am almost afraid to quote Aristotle once more, for we have of late been told so often that he is antiquated, and that in our days a knowledge of Plato and Aristotle rather disqualifies than qualifies a man for giving an opinion on any philosophical questions. However, I shall summon up courage and point out how Aristotle clearly saw in the remaining of impressions the origin of remembering or thinking. After stating that all animals possess sensation, he divides them into two classes—those whose sensations remain (*μνήμη*) and those whose sensations do not remain. Those whose sensations do not remain possess no knowledge (*γνῶσις*) beyond sensation, while those whose sensations do remain are again divided by him into two classes, according as they are able or not

to gather the permanent sensations which remain (*λόγος*). The process, therefore, by which, according to Aristotle, thought arises is first sensation (*αἰσθησις*); then permanence (*μνήμη* or *μνήμη*, memory). Then from repeated acts of memory comes experience (*ἐμπειρία*); and lastly, from experience arise both art (*τέχνη*) and knowledge (*ἐπιστήμη*), which deal with the one in the many, that is with the general, and constitute in fact what we call the acts of the mind. If this should be called a very primitive analysis of our mental development it will answer our purpose all the better; for it will make it all the more plausible that what struck Aristotle as the first step leading from sensation to thought may have been in the minds of the early framers of language also, when they chose the root MAN, to remain or retain, which we have in *μνήμη*, to express the act of memory, *μνήμη*, and what is closely connected with memory, Sk. *manas*, μένος, *mens*, *mind*.

No doubt every one of these words took its own peculiar colouring from the atmosphere in which it was brought up. No doubt also there is still a great step from mere memory to thought. But so there is from a shepherd to a king (*gopa*), from a hearth to a temple (*aedes*); and yet the name of the one grows slowly and imperceptibly into the name of the other.

Nor is there any real weight in the objection that μένω and *manere* are intransitive verbs, meaning to remain and not to retain. Most ancient verbs can be applied both in a transitive and an intransitive sense, and language to supply its wants took as great liberties in ancient as in modern times, when, instead of *subvenit mihi aliquid*,* "something comes up in my mind," we say *je m'en souviens*, "I remember it."

But if it should seem strange that what we call *memory* was expressed at first as that which *remains*, and that to *remember* should have been conceived as holding back or causing to remain, let us consider that our own word *recollection* comes originally from a very rough and ready word, namely from *re-colligo*, to bind together, while *intelligo*, i.e. *inter-ligo*, meant much the same, namely to bind or combine one thing with another, and *cogito*, i.e. *co-agito*, was originally no more than joining together. Intellectual acts which go beyond mere sensation are over and over again expressed by words which meant originally to hold back or to hold together.

* Gell. xix. 7, 2, "Ut quæque vox digna animadverti subvenerat, memoris mandabamus."

Thus to *apprehend* meant to take hold of, to *comprehend* to hold together, just as in German we have *ergreifen*, to grip, i.e. to apprehend, *begreifen* to comprehend. In Sanskrit *upa-labh*, to take hold of, is likewise used in the sense of apprehending and perceiving. *Percipere* from meaning to seize, came to mean to perceive (*percipere animo et memoria custodire*, Cic. de Or. i. 28, 127); *concupere*, to lay hold of on all sides, was used in the same sense, though in time it took more prominently the sense of understanding, thus preparing the modern distinction between *percept* and *concept*, the one sensuous, the other intellectual. From *nehmen*, *capere*, we have not only *wahrnehmen*, to perceive, but likewise the German name of reason, *Vernunft*. *Vorstellen* in German means to stand or place before, and a *Vorstellung* was originally used in the sense of an image placed before the mind. The question whether *Verstand* comes from the same source, and meant originally the act of stopping, arresting, or holding sensations, is extremely difficult to answer. If it were so, this derivation would throw some light on the equally difficult word *ἐπιστήμη*, understanding, knowledge, which seems to be connected with *ἐπιστάμι*, to stop, and more particularly with *ἐπιστάσις*, which means stopping, but is often used in the sense of attention or noticing. In that case, *understanding* also would perhaps receive some rays of light, though, at present, its formation and first intention are still involved in much doubt.

And as the names of our intellectual faculties, which are mostly expressions for various acts performed by them, lead us back invariably to the simplest occupations of the child which stops, seizes, holds, gathers, it may be smells and tastes whatever is brought within his grasp, other names also of that which is supposed to be within us, call it mind, or spirit, or soul, or anything else, disclose much more primitive meanings whenever we succeed in discovering their baptismal certificates. Thus *spirit* meant at first no more than breath, then life, then soul, then mind. *Animus* is connected with *anima*, air. I still know no better etymology of *soul*, though it has been much attacked, than that which connects it with the Gothic *saiwala*, and with *saiws*, the sea, and traces these words back to the same root which appears in Greek *σείω*, I shake (Lobeck. Rhemat., 112), a root which Curtius identified with the Sanskrit root *SHṬ*, *prerane*, to set in motion. Though this derivation must remain somewhat uncertain, the possibility of forming a

name of the emotions and passions within us from roots expressive of violent external motion is fully shown by the Greek *θυμός*, which, as even Plato knew (Crat. p. 419), is closely connected with *θύω* to rush, to rage, from which *θύελλα*, a gale and similar words. I must confess that it was chiefly this remark of Plato in the Cratylus (p. 419) that *θυμός* is so called from the raging and boiling of the soul that led me to suppose* that the idea of boiling might be also at the root of such words as *Geist* in German and *ghost* in English, AS. *gást*. To boil in Greek is *ζέω* for *ζέωω*, from which *ζέσις*, boiling, and probably also *ζήλος*, ardour, zeal. In Sanskrit the same verb exists as *yas* and *yesh*, which would account for Old High-German *jes-en*, to ferment, from which AS. *gyst* (for *geost*). The representation of a Sanskrit *y* by a Teutonic *g* has been needlessly called in question, for we see it regularly in such forms as Middle High-German *gise*, *jas*, *jären*, *gejēsen*; in *gist*, foam, by the side of *gest* and *jest*, yeast. In Icelandic *geisa* means to chafe and rage, and in Swedish dialects *gajst* means a sharp wind. I still think, therefore, as I did in 1861, that *ghost* and *Geist* may come from the same root, and I may now refer to Grimm's Dictionary, s.v. *Geist*, in support of my theory and in explanation of certain peculiar changes of the vowels of this very root. Why the name of the famous *Geysir* in Iceland should not come from the same root, though with a modified vowel, I cannot see; and even the name of *Gas*, though it is an artificial word, seems to me to have been formed under the influence of these words. It was the Belgian chemist Von Helmont (died 1644), who, as Dr. Skeat informs us, invented the two words *Gas* and *Blas*; and in inventing them he had no doubt in his mind the Dutch *geest*, a volatile liquid, and *blazen*, to blow.

If we think of other words for spirit, soul, or mind, they all tell us the same tale. As we speak of the *heart* and the *brain*, the Greeks spoke of the midriff, *φρένες*; the heart, *καρδία*, *κάρ*, *ήτορ*; and even of the liver, *ήπαρ*; while *ψυχή*, which expressed in time almost everything that goes on within us, meant originally no more than spirit or breath.†

Whatever words we take which now express the most abstract and spiritual concepts, they have all passed through their infancy and early youth, and during that time they were flesh and bone, and little else.

* "Lectures on the Science of Language," i., p. 424.

† For further information on this point see "On the Philosophy of Mythology," in *Selected Essays*, vol. i. pp. 694-97.

What was the original meaning of to consider? It meant star-gazing. In Latin it is frequently used together with *contemplare*, to contemplate, and that is derived from *templum*, a space marked out in the heavens for the observation of auguries. The Latin *percontari*, to interrogate, to examine, comes from *contus*, the Greek *κοῦρός*, a pole used for punting and for feeling the bottom of a river (Donat. ad Ter. Hec. I. 2, 2). To govern was originally *guvernare*, to steer, formed from the Greek *κυβερνᾶν*, to steer, and this from *κύβερνον*, *guvernum*, the helm, the rudder, possibly so called because it was a slightly bent pole attached to a ship, and derived from *κύρνω*, to bend, from which *κύβδα*, bent forward, &c. (See Schmidt, *Vocalismus*, p. 162). When we hear of an exploded error, we are apt to think of an explosion, as if the exploded error was like an exploded bomb, burst and harmless. But to *explode* meant originally to slap the hands till an actor took off his mask or left the stage, as Cicero says: *E scena non modo sibilis sed etiam convicio explodebantur*. We see nothing strange when we speak of *weighing* our arguments or *pondering* the etymology of a word. Why should we wonder at the French using *penser*, i.e. *pensare*, to weigh, in the sense of thinking? We speak of well-weighed statements, and in the same sense the Romans said *exactus*, exact, from *exigere*, to drive out the tongue of a balance, to weigh carefully. Such a careful weighing was called *exagium*, the French *essai*, the English *Essay*, which is always supposed to be a careful and exact treatment of a subject.

What is sagacity? The Romans themselves tell us that *sagacitas* applies primarily to the keenness of scent in dogs. They tell us of a goose being more keen-scented than dogs, *canibusque sagacior anser* (Ov. M. xi.

599), and speak of man as an animal *providum, sagax, multiplex, acutum, memor, plenum rationis et consilii* (Cic. Leg. i. 7, 22). But what is the origin of the word *sagax*? Cicero derives *sagax* from *sāgira*. "*Sāgira*," he says, "*sentire acute est: ex quo sāgas anus quia multa scire volunt; et sāgaces dicti canes. Is igitur qui ante sāgit quam oblata res est, dicitur praesāgira, id est futura ante sentire.*" Classical scholars will probably be shocked at the idea of deriving *sagax* with a short a, from *sāgira* with a long, but nothing is more common than the change of *ā* to *a*, when there is a reason for it. In one sense, however, they are quite right. *Sāgira* is derived not from *sagax*, but from *sāgus*, like *sacvire* from *sacvus*; but for all that *sagax* and *sāgus* sprang originally from the same root.

But what is that root? I believe it was Lottner, himself a man of great sagacity, who first proposed to connect *sagax* and *sāgus* with Greek *ἡγεῖσθαι*. In Greek *ἡγεῖσθαι* means to lead and to think, just as *dūcere* in Latin. This *ἡγεῖσθαι* cannot possibly be derived from *ἄγω*, though not only classical scholars think so, but even Curtius (*Grundzüge*, p. 171). But it may be connected with the English *to seek*, the AS. *sokian*, so that a dog was at first called *sagax* because he led well or sought well, because he was a good pointer. This implied his possessing a keen scent, and hence the applicability of the word sagacity even in the case of a Prime Minister, who must be a good leader, a good seeker, a good pointer, and, let us hope, a good retriever also.

We have thus seen how important in the biography of words must always be the chapter of their nursery recollections. We shall see hereafter how the school days also have left their lasting impression on the character of many words.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

CORNER MEN.

By AN EAST-END WORKER.

CORNER men, technically speaking, are the "end" or "corner" performers of "nigger minstrel troupes," the men who "rattle their bones" or thumb the tambourine, who crack the stale jokes, ask and answer the old conundrums, and grin ghastly grins, under the delusion that their facial contortions are humorously illustrative of negro character. But when corner men are spoken of in my district—and there the phrase is familiar as household words—it

is not the "coloured comedians" that are meant. It is street corner men—the no-visible-means-of-support class of men who, in low quarters, are constantly to be seen "hanging out" at street corners. Most people will at times have caught a glimpse of odd groups of this species, and will have been quite content to have had no more than a glimpse of them. Even to those who are used to them, who are perforce their neighbours, they are a nuisance, while by

strangers who have to run the gauntlet past their favourite corners they are often regarded with terror, and that not without reason.

My district, unfortunately for itself, furnishes forth a large contingent of the ignoble army of corner men. It lies "handy" to the docks, and includes within its own proper area some extensive wharves and a number of large workshops and factories engaged in industries requiring river frontage for their operations. It thus serves to give greater colour than do most other districts to the universal pretence of corner men, to the effect that they are, in hard weather, literally, and at other times metaphorically—

"All froze out poor labouring men,
Who have got no work to do."

They dress the character, and the elder men dress it very true to life, in the material and fashion of their clothing. But the dirtiness of their garments—which is always very pronounced—is the ingrained, unwholesome dirtiness that comes of long wear without washing, not the mere surface-stain or grime of the wharf or workshop. The younger men are not always so accurate in their "get up." They evince a tendency to cheap flashiness, or, as they would call it, "ikeyness" of attire. Their trousers, though cord, are of a tight-legged, horsey build. Their coats, though of the slop-made order, and with a second-hand look about them, are very much "cut away" and bepocketed. Their caps are of the most "knowing" patterns, and they "go for" high-coloured neckerchiefs, which they wear tightly "wisped" round their necks. Like the elder members of their brotherhood, they describe themselves as labourers, but they have much more the air of—to use another phrase of their own—"fighting men out of work." Even the older men do not look their assumed character perfectly. They are at fault in some of the most characteristic touches of the unconscious by-play which marks the genuine toiler.

Occasionally *bond-fide* labourers temporarily out of employment will be found mingling with the corner men; but they are easily distinguishable from them by those who are at all expert in such matters. More likely than not they will be dressed in *clean* working clothes, or otherwise their apparel will show the difference of dirt-stain, already spoken of. They do not keep their hands so deeply or so habitually thrust into their pockets, and

their hands, when visible, have a larger and harder look. They come on the ground later than the habitual loafers—in fact, only turn up at the corner after doing a round in search of work, and finding it "no go" for the day. They have not the stolid expression of the "regulars." There is more speculation in their eye, more animation as well as anxiety in their manner. They smoke comparatively clean pipes, take no part in "jollyng" passers-by, and do not affect the corner for any great length of time at a stretch.

By these and other signs the real "froze-out" labourer can, as we have said, be readily discriminated from the habitual corner man. The latter personage will at times engage in a passing stroke of some more or less *outré* or holidayish kind of work. He will carry a banner in a public procession. If he can manage to beg, borrow, or steal a clothes-brush, he will adventure to the Derby as a "duster," or, lacking a brush, he will go as a booth assistant, or any form of *irregular* odd-job man. Sometimes he puts in an appearance at suburban race-meetings in the congenial character of a "ramper." That is to say, he is engaged with other roughs to get up the disturbances, or "ramps," under which "welshers" seek to cover their betting operations or secure their retreat. With corner men generally a contested election is a favourite event. While the contest is in progress they are, in slang phraseology, "all on the job." They abandon their corners *pro tem.*; and make their hanging-out points around committee-rooms and meeting-halls. For a small consideration, either in money or malt, they will serve as claquers. At meetings that are expected to be, or that it is intended to make "warm," they act either as "sloggers" or "chuckers-out," according to the side by which they are engaged. "For these occasions only" they will even condescend to sandwiching. Election sandwiching is paid for at higher rates than ordinary advertisement sandwiching, more especially if the boardman happen to be—as is often enough the case in these latter days—a voter, or is taken on to oblige a voter. These election boards can be carried with more of an air of doing it for the fun of the thing than can theatre or trade boards. Lastly, though not leastly, the boards often serve as a passport to the places where drink is to be had "on the cheap," by those who are "in the know." One way or another a modest share of the money, and a more than fair share of the drink, that

usually flow free during a contested election, finds its way to the corner-men class—which rejoices accordingly, and only regrets that there is not a “bloomin’” general election every three months.

When not engaged in some such occupations as we have been indicating, your corner man just slouches round. The favourite loafing-ground of the species in my district is a junction corner formed by the converging of three narrow streets, of the slummy order, upon the broad High Street, at a point occupied by one of the largest gin palaces of the quarter. Here, pipe in mouth and hands in pocket, they hang about, literally in scores, from nine or ten in the morning till seven or eight at night, after which latter time they begin to thin off, finding their way into the public-houses. To obtain drink at the expense of others is their being’s end and aim. Heavy and unobservant as they appear, they are keenly watchful either to seize or make opportunities for “putting their faces into” pots of malt or glasses of spirituous liquor. In their own fashion they are fishers of men. They are constantly on the look-out to capture any stray members of the class who are commonly spoken of as having more money than sense; or, as they slangily but more concisely put it, to “land a mug.” A commonplace passing mug who is only good for a pot or two they will take to the gin-palace, but when they succeed in landing one who is “real jam”—say a sailor just paid off and already half-seas-over—they prefer to “perform on him” in one of the snug little pubs of the side streets. They, of course, select a shady establishment, and if the “mug” finally gets away from the place with whole bones and “skinned” of nothing more than his ready cash, he will have reason to consider himself fortunate. During the daytime “mugs” are rather few and far between, but at night the corner men *will* make their way into the public-houses, even if to do so they resort to the desperate expedient of sets of them subscribing among themselves the price of a pot of “four” ale. With that amount in hand they can confer the freedom of the bar upon themselves, and once at the bar they will by dint of sponging, supplemented by a little self-help where they see any chance of practising it safely, generally contrive to get a “skinful.”

To insult passers-by, to outrage their ears with blasphemous and obscene language, and above all to force them into the muddy roadway, is with corner men almost a point of honour. To howl after, pelt, or hunt any

deformed or imbecile person, or other such unfortunate whose evil hap it may be to come in their way, they esteem the highest form of wit. It is only when amusements of this kind fail them that in their lighter moments they indulge in horseplay among themselves. Their jokes, however, even with each other, are so *very* practical, not to say brutal; their playfulness so pronouncedly of a “rough-and-tumble” character, that they frequently lead either to set pugilistic encounters or free fights. It is only on such occasions, only when there is a row on, that the police ever interfere with the corner men. It may be that they have not the legal right to do so at other times, seeing that when not rowing these loafers fringe themselves along the kerb, and cause no actual obstruction. It certainly cannot be from any good feeling towards them that the police are tolerant. Hatred of the police is a standing article of the corner men’s creed, and the force suffer a good deal of violence at their hands in the work of ejecting members of the class from public-houses, or arresting them for being drunk or disorderly. Over the latter charges corner men are often “in trouble,” but they are not on that account regarded as belonging to the habitual criminal class. At the same time it is no libel to say of them that as a body they are opportunists in respect to the more contemptible and less artistic forms of thievery. They are always prompt to avail themselves of any fortunate chance that may occur for “doing a snatch;” as, for example, “sneaking” a garment from a temporarily unguarded hand-me-down shop, “nicking” a “block ornament” from a butcher’s, or grabbing whatever may come handy from the barrow of any passing coster or fish-hawker, whom the exigences of his trade or the desire for a “drain” has for a moment drawn aside.

As corner men do not work and are not professional thieves, how, it may be asked, do they live? Well, to use an American phrase, they are a good deal “on a rail.” But thin partitions do their bounds divide from the criminal class on the one side, and the pauper class on the other. They have some taint of both those classes, and in individual instances are constantly falling into one or other of them. In their assumed character of “the unemployed” they are determined charity hunters, and in hard times manage by dint of clamour and falsehood to secure to themselves a large share of the bounty intended for the deserving and self-respecting poor. Their one luxury, and they undoubtedly regard it as a luxury, is idle-

ness. Apart from that, they live in a miserable from-hand-to-mouth fashion. For drink, which they esteem "the spice of life which gives it all its flavour," they sponge at large. For such food, shelter, and clothing as fall to their lot they are generally speaking indebted to more industrious relatives; more especially wives, who are compelled to play the part of lions' providers. That the corner-men tribe are a blot on our civilisation goes without

saying. It would be Utopian to expect to altogether eradicate the blot. Nevertheless a good deal might be done towards wiping it out if philanthropists and others who are concerned, or concern themselves, in problems of this kind would by a little study from the life learn to differentiate between the corner-man class and the genuine labouring poor. By what broad signs the former class may be read off at sight we have here set forth.



A Nupé village.

UP THE NIGER TO THE CENTRAL SUDAN.

By JOSEPH THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH MASAI LAND," ETC.

LETTER III.—THE LAND MARCH TOWARDS SOKOTO.

"KONTOKORA, April 22.

"I CAN imagine you looking sadly perplexed on seeing the heading of this letter, and it is doubtful whether any map in your possession will enlighten you as to my whereabouts. I had better make that matter clear. All you require to do is to draw lines through Lat. N. $10^{\circ} 23'$ and Long. E. $5^{\circ} 12'$ to find, or shall I say, spot, the exact

position of Kontokora. Presuming that you have set your mind at ease on this point, I shall resume the story of my wanderings.

"With our arrival at this place we have got over the initial difficulties of our march. We are beyond the jurisdiction of Maliké of Nupé and no special troubles rise gloomily before us; in fact our march to Sokoto is now an assured thing. Yet with all this to encourage me I am not happy. I am as a bruised reed, though still of masculine proportions, and I have lost my self-respect. My thoughts have acquired a bilious cast, and everything appears gloomy as I review my recent history. Can you imagine me as a slave-driver with a whip, or as a London

[NOTE.—The illustrations to this article are from photos. by the Author. By an unfortunate mistake, the titles of the last two illustrations to No. II. were transposed. A Nupé woman appeared as a Yoruba trader and vice versa.]

coal-heaver with my tongue? If not, then please give me in your mind a certificate to the effect that I am rather a good-natured sort of a fellow, not addicted to wrath, or to an illegitimate use of language. In any case I feel the necessity of unburdening my soul to your sympathetic ear, and of invoking the kindly commiseration of a friend, for unhappily among the untutored sons and daughters of this land there is no one to whom I can confide my sorrows.

"But a truce to this nonsense! Let me tell you in plain language what it all means. If I remember rightly I finished off my last letter by expressing a belief that there were stirring times in store for us in our land march. Those expected 'stirring times' did assuredly come, but in a manner I little dreamed of, and with results anything but romantic. They have risen, not from the inhabitants or circumstances of the country, but from our men. For three weeks, Seago and I have had a soul-sickening fight for the mastery with our entire caravan, and in the course of it we have had to brandish our revolvers like transpontine stage brigands, use our fists and our tongues like natives of Billingsgate, and hourly tear the passions to tatters, while our men have jeered at, threatened to murder us, and in a thousand ways to frighten us, and bring our plans to contemptible failure. Can you wonder now why I spoke of myself as a bruised reed? But, mark you, though bruised, I am not squashed. We have not indeed as yet got the upper hand; but we are making headway towards the victory every day, and though we peel our knuckles in the necessary battle, we mean to win and to implant that respect for the white man which the natives have failed to acquire under a foolishly indulgent government on the Coast.

"You will remember that we commenced our march from Rabba on the 9th. Our route lay almost due north to the place where I now write; this direction being taken in the hope that we might find it possible to proceed direct to Sokoto instead of having to take the circuitous route by the river. In moving up the face of the ridge, which here runs parallel to the river, we could not but be struck by the great extent of the ruins of old Rabba, formerly the capital of Nupé. Where now stands a miserable village, a town with its teeming thousands spread far and wide but a very few years ago.

"We had barely left the scarcely distinguishable walls of the once-important town when our reflections on its present desolation and its former life and importance were cut short by an excited messenger arriving from the front with the news that Mr. H. had got his leg broken by the fall of his horse. Hurrying forward we found the unpleasant intelligence only too true. After doing all that was in our power, I dispatched him back to Rabba under the care of Mr. Seago, while I proceeded forward with the men to our first camping ground. A beautiful spring near the half-defaced town of Mokwa afforded a delightful spot. We got little time, however, to rest ourselves and enjoy the beauties of the situation. The remarkable fact that a caravan of such importance should have no king's messenger attached to it, roused the suspicion of the Bida tax-collector (for in all these villages there is not only the native chief, but also a king's man who supervises everything, and collects such tribute as can be screwed out of the unfortunate inhabitants). This important functionary refused to sell us any food; but afterwards by the application of a very judicious mixture of explanations, presents, promises, and threats, the restriction was removed. So far this was satisfactory; yet the incident roused some very unpleasant reflections as to the consequences to us if instructions reached the chiefs to stop supplies and to throw obstacles in our way. Even in our thoughts we scarce dared to imagine the situation. But sanguine ever, we hoped for the best. Time enough to fear troubles when they come.

"As if to secure that nothing should be wanting to damp our spirits, we were visited by a terrible tornado about midnight. Nature appeared in its most awe-inspiring aspects. Furious blasts of wind, pitchy darkness, thunder and lightning right overhead, and drenching rain, all contributed their quota to the grand effect. Our tents were summarily blown down, and to add to the horror of the situation, our horses, which were all fresh unworked stallions, broke loose and fought each other with the utmost fury despite their hobbles. Nothing could be seen except during the vivid flashes, and our own voices and the wild neighing of the horses could only occasionally be heard amid the clamour of the hurricane. When day broke, we all presented a miserable appearance: but we were not to be dismayed, and we pulled ourselves together to resume the march. Much time was consumed finding and capturing the

horses. Then it was discovered that about a dozen country porters and half our horse boys had taken advantage of the storm to desert. In these annoying circumstances there was nothing for it but to send several loads back. The rest were placed on our spare horses, and thus we once more set forth.

"A march of considerable length lay before us, and ere many hours were over we had reason to groan in spirit over our porters. What in my inmost soul I had greatly feared was beginning to prove only too true. Men who were good enough at the ordinary work of the factories and steamers were almost useless when set to the prolonged exertion required of caravan porters. The latter is a class of work requiring an education from boyhood, and, alas! our men had not got it. The route was speedily strewn with men apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. Even in my vexation, however, I could not help laughing to myself to observe the ludicrous objects presented by those who had fallen from the ranks. Under that bush sat one the picture of dejection, with face and body doubled up as if agonized with colic. Near him squatted a friend desperately holding his head as if to prevent it falling to pieces. A third had just thrown down his load and with curious contortions was making laughable efforts to replace his head in some position from which it had been dislodged by the weight he carried. As I reached them they would turn up woe-begone faces, reproachfully adjuring me in looks more eloquent than words to consider what plight I had reduced them to, and not uncommonly was heard the despairing appeal, 'Master, we live for die.' It was of no use to speak encouragingly or to cajole, and equally futile to threaten. They would pick up their loads only to move on about fifty yards and throw them down again with faces fixed in sullen mulish obstinacy. Now and then we assisted the weakest by dismounting from our horses and putting their loads in our saddles, but inwardly I devoutly wished that I had a caravan of Swahili porters, whom in my want of knowledge I had in other days wantonly reviled.

"Towards mid-day a halt was called to gather together the stragglers, and I took advantage of it to hurry forward to Bukani and get, if possible, some assistance for the most exhausted of our men. I succeeded in getting the headman to send back some women, who manfully seized the loads and brought them into camp. The poor broken-

down wretches crept in one by one, too much done up to do anything but throw themselves down on the ground and go to sleep. Seago and I fared little better. We had got nothing to eat all day, and when we asked our 'boys' (personal servants) for something they told us sulkily that 'we live for blow,' which being translated meant that they had yet to rest. We did, however, get something to eat, but had to be content to mount guard ourselves over our goods. Thus, without shelter, we braved another terrible tornado which continued all night.

"Our prospects next day were of the most gloomy sort. We had as yet gone but two marches, and already we required a day to recruit, although the loss of a single march might ruin our further progress. To find that our men were weak and incapable was bad enough, but worse remained behind. Disillusionized as they now were in regard to the nature of the work before them—for they had thought it was to be simply a sort of holiday—a mutinous spirit broke out. They unanimously declared that they would not eat of the food of the country. They must have rice and fish. But even with the food of the country we found difficulties prepared for us. It proved to be excessively scarce and dear, and to aggravate our anxieties it could not be bought for cloth. For such purchases cowries were the only thing admissible. We had none, and on attempting to buy them with cloth we found no market owing to their scarcity.

"The Brass men in particular were irritating and stubborn beyond endurance. They were supposed to be the best porters in the caravan and they proved to be by far the worst. To a man they declared they would not move unless one load was given to every two men. As the hours passed on difficulties and troubles grew upon us alarmingly. We were met on every side with complaints and insolent remarks, and it was with difficulty we could keep our temper or sustain our spirit under the circumstances. We gained the day, however, on all points by showing a resolute front to all their demands. The Brass men were disarmed and told to desert if they dared. The night brought reflection, and next morning they concluded to submit to the fate from which they saw no safe escape.

"Next morning, on preparing to resume our march, we found that our remaining horse boys had deserted, and as none of the

Coast men dared touch the horses we were compelled to be our own grooms. What was more exasperating, we found, after the men had cleared out of camp, that some loads were left behind. Two of these I put on my own horse, leaving Viera in charge of the others till I sent men back for them.

"And now each day matters became increasingly serious. Food was hardly to be got, and cowries were equally difficult to buy. The men broke out into open mutiny. They

"As an illustration of the extremes to which the men carried matters, just imagine them declaring that we must either divide our biscuits with them or they would desert. When we held out, off they marched to a man. Seago, in attempting to stop them, had a loaded rifle aimed at him. We, of course, ultimately submitted so far as to divide half the biscuits (one to each man). They plundered the rest a few days after.

"The position at the present moment is that of a drawn battle. The men on their

part see that they have failed to make us their playthings or to frighten us into retreat, while they hesitate to adopt the extreme measure of murdering us or deserting *en masse*. We, on the other hand, have been compelled to make the most galling concessions, and to take patiently a thousand provocations and worries while we mile by mile get the men far-



Nupé hut and group of women and children.

assumed the most insolent attitudes, insulting us in every possible way, jeering at our explanations and demanding the most impossible things. From morning till evening we were kept in one continual state of boiling passion. It was of no use to argue or explain, they would not listen, or they listened only to laugh. If a man had to be punished we had to do it ourselves, and the peeled knuckles which we woefully examined in the privacy of our tents told of the nature of the punishment. We felt mortally degraded at the slave-drivers' work which we had to do, but there was no other alternative unless we were prepared to throw up the game, and we were determined to let no fastidious scruples cause the ruin of the mission and our ignominious return to the river.

ther into the country, and so more and more into our power. Even now we are beginning to turn the tables upon them and to regain our self-respect, but we know only too well that there still remains before us the final struggle for the supremacy, and until that is past we dare not lay aside our revolvers by day, or sleep without them under our heads at night, although we hope that all bloodshed will be avoided by these very precautions.

"What has made our troubles so much more acute has been the fact that we were traversing a country desolated by the ravages of a late civil war. Where thousands upon thousands once lived in peace and plenty there are now only tens, who exist half-starved and in hourly terror of the powers that be. In consequence we were



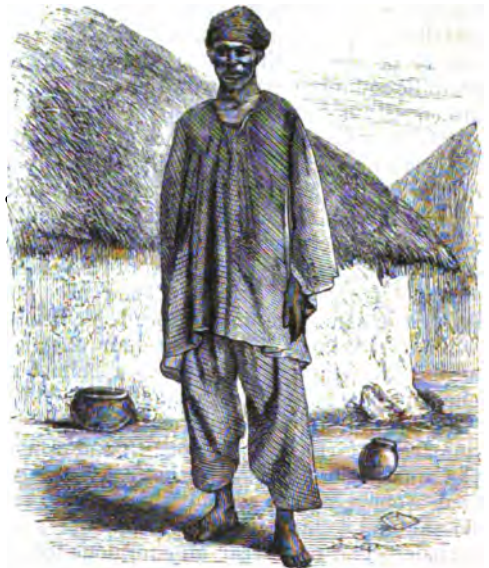
Nupé woman.

sometimes reduced to despair in our attempts to exchange our cloth for cowries, or (even if the cowries were got) to buy the necessary food. Often, however, when our attempts seemed hopeless and with empty hands and heavy hearts we had to face a scowling and insolent caravan who demanded their full allowance with bloodthirsty threats, something would turn up and stave off the difficulty for another twenty-four hours.

"But enough of such wretched details. In the pleasanter task of describing something of the country let me now seek oblivion from my many woes and cares.

"With a different set of men and less harassing trouble about the wherewithal to live, our journey as far as Kontokora would have been a pleasant one. We have met no sickening swamp or pestilential mud reach. No tangled wood or bush has retarded our progress, or rough and hilly country drawn out the miles. On the contrary we have wandered day after day by a winding path through open forest, chiefly composed of the valuable Shea-butter trees, which from a distance remind one of the aspect of a young oak forest. There is no sameness, however, in the vegetation, and the colours are charmingly varied by the fresh tender green of young leaves struggling into light, intermingled with the golden and coppery hues of last season's foliage whose time to fall has come, for the season is the tropic spring.

Now and then as we ride northward we meet a purling brook in its miniature valley. The life-giving moisture has raised a natural harbour of splendid trees and pliant creepers, which in return shade and keep cool the water from the burning sun, at the same time tempting the weary traveller to pause and rest while refreshing his outer and inner man. In such spots the moisture-loving palm-oil trees group themselves in pleasant groves and yield a rich return of golden fruit to the happy owner. At other times as we jog along we pass a clearing, and only too frequently extensive ruins of large towns afford saddening matter for reflection. To read the accounts which Clapperton gives of Northern Nupé some fifty years ago, and contrast those with the facts of its present condition, is most melancholy. He speaks of great towns, inhabited by tens of thousands and astir with intense commercial activity, of villages which greet you at every mile, ever enlivened with the dance, the song, and the feast; for the land teemed with plenty. All that is now changed. You still pass the sites of great towns and numerous villages, but their inhabitants have been killed, sold as slaves or driven from the country. You see still where were the gardens and rich fields, but now they are become as the surrounding wastes. Civil war has been the cause of it, and Maliké and his Fillani supporters have taken care that,



Haussa man of the poorer class.

in their day, they will hear no more about rebellion. A new era has, however, commenced for the down-trodden people. Only a month ago Nupé was placed under a British protectorate, and some day doubtless a strong arm will be stretched forth to shield the people from their oppressors.

"Among the few small hamlets which have risen from the ruins of the country there is still much to interest the traveller. Each stands invariably in the midst of the ruins of a former large town, round which stretches a considerable extent of clearing. Majestic silk-cotton trees and baobabs rise here and there among the ruins and a stream flows past the half-defaced walls. The mud beehive-shaped huts are connected with each other by a wall and so arranged as to form a congeries of family compounds. These courtyards present pleasant scenes of Nupé domestic life. In all of them you see laughing, busy women cooking food in one corner, grinding millet between stones or pounding corn in wooden mortars in other places, while naked children, goats, and poultry run about unheeded except when making inroads upon forbidden ground. Outside everything else speaks of a down-trodden people, and of former industries that have disappeared. The men sit about in sulky laziness brooding over their lot, and knowing that to work would only bring wealth to their masters, and so they live from hand to mouth. Nowhere is seen the weaver with deft fingers throwing the shuttle from hand to hand; the dyeing pits are disused and now only form pitfalls for the unwary wanderer. The rattat-tat of the cloth beater and the more metallic-sounding strokes of the blacksmith are equally unheard.

"Of the personal appearance of the Nupé natives I need say little. Unlike the negroes of the Delta, they are a stalwart, well-made race, characterized chiefly by a large mouth and a weak receding chin. Their chief tribal mark is a scar on each side of the face, running from the bridge of the nose to below the ear. The men shave their heads, while the women dress their hair once for all into the shape of the crest of a helmet in one solid mass of grease, dirt, and hair. With regard to dress, the children go naked, the unmarried girls wear a cloth wound round the waist and hanging to the feet, the married women add a second which covers the bosom, and a third either as a shawl or as a turban. The men wear an enormous tob or gown, generally called an "elephant tob" from its prodigious dimensions, for without

exaggeration there would be quite sufficient cloth in one of them to cover that quadruped.

"So much for the scenes on the road; but I must hurry forward. On the 17th we reached the boundary of Nupé, and with joy we felt that we were at last in a position to snap our fingers at Maliké, whose possible action against us had been, up to that time, a continual cause of anxiety. In passing from Nupé into Bamashi—the district of which Kontokora is the capital—we passed from a sandstone area into one of metamorphic rocks. Coincidentally the country rose considerably in elevation and presented a greater variety of scenery.

"As we were to enter the important town of Kontokora on the 20th, Seago and I, accompanied by our interpreters, gave up for once our task of slave-driving and proceeded in front. Rounding a hill near the town, our ears were suddenly saluted by wild weird music, shrill pipes, more sonorous trumpet blasts, and tom-toms, the whole conjuring up in my mind a confused medley of memories—reminiscences of Zanzibar, Egypt, and Arabia. I looked ahead and was astonished to see an imposing band of Fillani cavaliers grouped near a tree. On our being espied there was a stir observable in the cavalcade, and we became the cynosure of every eye. We concluded at once that these were the principal inhabitants sent out to escort us with all due honour into the town. To make as brave a show as possible we vigorously kicked our jaded Rozinantes to make them bear us with more life and spirit, and hurried forward. As we neared them they all at once set up a loud shout, and each one lifting up his arm as if to launch a spear, they charged wildly down upon us apparently bent on utterly annihilating us. In a twinkling we were surrounded by nearly fifty horsemen, all dashing about as if in the thick of a terrible hand-to-hand fight. This was their mode of saluting us. A more magnificently picturesque scene I have never witnessed; the wild plunging horses, decked off with Oriental extravagance of trapping in leather, cloth, and brass—their riders in indescribable amplitude of dress: trousers, tob, and turban, in great folds which would, in their arrangement, have been both the delight and the despair of the artist. Seeing some venerable old men sitting under the shade of a tree, we rightly concluded that they were the chief men, and so, without stopping, we continued towards them as fast as the equine turmoil would

allow us. The pipes shrieked still more shrilly, the great six-foot long trumpets blared out louder and deeper notes, and the tom-toms were more vigorously beaten. At last we dismounted and approached the two sitters. They proved to be the brother of the King of Kontokora and his headman, and they gave us a most ceremonious and hospitable greeting, with no end of compliments. This interesting episode over, we again mounted our horses and, surrounded by our lively escort who kept up a mimic fight, we proceeded to our quarters. The trumpets, pipes, and drums preceded us, accompanying a song of welcome chanted by an attendant. Crowds lined the path or crowned the walls of the town, and thus, with an overwhelming amount of state and ceremony, we were conducted to the place which had been prepared on hearing that we were coming. Shortly after, heaps of food for man and beast enhanced the hospitable nature of our welcome.

"In the midst of such novel experiences we are already beginning to forget our troubles and to think that after all our journey is not going to be all vexation and worry. We have been here two days and our time has not hung heavy on our hands. What with rambling through the well-built town, with its stirring market, and interesting visits to the headmen of the place, our every moment has been occupied pleasantly. The ruling class, as is the case all through the Central Soudan, is Fillani, the trading class Haussa, and the workers Nupé and Kambari men. The population may be anything between 5,000 and 10,000.

"I have no time to describe to you all we have seen and heard here as I have much to do in the way of buying cowries and food, and otherwise preparing to resume our march. Our hopes of being able to go by the direct route are quashed, and so we must proceed by the Niger and the Gulbi-n-Gindi. I am sending back some of the worst of our men under the charge of a Haussa trader and I am forwarding this letter with them."

"JEGA, NEAR GANDU, *May 13th.*

"A most unexpected opportunity of sending a letter has just turned up in the shape of a small Haussa caravan proceeding to Nupé. I have a thousand things to write about, but there is no time to tackle them, so I must be brief, and simply tell you how we have got here.

"On the 25th of April we left Kontokora and proceeded in a west north-westerly

direction through the country of Yauri, till we struck the Niger once more about twenty miles above the famous rapids of Bussa, where Park lost his life. Here we were in danger of getting into trouble with the King of Yauri, who thought he could frighten us into the payment of a large sum. He only succeeded, however, in getting a fright himself, and had to cringe abjectly before the outraged majesty of 'a messenger from the English people to his liege lord, the Sultan of Gandu.'

"At Ikung the valley of the river is narrow; but northward it gradually widens out, the hills on the eastern side, more especially, receding from the channel of the river, leaving a broad expanse of nearly level plain. This, like the country around Egga, is partially submerged when the river is in flood, making it necessary for the people in many places to build their huts on short piles or blocks of stone. This condition of matters will doubtless explain the extraordinary nature of the bedsteads used by the people of the district. These are huge objects made of clay occupying more than half the hut. There is a hollow underneath, where a fire is lighted to dry the structure and keep warm the happy slumberers on the top.

"It was in this plain that we first met the Fillani cattle-breeders—the pure pagan stock from which the Moslem section sprang that overran the entire country from Timbuktu to Lake Chad, and at one and the same time planted themselves as the rulers and Islamism as the religion of the whole vast territory. Among the pure breed such as we have met there were many women who, in contrast with the surrounding peoples, might be called thoroughly beautiful, with eyes of liquid depth and softness, and such as we associate with Eastern races, teeth strikingly white and regular, while their slender lithe figures were fit models for the artist. I tried hard to get one of the most beautiful to stand to be photographed; but she was evidently frightened, and all my protestations that I had no designs upon either her hand or her heart were of no avail, and I had to be content with such a print as I could fix in my memory. That night, before I could find adequate words to describe her in my diary I had to go through a course of the poets.

"We followed the banks of the Niger to the mouth of the Gulbi-n-Gindi, one of its tributaries, which we have followed up to Jega. If I had not drawn so largely upon your sympathy in my last letter I might now



Hausa hut with horse-shoe doorway.
(Built entirely of mud.)

draw a very harrowing account of my sufferings, after leaving Kontokora, under one of the most fatal and fearful of all tropical diseases. I thought my time had come at last; but fortunately I managed to check the progress of the malady before it had assumed a very acute form, and I have some hopes of yet bringing back my bones to England. You would like better, I am sure, to hear about a struggle for life and death I had with one of my men who tried to murder me. He would, perhaps, have succeeded in the end, owing to my weak condition, but for the timely assistance of Seago, as all the other men stood looking on perfectly neutral. After we had secured the furious fellow he raved like a madman, literally foaming at the mouth, as with the fiercest imprecations he vowed he would yet take either or both our lives, though he should die in the attempt.

"I have no doubt you are also itching to hear the upshot of our fight for the mastery in the caravan. Well, I am glad to say that we have come out of the conflict completely victorious. The last great battle took place only a few days ago, and rose out of an order of mine, which they unanimously refused to execute. 'You will either do as I bid you or you will get no food,' was my ultimatum. To march, of course, was out of the question, so we sat down, determined to fight it out once for all. They bullied and threatened us with all sorts of things; but we laughed at them as they sat around scowling,

and amused ourselves playing with our revolvers. They made pretence of deserting *en masse*, but we playfully told them to do as they pleased. By the second day they grew furious, as they felt the pinching of their stomachs; but we knew the crisis had come, and we determined to hold out, whatever was the consequence. On the third day we looked forward with no small apprehension to the issue of the struggle, knowing full well the desperate characters we had to deal with. About mid-day, however, we were delighted to find signs of wavering; some Krū-boys came and gave

in their submission; then followed the Brass men, and before night the mutiny had entirely collapsed, and we breathed freely and proudly once more. Since then our men have been as obedient and humble as lambs, and we get along right merrily. But there, I am interrupted. The Hausas stand waiting for my letter, and I have only time to say adieu."



Pagan Fillani.

THE RELATION OF LIVING ORGANISMS TO PUTREFACTION AND DISEASE.

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I.—THEIR RELATION TO PUTREFACTION.

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century one Anton Leeuwenhoek lived in the town of Delft, in Holland, as the steward of a judge there. He was accustomed to employ his leisure in making simple lenses, wherewith he magnified and examined the structure of such things as butterflies' and gnats' wings. He had great manipulative skill, and made several hundreds of lenses, each one to suit some particular object he wished to study. With one of these simple instruments, in April, 1675, two hundred and ten years ago, did Leeuwenhoek reveal a new and hitherto unsuspected world of living things. He placed under one of his simple microscopes a glass of rain-water, and perceived a multitude of variously-shaped bodies darting to and fro in the water. Further experiments showed the presence of similar bodies in various animal and vegetable infusions. Hence these animalculæ, as their discoverer supposed them to be, have been termed Infusoria. Whence came they? Was it true, as the philosophers of antiquity believed, that decaying animal or vegetable matter, under the influence of heat, with sufficient air and moisture, could beget anew, *de novo*, living things? Could the "sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion?" Now it happens that, thirty-seven years before Leeuwenhoek's discovery, a similar question had been distrustfully put by a physician of Florence, François Redi, and had been confidently answered in the negative. Redi was not satisfied that the sun could breed maggots in a dead dog, or in any other kind of dead meat; and he put the question to the test of an experiment as simple as it was conclusive. In hot weather he placed some fresh meat in a jar, whose mouth he covered with gauze. In another but uncovered jar he placed a similar piece of meat. He observed that, while the exposed meat speedily became stinking and swarmed with maggots, the piece under cover, though it also became stinking, *remained quite free of maggots*. Moreover, he noticed that multitudes of flies buzzed about the gauze, unable to get to the meat, and that on the gauze maggots were bred from eggs deposited there by the flies. The maggots were, then, not the products of putrid

organic matter exposed to the influences of heat, air, and moisture, but the direct offspring of living things. Could this explanation be applied to the infusoria of Leeuwenhoek? Were they, also, hatched from eggs, or in some other way the offspring of preceding infusoria? This was a much more difficult question, and not, at first sight, capable of a test so simple as Redi's. Moreover, observers flocked to the new field of investigation opened up by the microscope. The simple microscope was improved on, and as the instrument became more and more powerful, smaller and still smaller living things came into view, till some were clearly revealed that would appear as mere points under Leeuwenhoek's simple lens, while the modern compound microscope discovers others as invisible to the simple lens as the infusoria are to the naked eye. The problem to be answered does not alter with the diminution in size, though its solution is proportionately increased. The question is still, whence come they? In every organic infusion that has stood for a day or two in a moderately warm atmosphere, they swarm in myriads. Are they begotten by the mere breaking down, the putrefaction, the death and decay of the organic infusion, or are they only begotten by parents like to them?

Another very simple experiment seemed to settle the question, an experiment devised one hundred and thirty-seven years ago by an English Catholic priest, named Needham, in association with the French naturalist Buffon, but only properly carried out seventeen years later by an Italian philosopher, the Abbé Spallanzani. Its purpose was the same as Redi's, to keep an organic substance so that nothing could alight on it from without in order to find whether, under such conditions, life could spontaneously develop within it. So minute are the organisms, however, that multitudes might be deposited, unseen, from the air during even a few minutes' exposure. With great ingenuity were the altered circumstances met. It was argued that heat would destroy the organisms, as it destroys other living things. So an organic infusion was placed in a flask and boiled, and, while it was boiling, the neck of the flask was fused and sealed by a hot

flame. Thus any living thing in the infusion must have been killed and no others could enter. When this had been properly done the flask might be kept for years without any animalculæ (so-called) ever appearing in the infusion.

The experiment is open to criticism. When the infusion is boiled, the steam drives all air out of the flask, and by fusing the neck, while the steam is still issuing, a fresh supply of air is prevented entering. It may be that living things can be spontaneously developed from organic infusions, but only in the presence of air, and the experiment has excluded air. This objection was answered by a German, Schwann, who in 1837 performed similar experiments to those of Spallanzani, but afterwards admitted to the flasks air that had passed through red-hot tubes. The hot tubes would destroy any organisms present in the air, but would leave the air itself unaltered. In such flasks no life appeared. Again, in 1854, only thirty-one years ago, by two German observers, Schroeder and Dusch, was this criticism disposed of in a much simpler way. They boiled organic infusions in flasks, but instead of fusing the necks of the flasks, they simply plugged their mouths, when the steam was still issuing, by a firm plug of cotton wool. As the infusions cooled, air entered the flasks, but was filtered on its way by passing through the wool. These infusions developed no living things.

This brief historical sketch has brought us from the days of Leeuwenhoek to quite recent times. Before inquiring whether the most recent scientific investigations confirm the older observations, it will be well to give a brief description of the nature of the extremely minute organisms which are the objects of so much study and discussion.

The name *Infusoria* was applied to the organisms discovered by Leeuwenhoek; but the much more minute living things, since rendered visible by more powerful microscopes, have been called *Bacteria*, from the Greek *βακτηριον*, a little staff.

Their excessive smallness it is difficult to imagine. Under some of the highest powers of improved microscopes, magnifying about four thousand times, they appear like the periods and commas of ordinary type. If a man could be magnified by the same amount, he would appear as huge as Mont Blanc or Chimborazo.

Microscopists were not long in discovering that even among these minutest forms of life there was as little uniformity as among higher and larger forms. Indeed, the dif-

ferences observed among them were too great to permit them to be grouped together as members of the same species. The differences are largely in size and form, and, to some extent, in mode of multiplication. In one thing they all agree—they all consist of a kind of protoplasm, a jelly-like substance resembling white of egg, which is clear and transparent, without any indication whatever of differentiation into organs. The protoplasm is enclosed by a membrane formed of cellulose, capable of resisting the action of acids and alkalies, and, to some extent, of heat also.

As the name bacteria is applied to one special form, the general term now coming into use which includes all the species is *Microbes*, *Microphytes*, or *Micro-organisms*. They are classified according to their form, being globular, rod-like, thread-like, or spiral.

I. The globular form is called *Micrococcus*. It is extremely minute, and may measure only $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch across. So far as is known, it multiplies only in one way—by division. One micrococcus undergoes a constriction in the middle; the constriction deepens till the one is divided into two halves. Each half now becomes an independent unit, capable itself of dividing into two, and so on. The micrococci have no power of movement, and so form groups or chains, owing to their mode of multiplication. Fig. 1, A, shows various groupings.

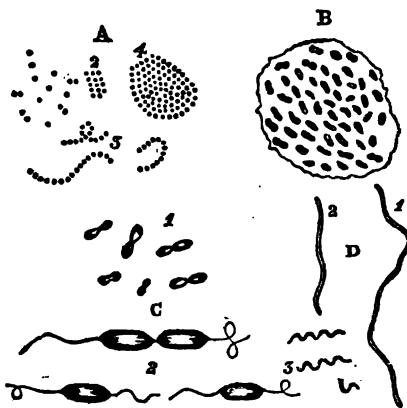


Fig. 1. Various forms of Micro-organisms.

A. 1, 2, 3, 4, Micrococci variously grouped.
B. Zooglyca mass of bacteria.
C. 1, Bacteria in process of division; 2, Bacteria, much more highly magnified, also in process of division, flagella being shown.
D. 1 and 2, Vibriones; 3, Spirilla. (After Klein and Dalling.)

II. To the second form the term *Bacterium* is specially applied. It is rod-like, of the breadth of a micrococcus, but longer by a third, that is, about the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of an inch long. One kind, the *bacterium lineola*, found

in stagnant water, may attain the length of the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch. Unlike the first form, bacteria are capable of locomotion by means of vigorous lashing of hair-like processes (*flagella*) at one or both ends. They also multiply by division (Fig. 1, B and C).

III. A third type is the *Bacillus*, a word also meaning a little rod, but derived from Latin *bacillum*. It is longer in proportion to its breadth than the bacterium. Bacilli grow by division, forming chains, threads, or filaments. They also multiply in another way. In the substance of the organism a bright dot appears, which increases at the expense of the protoplasm, till it bulges out as a bright oval body. It is a spore or egg. Finally, the sheath that encloses it bursts, and the spore is free. In favourable circumstances the spore will develop into a bacillus, from which other bacilli will in time develop by division or spore formation. In unfavourable circumstances the spores do not develop, but remain as spores, though retaining their vitality. In this condition they may be exposed to all sorts of unfavourable conditions—to cold, to heat, or to the action of chemical agents, and they may become dry and be dispersed as dust, without losing their vitality. Let the apparently lifeless dust be brought into favourable conditions of moisture and warmth, with nourishment at hand, and forthwith the spores will germinate and bacilli will develop in rich profusion. Some forms of bacilli are provided with flagella and can move about; others are not (Fig. 2).



Fig. 2. The Micro-organism called Bacillus.

A. Bacilli; 1, without spores; 2, with spores.
B. Group of bacilli without spores (1); with spores (2); free spores (3); mass of spores (4).

IV. Other forms of microbes are the *Vibrio* and the *Spirillum*, shown in Fig. 1, D; and they are found in all kinds of putrefying organic substances.

All forms of microbes multiply in one of two ways—by division or by spore formation; but the rapidity of their increase is beyond conception. In one brief hour, under favourable conditions, one may perceive the whole evolution of their life-history. Here is a calculation made by one of the foremost of modern investigators.* Given that one bacterium will divide into two in

one hour, each of these two will divide in another hour, making 4; after three hours there are 8, and so on. At the end of twenty-four hours from one bacterium there are developed $16\frac{1}{2}$ millions (16,777,216). After forty-eight hours the number amounts to 281½ billions, and after three days to 47 trillions. Into a flask containing a clear, transparent organic fluid put, under favourable conditions, a drop of water containing but one bacterium, and such as this is the result. Nevertheless, the propagation is not indefinite; it is, indeed, strictly limited. It is from the contents of the organic solution that the microbes obtain nourishment for their life and development. As soon as they have exhausted the nutriment they can no longer multiply, and will speedily cease to exist. Accompanying their development changes take place in the clear fluid, which are quite visible to the naked eye. It becomes muddy, turbid, and quite opaque. When the bacteria have exhausted the nourishing material they fall to the bottom as a deposit, and the fluid may become again quite clear, but altered in constitution, because its complex constituents have been rent asunder to supply food to the organisms.

It is only within quite recent years that systematic investigations, conducted by many observers, have given conclusive answers to the two questions raised by the discovery of micro-organisms. The first question is as to the origin of the organisms, and the second as to their relation to putrefaction. To each question two answers have been given. To the first question one reply is, that the molecules of an organic fluid or substance, in process of decomposition, are capable of rearranging themselves so as to produce the organisms. This is the theory of "spontaneous generation." According to this theory the organisms are merely the accompaniments, but not the cause, of putrefaction. The second reply is that micro-organisms are the offspring of parents like to them, invariably the products of antecedent life, and that they are the active causes of putrefaction, that, in fact, putrefaction is only the result of their activity and growth. According to this view no organic substance can develop bacteria or undergo putrefaction, unless organisms or their spores fall upon it from the air, or gain access to it from some other source, and proceed to multiply within it. As we have already seen, this view implies that the atmosphere everywhere contains multitudes of the organisms or their germs. This seeming absurdity, Professor Tyndall

* Prof. Ferdinand Cohn, of Breslau.

showed by a series of beautiful experiments to be a fact. Every one knows that if a beam of sunlight be allowed to enter a darkened room through a chink in the shutter, its track will be revealed by myriads of dancing motes that catch the light and disperse it. But for these gyrating particles the light would illuminate only the object on which it fell; its pathway would be invisible. Tyndall constructed a chamber whose top, floor, back and sides, were of wood, and whose front was of glass. In the floor were openings through which the open ends of test-tubes were passed, tightly fitting, their mouths opening into the chamber, their closed extremities projecting outside. The pathway of a strong beam of light, thrown into the chamber, was clearly revealed by the dancing particles in the air. The chamber was then allowed to stand undisturbed, and after three days the pathway of a beam of light was invisible. The air was evidently perfectly free from suspended particles, which had all attached themselves to the sides or subsided to the bottom of the case. Without agitating the air, Tyndall then passed into the test-tubes, through an opening in the roof, an organic fluid, capable, therefore, of decomposition. The projecting ends of the tubes were then allowed to dip into a bath of brine, which was boiled for five minutes. The bath was then removed and the chamber left undisturbed. For months it stood, the fluid in the tubes showing no signs whatever of putrefactive change, while the same fluid in similar tubes, subject to the same treatment, but standing in the open air of the laboratory, rapidly putrefied. *But, a few days after the chamber had been disturbed so as to raise the dust, the fluid in every tube gave way, and was found to swarm with bacteria of various kinds.* Than this even more direct evidence of the universal diffusion of organic life in the atmosphere has quite recently been given. The Municipality of Paris has established at Montsouris, in the southern portion of the city, an observatory which it maintains in the utmost efficiency and equips with everything necessary for the pursuit of meteorological observations after the most approved modern methods. One department under the control of Dr. M. P. Miquel is devoted entirely to the microscopical study of the constituents of the air and rain and other water collected at the observatory. Glass slides coated with a sticky substance are exposed to the air, of which, by an aspirating apparatus, a definite quantity is drawn in a given time over the slide. The slide is then

examined and the number and nature of the particles deposited on it are ascertained by microscopical and other methods. The particles generally include starch grains, pollen grains capable of fertilising plants of their own kinds, spores of cryptogams, bacteria of various kinds, particles of carbon, &c. These, and multitudes of similar experiments, prove conclusively that the air is everywhere laden with solid particles, including organisms or their germs.

The most effective series of experiments against the theory of spontaneous generation was performed by the French chemist, Pasteur. He was led to them by studying the action of yeast. Leeuwenhoek had noticed little round bodies in beer, and, in 1837, Cagniard Latour had observed that the fermentation of beer was accompanied by multiplication of these bodies. They are called *Torulæ*, and multiply by throwing off buds. Pasteur showed that fermentation was the result of the active life of these organisms, which, to obtain nourishment, attacked the sugar present in the fluid, and, as a result of splitting it up, produced alcohol and carbonic acid. Beer, vinegar, and wine, in turn received his attention, and in each case he separated the living agent, different in each, whose growth was necessary for each particular product. Let micro-organisms, foreign to the fermentation proper in each case, be introduced, beer becomes sour, vinegar becomes flat and tasteless, and wine is converted into vinegar. After similar methods he attacked the question of spontaneous generation, and was able to declare, "there is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs or without parents like themselves. Those who maintain the contrary have been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experiments, tainted with errors which they knew not how either to perceive or to avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera."

Yet some observers have declared that under the microscope they have seen bacteria grow out of granular matter not bacteria; and infusions which had been well boiled and kept in hermetically sealed flasks have undergone putrefaction. Within the last ten years satisfactory explanations of these objections have been offered. Dallinger has watched bacteria divide, and their offspring divide through many generations. At length, however, he has seen two bacteria meet, become attached, and finally fuse

into one. The fused mass, which was motionless, became granular, its envelope at length burst, and the granules were dispersed. The granules were carefully watched and were seen to develop into bacteria—they were spores, and not mere lifeless granular matter. Now it has been convincingly shown that while the mature micro-organisms are destroyed by a temperature considerably below that of boiling water, spores are not. In some cases the latter have resisted boiling for several hours, developing after even such an ordeal into the adult forms. A solution containing microbes may be frozen and kept frozen for days, the adult organisms apparently die, but their spores are only dormant, and will awake to activity soon after a normal temperature has been restored.

Thus one objection after another has been set aside, until it becomes conclusively evident that a vast number of microbes or their germs, of various kinds, exists in the atmosphere, that each kind is capable of setting up a fermentation peculiar to itself, that putrefaction is one kind of fermentation, the expression of the life and growth of a particular organism, and that, if by any means, an organic substance is kept free of such organisms it will not putrefy, will not break down, but will remain in its organized though lifeless condition.

From this point of view, the organisms of putrefaction cease to be mere interlopers, parasites, breeders of corruption. They occupy a legitimate place in the constitution of nature. They discharge a necessary function; they play, indeed, a beneficent part in the drama of life. The world of lifeless matter consists, roughly, of a number of elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sodium, potassium, phosphorus, sulphur, &c., associated together in various ways—oxygen and hydrogen as water, oxygen and nitrogen as atmospheric air, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, &c., in various combinations as salts of different kinds. Now these substances are just such as plants, the lower animals, and man require for their nourishment. But neither the lower animals nor man can take these inorganic substances and assimilate them. A diet of phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium and potassium, charcoal, and so on, with a liberal allowance of air and water, though containing the same elementary substances as are found built up into muscle, nerve, and bone in a human body, is but as the sand of the desert to a hungry man. Not so with the plant. From the earth in which it is rooted, from the air

to which it stretches its arms, it draws just the same elements as have been named, and builds them up into highly organized substances. On these complex combinations of the same original elements animals and man can live. The ox crops the herbage, and builds up in its own body into still higher forms the organic substances the plant yields to it. Man, in turn, derives nourishment from the substances the plant and the lower animal prepare for him, composed though they be of the same materials which, as beggarly elements, are practically valueless for him. Now what would happen suppose there was ever a building up and never a breaking down? The plant, which is the first workman in nature's great manufactory, which performs the first stage in the process of converting the raw material into the finished article, the plant cannot live on boiled mutton, nor yet can it feed on the bodies of its dead companions. It is the elements it seeks. But, if it is perpetually building up the elements into organic substances, its own supply of nourishment will some day be exhausted. It will cease to live. If equilibrium is to be maintained, the process by which organized bodies are broken down into elements must keep pace with the process by which elements are built up into organized bodies. Death is necessary to life. This breaking-down process the lower animals and men, to some extent, accomplish. A man eats bread and meat, and transforms these complex substances into material for his use. They abide in his body for a longer or shorter time, give him the means of obtaining heat and energy, and are then cast out in the form of carbonic acid gas, water, urea, and salts, practically restored, that is to say, to their elementary form. But animals and men die. Their bodies are masses of complex organic substances, in that form useless for any practical part in the cycle of life. But now, to sweep away this useless mass, an invisible host of busy workers descends from the air, who take possession of the body, send detachments far and wide into its inmost recesses, and rest not, day nor night, till they have rent asunder from one another the wondrously piled molecules of albumen, of fat, of nerve, of blood, till they have broken down the walls, and torn from one another the stones, of the tabernacle of flesh, till they have restored again to earth and air that which, years before, the plant took from them. No putrefaction without organisms; and thus life presides over the work of death.

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF INSPECTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

I.—THE CONDITIONS OF THE WORK.

IT is now nigh twenty years ago since I began inspectorial work amid the amenities of fair Edina and its beautiful surroundings. When Inverness was then assigned as my head-quarters, I seemed to receive sentence of banishment to hyperborean darkness and dulness, and I truly envied a colleague appointed along with me, when he was settled in the City of the Rock, on the rich links of the Forth, with its central position and radiant scenery. But it is long since I have blessed the fate, then so seemingly cruel, that sent me so far to the north, for it was a very angel in disguise. It brought unique experiences of life and work, revealed the rarest scenes in the most unfrequented nooks, exhibited humanity under unwonted conditions, and introduced me to problems—scientific, social, and religious—without a knowledge of which, especially as gained on the spot, no man can be truly said to know our country. It did this happily also at a time of transition between the old and the new system of things, humanitarian and educational. This afforded invaluable opportunities of insight into facts, often misunderstood, which have the most important bearing on the future progress and happiness of the Empire, and which have recently commanded national attention, if not roused popular apprehension. And not less did it acquaint me closely with a remarkable race, till lately despised and misrepresented by Saxon self-sufficiency, but possessed of cultural qualities of chivalry, poetry, and emotion, so active in the Celt, which his haughty Teutonic brother will only be wise to assimilate and cultivate more than he has yet done.

The contrast between the old schools and the new, which are simply palatial in comparison, is apparent to all, but it is much more remarkable than could be deemed possible except by those who have seen the remotest corners of the Highlands and Islands. Wretched and unhealthy as these old places too often were, they were wonderfully picturesque both inside and out, and harmonized better with the scenery they nestled in than their present blue-slated representatives; and their departure cannot but be regretted by the sentimentalist, just as the gradual extinction of the insanitary but artistically delicious huts is deplored by the painter.

They generally occupied splendid positions

by lake, river or sea, in wildest glens, amid towering mountains, the prospect of which, on coming from the interior gloom and smoke, was purely magnificent, a renovation and delight. Think of emerging from some dark, smoking den to gaze on the scarred front of Blaavæn or the mirrored beauty of Loch Laggan! And such glorious contrasts were daily exhibited. Oh, how many, how lovely, and how dear the indelible pictures hung in memory's halls these ancient seminaries have commanded, which now gleam as bright as when first they flashed on the astonished eye, in the rare and charming lights Nature hides in her inner recesses, and only occasionally reveals even to her favourites!

Then their variety was quite extraordinary, for schools existed in every corner where children were found, and in nooks the tourist never saw and the scenery-seeker never dreamt of. They stood by the bleak sea-shore washed by the wild Atlantic, and within the steep, close corrie in the heart of a deer-forest; in the spacious strath with waving fields, and in the narrow glen, amid crags and trees. I have visited them—now by silent Loch Treig, among the Nevis mountains; then by the commanding Scur of Eigg, under which shrunk the school-house: to-day on Loch Hourne, cavernous and gloomy; to-morrow on Loch Duich, bright, pinnacled, and bathed in rose-hued sunset: here in full view of a wilderness of peaks, like arrested waves, from some point of vantage on the mainland; there driving over a strange winding path across the very sea-floor between the waste islands of the Uists.

Have such glorious surroundings any influence on the people and the children that live and die among them? The deeper impressions of nature are everywhere rare, even with the intelligent and educated; and the commoner influences of beauty and grandeur are comparatively feeble in most, all the world over. Such things require to have the eye and heart opened to see and feel them, and they are of but recent birth in our own history and literature. But there would seem to be little doubt that among no part of our population are they more perceived and loved in degree than by Highlanders as a race. They come out in earnest speech and in passionate attachment to home, nowhere surpassed. They welled into their

poetry with fulness and beauty long before they appeared in English. How valuable and educative such pure natural nurseries for the young compared with our prisoned cities with their squalor and vice! Surely, surely it would only be wise for us as a nation to cherish children more than deer and game amidst our Scottish mountains.

But the schools, the old buildings themselves? Rarely picturesque, nondescript, wonderful! Neither pen nor palette could do them justice. Before the advent of School Boards, the temple of learning was often, nay, generally a transformed Highland black hut, the roof of heather, and the floor of turf or beaten clay. The walls, five or six feet high, were formed of rude unworked stones or boulders, only sometimes united with clay, broad enough to keep out rain, but not impervious to wind. Their inner surface remained in its bare simplicity. The lowly entrance demanded a humble obeisance, the door being very low, and at times formed of part of a wrecked ship's cabin.

The interior was generally open to the roof, to secure all available space and save expense. A peat fire smouldered on a flag at the farther end; while the smoke, of exquisite blue, slowly sought exit by a hole in the roof framed of an inserted barrel, lingering meanwhile on the rafters, which hung with ropy tangles of oily soot and dust. The light was of the least, the windows being simply holes in the wall, made thus small to exclude chilly wind and driving rain. So dim was it often, that on entering you had to wait for a little till you could discern anything in the unaccustomed gloom. The door in fair weather and the open "lum" in the roof at all times, were the chief means of daylight. Often have I had to take the exercises to the doorway to see them. In a rainy day, one had to go below the hole in the roof or the projecting old-fashioned chimney, to read them by the light entering there; for the busy pupils then crowded you from the little windows, and the door itself shut out the angry blast. Not unfrequently have I preferred in good days to adjourn the whole performance outside, and to work under heaven's bright and breezy dome.

The furniture in these "good old times" was unique and ingenious. Planks laid across two stones, or sofas of softer turf, were the forms, additional seats being expertly extemporised of rounded boulders from the hill. The convenient clay floor itself often did duty, with unusual numbers. The writing tables, as requiring more steadiness, would

consist of deals nailed to uprights driven into the earthen floor.

The space within seemed allotted in inverse ratio and in perfect contrast to the boundless moor or mountain-side without. It was always too small, and at examinations, when the glen had been scoured for pupils, was crowded to excess with children huddled like sheep in a pen on shearing-day. The first thing to do, after a song had been blithely screamed, was to send the younger ones to the door slate in hand, and to take the elder in relays, each class when examined being free to scamper on the heather. The odour, at all times and especially on hot days, as may easily be conceived, was anything but savoury to untutored nostrils. What with smoke that made your eyes water, vitiated air from crowded breaths and bodies, stale peat smell from fire and clothes, and means of ventilation little more than in a box, it was dreadful. On wet days, with damp and steaming clothes, and no possibility of relieving pressure by sending out the children, it was simply insupportable to the uninitiated, even with open door. Frequently have I had to work the most of the time in the splashy doorway, or go out at intervals in the rain, for a relieving sniff of "caller" air.

Yet, with all their discomfort and unhealthiness, the sight of these little crowded apartments was wonderfully stimulating. The strong sunlight would stream so sweetly through the smoky, dusty air, and its rays be unusually well defined as they penetrated the gloom and delightfully illuminated the busy scene. And when you thought of the work and the aims of such assemblies, under such extraordinary conditions, the scene was unspeakably beautiful and impressive, poetical and powerful in the extreme.

On examination days, the effect of the picture was heightened, both in light and shade, till it became truly Rembrandtesque, from the varied and curious dresses and the added decorations culled from the moor and the forest. Often have I seen the thatch quite hidden from view by hanging plants mingled with purple heather; the black floor brightened with shining sand from the beach; the crevices in the walls full of wild flowers of varied hues shedding pleasing perfume; the window-sill sparkling with coloured shells from the shore; and strings of dappled sea-gulls' eggs hanging in graceful curve along the walls and across the room; while a white cloth covered the examiner's table.

One of the chief difficulties in the way of the thorough education of these mountaineers

is the remoteness of so many glens and islands, combined with sparseness of population. There, as no school can reasonably be built, the Code allows the children to be taught as they best can, in their homes, in barns, or otherwise, and under an uncertificated teacher, who generally lodges with the parents in turn. The pupils thus trained are brought every year to be examined at some central school to which they are affiliated; and they gain certain special grants provided for such outlying cases. The Board that has worked this article of the Code best in the North-west Highlands is that of the wide parish of Glenelg. Than Glenelg there does not exist a more outlandish, more inaccessible district in the country, stretching as it does from Loch Morar to Loch Alsh, and cut up by the long and lonely sea firths of fair Loch Nevis and dark Loch Hourn. The action of the Board, led by the admirable parish minister, has been most praiseworthy and thoroughly successful. It has made education accessible to every child in these wilds, and has shown what can be achieved by energy and intelligence under the most untoward circumstances. One year, I arrived at the inn on Loch Nevis near midnight, having been detained by contrary winds in Loch Hourn, only to find that it was crammed to the door with children. These were those who had been brought down by boat from the upper reaches of the Loch, and who were being lodged and entertained there preparatory to examination in the Public school next day. Nevertheless, pioneered by the chairman of the Board, I found pleasant refuge in the manse; for the sun of genuine hospitality has not yet set in the Highlands.

Another time, on landing in Barra and turning the hill into the valley of Borve, on the west side, where the school stands, I saw a crowd of bonnetless children playing by the river, apart from the rest and not belonging to the island. These had been brought by their teacher in an open boat, fourteen of them, over twelve miles of the broken sea south of Barra, from the lonely, rock-girt isle of Minglay, set right in the open Atlantic close to Barra Head, to be examined for the first time in their lives.

Many of these outer islands are far from easy to reach, as might be inferred from their position and formation. I tried myself more than once to get to Minglay in an open boat, and had to abandon the idea on account of the weather, after arranging with boatmen to take me; and twice I succeeded only by hiring one of the local trading steamers.

Fortunately, I had very good weather at both visits.* A passenger, however, may reach the bay and be quite unable to land on either of the rocks that serve as piers, and after landing may find it impossible to return—changes of weather in these seas are so sudden and harbour accommodation so imperfect. Factors coming to gather the rents and arrange the affairs of the island have been more than once detained for weeks there. One official, when but half done with business, had to break up the meeting and hurry to the shore, getting off with difficulty, for an aged native had noticed a change which proved the precursor of a violent and long-continued gale. The priest from Barra, having come to visit them on one occasion, was unable to leave for weeks on account of a storm, though he had an engagement to marry several couples in Barra; and the parties, duly assembled for the ceremony, had just to keep it up till his return—as good an instance of trying tantalisation for amorous pairs as well could be imagined!

The passing of the Scotch Education Act of 1872 gave rise to curious problems as to ways and means in such outer regions as the Long Island. Minglay is a very good example of a not uncommon case existing there and in Orkney and Shetland, and, along with others, was specially referred to in the reports of the late Education Board in Edinburgh, as an example of difficulty and hardship. A new school and teacher's house required to be built, which would cost pretty well up to £1,000, and salaries for a male teacher and a sewing-mistress had to be provided, certainly not under £80. From this there was no escape, for the educational needs of some thirty children of school age had to be supplied. Yet the whole yearly rental of the island was under £50! So that if the Act had been enforced as originally framed, it would have amounted to a virtual confiscation of the property, and it would have been better for the owner that it should have been so. But matters have adjusted themselves since then; easier terms regarding houses were allowed, larger grants in aid were made to such districts, and time was not pushed. The burden still, however, remains so notoriously heavy that the wiping clean out of the enormous building debt incurred was recommended by the late Crofter Commission. But though thus almost intolerable, it has been, to the honour of the Highlands, manfully faced and bravely and generously borne.

* For an account of "Minglay, the Nearer St. Kilda," by the author, see *Good Words* for November, 1888.

TO A COWSLIP.

By JAMES HEDDERWICK, LL.D.

NO tiny alien plant art thou,
But one to England's Poet dear :
The very pearl I witness now
He hung enchanted in thine ear.

'Mid mesh of matted grass and weed,
O unchanged Cowslip that I see !
What time he strayed through Stratford mead,
He saw and plucked a prize in thee.

'Twas in this narrow saffron cell,
Where bees might poke their clammy feet,
That for the dainty Ariel
He spied a dormitory sweet.

As erewhile to his peering soul,
The pattern coyly burns within,
Cinque-spotted like the crimson mole
Upon the breast of Imogen.



How strong the life in things that live
By Beauty and the Bard approved !
This pearly urn, these rubies five,
Proclaim the flower that Shakespeare loved.

And O proud wilding of the Spring,
Fresh-born by haunted grove and stream !
He sang of thee who best could sing,
And lapped thee in his Moonlight Dream.

Now here, now there, at his command,
The light-foot Fairies come and go ;
While faintly from the silvern strand
The airy elfin trumpets blow.

Strange things of life about thee stir,
A sense of wings is in the air :
To thee, her small tall pensioner,
Titania brings her jewels rare.

Thy lips with honey-dew are fed,
The glowworm-lamps thy glades illumine ;
Ethereal banquets round thee spread
Make endless sweet thy breath and bloom.

O wizard wonders thus unfurled !
Ye take the grossness from the hour,
With glimpses of a spirit-world,
Through glamour of this golden flower.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK II.—THE THORNY WAY.

CHAPTER I.—MILLICENT HALLAM'S HOME.

HOW dare you! Be off! Go to your mistress. Don't pester me, woman."

"Didn't know it were pestering you, sir, to ask for my rights. Two years doo, and it's time it was paid."

"Ask your mistress, I tell you. Here, Julia."

A dark-haired, thoughtful-looking child of about six years old loosened her grasp of Thisbe Bing's dress, and crossed the room slowly towards where Robert Hallam sat, newspaper in hand, by his half-finished breakfast.

"Here, Julia!" was uttered with no unkindly intent; but the call was like a command—an imperious command, such as would be given to a dog.

The child was nearly close to him when he gave the paper a sharp rustle, and she sprang back.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, laughing unpleasantly, "what a silly little girl you are! Did you think I was going to strike you?"

"N—no, papa," said the child nervously.

"Then why did you flinch away? Are you afraid of me?"

The child looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said softly,

"I don't know."

"Here, Thisbe," said Hallam, frowning, "I'll see to that. You can go now. Leave Miss Julia here."

"Mayn't I go with Thisbe, papa?" said the child eagerly.

"No; stay with me. I want to talk to you. Come here."

The child's countenance fell, and she sidled towards Hallam, looking wistfully the while at Thisbe, who left the room reluctantly and closed the door.

As soon as they were alone Hallam threw down the paper, and drew the child upon his knee, stroking her beautiful long dark hair, and held his face towards her.

"Well," he said sharply, "haven't you a kiss for papa?"

The child kissed him on both cheeks quickly, and then sat still and watched him.

"That's better," he said smiling. "Little girls always get rewards when they are

good. Now I shall buy you a new doll for that."

The child's eyes brightened.

"Have you got plenty of money, papa?" she said quickly.

"Well, I don't know about plenty," he said with a curious laugh, as he glanced round the handsomely furnished room, "but enough for that."

"Will you give me some?"

"Money is not good for little girls," said Hallam, smiling.

"But I'm not little now," said the child quietly. "Mamma says I'm quite a companion to her, and she doesn't know what she would do without me."

"Indeed!" said Hallam sarcastically. "Well, suppose I give you some money, what shall you buy—a doll?"

She shook her head. "I've got five dolls now," she said, counting on her little pink fingers, "mamma, papa, Thisbe, and me, and Mr. Bayle."

Hallam ground out an ejaculation, making the child start from him in alarm.

"Sit still, little one," he said hastily.

"Why, what's the matter? Here, what would you do with the money?"

"Give it to mamma to pay Thisbe. Mamma was crying about wanting some money yesterday for grandmamma."

"Did your grandmother come and ask mamma for money yesterday?"

"Yes; she said grandpapa was so ill and worried that she did not know what to do."

Hallam rose quickly from his seat, setting down the child, and began walking up and down the room, while the girl, after watching him for a few moments in silence, began to edge her way slowly towards the door, as if to escape from the room.

She had nearly reached it when Hallam noticed her, and, catching her by the wrist, led her back to his chair, and reseated himself.

"Look here, Julia," he said sharply, "I will not have you behave like this. Does your mother teach you to keep away from me because I seem so cross?" he added with a laugh that was not pleasant.

"No," said the child, shaking her head;

"she said I was to be very fond of you, because you were my dear papa."

"Well, and are you?"

"Yes," said the child, nodding, "I think so;" and she looked wistfully in his face.

"That's right; and now be a good girl, and you shall have a pony to ride, and everything you like to ask for."

"And money to give to poor mamma?"

"Silence!" cried Hallam harshly, and the child shrank away, and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't do that!" cried Hallam. "Take down your hands. What have you to cry for now?"

The child dropped her hands in a frightened manner, and looked at him with her large dark eyes, that seemed to be watching for a blow, her face twitching slightly, but there were no tears.

"Any one would think I was a regular brute to the child," he muttered, scowling at her involuntarily, and then sitting very thoughtful and quiet, holding her on his knee, while he thrust back the breakfast things, and tapped the table. At last, turning to her with a smile, "Have a cup of coffee, Julie," he said.

She shook her head. "I had my breakfast with mamma ever so long since."

He frowned again, looking uneasily at the child, and resuming the tapping upon the table with his thin white fingers.

The window looking out on the marketplace was before them, quiet, sunny, and with only two people visible, Mrs. Pinet, watering her row of flowers with a jug, and the half of old Gemp, as he leaned out of his doorway, and looked in turn up the street and down.

All at once a firm, quick step was heard, and the child leaped from her father's knee.

"Here's Mr. Bayle! Here's Mr. Bayle!" she cried, clapping her hands, and, bounding to the window, she sprang upon a chair, to press her face sideways to the pane, to watch for him who came, and then to begin tapping on the glass, and kissing her hands as Christie Bayle, a firm, broad-shouldered man, nodded and smiled, and went by.

Julia leaped from the chair to run out of the room, leaving Robert Hallam clutching the arms of his chair, with his brow wrinkled, and an angry frown upon his countenance, as he ground his teeth together, and listened to the opening of the front door, and the mingling of the curate's frank, deep voice with the silvery prattle of his child.

"Ha, little one!" And then there was the sound of kisses, as Hallam heard the rustle of what seemed, through the closed door, to be Christie Bayle taking the child by the waist and lifting her up to throw her arms about his neck.

"You're late!" she cried; and the very tone of her voice seemed changed, as she spoke eagerly.

"No, no, five minutes early; and I must go up the town first now."

"Oh!" cried the child.

"I shall not be long. How is mamma?"

"Mamma isn't well," said the child. "She has been crying so!"

"Hush! hush! my darling!" said Bayle softly. "You should not whisper secrets."

"Is that a secret, Mr. Bayle?"

"Yes; mamma's secret, and my Julia must be mamma's well-trusted little girl."

"Please, Mr. Bayle, I'm so sorry, and I won't do so any more. Are you cross with me?"

"My darling!" he cried passionately, "as if any one could be cross with you! There, get your books ready, and I'll soon be back."

"No, no, not this morning, Mr. Bayle; not books. Take me for a walk, and teach me about the flowers."

"After lessons, then. There, run away."

Hallam rose from his chair, with his lips drawn slightly from his teeth, as he heard Bayle's retiring steps. Then the front door was banged loudly; he heard his child clap her hands, and then the quick fall of her feet as she skipped across the hall, and bounded up the stairs.

He took a few strides up and down the room, but stopped short as the door opened again, and, handsomer than ever, but with a graver, more womanly beauty, heightened by a pensive, troubled look in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth, Millicent Hallam glided in.

Her face lit up with a smile as she crossed to Hallam, and laid her white hand upon his arm.

"Don't think me unkind for going away, dear," she said softly. "Have you quite done?"

"Yes," he said shortly. "There, don't stop me; I'm late."

"Are you going to the bank, dear?"

"Of course I am. Where do you suppose I'm going?"

"I only thought, dear, that——"

"Then don't *only think* for the sake of saying foolish things."

She laid her other hand upon his arm, and smiled in his face.

"Don't let these money matters trouble you so, Robert," she said. "What does it matter whether we are rich or poor?"

"Oh, not in the least!" he cried sarcastically. "You don't want any money, of course?"

"I do, dear, terribly," she said sadly. "I have been asked a great deal lately for payments of bills; and if you could let me have some this morning——"

"Then I cannot; it's impossible. There, wait a few days and the crisis will be over, and you can clear off."

"And you will not speculate again, dear?" she said eagerly.

"Oh, no, of course not!" he rejoined, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"We should be so much happier, dear, on your salary. I would make it plenty for us; and then, Robert, you would be so much more at peace."

"How can I be at peace," he cried savagely, "when, just as I am harassed with monetary cares—which you cannot understand—I find my home, instead of a place of rest, a place of torment?"

"Robert!" she said, in a tone of tender reproach.

"People here I don't want to see; servants pestering me for money, when I have given you ample for our household expenses; and my own child set against me, ready to shrink from me, and look upon me as some domestic ogre!"

"Robert, dear, pray do not talk like this."

"I am driven to it!" he cried fiercely. "The child detests me!"

"Oh no, no, no," she whispered, placing her arm round his neck.

"And rushes to that fellow Bayle, as if she had been taught to look upon him as everybody."

"Nay, nay!" she said softly; and there was a tender smile upon her lip, a look of loving pity in her eye. "Julie likes Mr. Bayle, for he pets her, and plays with her as if he were her companion."

"And I am shunned."

"Oh, no, dear, you frighten poor Julie sometimes when you are in one of your stern, thoughtful moods."

"My stern, thoughtful moods. Pshaw!"

"Yes," she said tenderly; "your stern, thoughtful moods. The child cannot understand them as I do, dear husband. She thinks of sunshine and play. How can she read the depth of the father's love—of the

man who is so foolishly ambitious to win fortune for his child. Robert—husband—my own, would it not be better to set all these strivings for wealth aside, and go back to the simple peaceful days again?"

"You do not understand these things," he said harshly. "There: let me go. I ought to have been at the bank an hour ago, but I could not get a wink of sleep all the early part of the night."

"I know, dear. It was three o'clock when you went to sleep."

"How did you know?"

"The clock struck when you dropped off, dear. I did not speak for fear of waking you."

She did not add that she, too, had been kept awake about money matters, and wondering whether her husband would consent to live in a more simple style in a smaller house.

"There, good-bye," he said, kissing her. "It is all coming right. Don't talk to your father or mother about my affairs."

"Of course I should not, love," she replied; "such things are sacred."

"Yes; of course," he said hastily. "There, don't take any notice of what I have said. I am worried—very much worried just now, but all will come right soon."

He kissed her hastily and hurried away, leaving Millicent standing thoughtful and troubled till she heard another step on the rough stones, when a calm expression seemed to come over her troubled face, but only to be chased away by one more anxious as the step halted at the door and the bell rang.

Meanwhile, Julia had run up-stairs to her own room, where, facing the door, five very battered dolls sat in a row upon the drawers, at which she dashed full of childish excitement, and as if to continue some interrupted game.

She stopped short, looked round, and then gave her little foot a stamp.

"How tiresome!" she cried pettishly. "It's that nasty, tiresome, disagreeable old Thisbe. I hate her, that I do, and——"

"Oh, you hate me, do you?" cried the object of her anger, appearing in the doorway. "Very well, it don't matter. I don't mind. You don't care for anybody now but Mr. Bayle."

The child rushed across the room to leap up and fling her arms round Thisbe's neck, as that oddity stood there, quite unchanged: the same obstinate, hard woman who had opposed Mrs. Luttrell seven years before.

"Don't, don't, don't say such things,

Thibs," cried the child, all eagerness and excitement now, the very opposite of the timid, shrinking girl in the breakfast room a short time before; and as she spoke she covered the hard face before her with kisses. "You know, you dear, darling old Thibs, I love you. Oh, I do love you so very, very much."

"I know it's all shim-sham and pea-shucks," said Thisbe grimly; but, without moving her face, rather bending down to meet the kisses.

"No, you don't think anything of the kind, Thibs, and I won't have you looking cross at me like papa."

"It's all sham, I tell you," said Thisbe again. "You never love me only when you want anything."

"Oh! Thibs!" cried the girl, with the tears gathering in her eyes; "how can you say that?"

"Because I'm a nasty, hard, cankerous, ugly, disagreeable old woman," said Thisbe, clasping the child to her breast; "and it isn't true, and you're my own precious sweet, that you are."

"And you took away my box out of the room, when I had to go down to papa."

"But you can't have a nasty, great dirty candle-box in your bedroom, my dear."

"But I want it for a doll's house, and I'm going to line it with paper, and—do, Thibs, do, do let me have it, please!"

"Oh, very well, I shall have to be getting the moon for you next. I never see such a spoiled child."

"Make haste then, before Mr. Bayle comes, to go on with my lessons. Quick! quick! where is it?"

"In the lumber-room of course; where do you suppose it is?"

Thisbe led the way along a broad passage and up three or four stairs to an old oak door, which creaked mournfully on its hinges as it was thrown back, showing a long sloping ceiled room, half filled with packing cases and old fixtures that had been taken down when Hallam hired the house, and had it somewhat modernised for their use.

It was a roomy place with a large fireplace that had apparently been partially built up to allow of a small grate being set, while walls and ceiling were covered with a small patterned paper, a few odd rolls and pieces of which lay in a corner.

"I see it," cried Julia excitedly.

"No, no, no; let me get it," cried Thisbe. "Bless the bairn! why she's like a young goat. There, now just see what you've done!"

The child had darted at the hinged deal box, stood up on one end against the wall in the angle made by the great projecting fireplace, and in dragging it away had torn down a large piece of the wall paper.

"Oh, I couldn't help it, Thibs," cried the child, panting. "I am so sorry."

"So sorry, indeed!" cried Thisbe; "so sorry, indeed, won't mend walls. Why, how wet it is!" she continued, kneeling down and smoothing out the paper, and dabbing it back against the end of the great fireplace from which it had been torn. "There's one of them old gutters got stopped up and the rain soaks in through the roof, and wets this wall; it ought to be seen to at once."

All this while making a ball of her apron, Thisbe, who was the perfection of neatness, had been putting back the torn-down corner of paper, moistening it here and there, and ending by making it stick so closely that the tear was only visible on a close inspection. This done she rose and carried the box out, and into the child's bedroom, when before the slightest advance had been made towards turning it into a doll's house, there was the ring at the door, and Thisbe descended to admit the curate, to whom Julia came bounding down.

CHAPTER II.—MISS HEATHERY'S OFFERING.

NATURE, or rather the adaptation from nature which we call civilisation, deals very hardly with unmarried ladies of twenty-five for the next ten or a dozen years. Then it seems to give them up, and we have then arrived at what is politely known as the uncertain age. Very uncertain it is, for, from thirty-five to forty-five some ladies seem to stand still.

Miss Heathery was one of these, and the mid-life stage seemed to have made her ever-green, for seven years' lapse found her much the same, scarcely in any manner changed.

Poor Miss Heathery! For twenty years she had been longing with all the intensity of a true woman to become somebody's squaw. Her heart was an urn full of sweetness. Perhaps it was of rather a sickly cloying kind that many men would have turned from with disgust, but it was sweetness all the same, and for these long, long years she had been waiting to pour this honey of her nature like a blessing upon some one's head, while only one man had been ready to say, "Pour on," and held his head ready.

That one would-be suitor was old Gemp, and when he said it, poor Miss Heathery recoiled, clasping her hands tightly upon the

mouth of the urn and closing it. She could not pour it there, and the love of Gemp had turned into a bitter hate.

If the curate in his disappointment would only have turned to her, she sighed to herself!

"Ah!"

And she went on thinking and working. What comforting fleecy undergarments she could have woven for him! What ornamental braces he should have worn; and, in the sanguine hopes of that swelling urn of sweets, she designed—she never began them—a set of slippers, a set of seven, all beautifully worked in wool and silks, and lined with velvet. Sunday: white with a gold sun; Monday: dominating with a pale lambent golden green, for it was moon's day; Tuesday puzzled her, for it took her into the Scandinavian mythology, and there she was lost hopelessly for a time, but she waded out with an idea that Tuisco was Mars, so the slippers should be red. The Wednesday slippers brought in Mercury, so they were silvery. Thursday was another puzzle till the happy idea came of covering Thor's hammer, which would give the slippers quite a college look, black hammers on a red ground. Friday—Frëga, Venus—she would work a beauteous woman with golden hair on each. She felt rather doubtful about the woman's face; but love would find out the way. Then there was Saturday.

Just as she reached Saturday, she remembered having once heard that Sir Gordon had a set of razors for every day in the week, and the design halted.

Ah! if Sir Gordon would only have looked at her with that sad melancholy air of tenderness, how happy she could have been! How she would have prompted him to keep on that fight of his against time! But he never smiled upon her; and though she paid in all her little sums of money at the bank herself, and changed all her cheques, Mr. James Thickens—as he was always called, to distinguish him from a Mr. Thickens of whom some one had once heard somewhere—made no step in advance. The bank counter was always between them, and it was very broad.

What could she do more to show her affection? she asked herself. She had petitioned him to give her "a teeny weeny gold fish, and a teeny weeny silver fish," and he had responded at once; but he was close in his ways: he was not generous. He did not purchase a glass globe of iridescent tints and goodly form; he borrowed a small milk tin

at the dairy and sent them in that, with his compliments.

But there were the fish, and she purchased a beautiful globe herself, placed three Venus' ear shells in the bottom, filled it with clear water from the river carefully strained through three thicknesses of flannel, and there the fish lived till they died.

Why they died so soon may have been from over-petting and too much food. For Miss Heathery secretly named the gold-fish James, and the silver fish Letitia, her own name, and she was never so happy as when feeding James and coaxing him to kiss the tips of her thin little fingers.

Perhaps it was from over-feeding, perhaps from too much salt, for as Miss Heathery after long waiting had to content herself with the chaste salutes of the gold fish, dissolved pearls distilled from her sad eyes, and fell in the water like sporadic drops of rain.

Miss Heathery's spirit was low, and yet it kept leaping up strangely, for she had been at the bank one morning to change a cheque, and with the full intention of asking Mr. James Thickens to present her with a couple more fish from the store of which she had heard so much, but which she had never seen.

That morning, as she noted how broad the pathway had grown from the forehead upwards, and had seen when he turned his back that it expanded into a circular walk round a bed of grizzle in the back of his crown, and was then continued to the nape, Mr. James Thickens seemed to be extremely hard and cold. He looked certainly older too than he used; of that she was sure.

He seemed so extremely abrupt and impatient with her when she wished him a sweet and pensive good morning, which was as near a blessing upon his getting-bald head as the words would allow.

She said afterwards that it was a fine morning, a very fine morning, a fact that he did not deny, neither did he acknowledge, and so abstracted and strange did he seem, that the gold fish slipped out of her mind, and for a few moments she was agitated. She recovered though, and laying down a little bunch of violets beside her reticule, she went through her regular routine, received her change, and with a strange feeling of exultation at the artfulness of her procedure, she had reached the door after a most impressive "good morning," for Miss Heathery always kept up the fiction of dining late, though she partook of her main meal at half-past one.

She had reached the door, when James Thickens spoke, his voice, the voice of her forlorn hope, thrilling her to the core. It was not a thrilling word, though it had that effect upon her, for it was only a summons—an arrest, a check to her outward progress.

"Hi!"

That was all. "Hi!" but it did thrill her; and she stopped short with bounding pulses. It was abrupt, but still what of that! Gentlemen were not ladies; and if in their masterful, commanding way, they began their courtship by showing that they were the lords of women, why should she complain? He had only to order her to be his wife, and she was ready to become more—his very submissive slave.

She stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, turned at that "Hi!" so full of hope to her thirsty soul. Her eyes were humid with pleasurable sensations, and but for that broad mahogany counter, she would have thrown herself at his feet. At that moment she was upon the dazzling pinnacle of joy; the next she was mentally sobbing despairingly in the vale of sorrow and despair into which she had fallen, for James Thickens said coldly—

"Here, you've left something behind."

Her violets! Her sweet offering that she had laid upon the altar behind which her idol always stood. That bunch was gathered by her own fingers, tied up with her own hands, incensed with kisses, made dewy with tears. It was the result of loving and painful thought followed by an inventive flash. It meant an easy confession of her love, and after laying it upon the mahogany altar, her sanguine imagination painted James Thickens lifting it, kissing it, holding it to his breast, searching among the leaves for the note which was not there; and lastly, wearing it home in his button-hole, placing it in water for a time, and then keeping it dried yet fragrant in a book of poetry, the present of his love.

All that and more she had thought; and now James Thickens had called out, "Hi! Here, you've left something behind."

She crept back to the counter, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Thickens," in a piteous voice, her eyes beneath her veil too much blinded by the gathering tears to see Mr. Trampleasure passing through the bank, though she heard his words, "Good day, Miss Heathery," and bowed.

It was all over: James Thickens was not a man, he was a rhinoceros with an impenetrable hide; and, taking up her bunch of

flowers, she was about to leave the bank when Thickens spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "I want to talk to you. Can't you ask me to tea?"

The place seemed to spin round, and the mahogany counter to heave and fall like a wave, as she tried to speak but could not for a few moments. Then she mastered her emotion, and in a hurried, trembling, half-hysterical voice, she chirped out:

"Yes; this evening, Mr. Thickens, at six."

CHAPTER III.—JAMES THICKENS TAKES TEA.

"RUM little woman," said Thickens to himself as he hurried out of the bank. "Wonder whether she'd like another couple of fish."

Some men would have gone home to smarten up before visiting a lady to take tea, but James Thickens was not of that kind. His idea of smartness was always to look like a clean, dry drab leaf, and he was invariably, whenever seen, at that point of perfection.

Punctually at six o'clock he rapped boldly at Miss Heathery's door, turning round to stare hard at Gemp, who came out eagerly to look and learn, before going in to have a fit—of temper, and then moving round to stare at Mrs. Pinet's putty nose, rather a large one when flattened against the pane, as she strained to get a glimpse of such an unusual proceeding.

Several other neighbours had a look, and then the green door was opened. The visitor passed in and was ushered into the neat little parlour where the tea was spread, and Miss Heathery welcomed him, trembling with gentle emotion, and admiring the firmness, under such circumstances, of the animal man.

It was a delicious tea. There were Sally Lunn's and toast biliously brimming in butter. Six spoonfuls of the best Bohea and Young Hyson were in the china pot. There was a new cottage loaf and a large pat of butter, with a raised cow grazing on a forest of parsley. There were thin slices of ham, and there were two glass dishes of preserve equal to that of which Mrs. Luttrell was so proud; and then there was a cake from Frampton's at the corner, where they sold the Sally Lunn's.

"I don't often get a tea like this, Miss Heathery," said Thickens, who was busy with his red and yellow bandanna handkerchief spread over his drab lap.

"I hope you are enjoying it," she said sweetly.

"Never enjoyed one more. Another cup,

if you please, and I'll take a little more of that ham."

It was not a little that he took, and that qualifying adjective is of no value in describing the toast and Sally Lunns that he ate solidly and seriously, as if it were his duty to do justice to the meal.

And all the while poor Miss Heathery was only playing with her tea-cup and saucer. The only food of which she could partake was mental, and as she sat there dispensing her dainties and blushing with pleasure, she kept on thinking in a flutter of delight that all the neighbours would know Mr. Thickens was taking tea with her, and be talking about this wicked, daring escapade on the part of a single lady.

He had not smiled, but he had seemed to be so contented, so happy, and he had asked her whether she worked that framed sampler on the wall, and the black cat with gold-thread eyes, and the embroidered cushion.

He had asked her, too, if she liked poetry, and how long one of those rice-paper flowers took her to paint. He had admired, too, her poonah painting, and had at last sat back in his chair with one drab leg crossed over the other, and looking delightfully at home.

Still he didn't seem disposed to come to the point, and in the depth and subtlety of her cunning, Miss Heathery thought she would help him by leading the conversation towards matrimony.

"Dr. and Mrs. Luttrell seem to age very much," she said softly.

"Ah! they do," said Thickens, tightening his lips and making a furrow across the lower part of his face. "Yes: trouble, ma'am, trouble."

"But they are a sweet couple, Mr. Thickens."

"Models, madam, models," said the visitor, and he became very thoughtful, and there was a pause, during which Mr. Thickens took some tea and made a noise that sounded like "Soop!"

"Have you seen Sir Gordon lately?" said Miss Heathery at last.

"No, madam. Back soon, though, I hope."

"Ah!" sighed Miss Heathery, "do you think he will ever—ahem! marry now?"

"Never, ma'am," said Thickens emphatically. "Too old."

"Oh, no, Mr. Thickens."

"Oh, yes, Miss Heathery."

There was another pause.

"How beautiful Mrs. Hallam grows. So pale, and sweet, and grave. She looks to me

always, Mr. Thickens, like some lovely lily. Dear Millicent, it seems only yesterday that she was married."

Thickens started and moved uneasily, sending a pang that must have had a jealous birth through Miss Heathery's breast.

"Seven years ago, Mr. Thickens."

"Six years, eleven months, two weeks, ma'am."

"Ah, how exact you are, Mr. Thickens."

"Obliged to be, ma'am. Interest to calculate."

"But she looks thin, and not so happy as I could wish."

"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am," said Thickens, paradoxically.

Again there was an uneasy change, for Mr. Thickens's brow was puckered, and a couple of ridgy wrinkles ran across the top of his head.

"And they make such a handsome pair."

Thickens nodded and frowned, but became placid the next moment as his hostess said softly,—

"That sweet child!"

"Hah! Yes! Bless her!—Hah! Yes! Bless her!—Hah! Yes! Bless her!"

Miss Heathery stared, for her guest fired these ejaculations and benedictions at intervals in a quick, eager way, smiling the while, and with his eyes brightening.

She stared more the next minute, and trembled as she heard her visitor's next utterance, and thought of a visit of his seven years ago when she was out, and which he had explained by saying that he had come to ask her if she would like a pair of gold fish, that was all.

For all at once Mr. Thickens exclaimed, with his eyes glittering—

"If I had married I should have liked to have a little girl like that."

There was a terrible pause here, terrible to only one though; and then, in a hesitating voice, Miss Heathery went on, with that word "marriage" buzzing in her ears, and making her feel giddy.

"Do you—do you think it's true, Mr. Thickens?"

"What, that I never married?" he said sharply.

"No, no; oh, dear me, no!" cried Miss Heathery; "I mean that poor Mrs. Hallam is terribly troubled about money matters, and that they are very much in debt?"

"Don't know, ma'am; can't say, ma'am; not my business, ma'am."

"But they say the doctor is terribly pinched for money too."

"Very likely, ma'am. Everyone is sometimes."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Heathery.

"Very, ma'am. No: nothing more, thank you. Get these things taken away, I want to talk to you."

As the repast was cleared away, Miss Heathery felt that it was coming now, and as she grew more flushed, her head with its curls and great tortoise-shell comb trembled like a flower on its stalk. She got out her work, growing more and more agitated, but noticing that Thickens grew more cold and self-possessed.

"The way of a great man," she thought to herself as she felt that she had led up to what was coming, and that she had never before been so wicked and daring in the whole course of her life.

"It was the violets," she said to herself; and then she started, trembled more than ever, and felt quite faint, for James Thickens drew his chair a little nearer, spread his handkerchief carefully across his drab legs, and said suddenly—

"Now then, let's to business."

Business? Well yes, it was the great business of life, thought Miss Heathery, as she held her hands to her heart, ready to pour out the long-pent-up sweetness with which it was charged.

"Look here, Miss Heathery," he went on, "I always liked you."

"Oh! Mr. Thickens," she sighed; but she could not "look here" at the visitor, who was playing dumb tunes upon the red and lavender check table cover, as if it were a harpsichord.

"I've always thought you were an extremely good little woman."

"At last," said Miss Heathery to herself.

"You've got a nice little bit of money in our bank, and also the deeds of this house."

"Don't—don't talk about money, Mr. Thickens, please."

"Must," he said abruptly. "I'm a money man. Now look here, you live on your little income we have in the bank."

"Yes, Mr. Thickens," sighed the lady.

"Ah! yes, of course. Then look here. Dinham's two houses are for sale next week."

"Yes; I saw the bill," she sighed.

"Let me buy them for you."

"Buy them? They would cost too much, Mr. Thickens."

"Not they. You've got nearly enough, and the rest could stay on. They always

let; dare say you could keep on the present tenants."

"But——"

That "but" meant that she would not have those excuses for going to the bank.

"You'll get good interest for your money then, ma'am, and you get little now."

"But, Mr. Thickens——"

"I wish you to do it, ma'am, and I hope that you will."

"Oh! if you wish it, Mr. Thickens, of course I will," she said eagerly.

"That's right; I do wish it. May I buy them for you?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Thickens."

"All right, ma'am, then I will. Now I must get home and feed my fishes. Good evening."

He caught up his hat, shook hands, and was gone before his hostess had recovered from her surprise and chagrin.

"But never mind," she said, rubbing her hands and making two rings click.

The contact of those two rings made her gaze down and then take and fondle one particular finger, while, in spite of the abruptness of her visitor, she gazed down dreamily at that finger, and sighed as she sank into a reverie full of golden dreams.

"So odd and peculiar," she sighed; "but so different from any one else I ever knew; and ah me! how shocking it all is, so many people must have seen him come."

CHAPTER IV.—DR. LUTTRELL'S TROUBLES.

DR. LUTTRELL had taken a rake, and gone down the garden, according to his custom, and, as soon as he had left the house, Mrs. Luttrell went to the window and watched him; after which, with a sorrowful face, she went back into the drawing-room, to sit down and weep silently for a few minutes.

"It breaks my heart to see her poor sad face, and it's breaking his, though he's always laughing it off, and telling me it's all my nonsense. Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! how is it all to end!"

She sat rocking herself to and fro for a few minutes, and then jumped up hastily.

"It's dreadful, that it is!" she sighed; "but I can't stop here alone. Yes! I thought so!" she cried, as she went to the window, where she could catch sight of the doctor, rake in hand, but not using it, according to his wont, for he was resting upon it, and thinking deeply.

Mrs. Luttrell snatched at a great grey ball of worsted and her needles, and went down the garden, making the doctor start as she reached his side.

"Eh? What is it?" he exclaimed. "Anything wrong at the Manor?"

"Wrong! what nonsense, dear!" said the old lady cheerily. "I'm sure, Joseph, you ought to take some medicine. You grow quite nervous!"

"What made you come, then?" he cried, beginning to use his rake busily.

"Why, I thought I'd come and chat while you worked, and—Joseph, my dear, don't—don't look like that!"

"It's of no use, old girl," said the doctor with a sigh; "we may just as well look it boldly in the face. I'm sick of all this make-believe."

"And so am I, dear. Let us be open."

"Ah, well! I will. Who is a man to be open to if not to his old wife?"

"There!" sobbed Mrs. Luttrell, making a brave effort over herself, and speaking cheerfully. "I'm ready to face everything now!"

"Even poverty, my dear?"

"Even poverty! What does it matter to us? Is it so very bad, dear?"

"It could not be worse. We must give up this house, and sell everything."

"But Hallam?"

"Is a scoundrel!—no! no! I won't say that of my child's husband. But I cannot get a shilling of him; and when I saw him yesterday, and threatened to go to Sir Gordon——"

"Well, dear?"

"He told me to go if I dared."

"And did you go?"

"Did I go, mother? Did I go?—with poor Milly's white face before my eyes, to denounce her husband as a cheat and a rogue! He has had every penny I possessed for his speculations, and they seem all to have failed."

"But you shouldn't have let him have it, dear."

"Not let him have it, wife! How could I refuse my own son-in-law? Well, there, our savings are gone, and we must eat humble pie for the future. I have not much practice now, and I don't think my few patients will leave me because I live in a cottage."

"Do you think if I went and spoke to Robert it would do any good?"

"It would make our poor darling miserable. She would be sure to know. As it is she believes her husband to be one of the best of men. Am I, her father, to be the one who destroys that faith? Hush! here is some one coming!"

For there was a quick, heavy step upon the gravel walk, and Christie Bayle appeared.

"I thought I should find you," he said,

shaking hands warmly. "Well, doctor, how's the garden? Why, Mrs. Luttrell, what black currants! There! you may call me exacting, but tithe, ma'am, tithe—I put in my claim at once for two pots of black currant jam. Those you gave me last year were invaluable."

Mrs. Luttrell held his hand still, and laughed gently.

"Little bits of flattery for a very foolish old woman, my dear."

"Flattery! when I had such sore throats I could hardly speak, and yet had to preach! Not much flattery, eh, doctor?"

"Flattery? No, no!" said the doctor dreamily.

He glanced at Mrs. Luttrell, then at Bayle, who went on chatting pleasantly about the garden, and then checked him suddenly.

"No one can hear us, Bayle. We want to talk to you—my wife and I."

"Certainly," said Bayle; and his tone and manner changed. "Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Wait a moment—let me think," said the doctor sadly. "Here, let's go and sit down under the yew hedge."

Bayle drew Mrs. Luttrell's hand through his arm, and patted it gently, as she looked up tenderly in his face, a tenderness mingled with pride, as if she had part and parcel in the sturdy, manly Englishman who led her to the pleasant old rustic seat in a nook of the great green, closely-clipped wall, with its glorious prospect away over the fair country side.

"I do love this old spot!" said Bayle enthusiastically, for a glance at the doctor showed that he was nervous and hesitating, and he thought it well to give him time. "Mrs. Luttrell, it is one of my sins that I cannot master envy. I always long for this old place and garden."

"Bayle!" cried the doctor, laying his hand upon the curate's knee, and with his former hesitancy chased away by an eager look, "are you in earnest?"

"In earnest, my dear sir? What about?"

"About—about the old place—the garden?"

"Earnest? yes; but I am going to fight it down," cried Bayle, laughing.

"Don't laugh, man. I am serious—things are serious with me."

"I was afraid so; but I dared not ask you. Come, come, Mrs. Luttrell," he continued gently, "don't take it to heart! Troubles come to us all, and when they do there is their pleasant side, for then we learn

the value of our friends, and I hope I am one."

"Friend, my dear!" said Mrs. Luttrell, weeping gently, "I'm sure you have always seemed to me like a son. Do, pray do, Joseph, tell him all."

"Be patient, wife, and I will—all that I can."

The doctor paused and cleared his throat, while Mrs. Luttrell sat with her hand in the curate's.

"You have set me thinking," said the doctor at last; "and what you said is like a ray of sunshine in my trouble."

"He's always saying things that are like rays of sunshine to us in our trouble, Joseph," said Mrs. Luttrell, looking up through her tears at the earnest countenance at her side.

"Bayle, I shall have to lose the old place—the wife's old home, of which she is so proud—and my old garden. It's a bitter blow at my time of life, but it must come."

"I was afraid there was something very wrong," said Bayle; "but suppose we look the difficulties in the face. I'm a bit of a lawyer, you know, my dear doctor. Let's see what can be done. I want to be delicate in my offer, but I must be blunt. I am not a poor man, my wants are very simple, and I spend so little—let me clear this difficulty away. There, we will not bother Mrs. Luttrell about money matters. Consider it settled."

"No," said the doctor firmly, "that will not do. I appreciate it all, my dear boy, truly; but there is only one way out of this difficulty—the old place must be sold."

"Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" sighed Mrs. Luttrell, and the tears fell fast.

"It must be, wife," said the doctor firmly. "Bayle, after what you said, will you buy the old home? I could bear it better if it fell into your hands."

"Are you sure that it must be sold?"

"There is no other way out of the difficulty, Bayle. Will you buy it?"

"If you tell me that there is certainly no other way out of the difficulty, and that it is your wish, and Mrs. Luttrell's, I will buy the place."

"Just as it stands—furniture—everything?"

"Just as it stands—furniture—everything."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor with a sigh of relief. "Thank God, Bayle!" he cried, shaking the curate's hand energetically. "I have not felt so much at rest for months.

Now I want you to tell me a little about the town—about the people. What do they say?"

"Say?"

"Yes: say about us—about Hallam—about Millicent, and about our darling?"

"My dear doctor, I shall have to go and fetch old Gemp. He will point at game, and tell you more in half an hour than I shall be able to tell you in a year. Had we not better change the conversation?—here is Mrs. Hallam with Julia."

For just then the garden gate clicked, and Millicent came into sight, with her child, the one grave and sad, the other all bright-eyed eagerness and excitement.

"There they are, mamma—in the yew seat!" And the child raced across the lawn, bounded over a flower-bed, and leaped upon the doctor's knee.

"Dear old grandpa!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him effusively, but only to leap down and climb on Mrs. Luttrell's lap, clasping her neck, and laying her charming little face against the old lady's cheek. "Dear, sweet old grand-ma!" she cried.

Then, in all the excitement of her young hilarity, she was down again to seize Bayle's hand.

"Come and get some fruit and flowers. We may, mayn't we, grandpa?"

"I'm sure we may," said Bayle, laughing, "only I must go."

"Oh!" cried the child, pouting, "don't go, Mr. Bayle! I do like being in the garden with you so very very much!"

Mrs. Hallam turned her sweet, grave face to him.

"Can you give her only a few minutes? Julia will be so disappointed."

"There!" cried Bayle merrily, "you see, doctor, what a little tyrant she grows! She makes every one her slave!"

"I don't!" said the child, pouting. "Mamma always says a run in the garden does me so much good, and it will do Mr. Bayle good too. Thibs says he works too hard."

"Come along, then," he cried, laughing; and the man seemed transformed, running off with the child to get a basket, while Millicent gazed after them, her sweet, sad face looking brighter, and the old people seemed to have forgotten their troubles, as they gazed smilingly after the pair.

"Bless her!" said Mrs. Luttrell, swaying herself softly to and fro, and passing her hands along her knees.

"Yes, that's the way, Milly. Give her

plenty of fresh air, and laugh at me and my tribe."

Then quite an eager conversation ensued, Mrs. Hallam brightening up; and on both sides every allusion to trouble was, by a pious kind of deception, kept out of sight, Millicent Hallam being in the fond belief that her parents did not even suspect that she was not thoroughly happy, while they were right in thinking that their child was ignorant of the straits to which they had been brought.

"Why we are quite gay this morning!" cried Mrs. Luttrell; "or, no: perhaps he comes as a patient, he looks so serious. Ah, Sir Gordon, it is quite an age since you were here!"

"Yes, madam; I'm growing old and gouty, and—your servant, Mrs. Hallam," he said, raising his hat. "Doctor, I wish I had your health. Ah, how peaceful and pleasant this garden looks! They told me—old Gemp told me—that I should find Bayle here. I called at his lodgings—bless my soul! how can a man with his income live in such a simple way! The woman said he was out visiting, and that old scoundrel said he was here. Egad! I believe the fellow lies in wait to hear everything. Eh? Ah, I'm right, I see!"

Just then there was a silvery burst of childish laughter, followed by a deep voice shouting, "Stop thief! stop thief!" Then there was a scampering of feet, and Julia came racing along, with her dark curls flying, and Christie Bayle in full pursuit, right up to the group by the yew hedge.

"She ran off with the basket!" cried Bayle. "Did you ever see—Ah, Sir Gordon!" he cried, holding out a currant-stained hand.

"Humph!" cried Sir Gordon grimly, raising his glass to his eye, and looking at the big, brown, fruit-stained fingers; "mighty clerical, 'pon my honour, sir! Who do you think is coming to listen to a parson on Sundays who spends his weeks racing about gardens after little girls? No, I'm not going to spoil my gloves; they're new."

"I—I don't think you ought to speak to—Mr. Bayle like that, Sir Gordon!" cried Mrs. Luttrell, flushing and ruffling up like a hen. "If you only knew him as we do——"

"Oh, hush, mamma dear!" said Mrs. Hallam, smiling tenderly, and laying her hand upon her mother's arm.

"Yes, my dear; but I cannot sit still and——"

"Know him, ma'am!" said Sir Gordon sharply. "Oh, I know him by heart; read him through and through! He was never meant for a parson; he's too rough!"

"Really, Sir Gordon, I——"

"Don't defend me, Mrs. Luttrell," said Bayle merrily. "Sir Gordon doesn't like me, and he makes this excuse for not coming to hear me preach."

"Well, little dark eyes!" cried Sir Gordon, taking Julia's hand, and leading her to the seat. "Ah, that's better! I do get tired so soon, doctor. Well, little dark eyes!" he continued, after seating himself, and drawing the child between his knees, after which he drew a clean, highly-scented, cambric handkerchief from his breast pocket, and leaned forward. "Open your mouth, little one," he said.

Julia obeyed, parting her scarlet lips.

"Now put out your tongue."

"Is grandpa teaching you to be a doctor?" said the child innocently.

"No; but I wish he would, my dear," said Sir Gordon, "so that I could doctor one patient myself. Out with your tongue."

The child obeyed, and the baronet gravely moistened his handkerchief thereon, and, taking the soft little chin in one gloved hand, carefully removed a tiny purple fruit-stain.

"That's better. Now you are fit to kiss." He bent down, and kissed the child slowly.

"Don't like me much, do you, Julia?"

"I don't know," said the child, looking up at him with her large, serious eyes. "Sometimes I do, when you don't talk crossly to me; but sometimes I don't. I don't like you half so well as I do Mr. Bayle."

"But he's always setting you hard lessons, and puzzling your brains, isn't he?"

"No," said the child, shaking her head. "Oh, no! we have such fun over my lessons every morning! But I do like you too—a little."

"Come, that's a comfort!" said Sir Gordon, rising again. "There, I must go. I want to carry off Mr. Bayle—on business."

Mrs. Hallam glanced sharply from one to the other, and then, to conceal her agitation, bent down over her child, and began to smooth her tangled curls.

CHAPTER V.—SIR GORDON BOURNE ASKS QUESTIONS.

"I WANT a few words with you, Bayle," said Sir Gordon, as the pair walked back towards the town.

"Shall we talk here, or will you come to my rooms?" and he indicated Mrs. Pinet's house, to which he had moved when Hallam married.

"Your rooms? No, man; I never feel as

if I can breathe in your stuffy lodgings. How can you exist in them?"

"I do, and very happily," said Bayle, laughing. "Shall we go to your private room at the bank?"

"Bless my soul! no, man!" cried Sir Gordon hastily. "The very last place. Let's get out in the fields and talk there. More room, and no tattling, inquisitive people about. No Gemps."

"Very good," said Bayle, wondering, and very anxious at heart, for he knew the baronet's proclivities.

They turned off on to one of the footpaths, chatting upon indifferent matters, till all at once Sir Gordon exclaimed—

"Pon my honour, I don't think I like you, Bayle."

"I'm very sorry, Sir Gordon, because I really do like you. I've always found you a true gentleman at heart, and——"

"Stuff, sir! silence, sir! Egad, sir, will you hold your tongue? Talking such nonsense to a confirmed valetudinarian with a soured life, and—no! I don't want to talk about myself. I was going to say that I did not like you."

"You did say so," replied the curate, smiling.

"Ah! well, it's the truth. Why do you stop here?"

"To annoy you, perhaps," said Bayle, laughing. "Well, no: I like my people, and I'm vain enough to think I am able to do a little good."

"You do, Bayle, you do," said Sir Gordon, taking his arm and leaning upon him in a confidential way. "You're a good fellow, Bayle; and Castor here would miss you horribly, if you left."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, sir. Why you do more good among the people in one year than I have done in all my life."

"Well, I think I have amerced you pretty well lately, for my poor, Sir Gordon."

"Yes, man, but it was your doing. I shouldn't have given a shilling. But look here, I was going to say, why is it that I come to you, and make such a confidant of you?"

"Do you wish to confide something to me now?"

"Yes, of course; one can't go to one's solicitor, and I've no friends. Plenty of club acquaintances: but no friends. There, don't shake your head like that, man. Well, only a few. By the way, charming little girl that."

"What, little Julie?" cried Bayle, with his cheeks flushing with pleasure.

"Yes; and your prime favourite, I see. I don't like her though. Too much of her father."

"She has his eyes and hair," said Bayle, thoughtfully; "but there is the sweet grave look in her face that her mother used to wear when I first came to Castor."

"Hush! silence! hold your tongue!" cried Sir Gordon impatiently. "Look here: her father: I want to talk about him."

"About Mr. Hallam?"

"Yes. What do you think of him now?"

Bayle laid his hand upon Sir Gordon's.

"We are old friends, Sir Gordon; I know your little secret, you know mine. Don't ask me that question."

"As a very old trusty friend I do ask you, Bayle, it is a duty. Look here, man: I hold an important trust in connection with that bank. I'm afraid I have not done my duty. It is irksome to me, a wealthy man, and I am so much away yachting. Let me see; you never have had dealings with us."

"No, Sir Gordon, never."

"Well, as I was saying, I am so much away. You are always feeling the pulses of the people. Now, as you are a great deal at Hallam's, tell me as a friend in a peculiar position, what do you think of Hallam?"

"Do you mean as a friend?"

"I mean as a business man, as our manager. What do the people say?"

"I cannot retail to you all their little tattle, Sir Gordon. Look here, sir, what do you mean? Speak out."

Sir Gordon grew red and was silent for a few minutes.

"I will be plain, Bayle," he said at last.

"The fact is I am very uneasy."

"About Hallam?"

"Yes. He occupies a position of great trust."

"But surely Mr. Trampleasure shares it."

"Trampleasure shares nothing. He's a mere dummy, a bank ornament. There, I don't say I suspect Hallam, but I cannot help seeing that he is living far beyond his means."

"But you have the books—the statements?"

"Yes; and everything is perfectly correct. I do know something about figures, and at our last audit there was not a penny wrong."

Bayle drew a breath full of relief.

"Every security, every deed was in its

place, and the bank was never in a more prosperous state."

"Then of what do you complain?"

"That is what I do not know. All I know, Bayle, is that I am uneasy, and dissatisfied about him. Can you help me?"

"How can I help you?"

"Can you tell me something to set my mind at rest, and make me think that Hallam is a strictly honourable man, so that I can go off again yachting. I cannot exist away from the sea."

"I am afraid I can tell you nothing, Sir Gordon."

"Not from friend to friend?"

"I am the trusted friend of the Hallams. I am free of their house. They have entrusted a great deal of the education of their child to me!"

"Well, tell me this. You know the people. What do they say of Hallam in the town?"

"I have never heard an unkind word respecting him unless from disappointed people, to whom, I suppose from want of confidence in their securities, he has refused loans."

"That's praising him," said Sir Gordon. "Do the people seem to trust him?"

"Oh! certainly."

"More praise. But do they approve of his way of living? Hasn't he a lot of debts in the town?"

Bayle was silent.

"Ah! that pinches. Well, now does not that seem strange?"

"I know nothing whatever of Mr. Hallam's private affairs. He may perhaps have lost his own money, and his indebtedness be due to his endeavours to recoup himself."

"Yes," said Sir Gordon drily. "What a lovely day."

"It is delightful," said the curate, with a sigh of relief, as they turned back.

"I was going to start to-morrow for a run up the Norway fiords."

"Indeed; so soon?"

"Yes," said Sir Gordon drily; "but I am not going now."

They parted at the entrance of the town, and directly after the curate became aware of the fact that old Gemp was looking at him very intently.

He forgot it the next moment as he entered his room, to be followed directly after by his landlady, who drew his attention to a note upon the chimney-piece in Thickens's formal, clerically hand.

"One of the school children brought this, sir; and, begging your pardon," cried the

woman, colouring indignantly, "if it isn't making too bold to ask such a thing of you, sir, don't you think you might say a few words next Sunday about Poll-prying, and asking questions?"

"Really," said Bayle, smiling, "I'm afraid it would be very much out of place, Mrs. Pinet."

"Well, I'm sorry you say so, sir, for the way that Gemp goes on gets to be beyond bearing. He actually stopped that child, took the letter from him, read the direction, and then asked the boy who it was from, and whether he was to wait for an answer."

"Never mind, Mrs. Pinet; it is very complimentary of Mr. Gemp to take so much interest in my affairs."

"It made me feel quite popped, sir," cried the woman; "but of course it be no business of mine."

Bayle read the letter, and changed colour, as he connected it with Sir Gordon's questions, for it was a request that the curate would come up and see Thickens that evening on very particular business.

CHAPTER VI.—JAMES THICKENS MAKES A COMMUNICATION.

"MASTER'S in the garden feeding his fish," said the girl, as she admitted Bayle. "I'll go and tell him you're here, sir."

"No; let me go to him," said Bayle quietly.

The girl led the way down a red brick floored passage, and opened a door, through which the visitor passed, and then stood looking at the scene before him.

There was not much garden, but James Thickens was proud of it, because it was his own. It was only a strip, divided into two beds by a narrow walk of red bricks—so many laid flat with others set on edge to keep the earth from falling over, and sully-ing the well-scrubbed path, which was so arranged by its master that the spigot of the rain-water butt could be turned on now and then and a birch broom brought into requisition to keep all clean.

Each bed was a mass of roses—dwarf roses that crept along the ground by the path, and then others that grew taller till the red brick wall on either side was reached, and this was clambered, surmounted, and almost completely hidden by clusters of small blossoms. No other flower grew in this patch of a garden, but save in the very inclement weather there were always buds and blossoms to be picked, and James Thickens was content.

From where Bayle stood he could see Thickens kneeling down at the side of the great bricked and cemented tank that extended across the bottom of his and the two adjoining gardens, while beyond was the steam-mill, where Mawson the miller had introduced that great power to work his machinery. He it was who had contrived the tank for some scheme in connection with the mill, and had then made some other plan after leading into it through a pipe the clear water of the dam on the other side of the mill, and arranging a proper exit when it should be too full. Then he had given it up as unnecessary, merely turning into it a steam pipe, to get rid of the waste, and finally had let it to Thickens for his whim.

There was a certain prettiness about the place seen from the bank-clerk's rose garden. Facing you was the quaintly built mill, one mass of ivy from that point of view, while numberless strands ran riot along the stone edge of the tank, and hung down to kiss the water with their tips. To the left there was the great elder clump, that was a mass of creamy bloom in summer, and of clustering black berries in autumn, till the birds had cleared all off.

As Bayle stood looking down, he could see the bank-clerk upon his knees, bending over the edge of the pool, and holding his fingers in the water.

Every now and then he took a few crumbs of broken well-boiled rice from a basin at his side, and scattered them over the pool, while, when he had done this, he held the tips of his fingers in the water.

He was so intent upon his task, that he did not hear the visitor's approach, so that when Bayle was close up, he could see the limpid water glowing with the bright scales of the golden orange fish that were feeding eagerly in the soft evening light. Now quite a score of the brilliant metallic creatures would be making at the crumbs of rice. Then there would be as many—quite a little shoal—that were of a soft pearly silver, while mingled with them were others that seemed laced with sable velvet or purple bands.

The secret of the hand-dipping was plain too, for, as Thickens softly placed his fingers on the surface, first one, and then another, would swim up and seem to kiss the ends, taking therefrom some snack of rice, to dart away directly with a flourish of the tail which set the water all a ripple, and made it flash in the evening light.

Thickens was talking to his pets, calling them by many an endearing name as they

swam up, kissed his finger tips, and darted away, till becoming conscious of the presence of some one in the garden, he started to his feet, but stooped quickly again to pick up the basin, dip a little water, rinse out the vessel, and throw its contents far and wide.

"I did not hear you come, Mr. Bayle," he said hastily.

"I ought to have spoken," replied the curate gravely. "How tame your fishes are!"

"Yes, sir, yes. They've got to know people from being petted so. Dip your fingers in the water, and they'll come."

The visitor bent down and followed the example he had seen, with the result that fish after fish swam up, touched a white finger tip with its soft wet mouth, and then darted off.

"Strange pets, Mr. Thickens, are they not?"

"Yes, sir, yes. But I like them," said Thickens with a droll look sideways at his visitor. "You see the water's always gently warmed from the mill there, and that makes them thrive. They put one in mind of gold and silver, sir, and the bank. And they're nice companions: they don't talk."

He seemed then to have remembered something. A curious rigidity came over him, and though his visitor was disposed to linger by the pool where, in the evening light, the brightly coloured fish glowed like dropped flakes of the sunset, Thickens drew back for him to pass, and then almost backed him into the house.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Bayle," he said, rather huskily; and he placed a chair for his visitor. "You got my note, then?"

"Yes, and I came on. You want my——"

"Help and advice, sir; that's it. I'm in a cleft stick, sir—fast."

"I am sorry," said Bayle earnestly, for Thickens paused. "Is it anything serious?"

Thickens nodded, sat down astride a windsor chair, holding tightly by the curved back, and rested his upper teeth on the top, tapping the wood gently.

Bayle waited a few moments for him to go on; but he only began rubbing at the top of the chair back, and stared at his visitor.

"You say it is serious, Mr. Thickens."

"Terribly, sir."

"Is it—is it a monetary question?"

Thickens raised his head, nodded, and lowered it again till his teeth touched the chair back.

"Some one in difficulties?"

Thickens nodded. Digitized by Google

"Not you, Mr. Thickens? You are too careful a man?"

"No: not me, sir."

"Some friend?"

Thickens shook his head, and there was silence for a few moments, only broken by the dull sound of the clerk's teeth upon the chair.

"Do you want me to advance some money to a person in distress?"

Thickens raised his head quickly, and looked sharply in his visitor's eye; but only to lower his head again.

"No. No," he said.

"Then will you explain yourself?" said the curate gravely.

"Yes. Give me time. It's hard work. You don't know."

Bayle looked at him curiously, and waited for some minutes before Thickens spoke again.

"Yes," he said suddenly, and as if his words were the result of deep thought; "yes, I'll tell you. I did think I wouldn't speak after all: but it's right, and I will. I can trust you, Mr. Bayle?"

"I hope so, Mr. Thickens."

"Yes, I can trust you. I used to think you were too young and boyish, but you're older much, and I didn't understand you then as I do now."

"I was very young when I first came, Mr. Thickens," said Bayle, smiling. "It was almost presumption for me to undertake such a duty. Well, what is your trouble?"

"Give me time, man; give me time," said Thickens fiercely. "You don't know what it is to be in my place. I am a confidential clerk, and it is like being torn up by the roots to have to speak as I want to speak."

"If it is a matter of confidence ought you to speak to me, Mr. Thickens?" said Bayle gravely. "Do I understand you to say it is a bank matter?"

"That's it, sir."

"Then why not go to Mr. Dixon?"

Thickens shook his head.

"Mr. Tramplesure? or Sir Gordon Bourne?"

"They'll know soon enough," said Thickens grimly.

A curious feeling of horror came over Bayle as he heard these words, the cold damp dew gathered on his brow, his hands felt moist, and his heart began to beat heavily.

He could not have told why this was, only that a vague sense of some terrible horror oppressed him. He felt that he was about to receive some blow, and that he was weak,

unnerved, and unprepared for the shock, just when he required all his faculties to be at their strongest and best.

And yet the clerk had said so little, nothing that could be considered as leading up to the horror the hearer foresaw. All the same though, Bayle's imagination seized upon the few scant words—those few dry bones of utterance, clothed them with flesh, and made of them giants of terror before whose presence he shook and felt cowed.

"Tell me," he said at last, and his voice sounded strange to him, "tell me all."

There was another pause, and then Thickens, who looked curiously troubled and grey, sat up.

"Yes," he said, "I'll tell you all. I can trust you, Mr. Bayle. I don't come to you because you are a priest, but because you are a man—a gentleman who will help me, and I want to do what's right."

"I know—I believe you do, Thickens," said the curate huskily, and he looked at him almost reproachfully, as if blaming him for the pain that he was about to give.

He felt all this. He could not have explained why, but as plainly as if he had been forewarned, he knew that some terrible blow was about to fall.

Thickens sat staring straight before him now, gnawing hard at one of his nails, and looking like a man having a hard struggle with himself.

It was a very plainly furnished but pleasant little room, whose wide, low window had a broad sill upon which some half-dozen flowers bloomed, and just then, as the two men sat facing each other, the last glow of evening lit up the curate's troubled face, and left that of Thickens more and more in the shade.

"That's better," he said with a half laugh; "I wish I had left it till it was dark. Look here, Mr. Bayle, I've been in trouble these five years past."

"You?"

"Yes, sir. I say it again, I've been in trouble these six or seven years past, and it's been a trouble that began like a little cloud as you'd say—no bigger than a man's hand; and it grew slowly bigger and bigger, till it's got to be a great thick, black darkness, covering everything before the storm bursts."

"Don't talk riddles, man; speak out."

"Parables, Mr. Bayle, sir, parables. Give me time, sir, give me time. You don't know what it is to a man who has trained himself from a boy to be close and keep secrets, to



"It has tortured me for years. Listen, sir."

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have to bring them out of himself and lay them all bare."

"I'll be patient; but you are torturing me. Go on."

"I felt it would, and that's one of the things that's kept me back, sir. But I'm going to speak now."

"Go on."

"Well, sir, a bank clerk is trained to be suspicious. Every new customer who comes to the bank is an object of suspicion to a man like me. He may want to cheat us. Every cheque that's drawn is an object of suspicion because it may be a forgery, or the drawer may not have a balance to meet it. Then money—the number of bad coins I've detected, sir, would fill a big chest full of sham gold, and silver, so that one grows to doubt and suspect every sovereign one handles. Then, sir, there's men in general, and even your own people. It's a bad life, sir, a bad life, a bank clerk's, for you grow at last so that you even begin to doubt yourself."

"Ah! but that is a morbid feeling, Thickens."

"No, sir, it's a true one. I doubt myself. I've had such a fight as you couldn't believe, doubting myself, and whether I was right, but I think I am."

"Well," said the curate, smiling a faint, dejected smile; "but you are still keeping me in the dark."

"It will be light directly," said Thickens fiercely, "light that is blinding. I dread almost to speak and let you hear."

"Go on, man; go on."

"I will, sir. Well, for years past I've been in doubt about our bank."

"Dixons', that every one trusts?"

"Yes, sir, that's it. Dixons' has been trusted by everybody. Dixons', after a hundred years' trial, has grown to be looked upon as the truth in commerce. It has been like a sort of money mill set going a hundred years ago, and once set going, it has gone on of itself, always grinding coin."

"But you don't mean to tell me that the bank is unsafe? Man, man, it means ruin to hundreds of our friends."

He spoke in an impassioned way, but at the same time he felt more himself; the vague horror had grown less.

"Hear me out, sir; hear me out," said Thickens drily. "Years ago, sir, I began to doubt, and then I doubted myself, and then I doubted again, but even then I couldn't believe. Doubts are no use to a man like me, sir; he must have figures, and figures I couldn't get to prove it, sir. I must be able

to balance a couple of pages, and then if the balance is on the wrong side there's something to go upon. It has taken years to get these figures, but I've got them now."

"Thickens, you are torturing me with this slow preamble."

"For a few minutes, sir," said the clerk pathetically—"for an hour. It has tortured me for years. Listen, sir. I began to doubt—not Dixons' stability, but something else."

The vague horror began to increase again, and Christie Bayle's hands grew more damp.

"I have saved a little money, and that and my writings were in the bank. I withdrew everything. Cowardly? Dishonest? Perhaps it was; but I doubted, sir, and it was my little all. Then you'll say, if I had these doubts I ought to have spoken. If I had been sure perhaps I might; but I tell you, sir, they were doubts. I couldn't be false to my friends though, and where here and there they've consulted me about their little bits of money I've found out investments for them, or advised them to buy house property. A clergyman for whom I changed a cheque one day, said it would be convenient for him to have a little banking account with Dixons', and I said if I had an account with a good bank in London I wouldn't change it. Never change your banker, I said."

"Yes, Thickens, you did," said the curate eagerly, "and I have followed your advice. But you are keeping me in suspense. Tell me, is there risk of Dixons' having to close their doors?"

"No, sir, no; it's not so bad as that. Old Mr. Dixon is very rich, and he'd give his last penny to put things straight. Sir Gordon Bourne is an honourable gentleman—one who would sacrifice his fortune so that he might hold up his head. But things are bad, sir, bad. How bad I don't know."

"But, good heavens, man! your half-yearly balance-sheets—your books?"

"All kept right, sir, and wonderfully correct. Everything looks well in the books."

"Then how is it?"

"The securities, sir," said Thickens, with his lip quivering. "I've done a scoundrelly thing."

"You, Thickens? You? I thought you were as honest a man as ever trod this earth!"

"Me, sir?" said the clerk grimly. "Oh, no! oh, no! I'm a gambler, I am."

The vague horror was dissolving fast into thin mist.

"You astound me!" cried Bayle, as he thought of Sir Gordon's doubts of Hallam.

"You, in your position of trust! What are you going to do?"

The grim smile on James Thickens's lip grew more saturnine as he said—

"Make a clean breast of it, sir. That's why I sent for you."

"But, my good man!—oh, for heaven's sake! go with me at once to Sir Gordon and Mr. Hallam. I ought not to listen to this alone."

"You're going to hear it all alone," said James Thickens, growing still more grim of aspect; "and when I've done you're going to give me your advice."

Bayle gazed at him sternly, but with the strange oppression gone, and the shadow of the vague horror fading into nothingness.

"I'm confessing to you, sir, just as if I were a Roman Catholic, and you were a priest."

"But I decline to receive your confession on such terms, James Thickens," cried Bayle sternly. "I warn you that, if you make me the recipient of your confidence, I must be free to lay the case before your employers."

"Yes, of course," said Thickens with the same grim smile. "Hear me out, Mr. Bayle, sir; you'd never think it of me, who came regularly to church, and never missed—you'd never think I had false keys made to our safe; but I did. Two months ago, in London."

Bayle involuntarily drew back his chair, and Thickens laughed—a little hard, dry laugh.

"Don't be hard on the man, Mr. Bayle, who advised you not to put your money and securities in at Dixons'."

"Go on, sir," said the curate sternly.

"Yes, I will go on!" cried Thickens, speaking now excitedly, in a low, harsh voice. "I can't carry on that nonsense. Look here, sir," he continued, shuffling his chair closer to his visitor, and getting hold of his sleeve, "you don't know our habits at the bank. Everything is locked up in our strong-room, and Hallam keeps the key of that, and carefully too! I go in and out there often, but it's always when he's in the room, and when he is not there he always locks it, so that, though I tried for years to get in there, I never had a chance."

"Wretched man!" cried Bayle, trying to shake off his grip, but Thickens's fingers closed upon his arm like a claw.

"Yes, I was wretched, and that's why I had the keys made, and altered again and again till I could get them to fit. Then one day I had my chance. Hallam went over to Lincoln, and I had a good examination of the

different securities, shares, deeds—scrip of all kinds—that I had down on a paper, an abstract from my books."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir? Half of them are not there. They're dummies tied up and docketed."

"But the real deeds?"

"Pledged for advances in all sorts of quarters. Money raised upon them at a dozen banks, perhaps, in town."

"But—I don't understand you, Thickens; you do not mean that you—"

"That I, Mr. Bayle!" cried the clerk passionately. "Shame upon you?—do you think I could be such a scoundrel, such a thief?"

"But these deeds, and this scrip, what are they all?"

"Valuable securities placed in Dixons' hands for safety."

"And they are gone?"

"To an enormous amount."

"But, tell me," panted Bayle, with the horror vague no longer, but seeming to have assumed form and substance, and to be crushing him down, "who has done this thing?"

"Who had the care of them, sir?"

"Thickens," cried Bayle, starting from his chair, and catching at the mantelpiece, for the room seemed to swim round, and he swept an ornament from the shelf, which fell with a crash, "Thickens, for Heaven's sake, don't say that."

"I must say it, sir. What am I to do? I've doubted him for years."

"But the money—he has lived extravagantly; but, oh! it is impossible. It can't be much."

"Much, sir? It's fifty thousand pounds if it's a penny!"

"But, Thickens, it means felony, criminal prosecution, a trial."

He spoke hoarsely, and his hands were trembling.

"It means transportation for one-and-twenty years, sir; perhaps for life."

Bayle's face was ashy, and with lips apart he stood gazing at the grim, quiet clerk.

"Man, man!" he cried at last; "it can't be true."

"Do you doubt, too, sir? Well, it's natural. I used to, and I tried to doubt it; a hundred times over when I was going to be sure that he was a villain, I used to say to myself as I went and fed my fish, It's impossible, a man with a wife and child like—"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake, hush!" cried Bayle passionately, and then with a burst of

fury, he caught the clerk by the throat. "It is a lie; Robert Hallam could not be such a wretch as that!"

"Mr. Bayle, sir," said Thickens calmly, and in an appealing tone; "can't you see now, sir, why I sent to you? Do you think I don't know how you loved that lady, and how much she and her bright little fairy of a child are to you? Why, sir, if it hadn't been for them I should have gone straight to Sir Gordon, and before now that scoundrel would have been in Lincoln jail."

"But you are mistaken, Thickens. Man, man, think what you are saying. Such a charge would break her heart, would brand that poor innocent child as the daughter of a felon. Oh, it cannot be!" he cried excitedly. "Heaven would not suffer such a wrong."

"I've been years proving it, sir; years," said Thickens slowly; "and until I was sure, I've been as silent as the dead. Fifty thousand pounds' worth of securities at least have been taken from that safe, and dummies fill up the spaces. Why, sir, a score of times people have wanted these deeds, and he has put them off for a few days till he could go up to London, raise money on others, and get those wanted from the banker's hands."

"But you knew something of this, then?"

"Yes, I knew it, sir—that is, I suspected it. Until I got the keys made, I was not sure."

"Does—does any one else know of this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" ejaculated Bayle, with quite a moan.

"Robert Hallam, sir."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bayle, drawing a breath full of relief. "You have not told a soul?"

"No, sir. I said to myself there's that sweet lady and her little child; and that stopped me. I said to myself, I must go to the truest friend they have, sir, and that was you. Now, sir, I have told you all. The simple truth. What am I to do?"

Christie Bayle dropped into a chair, his eyes staring, his blanched face drawn, and his lips apart, as he conjured up the scene that must take place—the arrest, the wreck of Millicent Hallam's life, the suffering that must be her lot. And at last, half-maddened, he started up, and stood with clenched hands gazing fiercely at the man who had fired this train.

"Well, sir," said Thickens coldly, "will you get them and the old people away before the exposure comes?"

"No," cried Bayle fiercely; "this must not—shall not be. It must be some mistake.

Mr. Hallam could not do such a wrong. Man, man, do you not see that such a charge would break his wife's heart?"

"It was in the hope that you would do something for them, sir, that I told you all this first."

"But we must see Mr. Dixon and Sir Gordon at once."

"And they will—you know what."

"Oh! the matter must be hushed up. It would kill her!" cried Bayle incoherently. "Mr. Thickens, you stand there like this man's judge; have you not made some mistake?"

Thickens shook his head and tightened his lips to a thin line.

"Do you not see what it would do? Have you no mercy?"

"Mr. Bayle, sir," said Thickens slowly, "this has served you as it served me. It's so stunning that it takes you off your head. Am I, the servant of my good masters, knowing what I do, to hide this from them till the crash comes first—the crash that is only a matter of time? Do you advise, do you wish me to do this?"

Christie Bayle sat with his hands clasping his forehead, for the pain he suffered seemed greater than he could bear. He had known for long enough that Hallam was a harsh husband and a bad father; but it had never even entered his dreams that he was other than an honest man. And now he was asked to decide upon this momentous matter, when his decision must bring ruin, perhaps even death, to the woman he esteemed, and misery to the sweet helpless child he had grown to love.

It was to him as if he were being exposed to some temptation, for even though his love for Millicent had long been dead, to live again in another form for her child, Christie Bayle would have gone through any suffering for her sake. And now as he bent down there the struggle was almost greater than he could bear.

And there for long he sat, crushed and stunned by this terrible stroke that had fallen upon him, and was about to fall upon the helpless wife and child. His mind seemed chaotic. His reasoning powers failed, and as he kept clinging to little scraps of hope, they seemed to be snatched away.

It was with a heart full of grief mingled with rage that he started to his feet at last, and faced Thickens, for the clerk had again spoken in measured tones.

"Mr. Bayle, what am I to do?"

The curate gazed at him piteously, as he

assayed to speak; but the words seemed smothered as they struggled in his heart.

Then, by a supreme effort, he mastered his emotion, and drew himself up.

"Once more, sir, what am I to do?"

"Your duty," said Christie Bayle, and with throbbing brain he turned and left the house.

CHRIST THE GLORY OF HUMANITY.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D., INNEILLAN

APRIL 4TH.

Read 1 Cor. ii. 1-8, and Luke ii. 41 to end.

THE passage, 1 Cor. ii. 8, has always seemed to me one of the freshest thoughts in the New Testament. Paul there declares that the Roman Empire in seeking to banish Christ from the world was fighting against her own interests, that if she had known real wisdom she "would not have crucified the Lord of Glory." *She* thought that she was perpetrating a grand stroke of policy. She wanted to crucify not merely the man Christ Jesus, but the ideal of Him, the thought of Him, the memory of Him. She was afraid of her young men, genuinely, sincerely afraid. The glory which she had worshipped from the beginning was a military glory; it was the heroism of warlike strength, of undaunted courage, of indomitable prowess. It seemed to her that this ideal of glory would be tarnished if her sons became Christians. Christianity seemed such a poor thing, such an abject thing, such a meek, self-sacrificing thing that she trembled lest it should be embraced by her subjects and soldiers. She resolved to stamp it out like a plague, to expunge the idea of it, to crucify the remembrance of it from the hearts of men.

Now Paul comes forward and says: "Do you know what you are doing in this attempt? You think you are blotting out an enemy to your domestic strength; I tell you that you are destroying your domestic strength itself. I tell you that in seeking to crucify the thought of Christ you are breaking the backbone of your empire. Instead of invigorating your young men by such an act, you are weakening them; you are taking away the very sinews of their power. If you only knew wherein lies the essence of manly strength you would have kept the man Christ Jesus alive in the midst of you. If you only knew that this man was ordained for the true greatness of our humanity, you would have presented his image to every

child in every picture book, would have sought by the impress of his life to kindle all lives. You destroyed the mainstay of your power when you crucified the Lord of Glory."

Now a moment's reflection will convince us that Paul was right. If the Roman Empire had kept alive amongst her youth the ideal of the Lord of Glory, she herself would have been alive unto this day. For it so happens that Christ was just the glory which she needed, and for want of which she was weak. That life which was ordained to our glory stretched over all the stages of our nature and filled them all. It supplied to each of these stages its essential quality, exactly those four qualities which the Roman Empire required to make it stand—the home life of childhood, the loyalty on the mountain's brow of youth, the chivalry of manhood, and the patient courage of that period which corresponds in Him to what we call old age, the period when He had finished the work given Him to do and entered upon the work given Him to bear. We begin in this reading with the first of these. The Roman had no home life for the child; there was nothing intermediate between the dawn and the meridian; there were no silent hours of development which motherhood could treasure up in her heart, no moments of filial subjection in which the will of the child was hid in the will of the parent. Life everywhere hurried on to the top of the hill. Beardless boys were at the head of armies, untried youths were elbowing their way into the senate house, the hands that guided the helm had no experience of life's sea. To such an empire the childhood of Jesus presented a wondrous revelation. The curtain rose, and for the first time in the world's history men saw—nothing. For the first time in the annals of domestic life there was exhibited a sanctuary of home, walled in on every side from the gazer's view. Scarcely for a moment is the radiance of that childhood visible. We catch one bright, one transient glimpse in the

temple, and then the walls of Nazareth close round again and we see no more. I used to think, What a pity it is that we have received so poor a revelation of the opening years of the Lord of Glory! I do not think so now. To me it seems that the very poverty of this revelation is its glory. Was not the reticence of childhood the very thing which the Roman world needed to learn? Was not the revelation of a blank in the opening years of Jesus precisely that light which this empire wanted to see? Did she not need to be told just what this revelation told her—that her young men required thirty years of Galilee to make them strong, thirty years of subjection to wills wiser than their own, thirty years of seclusion to ponder in their hearts what they would do in their lives? O light-giving veil, O golden silence, O eloquent want of eloquence, we greet thee through the years. We feel that we, too, in our days of labour and heavyladenness have need of the home life of Nazareth. When Paul had received into his young life the first light from heaven, he did not all at once rush into Jerusalem to display it; no, he went up into Arabia, into a three years' obscurity to ponder it in his heart. So let it be with thy life, thou who art standing in the dawn. Do not ventilate thy first impressions. Do not seek in the pride of early knowledge to break too soon the bands asunder and cast away the cords of home. Do not interrupt a silence which is golden for a speech which after all is only silver. The longer thy remembrance of Nazareth, the bolder shall be thy ascent of Calvary. There are fires which keep us warm all the day because they are lighted from within: there are memories which keep us pure all the night because they were first kindled at the blaze of that domestic altar whose nature and whose name is love. If thou wouldst preserve the fountain of thy strength, do not crucify from thy heart the childhood of the Lord of Glory.

APRIL 11TH.

Read Psalm xi. and Matt. iv. 1—11.

The curtain rises again, and the scene is changed. Childhood is passed, Nazareth is past, and the Lord of Glory stands upon the mountain's brow, on that shadowy line between the youth and the man, stands to take His choice of what His future shall be. And here once more the Roman Empire had a revelation of precisely that quality which it needed. The quality which the Roman needed for the mountain's brow of life was loyalty. The State was in continual danger

from private usurpation, just because each man worshipped himself. The pagan ideal of a hero or Son of God was that a man should be able to do what he liked, to be independent, to be free from all allegiance. Rome said to her children: "If you have reached the stage of youth's maturity flee as a bird unto your mountain—your height of pride, your sense of self-sufficiency. The mark of your maturity is your power to resist control, to shake off the fetters of authority, to refuse obedience to all commands." Now that was precisely what the tempter said to Jesus. The tempter was a Roman. He came to the Lord of Glory and said: "If you are the Son of God, if you are the Messiah that you claim to be, you ought to be able to do what you like. To support such a claim as yours you will require to manifest a vast amount of independence. Standing, as you now are, upon the mountain's brow of life, it is high time that you began to manifest it. You have been too long already in the leading-strings of Nazareth. Assert yourself. If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread; cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple; proclaim thyself monarch of the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. So shalt thou indeed prove thyself to be the Lord of Glory."

Now to this Roman tempter, and to that whole world whose spirit He represented, Christ offered a new and wondrous revelation. He declared for the first time in history that the essence of a Son of God was the reverse of what the Roman supposed, that the true glory of a man was not his sense of independence, but his sense of allegiance. "Man shall not live by bread alone." "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." He said that the greatness of humanity was its power to feel a limit to itself, a barrier beyond which it could not go. It was this which distinguished man from the beast of the field; he felt himself the subject of a law higher than himself, a law which was in him but not of him, and which told him of a destiny beyond his present hour. Have you ever thought of the sublime grandeur of that passage (Exodus ii. 11) where it is said, "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens"? There is something very surprising in the words, something which takes away the breath of the worldly man. When we read the opening clause, "It came to pass," "when Moses

was grown," we never for a moment doubt what the sequel will be. We expect to read that when Moses was a man, and just because he was a man, he began forthwith to do what he liked, to cast off leading-strings, to realise his independence of his brother man. What is our astonishment to learn that his manhood was the signal for precisely the opposite course, that it was then for the first time he began voluntarily to put on leading-strings. When he was a child he had, like other children, panted for independence, desired, above all things, to have his own will; but the moment he had reached the mountain's brow he felt that he was not his own, that he was united to the whole family of mankind, that he was the member of a vast body whose burdens he was bound to bear. The Roman would have said—perhaps some modern Britons may say—that Moses was a weakling. Well, yes, he was a weakling, but it was the weakness of Him of whom it is written, "He saved others, Himself he cannot save." Know you not that there is a weakness which is perfect strength, a powerful inability, an omnipotent impotence? Manhood has never become really strong until that hour when conscience can say "I cannot." The hour when conscience says "I cannot" is the hour of manhood's glory. When you can say, "I cannot hurt my brother, I cannot tarnish the honour of my sister, I cannot blast the fair fame of youthful innocence, I cannot put forth my hand and do that which will impoverish my fellow-man;" in that day you have reached a strength unspeakable. Every prohibition of your conscience is an open door, every limit to your moral liberty is a wing of perfect freedom, on which you shall mount and not be weary; the glory of your manhood is its power to say "I cannot."

O Son of God! Son of Man! perfect my strength in thy weakness! Make me partaker of thy weakness, thy powerful inability, thine omnipotent impotence! Fill me more and more with thy divine incapacity to help thyself against the interest of others! Inspire me more and more with thy divine necessity to yield up thine own life to the brotherhood of mankind! I have been all along astray in my calculations about the glory of humanity; thou hast revealed to me what it is to be a man. In thee I behold the heroism of obedience, of obedience even unto death. The pagan ideal sinks beneath the wave, and on the forehead of the morn thou risest evermore. Shine into my heart thou better sun, that I may reflect thee day by day. Enter

into my life, thou self-surrendering will, that I may reproduce thee hour by hour! Come into fellowship with my spirit, thou mighty sacrifice, that I too may be weak in the presence of my Father; let me not crucify in my soul the ideal of the Lord of Glory.

APRIL 18TH.

Read Matt. xv. 21—28; Mark x. 18—16; Luke vii. 36 to end.

A third time the veil is lifted and we are in the presence of yet another picture. The Lord of Glory has passed from a solitary youth into a crowded manhood, and the age of earnest choice has been followed by the day of eager action. And a third time there is revealed to the Roman Empire that very quality which it needed, and for want of which it was dying. The quality of Christ's manhood was chivalry, the impulse to help the weak. Rome had no chivalry, and that was her ruin. All round her borders there were bands of men whom she called barbarians, subjects of her own but existing only to be ruled. They were crying for mental light, for culture, for civilisation. Rome had it in her power to have given them that light, but she did not; it was too much trouble to do more than dominate. If she had been chivalrous to her barbarians, if she had softened them by her own civilisation, she would have made them her children, but she left them to the impulses of their own wild nature, and in the end they crushed her; she suffered because she crucified the ideal of the Lord of Glory.

For, the ideal of the Lord of Glory was chivalry. In the impulse to help the weak He stood in His generation alone. Even His Jewish countrymen had caught the contagion of the Roman spirit; they wanted chivalry. There were three classes of mankind to whom they failed to be chivalrous—childhood, womanhood, and the lapsed masses. Never does the contrast between God and man shine forth so resplendently as in the relative treatment of these. Man rejected contact with the children; what had these little weaklings to do with the strength of the Messianic kingdom? But the Lord of Glory took them into His very arms—"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Man rejected communion with the Canaanite—"Send her away, for she crieth after us." It was the benevolence of the nerves, not the benevolence of the heart. He was quite content that she should receive her gift at once if only she should be sent

away, and her voice should not reach his ears. But the Lord of Glory had the benevolence of the heart, and therefore her voice was dear to Him. He allowed her for a while to cry because her cry had music in it; it was the emptying of her heart in love; therefore He allowed her to empty out her soul, and then He filled it with her heart's desire. Man rejected the approach of her who had lapsed from the path of virtue, and he was scandalized that the Lord of Glory did not reject it too. "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner." He had yet to learn the meaning of these words: "By His *knowledge* shall my righteous servant justify many." It was just because He *was* a prophet, just because He knew sin as man never knew it, never will know it on this side the grave, that He was able to feel that infinite compassion which man cannot feel. It was the depth of His spiritual insight that gave Him the power to pity and to pardon; it was the purity that made the chivalry of the Lord of Glory.

Have we of this nineteenth century altogether entered into this ideal of Christian manhood, altogether left behind the ideal of Roman paganism? In our presence, as in the presence of the Son of Man, there stand the same three classes; have we reached toward them the perfect life of chivalry? There are children crying in the market-place, little waifs and strays that want a comfort and a home; have we never forbidden them to come? have we always opened our arms to receive them? The voice of womanhood is still crying after us, crying for the perfecting of her times of restitution, for the recognition of her true position in the social scale, for the provision of an honourable employment, wherein without detraction she may earn her daily bread. The masses called lapsed are still crying after us, and it is a great and exceeding bitter cry. Their voices are ascending from the valleys and refuse to be repressed. What is to be done with them? Put them in Millbank prison, says the modern Roman. Very good; but that is not to make them the less lapsed masses; it is to render them the more so. Send out Cain with a mark on his forehead and who will employ him? he will need henceforth to dwell very far east indeed of that garden of Eden where the virtues grow. It is chivalry that our age requires—power to break not the bruised reed, strength to quench not the smoking flax, insight to discern

the sparks of latent fire, love to bind and to heal the wounds of other days.

Therefore thou All-beautiful, whose mission was to the poor and lowly, who wert not sent to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, inspire us with thy chivalry this day. Thou hast left the ninety and nine in the meadows of heaven and hast followed the one sheep that lapsed from the eternal fold; inspire us with thy chivalry this day. Thou hast come to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; inspire us with thy chivalry this day. It is because thou art the Son of Man that thou hast power to forgive sins; it is because we are less than human that we have not the power of forgiveness. Lift us into thine own divine humanity. Create within us a tender heart; renew within us a chivalrous spirit. Kindle us with thy love for the loveless, thy pity for the pitiless, thy hope for the despairing, thy interest in the despised. Quicken us with thy enthusiasm for the world's rejected things, thy sympathy with human struggle, thy compassion for the labour and the load. We shall keep thee in our hearts till thy gentleness shall make us great; we will not crucify the Lord of Glory.

APRIL 25TH.

Read Psalm xxxvii. 1-11, and Luke xxi. 9-19.

And now there is a final lifting of the veil, and we are brought face to face with the last scene of all. The Son of Man has finished that work which was given Him to do, and has begun that work which was given Him to bear. Hitherto He has been carrying the burdens of others, He is now to carry His own. And here most strikingly of all He gives to the Roman Empire a revelation of the quality which was lacking to its greatness. It was the revelation of a new kind of courage—the courage of patience, the power to wait without fretting, the ability amid wars and commotions to possess the soul. Rome had nothing of this patience, had never deemed such patience to be a part of bravery. There was one thing which her sons had never been able to do: they could not wait. Rome lost her best men by suicide. When adversity came, when life became too heavy with its burdens, when clouds and darkness obscured the glory of other days, the Roman solved the problem by putting an end to his career. He refused to face the storms of life, and to avoid these storms he died. Men called that death

courage; they honoured as a hero the man who could seek it. Christ came into that Roman world and cried: "You are cowards, every one. So far from being brave, you are pusillanimous, unworthy of the name you bear. You profess to be conquerors of the world, and you cannot conquer your own fears. There is no courage in dying when you are avoiding by death a worse evil. Your true courage would be to live, to stand erect against the storm, to bear up in the presence of the night. If you would merit the name of soldiers, in your patience possess ye your souls."

Now this is the keynote of the last great scene in the life of the Lord of Glory. There is much without that key-note which one cannot understand. Often has it seemed strange to us that the Son of Man should have avoided danger, should have retired into a desert place at the approach of persecution. Did He fear to die? No; He did not fear to die, but He was not afraid to live. There were times when to Him it would have been easier to die than to live, times when His heart threatened to break beneath the load of the burden laid upon Him. At such times He had but one fear—lest He should die ere He could bear His burden home. His courage was the patience where-with He possessed His soul, His determination not to yield till His work was done, His resolution to survive, in spite of life's bitter cross, until He had carried that cross to its destined goal. What think you does He mean when He says: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" He means that He needed patience to keep His heart from breaking, patience to live on till His baptismal hour. Ponder solemnly these wondrous words of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in the thing He feared." "What?" you say; "heard in the thing He feared? I never knew that Christ's Gethsemane prayer was heard at all. Did not the cross come to Him in spite of His crying? Was He not called to die?" Yes; but the thing He feared was not death, but death before His work was done. He prayed to Him who was able to save Him from death, that He would save Him till His baptismal hour, that He would grant Him the strength to bear until He had borne His burden home. And verily He was heard in the thing He feared.

The strength came to Him after the agony, and the Father's cup ceased to tremble in His hands. The strength came to Him, and the strong crying and tears fled away, and His will stood up erect in the garden and said: "If this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." In that hour the cup did pass from Him, passed in the act of drinking it. The bitterness went out of it as he drained it to the dregs. The moment He gave His will to His Father, His Father gave Him back His will, and He was infinitely strong. In His patience He possessed His soul, possessed it not in mere resignation, but in acquiescence, in joyousness. He went out to meet His baptism with a light heart; He climbed the ascent of Calvary with a strong step—for it is the soul that makes the strength, and he who possesses the soul is master over all things. The memory of that self-possession was in the valley of the shadow the rod and staff that comforted Him; it was there that with His loudest, most triumphant voice, He cried, "It is finished." Think you it was only a child's joy that there was to be no more pain? No, it was a man's satisfaction that his work had been sustained to the end. It was the joy of knowing that He had never given in, never wavered from His purpose, never yielded to the storm. He had fought a good fight, He had finished His course, yet He had kept His patience: *that* was His crown of glory.

Strong Son of God, inspire us with thy immortal love. Nothing but thy love can make us strong; nothing but thy love can help us to possess with patience our undying souls. Our life is too heavy for us without thy life; our yoke is too weighty for us until it be added to thine. We have been crouching sullenly beneath our burdens, and consoling ourselves with the thought of the silent tomb; we have been Romans in adversity; we have been cowards in the storm. Rise on us, Thou light of the valley, Thou star of Gethsemane; rise on us, that we may know what it is to have songs in the night, music in the silence, glory in the gloom. Breathe on us thy peace that passeth all understanding, that our hearts may be lit with thy fire, warmed with thy glow, cheered with thy presence, vivified with thy power. Help us to *bear* all things without ceasing, to *hope* all things, to be restful without apathy, to be calm without death. We shall possess our souls in patience when Thou shalt enter in; we dare not crucify the Lord of Glory.



GOING HOME. BY WALTER BOTTEAUX.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—"AY, NOTE THAT POTTER'S WHEEL, THAT METAPHOR!"

"The coldest precisian cannot go abroad without encountering inexplicable influences. One man fastens an eye on him, and the graves of the memory render up their dead. . . . The entrance of a friend adds grace, boldness, eloquence to him; and there are persons he cannot choose but remember, who gave a transcendent expansion to his thought, and kindled another life in his bosom."—EMERSON.

IT must not be supposed that Hild's Haven had stood still during the years that Dorigen Gower was growing from childhood to womanhood. On the contrary, the years had been years of quick change, and onward and outward movement. The town itself had grown, growing on the west side always. Green fields had been covered with rows of red-brick houses, roofed with blue slates, and looking like the excrescences they were. More new houses stood everywhere, in the gardens and orchards which had blossomed and grown green year after year, in the by-ways of the old town. Crescents and terraces were springing like mushrooms on the cliff-top: these to meet the wants of the ephemeral population that was every summer finding its way to the bright and breezy seaport. It was evident that new life was beginning for the old place; new ways crept in, the old ones died out, some of them very quickly. It is probable that a single generation had seen more change than ten that went before.

Still, there is something about the place that nothing has touched, that nothing can touch to its disintegration. It is as nameless as the charm that sometimes draws you to one who has neither youth nor beauty, nor any attraction to which you can give a name.

Putting this nameless fascination aside, there is enough to account for the appreciation which has written the name of Hild's Haven among the names of places to be seen and long remembered. First and foremost is its infinite variety. Whether you be poet or artist, historian or antiquarian, a student of things natural above the earth or beneath it, you shall still find enough to engage your closest attention. While, should you be a mere student of humanity, you shall find here, sooner than in most places, that contrast, diversity, and extreme of unusualness which is the interesting material for your researches.

If there is a history of the place, there is a history of the people also; and a true account, if it might be written, of certain family vicissitudes, would make the fortune of some novelist to be.

Dorigen Gower knew but little of any of them. The gossip of the place had never been permitted by her father's fire; and at that time she could hardly have told you the names of half-a-dozen of the more important people of the town. She knew that the dwellers on St. Hild's Mount were not as the dwellers in other parts of the place. A kind of mystic effluence seemed to emanate from those old Georgian houses on the hill-top. They had an atmosphere of their own. The dark red bricks of which they were built had a gravity, a respectability, a distinctiveness that no other red bricks ever had; and the shrubs and flowers that grew in the square gardens in front grew always with an air of exclusiveness, and were only saved from looking melancholy by the fresh breezes and the bright sunshine that seemed to love the place, and to linger there longer than anywhere else. To live on St. Hild's Mount was a kind of "hall-mark," and secured for you a consideration in the town and neighbourhood of an especial kind; differing altogether from the consideration accorded to wealth, respectability, talent, or good birth that happened to live in any other part of the town. Honours are divided nowadays; and it even seems as if effort were required to keep off a certain look of something that one would hesitate for a long while yet to term either shabbiness or decay. Shabbiness is not shabby on St. Hild's Mount. The wooden paling of your front garden may have a worn and battered look, the old green paint may be cracked and blistered; still that paling has a look of distinction it could have nowhere else, and the fact is sufficiently appreciated. If you come to the interiors of the houses things are still the same. Defective sanitary arrangements are not defective there; damp, and draughts, and smoky chimneys, ill-fitting doors and shaky windows are trifles of no moment. Outsiders may build new villas, and call them by fine names, and pretend to advancement; but the pretence is patent. They would live on St. Hild's Mount if they could.

The preference had not begun to tend downwards at the time when Dorigen was awakening to some interest in her human surroundings. She awakened very slowly, and with an inappetent listlessness. What did it matter whether six Miss Chancelors or seven lived in the big house in Ling Lane? or that Ling Lane had been renamed Coburgh Street? Why should any one care to know that old Samuel Sutherland, the ship-builder, had set up a carriage and pair? And where was the importance of knowing that young Gatonby, who had been a lawyer's clerk, had gone into partnership as a rough-jet merchant with young Wharram, and that they were making money as fast as if they were coining it? These things were far-off, and had no significance. It was matter for surprise that people should concern themselves so ceaselessly and intimately about their neighbours, especially neighbours with whom they never came into any contact. But, of course, this state of things was not universal. It seemed to the girl to be part of her narrow environment. Outside there were wider orbits, where people moved in freer air, and purer. Doubtless, for instance, in the serene empyrean of St. Hild's Mount gossip was a thing undreamed of, and small uncharities of speech utterly unknown.

If Miss Rountree, who had hung all the beds and covered all the sofas on the hill-top, could have told a different tale she did not tell it to Dorigen. It might not be exactly loyalty that caused the little woman to speak always with a certain respect and reverence of "the quality," with whom she had to do; but years afterward the girl was aware that she had acquired from the prim upholstress a kind of veneration for certain of the people of Hild's Haven; a veneration totally different from any she had for the people of places she knew later in life.

Distinctly she remembered one June morning, when there had been a wedding in the parish church on the cliff-top. It was just two months after that first visit to Thorsgrif; Dorigen had known nothing of the wedding, nothing of Miss Ursula Barugh, who was the bride; nothing of Mr. Charlton Wharram, who was the bridegroom; nothing of the two Miss Golands or the two Miss Salloways, who were the bridesmaids. The girl had gone up to the edge of the cliff quite early, to see if by any chance she could discern the passage of the outward-bound ship in which her father sailed.

This was his second voyage in the *Albatross*, a Sunderland ship, which by a curious coin-

cidence happened to belong to one of the Sunderland Gowers, a branch of the Yorkshire family which had been broken off, planted afresh, and had thriven wonderfully in the more northern seaport where it had been settled now for a couple of centuries. It was altogether by chance that John Gower, of Wiggoner's Wharf, had agreed to sail with the captain of a ship belonging to Sir Anthony Gower, Knight, of Wychwood Hall, in the county of Durham. Sir Anthony had heard of the matter, and had displayed some little interest in the fate of his far-off cousin who was reduced to "sailing before the mast" in one of his own ships; and this interest had been discerned and noted by Captain Lynes, a fact that proved to be not so much to John Gower's advantage as it might have been; still, the latter had already sent home some money, and some not uncheerful letters. Now he was bound for the Mediterranean, and Dorigen had a natural wish to see if it were but the sail of the ship that was bearing him away.

Old Than was there with his glass, and Margery Laverock, who was twelve years old now, and was less lame, less delicate-looking than she had been, though she was still the same silent, clinging, affectionate little thing who had won the older girl's protecting regard, and something of her love, while she was yet a wistful-eyed suffering baby. Mrs. Gower had never approved of the friendship. Old Pete Laverock, Margery's father, who was a native of Hild's Haven and the owner of a fishing-boat, might be well enough, but Mrs. Gower could never be brought to see any good in the mother, Jean Laverock; a proud, handsome, loud-tongued woman of Scotch descent, who had a history somewhere in the background of her life. It was a tragic history—a history of wrong and grievous oppression, but there was nothing in it that was either shame or blame to the woman. She never forgot that she had suffered. Her loud voice, her harsh accent, her dark quickly-flashing eye told the merest stranger that hers had been an unusual experience. Mrs. Gower was half-afraid of her, and had a whole dislike to her, and many a time she wished for her daughter's sake that they had not been such near neighbours.

The three, old Than, Dorigen, and Margery, were coming back along the cliff-top when they perceived that the churchyard was full of people. A flag was flying from the top of the tower in the yellow sunshine; carriages were waiting in the Abbey Plain.

Then, quite suddenly, the bells rang out cheerily ; guns were fired ; there was a rush among the crowd, a flash of white satin, a glimpse of a flower-crowned head.

"That's her, that's Miss Ursula, Mrs. Charlton Wharram, one owght to saäy noo," old Than exclaimed a little excitedly. Miss Rountree had for weeks past been helping to fit up the house on St. Hild's Mount, which was to be the home of the newly-married people ; and the old man's interest was but natural. Miss Rountree herself was there too. The wedding being over, she was moving away apart from the crowd ; and Than with the two girls hastened to overtake her. They would all go down Monk's Close together. Quite a little stream of excited people were going the same way, chatting, laughing, gossiping, criticising.

"Twas a wonder being so grand a wedding, that they'd nobody but auld Kenningham to marry them," said the shrill voice of Jean Laverock. She was speaking to some one in the crowd.

"Auld Kenningham !" exclaimed little Miss Rountree, turning round with heightened colour, and indignation gleaming in her small keen eyes. "And who are you that you should call the Rector of Hild's Haven 'Auld Kenningham ?' To begin with, he's no older than yourself. If you'd spent your strength in studying, as he's spent his ; and then had been Canon of Calcutta for all the best years of your life, perhaps your black hair had turned as white as his has turned ; and the fine colour on your cheek might have been a little less fine than it is now. . . 'Auld Kenningham,' indeed ! Speak of your equals, Mrs. Laverock, and not of your superiors, if you can't speak of them different to that."

"Wha am I, you ask ? An' wha are ye yoursel', Leenock Rountree ? An' what know ye, that ye should presume to fix a place in the world for me ?" retorted Jean. "The day's been, an' it's nane so lang gane by, when such as you call your superiors were content enough that I should take my place among them as an equal ; an' no man nor woman neither, daured say that the place was not mine by right. There's mair in the world than's kenned by you, Leenock Rountree. Keep your rebukes for such as ha' need o' them."

The quarrel, if such it could be called, might have proceeded but for the fact that "Auld Kenningham" himself was striding down Monk's Close with his usual rapid step, and keenly observant glance. Nothing escaped him—that you felt instantly.

"He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,
And broad-edge, bold-print posters on the wall.
He took such cognisance of men and things,
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw ;
If any cursed a woman, he took note ;
Yet stared at nobody—you stared at him,
And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,
He seemed to know you, and expect as much."

It had not escaped his notice that Dorigen Gower had of late found her way to the church on the cliff-top, going there as often as there was service, and always alone. Mrs. Gower had consented for the inadequate reason that she could not endure the idea of the girl's going to Zion Chapel in the shabby grey frock that she had worn all the week ; and the same black beaver bonnet that she had worn for a couple of years. And there was a little resentment in her heart. The Zion Chapel people had not been all that she had expected them to be to her in her adversity. Church people might have behaved no better ; but they could hardly have behaved worse. Dorigen might do as she would. If she were not a good child in the Zion-Chapel sense of the word, she was good in other ways, helpful, loving, obedient always ; and a comfort now that the father was not there. So the mother reasoned when conscience touched her for the lapse she made from what she conceived to be her duty.

The Rector had not forgotten how the child's face had struck him the first time he saw it ; and he was not a man to need that the impression should be repeated. He had never lost sight of her, never passed her in the street without a word, or a smile that was more eloquent than words. More than once while John Gower was travelling down that rapid and painful descent from comparative prosperity, a few true, fitting, sharply-cut sentences from the quick-sighted clergyman had turned the fear in his heart to hopefulness ; and the bitterness of his spirit to patient endurance. John Gower never forgot that, nor did his daughter forget it. It might not have much to do with the curious germ of attraction that was between the uncultured child of the jet-worker, and the elderly, scholarly Rector of Hild's Haven ; but the kindly disposition shown toward her father impressed her to a greater gratitude than the same shown to herself. She looked to him, and he knew it, though she had said no word that implied it. The strange relationship between them was not of a kind to need utterance. A mere glance from the one soul to the other conveyed enough of meaning. Though no word had ever passed the lip of either to the other, the tie, that was neither wholly spiritual, nor wholly

intellectual, would not have been the less binding.

He spoke to her now and always as to an equal, raising his hat, and holding out his hand. "I have been wanting to see you for weeks past, Miss Gower," he said, speaking in his somewhat shrill and high-pitched voice. "I called once to see you, but you were from home. That was before your father went away. I want you to tell me about him. But take my arm down this rough slope. I will go home with you; and you can tell me about the *Albatross* as we go. Where is she now do you suppose?"

In sheer obedience the child laid her small hand with its much-darned grey cotton glove upon the clergyman's arm. The little stream of gossiping people ceased to gossip as the Rector passed with the tall, pale, shabbily-dressed girl. Little Miss Rountree had curtsied, and sauntered behind with her cousin Than and Margery. And Jean Laverock, seeing that Miss Rountree had taken her lame child's hand, and was guiding her down the broken places at the edge of the field, was appeared in spirit instantly.

"Let bygones be bygones, Miss Rountree," the fisherman's wife said, coming up to the little group. "'Twas no disrespect I meant, but just the way o' speakin' one gets fra the folks aboot; and I ken weel it might grate on the ear o' one like yoursel'. Let it pass."

The little woman unbent in very majestic fashion; as, to her idea, became one who had so manifestly the right on her side. But Jean Laverock did not like her the worse for being neither false nor facile. She had had enough of these qualities in her lifetime; and recognised a firmer virtue when she met it; which she did not seldom in the yards and ghauts of Hild's Haven. Besides, Miss Rountree was always kind to Margery; and many a bundle of bright chintz for patch-work found its way to the fisherman's cottage at the bottom of Aclam's Raff Yard. If Jean Laverock never forgot a wrong, she never forgot a kindness.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN THE TWILIGHT.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth and every common sight

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it has been of yore;

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

WORDSWORTH.

THAT summer was to Dorigen a time of strange quietness, strange peace; perhaps it was also a time of greater growth than it

seemed on the face of it to be. Growth goes on underground, or nowhere, some one has rightly said; and certainly here was no sign of any visible advancement.

The quietness was strange, because there was so little to account for it. To love another intensely, yearningly, passionately; and to know your love unacknowledged, is not usually a cause of peace.

Dorigen had not seen Mr. Salvain so often as she had expected to see him. Every week his mother found her way to the house by Wiggoner's Wharf, bringing books and flowers, smiles and fruit, kind words and new-laid eggs, the latter daintily arranged in baskets of moss and fern. Sometimes, too, there would be a special message, which was something to be remembered; but it was better when Mr. Salvain came to deliver the message himself, as he did on occasion. He would not stay away long enough for any awkwardness or embarrassment to have time to spring up. He had spoken of friendship; and he would have kept his word though nothing had drawn him and moved him with strong impulsion to keep it. The path he had marked out for himself was not an easy path; nor did it grow easier as the days went on. However it might be with Dorigen, and he saw with painful satisfaction how it was, it was no time of peace for him.

It was noticed everywhere that he grew more and more silent, that the sternness on his face deepened; that the look of heaviness and weariness grew about his eyes and mouth, ageing him beyond his years even more than before. And yet he appeared to be living a less secluded life than he had lived; at least he was oftener seen about the streets, and gates and lanes of Hild's Haven; wandering alone and lonely; and seeming as if he searched for something or some one not easily to be found. Now and then he was rewarded. A passing word in the market-place, a few fluttering heart-beats, a few swift blushes, a parting smile, these compensations were better than none. He might not do ought to win the child's love, or to increase it; he would not do ought to destroy it. Let it pass on of itself into a pure warm friendship, such a friendship as might make life a grander and greater thing for them both. This was still his end and aim.

So the summer passed on. Dorigen's days were for the most part spent in household work. Because the father was not there, there was no abatement in the strict order and neatness which reigned always in the house. A teacup out of its place, a soiled table-

cover, an untidy fireside, were not more bearable because the little household was saddened and straitened. That poverty should lead down to dirt and disorder was always inexplicable to Esther Gower; rather did it seem to her that narrow means were a reason for extra care, extra watchfulness against the creeping sin of carelessness in small things. Let matters be as bad as they might, to the last she would make the best of them.

Yet for Dorigen the days were not quite filled with that simple, commonplace, domestic life, which often seems to be the best life of all. Perhaps these things were the least part of her existence. They claimed but little space in the records of memory. The things that were written clearly there were the books that were sent from Thorsgrif, and read with avidity; as opening new doors and windows upon the world, and letting in the breath of finer air from the regions of thought, and of intellectual and spiritual beauty. A volume of poems by Tennyson or Mrs. Browning, a novel by Mrs. Gaskell or George Eliot, a few stray numbers of Blackwood or Fraser, made more impression than a month of plain sewing; while a walk over the cliff-tops in the twilight would yield visions not to be disturbed by the small monotonous events of the morrow. These things were her life, the true links in the consecutive chain of her existence. The rest was, in every sense, unimportant.

If Hild's Haven is beautiful in the full bright blue of a summer day, it is hardly less beautiful when the sun has gone, and the day is going.

It might be six o'clock one September evening when Dorigen went lightly up the church steps to the East Cliff. She was shut out now from the aisles and transepts of the Abbey, which had seemed to her always as a second home. The gates were locked by day and by night; and she might only walk sadly in the plain by the outer wall. Yet that was better than any other place, unless it were the path by the very edge of the rocky cliff where the wind came straight from the water; and where nothing hindered your sight by sea or by land save only the tall towers of the Abbey looming darkly against the sunset sky in the west.

The girl stood awhile by the edge of the cliff. The sun had sunk into a bank of heavy grey cloud with misty far-spreading edges. The sea was darkening underneath; the fishing-boats which had come for the

herring-season from Penzance and Lowestoft, from Staithes and Runswick, and other places along the coast, were there, lying in the roads, their bare poles seeming crowded together in picturesque confusion. Here and there among them a light was beginning to twinkle: farther out at sea, sailing ships were passing in a clear glow; steamers left long lines of low, drifting, shadowy clouds.

It was very lonely. The hour, the place, the great wide sea, and the dim, misty, arching sky, each had its own loneliness.

Not a tree was near to stir its leaves and make motion; not a shrub or bush to break the spreading lines of the cliff-top fields. The low bare stone walls mingled with the bareness of the darkening pasture lands. The distant solitary farmsteads melted gradually into the desolate inland greyness. Down below the greyness of the wide sea-waste seemed more desolate still.

Yet there was beauty in the hour; and for the girl a nearness to some soul not her own that delivered her strangely from the consciousness of the bounded, limited existence that was her appointed lot. It was one of those moments when thought goes out, reaching far into the unknown, when

"Questions come as wild and fast as winds
Of autumn."

and when the lonely, ignorant, untried soul stretches out yearning arms to the limitless skies as if beseeching for some answer, some word to make life and the purpose of life plainer. "Is life worth living?" was not asked for the first time yesterday. Perhaps no true spirit was ever touched to any true issue unless the question had been both asked and answered in one of those rare moments when "the clouds are off the soul," and the soul looks into Nature's eye pleading with her that she would reveal the secret she seems so certainly to hold. "Is life worth living?" Yes, a thousand times yes. Though the very end and meaning of life be hidden here; though all be darkness and pain and perplexity; though all be humiliation and defeat and failure; still yes, a thousand times yes, this marred and blind and broken life is worth the living. That answer, and that alone, can you wrest from the changing grandeur of the sky, the suggestive boundless mystery of the sea; the subtle thrill that touches you to sympathy with the stir of the leaves in the heart of the lonely wood; the sense of a vast and mighty power that possesses you in the presence of mountains that seem in their majesty to cleave the clouds of heaven. Each of these has its own voice,

its own message. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and let him listen; let him for ever listen.

For ever? There is a time to all things, and it would certainly seem, for the majority at least, as if youth were the only period when any Angel of Pity might be expected to come down and trouble the waters of a commonplace existence with much yearning for the hidden and higher things that are everywhere inextricably twined with the life we call the lower. This is the one tide in affairs of men of any import. Can we not all of us for whom the flood has turned put our finger upon the moment when the swift ebbing began? For you it was your entering into the thick of life that took place when you were thrown upon your own resources. For you it was your marriage, with all its cares and efforts and pain. For you it was the hour of bereavement that threw the weight of new duties, new responsibilities, new troubles upon your hands and upon your brain, and left you neither time nor spirit nor power nor desire for communion with any eternal or other silences. You are yourself still, with your own character, your own capacities, your own leanings and yearnings; but something has gone from your life that will no more come back again; and by brief moments you are made aware of it.

"Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

For Dorigen, the tide was far from high-water mark as she stood leaning there against the rude stone wall on the cliff-top, watching the spreading of the filmy grey vapour, and listening to the far-off sound of the lapping water down on the rocks below. She had not heard any footstep in the field behind her; and she started visibly when a voice broke the silence.

"I was sure that it was you," said Mr. Kenningham in shrill, abrupt tones which meant fault-finding. "What are you doing here alone so late? It is neither wise nor right. I must speak to your mother."

Dorigen was not afraid of him as he stood there looking with his kind eyes into hers.

"Please don't do that!" she asked. "I like coming here; it is nearly all the pleasure I have."

He understood more than was said; more than might have been said if the girl had tried to put all the thoughts and emotions of the past hour into words for his enlightenment. He had seen her loneliness, her soul's dimness and unsatisfiedness; and he had

wished to be helpful to her, if help were possible.

"Have you any idea what you are going to do with yourself in the future?" he asked with characteristic suddenness.

The girl looked up with surprise. "No," she said, speaking rather sadly. "For the present I am to stay with my mother; to help her; and to look after the baby. . . . My father wishes it."

"Quite right. I was not thinking of the present. I was trying to look into your future life. . . . Tell me; have you any thought of marriage—any engagement?"

It was well that the twilight had deepened, so that Mr. Kenningham could not see the burning glow of colour he had called to the girl's cheek. Yet she did not hesitate in her answer.

"No," she said, speaking with unusual firmness and decision. "No: I shall never be married." She paused a moment; then she added, "I am quite sure of that."

Had the decision, the assurance, come with the question? Had some new light flashed upon the idea now that it was put into definite words by another? Many an idea which afterward becomes fact, is brought to its development by sudden external aid of this kind.

The Rector looked at her a moment. "It is wise," he said gravely. "And it is what I expected from you. Don't let yourself be moved from your purpose by persuasion. . . . If I do not mistake, you have other work to do in this life—work which will need the utmost effort you can give."

Then he stopped a moment, looking out across to where the dark mystic sky seemed to melt into the darker and more mystic sea.

"Yes; you will have other work to do," he said, standing there, and speaking as if he were but reading from the great book that was open before his eyes. "You will live; and you will work; and your work shall live also; and it shall do good when I am dead, and my sermons are forgotten."

So he spoke in these striking yet simply-worded phrases, uttering every syllable clearly, distinctly, emphatically, as if they had been pre-considered and committed to memory.

So he spoke; standing on that self-same wind-swept headland, where the voice had spoken in the night, calling Cædmon from the herdsman's hut to be the first poet of England. It could not be but that the girl to whom he spoke should feel the vibration of his words to the last fibre of her nature.

They passed as the *aura* passes which precedes convulsion.

Yet they were not then understood.

But though they might not be comprehended, neither might they be forgotten.

They were not repeated, not even to her mother; they were too sacred even for that; but during all that night, and during all the days that followed, they remained with her ceaselessly; inclining her to new depths of silence; to a new gravity of manner and movement; to weightier thought, and a more impressive yearning for light and knowledge. That these things would be given she could not know; she could only go on desiring them, waiting, watching for them, wondering what these hidden influences that were working upon her life might mean.

Michael Salvain saw that some change had come to her in the few days which had elapsed since he had seen her before. They had been somewhat unpeaceful days for him; and more than once he had walked over from Thorsgrif, so that he might be at Hild's Haven when the sun went down. But each time he had gone back feeling more wearied, more lonely, more unsatisfied than when he came. At last a little requital was vouchsafed him. Wandering along the path at the edge of the churchyard he had discerned a slight grey figure standing between sea and sky, on the very edge of the angle of the rocky cliff.

"I don't like to see you standing there!" he began brusquely. "This cliff is always breaking away. If you went down on to the scaur it would hardly matter whether any one happened to be passing or not."

Dorigen looked up with a smile, and moved away; but her face instantly grew grave again.

"Do you think I have forgotten?" she asked. "I shall never forget. I was wondering only to-day whether I had been sufficiently grateful."

"What made you think of it to-day?"

"I hardly know. I was thinking of many things," the girl said musingly. Not even to Mr. Salvain might aught be said of the strange prophecy which Mr. Kenningham had uttered on the previous evening. And yet it was a temptation. Here, if anywhere, might light be thrown upon it. Here, if anywhere, might she expect strength, and guidance, and support. But it might not be. The strongest instinct she had concerning the word that had been said was the instinct of silence. Not till the prophecy had begun to fulfil itself should it be uttered or written down.

Michael Salvain was watching her as they stood there where the churchyard borders on the cliff-top fields. The old town down below was wrapped in the mingled haze of smoke and twilight. The lamps were gleaming in the narrow streets; and all along the quays they threw long quivering lances of light deep down into the rippling water. The hum of voices came in a subdued and pleasant way. Across on the other side of the town there were lights in the windows of the houses; people were walking in the amber dusk that was over the opposite cliff; gliding to and fro to the sound of music. The sun had gone down beyond the Castle woods long before, leaving only a long glowing bar of yellow which seemed to send a low light all along the coast, and even to burn like fading fire upon the moving surface of the sea. Dorigen's face was distinctly visible as she stood there, looking out to the west. Michael saw the absent and quietly perplexed expression that was written on it. There was something new in it, something strange.

He went back to his former questioning.

"Has anything happened to make you more grateful for your life?" he asked gently. "Are you happier than you were?"

"No," she said, still speaking as one who has the truth to search for. "Nothing has changed, I think. And I don't know that I am happier. But I am not unhappy. Sometimes I wonder if life will always be like this."

"You would prefer to have it otherwise—great joys and great sorrows alternately, for instance?"

"No," she said shrinkingly; and her voice seemed to change to a low and more apprehensive tone. "No; I have a dread of sorrow. I have always had that."

"And you don't crave much for happiness?"

"Yes, I do. But it is not easy to know what would make one happy," she answered thoughtfully. It was less easy now than it would have been a few days ago to come to a decision on this point. The word she had said to Mr. Kenningham, "I shall never marry, I am quite sure that I shall never marry," was not the usual careless assertion that most young girls make at some time or other. It had sounded in her own ears like a solemn vow; and when she saw that it was received gravely, and with confidence, the feeling of irrevocableness deepened within her on the instant. Now it all came back with the force of a quick pain. It was not the spoken word. She was not so childish



The fisherman's cottage
at the bottom of Aclam's Ruff Yard.

as to imagine that Mr. Kenningham would consider that she had made a binding promise. The thing that troubled her was the same strong instinct which had led her to speak so certainly. It possessed her now quite as forcibly as it had possessed her on the previous evening, standing like some dark impassable barrier between her and the happiness that might have been. Surely it might have been. Such love as hers would grow, and she might grow greater with it, and so be worthier of Michael Salvain's love. Then true happiness might come; perhaps then alone. It seemed certainly that there could be no other great joy, or great gladness for her in this world. There might be other things, but there could never be full, glad happiness.

She would have been relieved if she might have spoken of it all as she stood there. Michael Salvain was silent. Was speech denied to him also? He looked sad, and weary,

and perplexed. Was he thinking of that evening on the terrace at Thorsgrif when he had been moved to speak so fervently of life, and the joy of living, if the true nature of joy were once rightly apprehended? She had never forgotten; nay, she had even found room in her small experience to test to a certain degree the verity of the thing he had said. It was quite true that pain might be made to yield pleasure, or at least peace; that sacrifice might be found to have joy in it. Was it this that was in his mind when he asked her if she were happier? She put the question into words presently.

"No," he said. "I was thinking of a lower kind of happiness, the happiness that we all desire naturally, and when we cease to desire it for ourselves we often go on praying that our friends may know it." Then he added in a softer, tenderer tone, "I should like you to be happy."

"With the lower kind of happiness?" the girl asked quickly.

Their eyes met in the twilight for one eloquent and dangerous moment; so dangerous it was that Michael Salvain resolved that he would trust himself no more until his strength was greater, or his love less keen and overmastering.

"I pray that you may know happiness of every kind," he replied. "But you are right in supposing that only the highest, only that which comes of detachment from the lower, is really worth desiring. It may be difficult to attain—God only, who shapes the plan of it, knows how difficult. But once attained there is no disappointment. The end of attainment is unfathomable peace. And for those who are capable of reaching that height there is no lower way. They must reach it, or live in intolerable misery, self-degraded, self-defrauded. . . . Can we—you and I—help each other, that we do not fall?"

The girl raised her eyes in astonishment. "You can help *me*," she said. "I think of you always when I want help. But I need helping too much to be able to help anybody else. . . . I am so ignorant. I am much more ignorant than you think. How should I be able to help you in any way?"

"You *do* aid me," Michael said earnestly. "You have helped me to-night, helped me back to my better self. I shall take home with me more of strength and peace than I brought away."

It seemed strange afterward that on these two consecutive evenings the two separate threads of which the girl's inner life had been woven from the beginning, should each have been taken up by other hands, and laid

as it were with fresh design. The one idea, vague, indefinite, yet strikingly persistent, had lain in her heart since that Sunday morning long ago; not lifeless; nor altogether inoperative; though no result might be visible as yet. There was nothing unprecedented about the fact of a child being impressed at an early age with the idea of some special call to some special work. Biography teems with such instances; and in many a one the nature of the call is clearly recognised, and the life surrendered to it before the age

Dorigen had arrived at now. As we have seen, it was not so with her. If at any time the voice seemed to have more definite tones, she lacked the spirit and the faith to make the suggested idea wholly her own. It would have seemed to her presumption, madness, that she should dare to imagine that the self-same thing would be required from her as had been required from the cow-herd Cædmon. Yet now and then the temptation would not be gainsaid; and the soul within her thrilled to the pain and to the unrest,



"The fishing boats which had come for the herring season."

rather than to the good or glory of the idea, and she made haste to put it away, lest it should be discerned, and turned to the ridicule it deserved. No; it could not be that. What it would be she must wait patiently to see. When the hour came the voice would speak, and speak clearly.

The word that Mr. Kenningham had said awoke the doubts, the pains, the questionings of years, and it set nothing at rest. The waiting had to be taken up again, and patiently. Patience was not difficult.

That was the warp of her life, and the weft must cross it. It was Michael Salvain who had shot the first woof threads across the web.

CHAPTER XXIII.—"HAD BUT LOVE ITS WILL."

"O love, my world is you,
Howbeit, to meet you grows almost a pang,
Because the pang of parting comes so soon."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THOUGH Mrs. Gower had borne the separation from her husband with some bravery, it was only natural that, as the wild autumn evenings drew on, the poor woman should give way to despondency and dread. When the heavy ceaseless rains set in, her very heart bled for him; exposed, as she knew he would be, for hours together on deck, drenched to the skin, and having no comfort

to look forward to at the end of the long night watches. The rising of the wind came to be more and more an ominous sound in her ear; the mere stirring of the ivy on the window-pane was like a whisper of his distress, and when darkness came down it was always like a new severance.

"It seems as if I'd never felt the worst of it till now," she said one evening. It was near the end of September, and the days were duller and greyer than they should have been, and the nights darker and wilder. Even as she spoke a heavy rain was falling, coming down with that strong swift rush that makes you watch unconsciously for the lightning's gleam, and listen for the rolling thunder. Dorigen was listening as she sat knitting at the fireside near her mother; feeling her mother's nervousness coming upon herself, oppressing her spirit, filling her with the sense of impending fate which seemed every day to be growing stronger in the house by Wiggoner's Wharf. Already the girl had come to dread the morning's relation of the night's dreams; the oft repeated assurance that the death-watch ticked in the wooden frame of the bronzed silhouettes of her father and mother; and the mournful bewailing of the fact, that thrice the new-moon had been seen by Mrs. Gower through glass.

"An' I heard the wild geese again, last night," she said. "They went whistlin' an' cryin' over the house long past midnight. They seemed to be tremblin' an' quiverin' like, by the sound o' their cryin', an' they made me tremble too as I lay on my pillow. For I've heard both my father an' grandfather say that they boded no good. . . . Eh! but it's borne in upon me strongly 'at something's goin' to happen; not to me, nor to my children, but to their father! An' what will become of me an' them? Heaven only knows what would become of us if aught happened to him!"

Then the poor woman knelt down beside the sofa and prayed, with one child in her arms and the other by her side. And still the rain came down, rushing and splashing fiercely; and the wind rose a little and sobbed among the ivy, and about the chimney stacks, and shook the window of the little room. The one candle threw its dim light upon the polished oak and the shining brass; the fire burned feebly. Esther Gower's voice sank with a sigh, and the wind seemed to take it up and repeat it with a great throb, as of a deeper pain. Then tears came; and the mother and daughter knelt

on, and cried silently together, hand-in-hand, and all the while little Elsie slept on her mother's breast, and smiled in her sleep as children smile when the angels come that way.

Through all this strange sorrow, Mrs. Gower felt, more and more as the days went on, that her youngest born had been given her for a blessing. The child was singularly beautiful, and calm with a strange calmness that nothing seemed to break. She seldom smiled even when she was awake, and she cried even seldomer still. Her existence seemed to be passed mainly in looking up with her large light blue eyes into the span of sky that was above the old wharves and the rippling river.

"It's just like havin' an angel in the house," the mother said sometimes. "If I catch sight of her when I'm goin' to speak sharp or to complain o' things, then it seems as if the word died in my throat an' would come no farther. If she lives she'll be a nice companion for you, Dorigen. But many a time I tremble with the thought 'at she won't live. She hasn't the look o' one 'at's long for a world like this."

Mrs. Gower was always trembling now. The postman's step, a change in the weather, a knock at the door, or a morning's dream made her tremulous and apprehensive for that day at least. If she read anything now it was a newspaper, which she would search for wrecks and shipping casualties with avidity, dwelling upon the sufferings of men drowned, or saved from drowning, until it seemed as if her mind could entertain no other ideas. It was small wonder that her sleeping dreams should be as her waking ones, or that they should seem at times to intermingle until she could hardly discern the one from the other. A weaker brain might have yielded altogether under a strain so deadly.

So the days went on until the middle of October was reached. A wild storm had raged during the first few days of the month, but Mrs. Gower had had the satisfaction of knowing that the *Albatross* was laid up for slight repairs in the dock at Sunderland. She had half-hoped that her husband would have come over to Hild's Haven for a few days, but he had not done so, thinking, perhaps, that the money he would have spent in travelling would be needed by the little family at home before the next voyage was over. He had written as cheerfully as might be, and for a little while Mrs. Gower's spirit had seemed lighter and more at ease. Now that her husband was about to sail again, the

old apprehensiveness came upon her with double force; and even her daughter saw that there was less reason in it than before.

The climax came at last. Mrs. Gower came down-stairs one morning with pallid face, distressed expression, and such fixed, unseeing, tearless eyes, that the girl was half-afraid to ask any questions. She ventured at last to break the strange silence.

"You are ill, mother," she said gently. "Let me go and ask Miss Rountree to come, or would you like me to go for Dr. Mayer?"

"I want no doctor, an' I'm not ill," Mrs. Gower replied, the look on her face not changing in any way. "I'm goin' to Sunderland to-day. I shall leave Hild's Haven at one o'clock; an' you must go an' stay with Miss Rountree till I come back. I'll pay her for letting you stay."

The girl felt herself grow suddenly chill and rigid; but for a moment she made no reply. Since her birth her mother had never slept under any roof but that; and the mere idea of one so strange to the ways of travelling was full of distress to Dorigen. But, of course, there were other things behind, causing the vague yet deep uneasiness which this sudden announcement had but increased.

"Have you had another letter from my father?" she asked presently.

"No," Mrs. Gower replied; "not since the one I had on Friday. They're to sail the day after to-morrow, Thursday. I must get there before they sail. Your father must not set foot on board the *Albatross* after to-day."

Dorigen listened sadly to this oracular decision, but it was not until later in the day that she learnt the meaning of it. As soon as breakfast was over Mrs. Gower hastened to pack her own things, and, to Dorigen's surprise, some of little Elsie's.

"But you're not going to take the baby, mother?" the girl asked in surprise, the tears starting in her eyes as she spoke. "You'll never take little Elsie?"

Mrs. Gower only looked up with calm resoluteness.

"Are you so stupid as to think that I could leave an infant like that?" she asked. "Of course I must take the child. Bring me her hood and her brown pelisse."

Dorigen went sadly, and brought the things with reluctant hands, while her eyes filled again and again with the slow hot tears. Some of them fell on the face of the sleeping baby, as she bent to kiss her in the cradle, but the little one only smiled a soft,

sweet, loving smile, that went to the sister's heart like a last word or a parting glance.

The morning was passing swiftly.

"Hadn't I better go and ask Miss Rountree if they can do with me?" Dorigen asked after a time of sad silence.

"No: I should have them down here instantly," said Mrs. Gower. "An' I should have to try to explain things that I could never explain to them. You can put your things together, the few you will want, and take them up with you when you go; an' be sure you lock the door, an' take the key with you. An' you can tell Leenock Rountree that I've gone to try to save my husband's life. It was revealed to me in the night that I might save him; perhaps I might save some others if they would listen. The *Albatross* is a doomed ship—that I know. I saw her go down in a wild, white, boiling sea, an' all her crew with her—all but my husband: he wasn't in her. He would have been, but in my dream I had seemed to myself to be flying, flying over land and sea in such a wild raging storm as I never saw, an' I thought as I passed over the sea I saw scores of ships in distress, some sinking, some breaking to pieces, some turning over—it was terrible. But I didn't stay to watch them, I went on and on till I found the *Albatross*. She was just striking on a rock, an' I thought I stooped, an' drew your father up out o' the ship by sheer force, an' we stayed together just over her till she went down, as I told you. Then it seemed that your father an' me were all at once on dry land; an' I woke. You can tell Leenock Rountree, but I couldn't tell her myself. She would look at me as if she thought I was mad. She won't think me mad when she hears o' the wreck of the *Albatross*."

Mrs. Gower was quite ready for her journey by this time. She had been dressing the baby as she told the story of the night, stopping now and then to caress it in a gentle, loving way that she seldom displayed so unreservedly. Dorigen was to go to the station to see them start, and a neighbour's boy had been hired to carry the one small box that was Mrs. Gower's luggage.

There was time enough after Mrs. Gower had taken her seat for more last words. The baby was on her lap, sitting there with wide placid eyes, and sweet lovable little mouth. Mrs. Gower's face had the same fixed, resolute look that it had had all the morning, but there were gentler tones in her voice; and she had kissed Dorigen very tenderly before she got into the carriage.

"You'll be glad if I bring your father home with me, won't you?" she said. "An' I know you'll be good, an' won't give Leenock no more trouble than you can help. An' I'll write to you, or get your father to write, a day or so before we come back, so as you may have a nice fire burnin', an' tea all ready. You shall have a letter if there's time."

That was all. A last kiss was given; the baby was held forward for another kiss, and then the carriage door was shut, and the train moved heavily away. Dorigen stood, seeing nothing through her tears for a little while; then she went homeward by the docks and the bridge across the harbour. All the way as she went she was weeping silently.

It was a mild October day, but grey and sunless, and it seemed to the lonely child as if loneliness were in the very air. The sound of the water lapping about the piers and bridge-ways had chillness in it, and the masts and shrouds of the ships in the harbour swayed to and fro against the dull sky with a certain gloom and mournfulness. The white-winged gulls that swept up from the sea cried bodingly.

Dorigen was going onward; the tears on her cheeks were not yet dried; her eyes were still heavy with tears yet to be shed.

"What is the new trouble?" said a kind, concerned voice close by her side, and looking up with an instant blush she saw Mr. Salvain. His face grew troubled, too, looking into hers. "What is it?" he said again; and Dorigen, trying by a strong effort to keep back the tears that were rising again swiftly, replied—

"Come home with me, and I will tell you."

In spite of her sorrow her heart was beating with something that was almost gladness. If aught could take the fear and gloom from the day's events surely it was seeing Mr. Salvain's eyes looking into hers, and hearing his voice speaking to her with fresh kindness and gentleness. It was quite easy to tell him all, from the very beginning of her mother's apprehensiveness to this strange outcome from it. Perhaps he perceived more than Dorigen herself perceived: he listened very gravely.

"And you are going to your godfather's?" he said as they went on Shaddocke Lane together.

"Yes," she said, looking up with a new tremulous hope, which he discerned and understood with a sudden movement of gladness within him which died into pain as soon as it was born. It might not be. Than Roun-

tree's cottage at the top of Salthouse Garth was a safer place than Thorsgrif. And yet he blamed himself. The child was so happy under his mother's roof, it was so good for her to be there, and she might so easily be saved from this terrible loneliness which she appeared to dread so much. What should he do? He walked on quite silenced by the depth of his perplexity.

And Dorigen was perplexed, too. Her second thoughts had come, reminding her of her mother's directions and injunctions. She could not leave Hild's Haven. Her heart had sunk under the weight of this decision before Michael Salvain spoke again.

They had reached Wiggoner's Wharf by this time. The great folding doors were open to the harbour; carts laden with merchandise were coming and going; the tall white crane was swinging slowly and with a heavy bale in its rusty chains. They went down the wharf and through the door that led into the ivy-clad yard in front of John Gower's house. Then Michael Salvain half unconsciously sauntered to the water-side, looking thoughtful and grave. The child's apparent forlornness touched him acutely. He turned presently; she was standing near him, quiet, pale, silent.

"You will come with me to Thorsgrif?" he said, speaking rather abruptly.

And when the girl lifted her dark, trouble-filled eyes, and said, almost breathlessly, "I cannot," her answer struck him like a sudden pain.

"You do not wish to come?" he said inquiringly.

"I wish it more than anything, but my mother may come back, and perhaps father, too. They could never trust me any more if I were not here."

"You are right," he said; "more right and wise than I am."

"But you believe I would like to go?" she asked wistfully.

He smiled a little at her eagerness to be understood. It was not difficult to him to understand. The yearning, the disappointed hope in the girl's heart found only too certain a counterpart in his own.

"Yes, I believe you," he said. "You would like to go, and I should like beyond all else that you should come to Thorsgrif, but it may not be it seems—not at present."

He appeared to check himself then, to restrain himself from further regrets or explanations, and presently, seeming silent and unsatisfied, he went away, leaving the child even more lonely and uncomfortable than he

had found her. All the way as he went back to Thorsgrif her misery weighed upon him, and a feeling of self-blame touched him more strongly than he could find reason for, turning his thought toward doubts and questionings and heart-searchings keener than any he had yet known. Was there to be no advance in this, the sorest struggle of his life? Was temptation after temptation to come upon him, and each one find him where the last had left him? He was not sparing himself: he had not shrunk from pain, nor snatched too eagerly at the few chances of pleasure fate brought in his way. Was all his restraint to go for nothing, not yielding him even the peaceable fruit of self-approval? He was not always certain that his resolution was so wise, and right, and good as it had seemed to him when he made it. He had not tampered with it, but good reasons fail to present themselves always with the amount of force necessary for a man's upholding; and to the end the wider path will be fair, the ways of true living narrow, and strewn with sharply-piercing thorns.

CHAPTER XXIV.—“WHEN ALL WYNDES ARE WHISHTE.”

“There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.”
KEATS: *Hyperion*.

THE grey October gloom deepened each day at nightfall, and did not lift correspondingly when the morning came. The clouds hung low upon the red roofs of Hild's Haven; the chill breeze swept up the harbour, confusing the surface of the water with sudden breadths of light and dark. Here and there the sail of an anchored ship was flapping heavily against the mast; the sound of the hammers came from the dockyards with a dull, heavy thud, as of work done listlessly or secretly. People about the bridge and the quays looked toward a rift in the clouds as toward an interregnum between two reigns of oppression.

“I don't like the look on it,” Than Rountree said, shaking his head, and looking to windward with a graver face than was his usually. The old man was walking up and down the narrow gravel path between the figure-heads in the garden. Dorigen was leaning against the twisted apple-tree, from which the last “Yorkshire Green” had been gathered some days. The postman had just passed down Salthouse Garth, leaving no letter. There was no evening post in those

days, so the girl had to set herself to wait for another four-and-twenty hours with what hopefulness she might. Already hope needed effort. The long gloom and dread which had lain on her mother's mind, the sudden action, which had grown out of fear alone, the dull grey oppressive weather—all these things tended one way, and that was not toward reassurance. The girl stood there silent, pale, vaguely apprehensive of coming ill.

Than felt, rather than saw, that the shadow of grief to be was gathering about the girl's heart.

“We'll hev a bit o' dinner by-an'-by, honey,” he said, though it was only the middle of the forenoon, and the breakfast-cups had but just been cleared away. Miss Rountree had gone up to St. Hild's Mount to cover a sofa and some chairs at Mr. Christopher Northwold's. She would be there all the week, only coming home at night, so that old Than was doubly delighted to have his god-daughter in the house. She should not be scolded for reading now, or made to sit and sew stiff chintzes till her small white fingers bled; nor taught the manners of “the quality.” The child should at least have freedom; and she should be made happy—at least as happy as Than could make her. And, if he could help it, none of his stories should be stories of shipwreck, or of danger or disaster of any kind. They would have some dinner quite early, he repeated, and then they would go for a long walk into the country, up by the riverside, and into the woods and gills, where the sound of the sea could not come, with its perpetual whispering and moaning. Had the child's apprehension touched the old courageous sea-worn man?

That walk in Langrigg Woods was the best device that Than could have contrived. The amber and brown, the russet and green of the autumn trees seemed less to lack the sunshine than did the darkening town, or the wan, wide reaches of water. And though few flowers lingered, the undergrowth was still vivid and beautiful. The bramble bushes were aglow with gold and crimson; the scarlet berries of the wild arum were peeping out from among leaves yet green and fresh as June. A few rowan berries lingered; the white yarrow gleamed on the hillsides; the yellow hawkweed starred the roadside; the briony berries hung in waving festoons over the scars of red and yellow sandstone by the beck; the dock-sorrel stood with its maroon spires in the air, straight and still; and the great green coltsfoot leaves

were speckled with orange or deep rose-red. The beck ran on, gurgling gently over the stones; the bright-eyed robins perched on the railing by the little bridge, chirping out their clear autumn notes boldly and sweetly. Nature was all stillness, save for these soothing sounds; so still that old Than had no mind to break in upon it all with his oft-told tales of the beauty of southern isles, or the yet more awesome beauty of the things he had seen in the Greenland seas. The girl and the old man walked on, hand-in-hand, for many a mile in silence; but he knew by the look in her face that the dread within her was soothed away for at least that afternoon.

The evening passed, and the night; and the morning came again; but the morning brought no letter. Than saw the flush of expectancy die from the girl's cheek when the postman went past, and he knew that the whiteness which came in its stead was the whiteness of fear and pain.

"Don't fret now, honey," he begged. "If the *Albatross* has sailed mother'll be home to-night; an' mebbe she thought it warn't worth while writin'. We'll go to the station at six o'clock to meet her—her an' little Elsie. An' we'll bring 'em right here to get a cup o' tea, an' a bit o' cake—a bit o' real nice short cake. We'll make it this afternoon, an' put a few currans an' a bit o' candied lemon in it; only don't look so down, honey."

But the evening was like the morning, and held only disappointment. Than Rountree went to the station in the late twilight, and Dorigen with him, but only to come away feeling a little sadder than when they went. The lamps were lighted in Gowergate, and all about the bridge and the quays; but it was not yet quite dark out over the sea.

"Couldn't we go down to the end of the pier?" Dorigen asked, stopping for a moment near the bridge.

"In course we could, honey, if thee'd like it," said the old man, glad that the girl should ask anything that he could grant. "In course we could go down, an' hev a nice little walk. An' mebbe there'll be a bit o' breeze down there. It's despart stiflin' here i' the town for t' time o' year. I'd like naught better nor goin' doon as far as t' lighthouse to see if there's a bit o' breeze. The *Albatross* 'll make no way if the weather's aught like this to the norrdard. But we'll hev a turn doon, honey. Thee'll not take cold of a warm night like this."

It was hardly a warm night, Dorigen thought, as they went down from the Scotch Head to the end of the pier, where the taller lighthouse stands, at the entrance to the

harbour. There was no one else down there on the narrow breakwater that runs into the sea, and gives you the sense of being out on the wide ocean on the deck of a large ship. There is nothing before you but sea and sky, nothing to right or left of you but great black, rugged headlands, with taller cliffs frowning and darkening behind. To-night the headlands were shrouded in the still purple-black mist which had spread over the heavens, stretching from east to west, leaving only a low, steel-blue light shining all along the edge of the horizon, and throwing a strange metallic glare upon the face of the silent, stirless water. Not a sail, not a mast, broke the lines of the wide expanse. A still, oppressive loneliness was in the air and upon the sea, a sense as of something lost or taken away, a world silenced, a heaven of stars blotted out. The girl's impulse was to cry aloud, not knowing why she should cry, nor what her cry should be. If she had found any utterance she had used words said long ago—

"I am oppressed: undertake for me!"

A long time, so it seemed, she stood there, with the ancient mariner by her side, as silent as herself, and almost as heavily weighed upon. He spoke no word, and she spoke none; and nothing moved them from their silence.

There was no moon; not a star pierced the pall of purple-black cloud that deepened from east to west.

A long time they had stood there, when suddenly, yet slowly, something, as it were a human sigh, arose, sweeping gently and mournfully up out of the north, across the face of the stirless waters, darkening the steel-cold gleam with a momentary shadow, as of the wings of birds of passage. It gathered strength as it came onward, rising to a sob, a sound of stifled pain, and the fear of pain, then it sank, as if strength had departed, and with it hope and desire of hope. The last cadence was as the passing of a last human breath. The stillness that came after was like the stillness in the room where the curtains are drawn, and the face on the pillow shrouded.

CHAPTER XXV.—"THE WIND OF AZRAEL'S WINGS."

"The sea broke up,
Dashed suddenly through beneath the heel of Him
Who stands upon the sea and earth and swears
Time shall be nevermore."

E. B. BROWNING.

THAT sigh, as of some storm-spirit sent on a sad errand, was the first sign of the onset of

the great hurricane which has yet a painful pre-eminence in the memory of the living people of Hild's Haven. It might have happened but last winter, or this, so graphically do the details come from the lips of those who watched it with sad reason in their watching.

It was on the Friday night that the storm gathered on sea and land. There was no sudden burst of wild fury such as sometimes happens. As the wind rose with that long peculiar sobbing sound which people know for miles inland to be the harbinger of a storm at sea, the heavy black pall which covered the sky broke slowly into vast masses of cloud, and began to drift with large majestic movement over a sea which gave signs as of a human consciousness of impending trouble and terror. Men were drawn to watch by the sea that night who had seldom spent the night hours anywhere but under safe shelter; and when the morning broke it was recognised far and wide that a storm of unusual violence was raging. The shops in the town by the quays and about the bridge carried on their business with closed shutters, and few people were seen about the wind-swept streets; fewer still cared to face the flying foam that dashed into the faces of such as ventured down the wave-washed pier, or into the rugged water-side streets and ghauts. To be out-of-doors for ten minutes, even in the very heart of the town, was to be driven and beaten by the wind, and overborne by the roaring of the rushing water until you were glad of any shelter that permitted you to recover from the strange confusion into which you had been thrown.

If it were thus on the land, what might it be out there on the torn, flying, mountainous, and still-increasing sea?

If any asked the question, a point was put to it presently, for high above the wild mad roar of the gale another and more startling sound burst upon the listening town. It was the sound of the signal gun at the coastguard station.

"*Men's lives in deadly peril!*" That was the message which flew loudly upon the loud wind; and touched every heart to fear or prayer that heard it. In ten minutes, or less, the piers and the cliffs were darkened from north to south with a gathering and anxious and foreboding multitude.

A volume might hardly tell of all that was witnessed from the heights above Hild's Haven that day. Perhaps the volume may be written some time, as assuredly it ought to be; were it but for the honour of the

town, and of the brave men, the life-boat crews, who have dared death so often, with such splendid willingness, such grand and great courageousness.

Sometimes, thinking of the ancient history of the place, of the days when the best and greatest in the land, in goodness and in intellect, congregated in the Abbey on the hill-top; holding their synods there, and fighting their ecclesiastical battles; when one remembers the reputation that Hild's Haven had for learning, for spiritual elevation; when one thinks too of its later distinction as the home and birth-place of brave and world-renowned men; and of the position it once had among the seaports of the land, one is half-tempted to think that the glory of the place has departed; leaving only faint reflections of a radiant and ever-receding past. But let any one who has known Hild's Haven for the last twenty years think of the history of its life-boat service during that time, and he will find that there is no need to cry "Ichabod." We, who live, have seen heroic days; and some not unheroic men. It may not be easy to discern your hero under his slouched sou'-wester; and the blue jersey has no particular attractiveness for the eye of observers in general. But the man who dares death with the quiet promptitude seen not seldom on the quays of Hild's Haven does not live by observation.

It was some time about the middle of the forenoon when the first signal gun was fired that day. There had been danger, distress, bravery to the north of the bay before that time; and a ship's crew had been rescued from a sinking vessel off Danesbecke by means of an ordinary fishing-coble manned by Hild's Haven men. Now a schooner heavily laden with coal was running for the beach; still to the north of the port; and it was seen that her poor storm-beaten crew of four men were all of them in the rigging, clinging there among the shrouds with a despair that surely has nothing like unto it. The life-boat crew were most of them on the spot, several of them having been out in the fishing-boat had but just returned. Yet they were among the foremost of those who hurried the life-boat over the level beach, and sprang eagerly to the oars. It was low water now, and only a few long lines of heaving, drenching surf lay between their desperate energy and the desperate despair of the men whose lives they risked their own to save.

They were successful. Within an hour the four benumbed and half-lifeless men stood upon the bleak storm-swept beach;

the fear of death taken away; and the good gift of life theirs once more by the grace of God, and the grand humanity of the men their fellows. Four of these were there, and five from the brig that had gone down off Danesbecke; thus before noon on that wild Saturday morning nine men had been saved from peril by great waters.

The tide was rising now; and the gale as certainly increasing. Even in the shelter of the harbour, ships were being driven from their moorings; pleasure-boats were going down, or drifting out to sea. Uprooted trees floated through the arches of the bridge; the streets of the old town were strewn with bricks and tiles, the *débris* of falling roofs and chimneys. Terror was present by the hearth-stone; and dread sat cowering by fires fed with the wood of ships wrecked as it were but yesterday.

Notwithstanding the violence of the storm, the crowds that fringed the cliff-top and darkened the piers went on increasing. The Rector of Hild's Haven had been there from the first, a fact which came to be matter of gratitude in due time; and among others there was Michael Salvain; and, almost as a matter of course, the familiar figure of Than Rountree. Michael had seen the old man, and had recognised him, and asked him of his guest with a certain quiet eagerness that Than did not fail to perceive.

"She is not out-of-doors, of course?" he said, wondering all the while what influence had served to prevent her.

"Noä, sir, she's nut," Than replied, accommodating his voice to the roar of the gale with ancient skill. "Ah was rether surprised 'at she didn't want to come doon when she heard the gun. But she hasn't never slept all t' night; an' she's sittin' as still as a moose yonder; an' as white as a sheet. She nobbut just leuked up when the signal was fired. She never spoke, nor moved. An' she promised as ready as could be to stop quiet at home till Ah went back. She's a good bairn, bless her, but she rether puzzles me at tahmes."

"And there has been no news from Mr. or Mrs. Gower?"

"Noä, sir; nut a wod, sir." These two had been standing, with some hundreds of others, about the coast-guard station. The nine

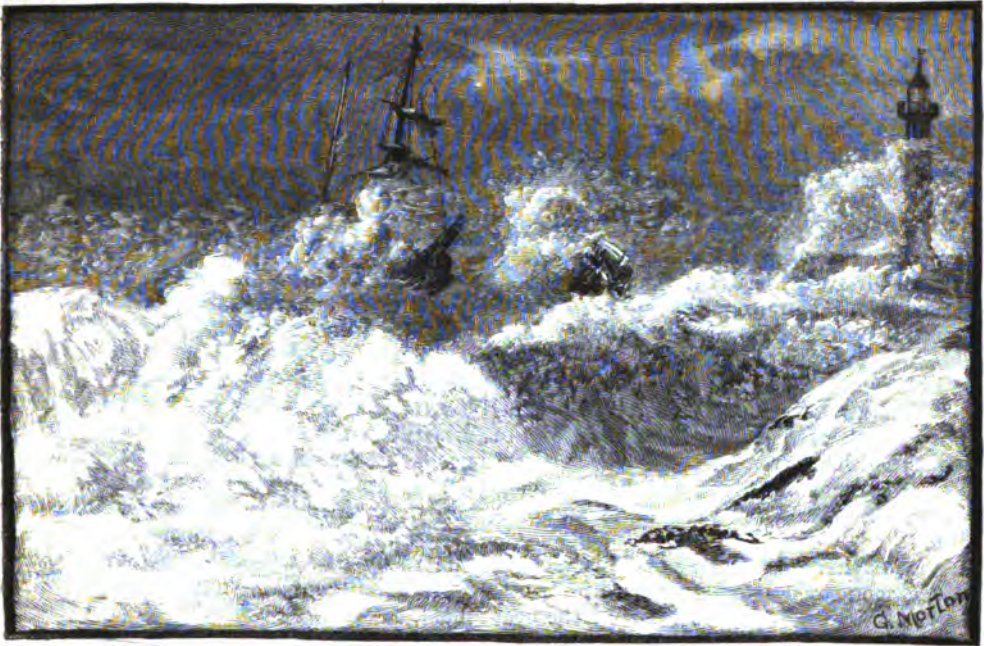
rescued men had been sheltered and cared for; the life-boat was being made ready to be launched again; a sudden shower of sleet was driving up over Danesbecke Ness; and the wind was rising with it; lashing the rising sea to a point of fury and desperation seldom seen even on the coast of that wild northern ocean. And everywhere among such as understood, there was the feeling that the storm was not yet at its height, the day's work not yet done.

Done? It was but beginning.

Hardly was the life-boat ready to be launched again when imperative need for launching her was discerned through the torn drifting edge of the snow-cloud that was sweeping by. This time a large vessel was seen



"A long time, as it seemed, she stood there."



"The two waves met and clashed, hurling the life-boat over bottom upwards."

making for the beach, or being driven there; a Prussian barque, with a crew of twelve men. And instantly, for the third time, the brave life-boat crew struck out through the very thick of the towering, crested, onward-rushing breakers. An intense anxiety, a breathless suspense, held the watchers there on the coast. Over and over the life-boat was driven back by the violence of wind and sea; over and over the drenching waves broke heavily upon the patient, daring, resolute men. Yet they strove, making redoubled efforts to gain what every now and then they lost; and once more it was given them to reach the side of a vessel that was already breaking up; once more it was given them to receive into their ark of safety an exhausted, grateful, storm-stricken ship's crew.

Yet for some time they stood by the foundering barque. A man, one of the ship's hands, was missing, so they feared. But by-and-by they discovered him; he had sunk down half dead to the bottom of the life-boat.

Then they came on again, swiftly, and gladly, and successfully. A third time they had shown their readiness to lay down their lives, not for friends, but for strangers; and a third time the strangers lived to thank them; and let us believe it, to pray always for them and theirs.

Will any find weariness in this brief recalling of that day's events? It is far from ended. The Prussian barque went down ten minutes after her crew touched the shore where the two other wrecks were lying; and almost at the same moment a brig in ballast from Folkestone, and a schooner from Dundee, were seen coming for the beach together. There was no time to spare, not even for the brave strong life-boat crew to stay for food to keep up their strength. Out they launched again; on they went; sinking into the dark shadowy valleys between the breakers; rising on the top of the masses of coiling, writhing, seething foam; driven backward, struggling onward; falling out of sight; rising almost perpendicularly on the curling wave; yet all the while getting nearer and nearer to the vessels in distress.

They were reached at length, the schooner first, and her crew was taken off as speedily as might be. Another manful effort brought them to the side of the brig, and her crew of six men were added to the seventeen already in the boat. So, with a living freight of three-and-twenty souls the life-boat touched the sands to the sound of a ringing mighty cheer. Over thirty men now owed their lives to the men of Hild's Haven that day.

And yet the story is not ended; nay, it seems as if but the prelude were told.

Nothing extraordinary had come to pass so far, except perhaps the granting of an extraordinary success. No life had been lost; no widow wept on the shore; no child sat orphaned; no mother yearned for any son sunk under the waves of the bay at Hild's Haven that morning.

But now the tide was nearly at its height; the storm nearly at its worst, and when the life-boat landed the coxswain of the crew admitted that it might not be launched again without deadlier peril than any they had braved yet. Moreover the crew was half exhausted, suffering from the need of food almost as much as from the desperate labour and oft-repeated effort of the morning.

"You cannot go out again!" Mr. Kenningham shouted, after the captain of the coastguard had given his opinion. "It would be foolhardiness, and you are married men, remember. Think of your wives and children!"

And the harbour-master added his warning as the men stood looking seaward for a moment before beginning to haul up the boat on to her carriage. Every one was trusting that there might be no more need for her use that day, or at least during that hour while the tide was at its height, and wind and wave surely at their worst.

But even as they spoke together in the wild confusion another vessel was seen, and a moment after yet another, the two of them standing for the land with what effort they could use. One, the schooner *Flora* of London, and from Portsmouth, shot swiftly ahead as she touched the breakers, and came flying over the harbour bar, and into safe shelter with a beautiful seeming-consciousness that sent a thrill to the heart of many a one who stood there, expecting her instant destruction. But the other, the *Merchant*, of and for Maldon, and sailing from Sunderland with a cargo of coal, was less manageable, less fortunate; and, missing the harbour mouth, came for the sands inevitably.

The torn sails were flapping about the masts, the shrouds were tossing and tangling in the wind, and almost before the life-boat could be launched again the ship had struck the beach not far from the pier, and close to where one of the other wrecked schooners, the *Roe*, was lying broadside on in the very thick of the wild, hoarse, plunging surf. It seemed as if the angle made by the pier and the foot of the cliffs served as a point for the hurricane's worst fury. The backward sweep of the seas from the wall that skirts the coastguard station recoiled

upon the cross seas that were sweeping in, and clashed like meeting armies. But nothing could stay the crew of the life-boat. There were five men in the shattered rigging of the *Merchant*. Regardless of all warning, heedless of all entreaty, the life-boat was launched once more, the men intending by the help of a rope to pass between the pier and the tossing, splintered hull of the *Roe*.

But this might not be. The sea was lifting itself into mountainous masses of water on either hand, writhing, striking, falling back, till there seemed to be no sky, nor air, nor ocean, nothing but a world of flying, clinging, seething, clashing foam.

Almost at once the rope from the pier was discarded; the life-boat pulled away to the north of the *Merchant*, and succeeded in getting up to her quarter. But no rope was ready for them there, and while the poor, exhausted crew were endeavouring to make one ready, the life-boat was driven astern. That surely was the hurricane's worst moment.

Again the boat was seen, seen by the breathless crowds close at hand on the pier, at the coastguard station, on the cliffs everywhere. It was seen by the wives, the children, the fathers, the mothers of those brave men that the life-boat was attempting to get to leeward, making one last desperate effort to get near to the vessel that was dropping spar by spar into the waves already.

The white, horror-stricken faces on the *Merchant's* deck looked on and saw it all too, saw through the flying walls of water the thirteen men who had but one mind, and that mind bent on saving them at any risk, at any cost—ay, at the cost of their own lives if need were.

But they were coming nearer, those thirteen; in spite of all they were getting nearer. The rope was ready now; the five white faces looking upon each other saw that the awful stamp of despair had begun to yield. The rope would be dropped over the stern the next instant.

But that next instant a cry went up to God such as had never rent the air of Hild's Haven within the memory of living man.

From the land the cry went upward, and from the sea the cry went upward. Above the tempest's worst and wildest, and most passionate shriek, that human wail went upward.

It was a cross sea that had struck the life-boat—a vast, tremendous sea rolling on either side of the wrecked ship, and meeting astern

of her where the life-boat hung poised on the top of another incoming wave that was bearing her nearer and yet nearer every second.

Then, under the very stern of the schooner, the two waves met and clashed, hurling the life-boat over toward the pier, bottom upward.

Will any among the thousands who stood there within a stone's throw of the drowning life-boat crew ever forget that scene, that passion of helplessness which possessed every soul, the heart-rending cries for help which broke from the lips of those strong brave helpers in their last agony?

They could be counted as they tossed there—the dark figures in the white foam. One of them, the leader, was seen on the upturned bottom of the boat, clinging there with all the energy of despair. Rockets were fired, ropes thrown, life buoys, capstan bars, anything and everything that could be seized and flung from the pier was thrown into those furious waves; but nothing availed.

Women wept and shrieked as one dark head after another ceased to struggle, and went down.

Not all at once, but slowly and hardly, each man's fight for life was ended, and it was only known that it was ended by the bowed head, bowed beneath the surf, while each dark dead figure was upborne by the narrow life-belt round the waist.

The coxswain, Long Jack, as his mates had named him—a fine, tall, powerful man—was still clinging to the bottom of the boat, when his younger brother was washed quite close to him by a sweeping wave. The two men were seen to stretch out their hands to each other; another moment, and it was seen that the sea had driven the younger man onward, and very soon his head also went down.

The elder brother's strife was not yet over—perhaps it was the most desperate struggle of all. He was washed from the bottom of the boat, struck away to a distance, brought near again, again regained his hold; but once more, and finally, he was flung off; and then, after a strong, brief battling, he, too, went down.

So it was that that day there was no life-boat crew at Hild's Haven.

Of the thirteen men, one alone was seen, fighting and beating his way shoreward. Men rushed into the surf to his help, and drew him half-unconscious out of the very

jaws of death. This one man alone escaped to tell the story in days to come. Another was seen to be coming onward; life was risked again, but only to save a lifeless body.

And now the boat itself was beating in, still upturned; but as it rolled with the rolling breakers, it was seen that at least one dark figure was held beneath the planks. Might a hole be cut through the bottom, and deliverance wrought that way? The attempt was made, to the bodily injury of one man who attempted to make it, but the plan failed, and by a great united effort, made at a moment when the sea itself assisted, the boat was raised a little, so that two yet warm bodies could be drawn from underneath. But the wives of these two men were widows, as they knew ere long.

Only the one man was saved, and this one a youth and unmarried, who had never been in a life-boat until that day.

Of the twelve drowned men, eleven had left widows and children. There was the infant of a month old, and fatherless children of all ages, from one year to twenty. Ah! the mystery of that one wild wave's dread mission!

And the five men still clinging hopelessly on the deck of the *Merchant*? Could nothing be done now in this stun and consternation? The rockets had failed, but the mortar might be used, and no time was lost in using it. A line was thrown across the ship; the life saving apparatus, then quite new to Hild's Haven, was tried, and tried successfully. One by one the men were drawn from the wreck to the pier, one by one they left the mass of groaning, twisted, shattered timber, that had well-nigh been their grave. It was not one moment too soon. The last man had hardly reached the shore when the hull of the *Merchant* fell apart, and drifted like morsels of matchwood to the foam-white sands already strewn with the wrecks of that Saturday morning.

Is the tale now ended?

Not yet; but there is a pause in it, even as there was a slight lull in the storm when the tide had turned.

Nature herself cannot remain at her highest tension long, and her climax once passed, she gives time to prepare for the anti-climax with which she too often concludes the most effective displays of her power. Her grander dramas are developed with a consummate skilfulness.

MAY IN SURREY.

By WILLIAM SHARP.

THE cuckoo's thrilling voice is in the air ;
Thrush calls to thrush with piercing notes of song,
Like flute-strains haply wandering everywhere ;
The yellowhammer's cry is borne along
The gorse-clad heath, whose gold
Is wave-like far outrolled ;
A lark—a hundred larks are in the sky ;
A myriad birds an undersinging make ;
And, hush ! where the long shadowy grasses lie,
The harsh voice of the crake.

Like wind-swept snows the blossoms from the pear,
The quince and cherry, all are blown away ;
But still the rose-flushed apple-bloom hangs fair
About the rough-gnarled boughs with lichen grey.
The wasp, and banded bee,
And grey gnat drowsily
Hum i' the air, or yield to honey-spells :
Where the sweet-scented flowers usurp the grass,
Pale azure o'er the hyacinth bells,
The tiny blue moths pass.

Down by yon slope there lies a magic glade
(Its pale-green shimmer through the hop-poles bare
Can scarce be seen), where wondrously is laid
A carpet such as never human care
Wrought from the looms of old
In Tyrian purple bold ;
Of delicatest blue it is—mayhap
The glad sky dropt a furtive kiss on earth,
A kiss here caught, and treasured in her lap
Till this divine rebirth.

O sweet this soul-felt beauty of the spring,
This stirring of the leaves and flowers long furled
In sappy sheaths ! This joy the birds outsing—
The joy of all the gladsome, glorious world—
How sweet, how sweet it is !
And how serene the bliss
That floods with golden glow this afternoon,
In azure lying on the distant hills
Whereover hangs the white disc of the moon
The dayshine fills.

Thus may it be (ah, hush ! thou dubious thought
 That dost recall the waning of the year—
 The bleak, drear, wintry death) when, all forgot,
 The soul awakens in some newer sphere,
 And sees a new light fall
 Divinely over all,
 While far away behind, even as the pale
 Moon-disc in heaven, the fading earth at last
 Seems, like a dream long dreamt, of no avail—
 The shadow of the past.

A PARIS ATELIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

SOME generations since it was considered unnecessary, not to say impossible, for women to work ; in the last generation it was often necessary, but never quite "respectable ;" in our generation it has become, not only necessary, but essential ; nay, even desirable. Whatever be the cause, undoubtedly in this nineteenth century a large proportion of our women, old and young, have either no masculine protectors at all, or such as are practically useless, if not worse than useless. And though I believe that nothing will ever abrogate the natural law, that women's work should be within the home if possible ; still, when impossible, the work must be accepted and done outside it. Working women in all ranks, from our Queen downwards, are, and ought to be, objects of respect to the entire community.

Feeling this strongly, I started, one bright March morning, to investigate an atelier for female students on the south side of Paris. It was somewhat difficult to find, but at last I was directed to a courtyard, where, emerging from among some stunted, melancholy-looking shrubs, a woman pointed to a wooden stair, leading, she said, to "l'atelier." I mounted, and boldly knocked at the door. It opened, disclosing a large room full of easels and artists—all feminine—not working, but scattered in groups, and chattering in several tongues, English preponderating, as only women, and young women, can chatter. They did not look particularly tidy, having on their working-clothes—an apron and sleeves grimed with chalk, charcoal, and paint—but all looked intelligent, busy, and happy. In the centre was a sort of rostrum, where the model, a picturesque old woman, sat placidly

eating her morning bread and—I hope not garlic, but it looked only too like it.

The working woman may have a few undesirable characteristics, such as indifference to dress and a tendency to rough hair, and not over-clean cuffs and collars, but, take her for all in all, she is a much more interesting person than your idle butterfly, the fashionable young lady. These girls—none seemed much past girlhood—were of all nationalities—English, American, French, German—and all conditions in life. Some were pretty, some plain, some just ordinary ; but I did not see one stupid face, or one bad face among them, and all appeared cheerful, busy, in earnest. Here are two heads (Nos. 1 and 2), the "beauties" of the studio. A third (No. 3), the most coquettish portrait of the lot, is a French girl, sitting balancing her dainty *chaussure* upon her easel, but working steadily all the while.

I went round the room, examining the work and listening to the girls' pleasant talk.

"Oh, no ! madame does not disturb us at all. We have been working ever since eight this morning. We are glad of a rest. So is Angela" (the model, to whom they all seemed very kind). "We have the draped model in forenoons, the nude of afternoons. Monsieur" (naming the artist-head of the atelier) "gives us instruction ; perhaps two minutes each, but we learn most by experience and practice, and by criticising one another's work."

This work seemed to me much above the average. A little rough, perhaps, being rapidly done, with broad effects rather than delicate finishing ; nothing of the *nimini-pimini*, lady-amateur about it. So far as it went it was

real Art. The model, an old woman with a book on her lap (No. 4), seemed as much interested in it as the artists themselves.

Two more models, here depicted (Nos. 5 and 6), a peasant with her distaff and a lady with her fan, are also favourites at the atelier,



No. 1.



No. 2.

"She is a good old soul—Angela, and she sits capitally, but none of us can speak much to her. She is Italian." At which I went up to her and said a few words in her own tongue.

The old woman, who, having finished munching her crust, was just settling herself, steady as a statue, with her book on her

lap—started up, her two black eyes gleaming and her yellow leathery face growing all alive.

"Did the Signora know Rome, and was she going there?"

And in a perfect torrent of Italian Angela poured herself out; how she

was over eighty, and had children and grandchildren in Rome, which she had

left four years ago, and only hoped she might live to go back again.

"And the Signora is going there soon?" added she, clasping her

skinny, claw-like fingers on my arm, and looking at me with a passionate pathos.

Then, seeing the circle of easels formed, she remounted to her place, reopened her book, and was again the mere model. Poor old Angela!

which is exclusively confined to women students. But, as private models are expensive, the young ladies often sit to one another.

"If you will come home with me," said the student I knew best, "I can show you a portrait which we all think extremely good. We hope it may get into the Salon. Miss—

while painting it found she was spending her money too fast, so went higher up, to the very top of the *pension*. There she finished it, in a tiny room you could scarcely turn round in, so I brought it down to my room to be on view."

"Down" was only *au quatrième*, and "my room" not more than twelve feet square; but we found the picture a very clever one. You see it on a subsequent page, and the young artist painting it. It leaned against the wall upon the brick floor, which was co-

vered by a scrap or two of carpet. The other furniture consisted of a bed, a table, four chairs, and a small washing-stand and toilet apparatus. There was also a shelf, whereon



No. 3.



No. 4.

stood a teapot, a cup and saucer, one or two plates, a vase with primroses and ivy-leaves, and a second saucer filled with earth, where the tiniest of cowslip roots was trying to put out a leaf or two.

"I hope it will grow. I dug it up in our country walk last Sunday," said the mistress of the abode. "Yes, when I light the fire the room is very cosy. I had a tea party of six here last night. When we give tea parties we generally bring our own teacups and chairs. At our pension we are all very



No. 6.

friendly, being chiefly English and Americans. One girl is lucky enough to have her mother with her, the rest of us are mostly alone. As you say, if we were ill, it would be rather dreary, but we seldom are ill; we have no time for it. If we were, I am sure we should all be very kind to one another."

I asked if they ever made acquaintance with the young men of the same atelier.

"No; our work is quite separate. We seldom meet, and we are too busy for any nonsense. Still, we girls find amusement in our own quiet way. Now and then we go to the theatre, when we can afford it, which is not too often. But you must admire the portrait; isn't it clever? and my view—the two towers of St. Sulpice—which I mean to paint some day. And look at my kettle and my frying-pan, and my two presses, one



No. 5

for provisions, the other for clothes. Yes, indeed, I am exceedingly comfortable."

And the girl, still only a girl, who not long before had been a rich man's daughter, surrounded by every luxury, stood, with mingled dignity and independence, pointing out all the good things she had, and maintaining a stoical silence on what she had not. A common story, doubtless only too common in that atelier. But the working woman, if not compelled to work too late in life, has a far happier life than that of the rich idler, who possesses everything and enjoys nothing.

But, better than any words of mine, will be what one of these girl-students says herself, in some notes which I asked her to make for me, in addition to the sketches made by

another girl at the same atelier. I give them just as they are.

"For any girls coming to study art in Paris, to live as we do, in a quiet pension, is far better and more economical than to board with a French family, unless with a wish to master the language. Nothing can be more simple than our habits. We have one room, which is both sitting-room and bedroom, and we descend to dinner when we choose, not otherwise. We cook our own breakfast over a spirit-lamp at eight A.M., and go straight to the atelier, where we work till twelve. Then *déjeuner*, and work again till five P.M. Returning to our pension, we can go to dine if we like, but more often we boil our own kettle, have tea and an egg, and spend the evening over a book. It does sound rather a monotonous life for us, and yet we all find it so very attractive, and the weeks slip by only too fast.

"Even the regular morning walk is pleasant. At this hour the Quartier Latin is filled with street-sellers wheeling their stalls about, housewives marketing in their white caps, and little children in black pinafores—not white ones—being taken to school by their *bonne* or *garçon*; streams of men, too, on their way to business, a newspaper in one hand and a roll in the other, implying that hard-working Paris is waking up to its daily life.

"Our atelier gives us every opportunity for the study of character, for in daily work together most people's natures are clearly displayed. There is the elderly spinster, prevented from study in her youth, and

always envying the younger students who have their life before them. Beside her is a patient artist who has been toiling for years without making any visible progress, but who still hopes to succeed one day. Another, equally hard-working, with her whole soul in her work, scorns such a small thing as outward appearance, and her dress, once æsthetic, looks like a worn-out *robe de chambre*, slowly melting into a bundle of rags. But a few, who combine the love of fashion with the love of art, come here in costumes more suited to the Champs Elysées than to our crowded studio, where they are always in serious danger of

rubbing against the palettes, knocking down the easels, &c.

"Then of course, no atelier would be complete without its bore. She is generally elderly, and makes a practice of coming in late, and sitting down in the front rank, or before it, ingeniously contriving to conceal the model from the



Finishing touches.

view of earlier comers, who naturally protest. Then the obscuring easel is removed by its owner with an air of long-suffering politeness—a few inches, no more, still annoying another victim, who, despairing of justice, moves away and begins work afresh, leaving the bore in triumphant possession of the best place in the room.

"We have some interesting groups of friends. One pair might almost rival the Ladies of Llangollen. For seven years they have never been separated, and seem quite indispensable to each other. It is the clever one who is the most devoted, who carries the canvas, washes the brushes, arranges the

easel, and, in short, does everything for her companion.

"But companionship is one of the pleasantest bits of our student life. Our frugal tea parties—when the hostess boils the kettle and sets the table, and we all sit round the fire and discuss the last exhibition, especially our own professor's work therein, or the success of one of them in getting into the Salon, which is held as a universal triumph to all. Conversation never flags, for some of us have lived at the ends of the earth, and can describe them well; and others are political spirits, who belong to a debating society, and wish to reconstruct the world after their own pattern, which the rest good-naturedly but resolutely disapprove. Then where to spend our Sunday afternoons is always an important consideration. Nearly always we go out of town by road or rail, and after six days spent in the atelier and its close atmosphere, reeking with oil and turpentine, the smells, sights, and sounds of the country are only too delightful.

"Such are our pleasures; but, after all, the most interesting thing is our work. Every Monday we have the excitement of posing the new model. We begin enthusiastically; but on Tuesday, after the professor has witnessed our drawings, our spirits begin to sink a little. Lower still they get on Wednesday and Thursday; by Friday, when the second professor comes, they are usually down to zero. Saturday finds us in deepest despair, only comforted by the resolution to do better next week; and that day is generally devoted to water-colour, or pen-and-ink sketches, or portraits of some picturesque fellow-student—usually kept as a souvenir when the time for leaving the atelier comes—and the girls who have been working together all winter go their several ways—to meet again, when and where, who knows? Probably never."

But still they have done good work, poor girls, and mingled it with a great deal of



Lady cook.

innocent enjoyment. And though Paris is, most will agree, not a desirable place for a girl to live and study alone, still necessity has no law, and in community is much safety. These young students seem to go through the ordeal unscathed, and, so far as I could judge, without being unfeminized; for they are working women, and, as they honestly say, have "no time" for anything but work. It is idleness which breeds the follies, or worse than follies, of many young people—teaches them to substitute flirtation for love, and the craving after mere admiration, for that devotedness which, however sad, is at least more noble than the selfish vanity of a conquering beauty. The busy life of a working woman may harden her a little, but it will never either degrade or deteriorate her, unless by her own fault. And very often, in good time,

"If Love comes, he will enter
And soon find out the way."

But, should he never come, the woman learns to do without him, and will be all the happier and better woman for having put her life to useful account. Therefore, as a help to the many girls who must work, and do work, I have given this simple, truthful, and faithful picture of how they work in a Paris atelier.

A TRAVELLER'S IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

IN the course of prolonged wanderings among men of alien race and alien faith, I have had frequent occasion to observe the startling differences in the results produced by mission work in divers lands.

My first experience was in India, more than twelve years ago. There we travelled from city to city, where Hindooism and Mohammedanism still strive for pre-eminence, and where grotesque temples or stately mosques are the prominent objects which attract the eye. Christian teachers, I knew, had long been at work, striving to make known their message; but their efforts had produced small apparent result, and to one looking merely on the surface they seemed to be spending their strength for naught.

One of the most genial men I met in India was an American missionary—a steadfast, earnest worker. He told me that he had been for twelve years preaching in Allahabad ("The City of God"); but he had no reason to hope that in all that time he had made a single genuine convert. It was sorely disheartening; yet he was content to continue sowing the good seed, in obedience to the Master's last commandment, knowing that the Lord of the Harvest would reap His grain in due season.

The result has proved his faith well founded. Within the last ten years the seed thus scattered has sprung up, and the Indian mission-fields are no longer dry and arid, but give such good promise as may well encourage fresh labourers to devote themselves to the work.

Since I gained my first impressions of the difficulties of mission work in Hindoostan I have had abundant opportunity of noting the same uphill struggle in Ceylon, Japan, and China, where Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism, and all the off-shoots of those elaborate intellectual systems, retain their hold on the minds of millions, to whom the preaching of the Cross seems foolishness—as foolish as it would seem to us, were very humble exponents of those creeds to seek for converts in the crowded streets of London. And I use the plural advisedly, for, alas! the wrangling of Christian sects (dare I write, the puerile divisions among themselves?) do bring such discredit on the faith they would preach, and produce such confusion in the minds of their hearers, as infinitely to retard the progress of Christianity.

In China, for instance, the Christian camp is divided into three parties, who cannot agree on the best Chinese word to adopt as the equivalent of the Most Holy Name. Each has adopted a different word, which has become the Shibboleth of a party, while to their hearers they seem to be preaching concerning three several Gods. Of all subjects of dispute it were difficult to imagine one more painful than this, or one which has given rise to more grievous misunderstanding. Those who have lived long in truly heathen lands, in seeing and hearing of dark and cruel superstitions, or at best of puerile follies, might surely forget their own minor differences in the desire to present those whom they seek to influence with the good and pleasant sight of a faith whose professors dwell together in unity. It is this feeling that was pithily expressed by an English statesman on his return home after living many years in India. "I have lived too long," he said, "amongst people who worship cows, to think very highly of the differences which divide Christians from Christians."

In view of the tremendous difficulties with which the comparatively small handful of missionaries have to grapple in these vast, densely-populated lands, and among keenly intellectual and highly-educated races, the fact that any footing has been obtained is a matter of thankful wonder. And the promoters of these missions must for a while rest content in the belief that their emissaries are working "not with observation," but rather as sappers and miners, preparing the way for the eventual downfall of the enemy's stronghold.

It was my good fortune to be for some time the guest of the late lamented Bishop Russell at Ningpo, and to hear from his own lips how he well-nigh yielded to despair, when, a solitary student, he made his way to that great city, and spent years in striving to master the language, occupying a dreary room in an old temple, and conscious that even his own teacher shrank from being seen in his company, and would frame any excuse to avoid walking down the street with him. Yet he lived to become the revered friend and adviser of the Chinese authorities, and to see two large Christian churches regularly filled by a most devout congregation, while small chapels have been established in many neighbouring villages.

So at Foochow, where so recently the *literati* stirred up unreasoning mobs to persecute the native Christians and destroy their chapels, one mandarin had courage openly to join the Christians. The dangerous illness of an adopted child led to an English lady being invited to stay in his house. Her influence (combined with other circumstances) at length induced the ladies of the household to follow the example of the mandarin. So far from deeming this lady a dangerous character, several other mandarins (by no means Christian) invited her to visit their homes and instruct their women-folk, and thus *the very first opening* for commencing a Zenana Mission in China was offered.

Very different has been the story of missionary work in islands where, in place of an ancient and deeply-rooted intellectual system, races, numerically few, have only a rude mythology—perhaps merely some form of fetish worship—a religion of the lowest superstition, appealing only to their fear. Here, there is no struggle with highly cultivated intellects. The white man lands to find himself amongst unmitigated savages, whose manner of life is gross and vicious beyond expression.

Almost as a matter of course, these brown races acknowledge the mental superiority of the new comer. For awhile they may reject the teaching which bids them turn away from their accustomed pleasures, but sooner or later they are sure to yield. It is not a hard struggle between the champions of adverse creeds, but a war between the Spirit and the Flesh, in which the advocate of the spiritual life is almost certain of eventual victory.

The contest may continue for years. A ferocious cannibal is not likely at once to change his whole habit of life at the bidding of a stranger, whose unpalatable teaching is imperfectly expressed in a half-mastered language. But it seems to be only a question of time. Sooner or later the savage succumbs, and becomes a respectable member of society, and in all probability a remarkably genuine Christian, with all the fervour which marks a convert.

This contrast between the slow and uncertain progress of mission work on the Continent of Asia, and the rapid changes which have been effected in so many islands, struck me forcibly during three years of travel among the groups of the Eastern Pacific. I arrived there, with a mind far more deeply imbued with the histories of the voyagers of the last century than with more modern missionary records, and, like many another

traveller, I found it hard to recognise in these peaceable, educated, and essentially Christian communities, the children and grandchildren of the fierce savages of whom Captain Cook and others wrote.

My first impressions of the South Sea Isles were derived from Fiji, which in 1875 had, by its own voluntary deed, become a British colony. Though it may seem inexcusable that a member of the Governor's household should not have been better informed on such a subject, I confess to having been immensely astonished when my very undefined and misty notions about our cannibal and heathen fellow-subjects were suddenly dispelled by a quiet comment from a fellow passenger (Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission). He said, "I think you will find that the Fijians are not altogether ignorant; they already have some schools and chapels." On further inquiry I learnt that "some" meant *nine hundred chapels* and *fourteen hundred schools*, built by the people themselves, at every village in the isles, and taught by carefully trained native ministers and teachers.

During a residence of two years in the Fijian Archipelago, I had occasion to visit a large number of these villages, as a guest in the house of the teacher, or the chief. I lived in the midst of the kindly, courteous people; I marked the reverent devoutness of their lives, the simple earnestness of their bearing at the never-failing morning and evening family worship, and frequent church services; and I found it hard to believe the facts related to me by reliable eye-witnesses, of the appalling scenes of carnage, fighting, human sacrifices, most debasing idolatry, and loathsome cannibal feasts, which five, ten, or fifteen years previously had formed the incidents of daily life in districts where now English ladies and their children may travel, or even settle, in perfect security.

I spent one Christmas in a village where two years previously terrible scenes of cannibalism had been enacted by the very people who now received us so kindly, and assembled for worship in a church just built by themselves. Several years have passed since then, and no symptoms of any relapse have been shown by any tribe in the Fijian group.

I cannot forbear remarking, in passing, on the curiously vague geographical and other notions which a large section of society is apt to cherish. Within the last few years I have at intervals received showers of newspaper cuttings, accompanied by condolences on the backslidings of my Fijian friends, and

have invariably found these enclosures to have reference to some deed of vengeance practised by some heathen tribe in Melanesia or Micronesia, probably distant some thousands of miles. It is quite in vain to reply that the races are as distinct as Russians and Spaniards—the fact that both are Pacific Islanders is apparently all-sufficient to establish identity. Should the evil tidings have been forwarded *via* Fiji, that is altogether conclusive—although the work accomplished in Fiji by the agency of the Wesleyans is, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of a successful mission that could possibly be quoted.

On leaving the Fijian Isles, I passed on to the Tongan, or Friendly Isles; thence to the Samoan, or Navigator's Isles, and then, still sailing eastward, to the Society group. In each of these I found the same wonderful change, wrought by the agency of missions. The workers in these groups have been sent out by the Wesleyans and the London Mission, and each have done their part with such excellent results, that not one trace of idolatry is to be found in any of these isles; moreover, the wicked customs of old days, notably the terrible prevalence of infanticide, are utterly abolished, and are replaced by Christianity of a thoroughly practical sort—a Christianity which exercises a far more decided influence on daily life than it appears to do in our own British Isles. For my own part, I confess that my feeling, on coming in contact with the clear unclouded faith of many of those children of the South Seas, was that expressed in Keble's words—

"And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore ;"

for whereas our faith too often seems dim and grey as our own wintry skies, many of these simpler folk have attained to a whole-hearted love, bright as the unfailing sunlight in which they live and rejoice.

It is not to be supposed that this blessed result has been obtained without a hard struggle. It was the old story of "a strong man armed," holding his ground till "a stronger than he" came to despoil him of his armour. Looking back at the changes of the last half century, we marvel at the work so effectually accomplished in so short a time. But it did not seem so short to those who had the battle to fight, who, day by day, at the hazard of their own lives, agonised in the effort to reclaim their fellow-men from lowest depths of degradation, and who, with their wives and their little ones, were forced to see and hear of such daily deeds of awful

horror and crime, as we scarcely dare even to allude to. Terrible, indeed, were the surroundings of the brave pioneer missionaries, whose intensely loving devotion to the Master and His cause gave them courage to face such appalling scenes of horror and of personal danger; but great has their reward proved as, one by one, these cruel cannibals and ferocious savages have yielded to the lessons of love, and have become gentle and holy in their lives, and in countless instances have themselves become zealous missionaries, ready to face death itself if so be they might convey to others the teaching which had brought peace to their own hearts.

At the present moment the great Christian Church in Fiji is superintended by a mere handful of white missionaries sent thither by the Wesleyan Church in Australia, but the general work of Christian teaching throughout the group is carried on by forty-eight assistant native missionaries, six hundred local preachers, upwards of eight hundred catechists, and several thousand teachers in the day-schools and Sunday-schools. All these persons can read and write well; indeed there are few persons in the Fijian, Tongan, Samoan, or Society Isles who cannot do so. And yet it is only about forty-five years since the first attempt was made by the pioneer missionaries of Fiji to reduce that rich and complicated language to written signs.

The assistant native missionaries here spoken of are men who have been solemnly set apart to the full service of the Christian ministry, and hold a recognised official position as native ministers of large districts. With several of these men I had the privilege of being well acquainted while travelling about the isles in company with the Superintendent of the Mission and his devoted wife.

One whom we held in especial love and reverence was Joeli mBula, one of those early converts in the Tongan Isles who first found his way to teach the way of life to the cruel Fijians. He was a man as noble in appearance as in nature, the very type of an Eastern Patriarch. His ordinary dress was that of a chief, namely, a drapery of native cloth worn from the waist to the ankle, the feet bare, and the magnificent bust veiled only by a long grey beard. On Sundays he assumed, in addition, the clean white shirt which is adopted by all the preachers as their ecclesiastical garment.

Throughout the group no man had such influence as he, but it had been bought by long patience and many years of ceaseless toil. Thrilling it was to hear from his own

lips his personal recollections of those early days of horror, and of the many subsequent deliverances by sea and land, in all of which he recognised the guardian care of an ever-present Master.

I happened to be staying on Bau, King Thakombau's little island home, during Joeli's last illness, and the recollection of those last days lives in my memory among those rare and precious times when we are suffered to draw very near the spirit world, and the veil seems almost drawn aside to allow us to hear an echo from the angelic welcome that greets the redeemed.

Patient and noble in death, as he had ever been in life, his last hours were full of loving thought for others, and chiefly for the fine old chief, for whose conversion he had so long striven, hoping against hope, ere he was at length won for the Master. Many an anxious day had Thakombau's fierce and determined love of fighting and cannibalism cost Joeli, and many a care, moreover, had been his for all the family of wild, handsome sons and daughters, whose high position gave them such influence for good or evil throughout the group.

Though they have hitherto failed to reach the high moral standard which Joeli would fain have seen them all attain, they certainly loved their saintly chaplain with a truly filial devotion, and through his last illness there was rarely an hour when one or other of them was not watching beside him.

Gently he fell asleep, and sadly we looked our last on the beautiful face, which had ever greeted us with such genuine kindness. As we knelt beside him for the last time, among the weeping students assembled in his humble Fijian cottage, assuredly there was not one present whose heart did not echo the prayer that the hour of our death might be even as his, however little we could hope that in our lives we might approach the holiness of his whole-hearted devotion.

In glancing at the history of the last half century of mission work in the Pacific, it is obvious that the progress of the good work has undoubtedly been more rapid, in consequence of the wisdom with which the various Missionary Societies agreed to divide the isles, instead of wasting their strength by competing in the same field; so, while the Church of England finds ample work in New Zealand and among the groups of the Western Pacific (classed under the general name of Melanesia), the London Mission and the Wesleyan Mission have divided the Eastern groups (generally described as Polynesia), and

are now extending their efforts to New Britain and New Ireland, the teachers employed in these two groups being Fijians—earnest, energetic men, who with their wives volunteered for the work, with the fullest knowledge of the dangers they would have to face, and which have already cost the lives of several. As to New Guinea, it offers so vast an extent of difficult and dangerous ground, as to afford ample room for all good workers.

Micronesia, which includes the very uninviting group near the Equator, has been taken up piecemeal by the various British and American societies. Many of these isles, as also the beautiful southern group of the Marquesas, are receiving the light from Hawaiian teachers, sent out by the Congregational Church of the Sandwich Isles, a group which was thoroughly Christianised in the early half of the century, by the agency of the American Congregational Mission. That the conversion of the Hawaiians was no fiction but a great fact, was proved by the radical change in all the habits of the whole race, which was uplifted from the lowest stage of degradation to the standing of a people determined to live Christian lives.

Within thirty years of the day when the first Christian teacher landed on the then barren shores of Honolulu (now a green paradise), this great change had been wrought. The contrast between the arid and desolate volcanic soil, now transformed to the loveliest tropical gardens, is not more marked than that between the Hawaiians of 1819 celebrating wild heathen orgies at the funeral of the great Kaneka Meha, and those of 1850 forming the devout congregation in upwards of one hundred Christian churches, built by their own hands, and sending forth carefully trained and most zealous Hawaiian missionaries, to try and establish a footing among the fierce cannibals of the Marquesas, who already in 1797 and 1833 had driven away from their shores the teachers sent out first by the London and then by the American Mission.

It is to be hoped that the London Mission and French Protestant Mission may take steps to send Tahitian teachers to the aid of their Hawaiian brethren in the beautiful Marquesan Isles. The fact of the Tahitians being now French subjects would be greatly in their favour, as shielding them from all jealous opposition on the part of the French authorities in the Marquesas. These are naturally disposed to favour the Roman Catholic Mission, which, however, seems to

have made small progress in reclaiming these very determined savages, though it has had a strong staff of French priests and sisters stationed in the group for upwards of forty years.

Time and space alike forbid me to enlarge further on a subject of such boundless interest as that of mission work in general. Truly to enter into it, it is necessary to study

the mission history of each separate land ; and in so doing, the chief thought that must force itself on every candid mind is that, while these newly-kindled flames burn so brightly, those who tend the central lamp in the mother-country have good cause for anxiety lest its dimness should be put to shame by the intense radiance of those to whom it has given the light.

ROBERT AND MARY MOFFAT.

IN the annals of missionary labour there is perhaps no recent name more familiar or more honoured than that of Robert Moffat. Like that of his famous son-in-law, Livingstone, it is a name in no slight repute among men who do not even affect to care for the high purpose to which his whole life was consecrated. Every one, indeed, who has any sense of what is noble and spirit-stirring in human nature must regard Moffat with admiration, if not for his entire devotion to the service of God, then for his indomitable courage, his generous self-denial, his untiring energy, for his directness of aim and the success that crowned his efforts. That success in the missionary's judgment was, indeed, wholly due to spiritual causes, and to the blessing of the Master whom he served ; but the on-looker, without going below the surface, would see enough in the exchange of the savage for the civilised life, of cruelty for gentleness, of grossness for decency, of treachery for fair dealing, to testify that the fifty years spent among the Bechwanas by Moffat and his devoted wife had not been spent in vain.

The wonderful story has been recently told by Mr. Moffat's son, with great ability and discretion,* and this volume, when read in connection with his father's record of "Missionary Labours," written more than forty years ago, presents a picture as cheering as it is instructive. It would be interesting to draw it again in miniature, but the task we shall attempt will be less difficult, and if by noting some of the more characteristic events in the life of Robert and Mary Moffat we show how the truest heroism is called forth by missionary toil, a good purpose may be served.

There is so much of lively incident in the career of Robert and Mary Moffat, so many

toils encountered, so many hairbreadth escapes, such sad partings with children, such instances of courage and perseverance, that it is difficult even to give a faint outline of the picture presented in the biography. What the reader will see clearly on every page is the entire devotion of two lives to a supreme object, for which from youth to old age all that makes life dear to most of us was sacrificed, not grudgingly, but with joy ; and he will see, too, that even in this world the Moffats had their reward.

Robert was the son of poor but pious parents, and, like so many Scottish worthies, owed far more to natural energy of mind than to education. He left school before he was twelve, and lost some time previously by running away to sea. His mother was a woman of marked character, and "united a sternness of religious belief, bordering on gloomy vindictiveness, with one of the tenderest and most loving hearts that ever beat." When about fourteen the boy was apprenticed to a gardener, and had a hard life of it, yet he managed to gain some knowledge of Latin and mensuration, and also learned to play a little on the violin. Then we hear of him as under-gardener to a gentleman in Cheshire, and are told that on parting with his mother she made him promise to read in the Bible every morning and evening, and he never forgot that promise. In his English home Robert won the goodwill of his employers, and had every prospect of a successful career ; but while there he was brought under the influence of the Wesleyan Methodists, and after a period of spiritual conflict came out of the fight victorious, and resolved henceforth to be a missionary to the heathen. Having with much trepidation mentioned his wish to Mr. Roby, of Manchester, "a great missionary man," he was recommended to obtain a situation in his neighbourhood in order that his character might be tested. The young man was placed

* *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.* By their Son, John Moffat. With portraits, maps, and illustrations. London : T. Fisher Unwin.

for a time with Mr. Smith, a nursery gardener at Dukinfield, and Mr. Smith's only daughter, "possessing a warm missionary heart," the two soon became attached, but, owing to the natural objections felt at first by her parents, it was three years before Mary Smith was allowed to join Robert in Africa. It was a perplexing time for her, and she writes that she was continually harassed by the fear that she had acted sinfully "in suffering Mr. M. to go alone, as he declared he could not reconcile his mind to taking another."

We must pass over with a word or two Moffat's bachelor days in Africa. For the best part of a year in Namaqualand he did not see the face of a fellow-countryman, or hear a word of his mother tongue; but the chief Africaner, who had long been such a terror to the Cape Colony that a large sum of money was offered for his head, was now a Christian, and between the chief and the missionary a strong affection sprang up. A long journey was taken into the interior, with the hope of finding a better settlement for the tribe, but it was made in vain, and at the expense of much physical suffering, for on one occasion the travellers were nearly three days without food, and nearly two without water. Thus, from the beginning of his career Moffat, was initiated into the privations and dangers of missionary life in Africa.

On the meeting of Robert and Mary Smith a scene took place, which, as the latter naturally says, "I never wish to experience again." At the age of twenty-four, for they were born in the same year, the young couple started in ox-waggons for Lattakoo, now known as Kuruman, the scene of their future trials and joys, and we read how it took seven weeks of travelling to cover a space that can now be traversed by railway in a couple of days. Difficulties occurred to delay their progress, and for some months the Moffats were forced to stay at Griqua Town, a missionary settlement. At Kuruman, on Moffat's arrival, there was a single missionary, Robert Hamilton, "a man whose faithful obedience to his Master, and tenacious perseverance, nothing could shake or turn aside." For thirty years he and Moffat stood shoulder to shoulder, and the close fellowship between them must have lightened many a burden for both.

Faith and patience were needed, for years passed without any sign of interest in the missionaries' message. It seemed indeed impossible to arrest the people's attention.

They came for what they could get, and "loved us only," Moffat writes, "when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted." After hard labour the missionaries formed a water-ditch of some miles so as to irrigate their crops from the river, but the native women turned the supply into their own gardens, and stole their vegetables. Native society at this period was far from pleasant.

"As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making everything they touched the colour of their own greasy, red attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere almost intolerable."

And it was not possible always to remain in security in these unhomelike quarters. More than once the missionaries had to fly for their lives, and a vivid account is given of the dangers incurred by Moffat in his efforts to repel an invasion of the Mantatees, and to lessen the cruelties of tribal warfare. The mission was saved, but not without great peril to Moffat and to Mr. Melville, the Government Commissioner. When the Mantatese fled, the Batlaping tribe, who were more cruel than brave, and could have done nothing without the aid of the Griquas, displayed their cowardly nature by killing the women and children who could not keep up in the flight.

"This was the most difficult and dangerous part of the day for Moffat and Melville. They could not stand by and see this going on without interference. They galloped hither and thither, rescuing women and children from the human wolves who were deliberately slaying them for the love of killing, or to despoil their bodies of such brass rings and beads as they had upon them. As soon as the women began to discover who were their protectors, they would rush frantically to them, baring their breasts and crying, 'I am a woman! I am a woman!' The wounded men were especially dangerous, and would not be taken alive, stabbing as they lay on the ground. Robert Moffat has been heard to tell of one especial deliverance on this day—though, alas! it was bought at a dear price. He had got hemmed in between a rocky height and a body of the enemy. There was only a narrow passage through which he could escape at full gallop. Right in the middle of this passage there rose up before him a man who had been shot, but had collected his strength, and weapon in hand, was awaiting him. It was almost impossible for him to escape. Just at this moment one of the Griquas at a long distance, took in the situation at a glance, raised his gun, and fired. The ball whizzed so close past Moffat that he shuddered; but it was a true aim and his outlet of escape was clear."

In the midst of dangers like these, and of exhausting physical toil at the station (Mrs. Moffat relates on one occasion how her husband was a fortnight every day up to the middle in water cutting thatch for the house), he never forgot the great purpose of his life. And now, in order to gain such a familiarity with Sechwana as would enable him more readily to translate the Scriptures into that language, he went into the desert to dwell with the Barolong tribe, who, having been driven from their own quarters, were living in a state of utter wretchedness.

The true student will sacrifice much for the sake of acquiring knowledge, but it would seem to need a yet stronger passion and a loftier enthusiasm to sustain a scholar in a position like Moffat's. Think of living in a waggon under a tropical sky, without a tree available for shade, pestered by flies, and distracted still more by the noisy chatter of dirty savages! Happily the missionary gained what he had sought; and on his

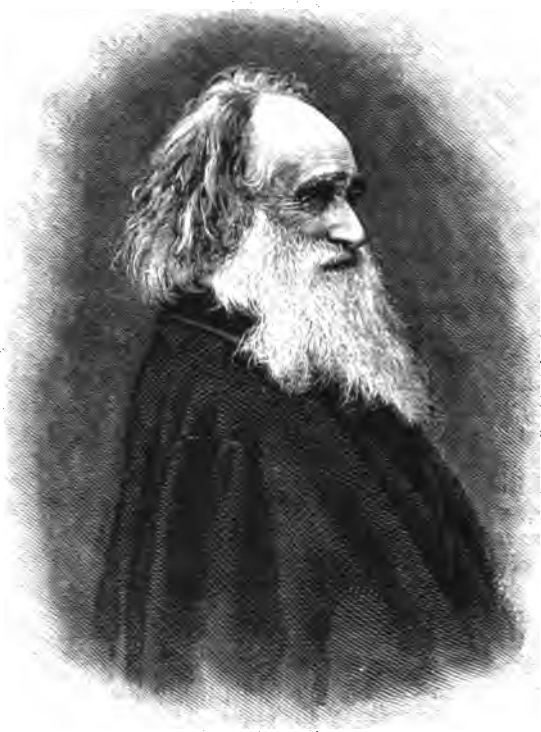
return to Kuruman astonished the chief and his councillors "by preaching to them a sermon in such Sechwana that the only growling criticism the chief could find to make was that it smacked too much of the Serolong dialect." By the time he reached the autumn of his days Moffat had managed, amidst numberless distractions, to translate the whole Bible into the Bechwana language, and his version is in use at the present time.

Years passed on and there was no sign of good being effected, yet "there was one member of the mission, weak in body but

strong in faith, who never faltered;" and when a friend from England wrote to ask if there was anything of use that could be sent, the answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." Nearly three years afterwards this want was supplied. It came at the exact time it was needed, for six converts had just received the rite of baptism, and on the day after the arrival of the gift from England, the missionaries held their first communion with that little company. The awakening

began, says Moffat's biographer, as such things do come, without any visible exciting cause.

"There was a wave of tumultuous and simultaneous enthusiasm. The two brethren who witnessed it were sober-minded and hard-headed Scotchmen by disposition not willing to lend themselves to any movement which might seem to have the taint of mere sensationalism. . . In a few months the whole aspect of the station had changed. The meeting-house was crowded before the service had begun. Heathen songs and dancing had ceased, and everywhere were to be heard instead the songs of Zion and the



From a photograph by]

Robert Moffat.

[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

outpouring of impassioned prayers. The missionaries were beset even in their own houses by those who were seeking fuller instruction in things which had become to them all at once of paramount importance. The moral condition of the community rapidly improved, and the dirt and indecency of heathen costume were exchanged for cleanliness and European habits of clothing, as far as the supply could be made by the visits of occasional traders."

It is sad to read that the greatest opposition to missionary labour came from men professing Christianity. "I think," Moffat wrote in his early days, "I never saw so

many fine-looking Bibles in my life as since I came to Africa." These Bibles belonged to the Boers, who kept them, he adds, more as a piece of furniture than for use. Again and again the Boers proved thorns in the flesh of Moffat. They broke up the American mission to the Matabele; they dispossessed chiefs, treated the people as their vassals, and excused every act of bloodshed on the plea that the Transvaal belonged to them by the authority of England. While men like Livingstone and Moffat were bringing light and liberty to the aborigines, the Boers were at once inimical to the missionaries and to the people. No wonder that, in his old age and in his English home, Moffat was intensely excited during the Transvaal war! It never entered his head that England would give back the Transvaal to the Boers. To the very last he allowed himself to believe that it would continue under the government of England, and thus the natives be protected. When the

news of the retrocession came, "for days he was as though he had received a death-blow, nor to his dying hour did it cease to be to him a bitter sorrow."

An interesting incident in Moffat's career was his acquaintance with Mosilikatse, a Zulu chief, who sent two of his head men to Kuruman to inquire what the white men were teaching. A report arose that their return through the Bakwena country would be unsafe, and the missionary undertook to act as escort. It was a journey of many days through a lion-haunted district, and at one

outpost Moffat found seventeen huts built in a gigantic tree to secure the natives from the attacks of these animals. The land had been desolated by savage warfare, and Mosilikatse was the terror of the neighbouring tribes. Moffat seems to have gained power over men of this class by his absolute fearlessness, and there is something beautiful in the way in which the great warrior recognised and confessed his inferiority to the soldier of the Cross. For the missionary's sake he would have spared the life of a man

who had been sentenced to death, but the barbarian, with a Roman spirit, declined to live on in degradation, and he was hurled from the top of a precipice as food for the crocodiles in the river below. The friendly feelings of the savage chief were not temporary; and on a visit from Moffat many years later, Mosilikatse, who was then ill and old, grasped the missionary's hand, gave one earnest look, and drew a mantle over his face. "It

would have been an awful sight for his people to see the hero of a hundred fights wipe from his eyes the falling tears." The chief had migrated with his tribe to the country on the southern watershed of the Zambesi River; and when, after many troubles and perplexities, and "perhaps the sorest trial of faith" Moffat had known in his life, the Matabele Mission was established, Mosilikatse and his son after him proved steady friends to the missionaries. The biographer, however, who has himself been working in that field, confesses that, after twenty-five



From a photograph by]

Mary Moffat.

[Mr. Brittain, Port Elizabeth.

years' labour, there has been as yet no visible success.

Moffat put his heart into this work, as into everything he undertook. It was no light matter to carry a missionary party, with all the necessaries they required, across a desert of sand, with an interval in one part of sixty miles without water. Everything had to be thought of before starting, for "when civilised people put together what they need for two or three years to come for residence among utter barbarians, seven hundred miles from the nearest shop, they make the discovery—if they have not made it before—that their wants are neither few nor simple." Great, too, were the difficulties to be encountered on the route, but Moffat, old though he now was, led the way, often indeed, having to force a path through the primeval forest, and would never allow the younger men to get the better of him in any form of activity. Then, on reaching the station they had selected, six months of hard manual labour was required of the missionaries. Houses had to be built, and ground prepared for seed. "Early and late Moffat was to be found at work—always at work; it might be at the saw-pit, or the blacksmith's forge, or the carpenter's bench, or aiding the younger men where their own knowledge and skill failed them." It was a twelvemonth before he was able to return to his home at Kuruman.

Changed, indeed, had that home become since the Moffats' youthful days of contest with the powers of darkness, when, amidst continual war alarms, they suffered from difficulties of living, from repulsive associations, and, above all, from hope deferred. Now, though sorrowing from family losses they lived in the hearts of an affectionate and a civilised, because Christianised people, and "maintained an almost absolute rule, though wielding no other sceptre than that of gratitude and affection" Here is a bright picture of Kuruman—now the centre of a large area of activity—after it had passed out of the darkness of heathendom.

"The public services were of course in the Sechwana language. Once a week the missionary families met for an English devotional meeting. It was also a sort of custom that as the sun went down there should be a short truce from work every evening. A certain eminence at the back of the station became, by common consent, the meeting-place. There the missionary fathers of the hamlet would be found, each sitting on his accustomed stone. Before them lay the broad valley, once a reedy morass, now reclaimed and portioned out into garden lands; its margin fringed with long watercourses, overhung with grey

willows and the dark green syringa. On the low ground bordering the valley stood the church, with its attendant mission-houses and schools; and on the heights were perched the native villages, for the most part composed of round conical huts, not unlike corn-stacks at a distance, with some more ambitious attempts at house-building, in the shape of semi-European cottages. Eastward stretched a grassy plain, bounded by the horizon, and westward a similar plain, across which, about five miles distant, was a range of low hills. Down to the right, in a bushy dell, was the little burying-ground, marked by a few trees. It was a peaceful half-hour during which to watch the sunset. The light blue smoke would be rising on the still air, the cattle just come in, settling down in their various kraals; the Bechwana boys would be taking an evening canter on the backs of their young oxen, and the older men, as they looked upon the tranquil scene, would often recall the former years, when the Kuruman valley was the gloomy and dreaded haunt of the wild Bushmen, with their poisoned arrows, and when the whole land was full of war and rapine."

It was hard to tear themselves away from this scene of successful toil, but age was telling on the old missionary and his devoted wife, and in the month of March, 1870, Robert Moffat preached for the last time to a great congregation in the Kuruman church. When the hour came to leave, and the waggon drove away, we are told that a pitiful wail arose, enough to melt the hardest heart. It was more than fifty-four years since Moffat had first landed in the country, and now, with the love and gratitude of those who had been permitted to reap a golden harvest, he and his wife could look round at parting, and see what had once been a natural and spiritual wilderness transformed into a land of fertility, and unto a garden of souls.

Of the Moffats in England it is unnecessary to say more than a word or two. Mary did not live long. Her life's work had been completed in Africa, and a few months after reaching this country she went home to take her wages. Robert, it is needless to say, lived on for years, labouring with exhaustless energy, in the service he loved best. Every blessing that should accompany old age was his—affection, reverence, honour; and all that is beautiful in humanity seemed to find expression in this strong but simple-minded man. In his last days it seemed as though, to quote the words of Waller—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Let in new light through chinks that time had made,"

for very shortly before the end came "he talked with wonderful vigour of the mysteriousness of Providence, and was evidently clinging to the hope of the restitution of all things, but wound up with the words, 'It is

all a mystery. Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In the veteran missionary men saw a true successor of the apostles, and his large-hearted loving nature was a living

testimony to the faith which finds its purest utterance in charity. Truly has it been said that, in the presence of a life like Moffat's, sectarianism is dumb.

JOHN DENNIS.



View in Sokoto.

UP THE NIGER TO THE CENTRAL SUDAN.

IV.—TO WURNU AND THE COURT OF UMURU.

"WURNU, *May 26th*, 1885.

I RESUME my narrative under vastly more pleasant circumstances than any that have yet characterized our weary journey to the Court of Umuru of Sokoto. In an airy and cool flat-roofed house, provided with every luxury that the Central Sudan can supply, with no caravan troubles, or anxiety about food or cowries, I feel it a real pleasure to sit down amid the fresh coolness of the morning to write to you, though I must confess I long to be out wandering hither and thither noting the kaleidoscopic scene that lies around, a never-ending source of wonderment to me, accustomed to far other aspects of negro life. Here we find ourselves among no barbarous people steeped in paganism with all its degrading rites and ideas, but among a race in which the enthusiasm of the Mohammedan religion burns as fiercely as it ever did among kindred tribes in the deserts of Arabia, and which considers it has a mission from heaven to

propagate—with fire and sword if necessary—the knowledge that there is but one God.

"In my last letter I left you at the town of Jega. This industrial centre, situated on the Gulbi-n-Gindi, is a place of much importance from its position on the great trade route connecting the large towns and countries lying between the Western Sudan and the Chad region. Here also converge the main lines of commerce from the countries to the South, especially Nupé and Yoruba.

"We remained but a single day in this interesting place, our movements being hurried from our fear of being compelled to go to the head-quarters of the King of Gandu—it being a rule that all travellers to Sokoto shall pass through his hands to be mulcted of such black-mail as he can extort. It was of course a part of our mission to visit the Sultan of Gandu, but as he was inferior in position to his relative of Sokoto, we were anxious from motives of policy to avoid the necessity of going to him first. To our dis-

may, before we could get away, a messenger arrived to remind us of the law of the land. There was nothing for it but to put a bold face on and dare the possible consequences. We made the best excuse we could, and explained that we were only acting according to orders, and that in any case we were going to visit his master on our return. With this he had to be satisfied, and next morning we packed up our traps and hastened westward towards Sokoto, hourly expecting a cavalcade of Fillani in pursuit of us to order our return. Our fears, however, were not realised, and gradually as the day wore on and the frontiers of Sokoto were

approached we could settle ourselves down with some sort of equanimity to view the sights and scenes of the route.

"Looking around on the landscape we could not but be struck by the marked change in the aspect of the country from what we had hitherto been accustomed to. Here were no evidences of civil war with its desolating accompaniments; no dense uninhabited forests given up to wild beasts and birds; no swampy stretches, malarious and deadly, or submerged by overflowing rivers. On the contrary, the eye roamed over an undulating district which every here and there ran into ridges. Occasionally a small



Fillani nobleman and attendants.

abrupt hill broke the otherwise even billowy outline of the surface. The dry season had nearly reached its close and the thirsty sapless land presented a burnt-up and sterile aspect, while under the fierce sun, the glare of red sands and soil was painful in the extreme. Fortunately, however, the country was not entirely bare of trees. Baobabs, with their grotesque trunks and disproportionately small branches, everywhere dotted the landscape, and as the young leaves were beginning to shoot out a slight tint of green pervaded the scene. Here and there fan-palms, and dôm-palms appeared in solitary state or in scattered groups. Nowhere, how-

ever, was anything like wood and forest to be seen.

"The first idea in surveying this sight is that the land must be singularly barren and unproductive. Any such notion, however, is soon modified on noting that the surface has everywhere a furrowed appearance, showing that it is yearly cultivated. Then, in looking round, you note that the land is densely populated. In a single sweep of the horizon thirty or more villages may be counted, few of them under two thousand inhabitants and some reaching a considerably higher figure. The first sight of these villages or towns suggests the notion that



A Fillani of mixed type.

they are woods or plantations surrounded by orthodox walls. On nearer approach, however, conical roofs of huts are seen peering above the walls, looking cosy and cool in the shade of the trees. Shade, you must know, is so valuable in this extremely hot country that trees are preserved inside the towns, while outside the necessity of cultivating every inch of ground compels the cutting down of all the trees that would interfere with tillage. The baobabs I have alluded to are left standing because their leaves are used in the native soups, and thus without any real sacrifice of space some little shelter from the sun is afforded to the weary toilers in the fields.

"The landscape, however, calls for a passing glance. The scenes on the road are such as keep one in a continual state of delight. A never-ending stream of people surges past, all on business or trade intent. Camels, donkeys, bullocks, horses, intermingle with Yoruba or Hausa porters, staggering along under enormous loads. Aristocratic Fillani

noblemen trot past on horseback—each a huge but picturesque mass of clothes—their suites, mounted or unmounted, following behind, the position of these being regulated by the relative raggedness of their clothes. Succeeding these appear sometimes women of the harem, enveloped to hide their charms, or lack of these. Most picturesque of all, however, are the Tuareg of Asben, who more rarely join the shifting scene. These restless nomads form a sight worth seeing, each one perched on his camel, a gloriously romantic picture in rags and tatters. Everything they wear is in the most filthy condition; but withal, the natural artistic grouping and folding of the squalid materials is truly memorable. Their faces are hidden behind the national *litham*, showing nothing but the quick, restless eyes, dark and fiery, which tell of the life they lead in the desert, each man's hand against every other man's. From their superior position on the top of their camels they looked down upon us Nazarenes as if, for the good of their souls, they would like to wipe out of creation two such infidels as we were.

"As we continue to jog along, we are constantly being reminded otherwise of scenes in Eastern lands. Here, for instance, is a group of women selling water to the thirsty travellers, or it may be milk or some more solid refreshment. Gladly we get off our horses to seek under a shady tree a brief respite from the burning sun. As we wipe the perspiration from our faces, and enjoy



Fillani courtiers, showing modes of wearing face cloths.

the shade, we are soon discovered by hosts of beggars, who are to be found at every favourable point of attack. The sight they present is sickening—many in the last stage of starvation, holding out bare, fleshless arms. They implore us, as we hope for salvation, to relieve their wants—some following up their prayers by turning on us sightless eyes, which appeal more eloquently than words to our compassion. Surrounded thus by all manner of deformity, the charm of the scene is broken, and we are fain to face the dusty road and the burning sun once more, glad to escape from such a mass of disease and the sound of heartbreaking cries.

"The religious zeal which fills the people is nowhere more notable than along this dusty highway, for every here and there are places marked off by stones, with the regulation niche in the direction of Mecca, in which the faithful may at the proper time acquire new spiritual strength by repeating their prayers, and with faces humbled to the dust affirming that there is but one God,

"Through scenes like these we jogged along, till, on the 21st of May, after passing through many interesting large towns, we reached the neighbourhood of the famous city of Sokoto. As we expected a great reception here, we made every preparation in the way of furbishing up our belongings and getting into suits of clothes specially retained for the occasion.

"We sent, of course, on the day previous a messenger to announce our coming, so that they might make the necessary preparations to receive us in a manner befitting such important ambassadors as ourselves. Greatly to our disgust, however, not the slightest notice was taken of our approach. Where we expected to be met by cavalcades of Fillani, and all the pomp and circumstance of a triumphal entry, we only encountered crowds of negro *gamins*, who showed little reverence for us, while on all sides rose the beseeching prayers of the crowds of beggars that lined the streets in pitiful array. We passed along a narrow lane, marked off by a fence of sorghum stalks, among ruined compounds which spoke more of a town lately destroyed than of the great trading and religious centre of the Central Sudan. Here and there, however, appeared well-built houses, kept in good repair, and outside sat the governors—a staid group of Fillani notables—watching our passage.

"At last we reached a spacious compound, and, for the first time for two months, were installed in a cool and airy house. We then

learned that the reason for our lack of a reception was because our guide had been given to us by an enemy of the governor, who had accredited us to an inferior personage. In the afternoon large quantities of cooked food, sheep, and other articles were sent us from the chief men of the place, and we drew a sigh of relief to think that our troubles were now practically over.

"The present aspect of decay which Sokoto presents is due to the fact of the recent death of Sultan Masu, which has necessitated the succeeding Sultan Umuru taking up his headquarters at the neighbouring town of Wurnu. All the principal people of course followed the court, and large numbers of the traders with them. It would be difficult to make even an approximate estimate of the population, but I do not think it exceeds eight thousand inhabitants, though there may be a floating population of several thousands more. The town covers a large area, but the walls, like the houses, are in ruins, and the wooden doors or gates, faced with iron, are unhinged.

"On the day after our arrival, as we had to send a messenger to Wurnu to announce our coming, we occupied the time in looking about the town. Our zeal for photographing led us into a very unpleasant adventure, which might have ended worse than it did. Learning that the market was in full swing we sallied forth to photograph the scene. Arrived on the ground, we found the face of a slope leading northward from the town occupied by some ten thousand people, all intent on business, and the multitudinous noise of voices, wrangling over all sorts of articles, from a camel or a slave to a little salt, filled the air. Our appearance, as the first white men they had ever seen, naturally excited some commotion among those nearest us, but we had no difficulty in pushing our way into the heart of the throng, though of course it soon spread throughout the entire multitude that the Anasara (Christians) were among the faithful. Finding at last a point of vantage, we proceeded to set up our alarming apparatus. At first we were allowed to proceed unmolested, but soon ominous sounds arose and signs of agitation began to appear. The crowd could not be kept back, and presently all of a sudden a shout rent the air. Almost before we knew what was up we were in a perfect whirlpool of living men. Deafened with passionate cries and scowled at by angry distorted faces, we were dashed hither and thither as helpless as waifs on a boisterous

sea. The camera was nearly smashed, and it took us all our time to prevent this catastrophe. For a time it appeared as if we ourselves were doomed men. The excited mob looked as if they would tear us to pieces. The dust, the heat, and the crushing nearly suffocated us. Gradually, however, we contrived to get outside, and with the assistance of our men and some of the governors we got free. The damage done in the market must have been very great, as on the first rush stalls and their contents were heedlessly knocked down and trampled irreparably under foot; pottery was reduced to shreds, and provisions mixed with the sand. To add to the extraordinary scene, horses, camels, bullocks, sheep, and goats broke loose, and turned confusion into perfect chaos. The whole affair arose out of a sudden panic, and a belief that we were about to bewitch them. I do not think they would have killed us, though matters looked very bad for a few minutes. As soon as we got outside, and our voices and protestations could be heard, the people became reasonable, only they warned us not to offend again, and truly we had had enough of the Sokoto market to deter us from any more photographing experiments.

Next day we resumed our journey, and in the evening camped close to Wurnu. On the following morning we appeared unexpectedly early before the gates of the town, with the effect of utterly disarranging the plan of reception that had been drawn up for us. Consequently our entry was as quiet as at Sokoto. Without ceremony we were conducted to a spacious compound, where we were put comfortably up, and in a few hours were overwhelmed by piles of provisions, cooked and uncooked, great numbers of fat sheep, and all the delicacies of the land. Of course with these came salutations and compliments from the Sultan and Wazir. So far our reception was right royal, and augured well for the success of our mission.

"On the afternoon of our arrival we proceeded to make our first official call on the Wazir, as was the etiquette of the Court. He received us very well, and expressed great pleasure at seeing us, though he rather threw us on our beam-ends by inquiring if we came as ambassadors from the Queen of England. To this we had of course to answer in the negative, and to explain that we only came as ambassadors from the English people trading on the Niger. After a few polite inquiries and answers we left, and hurried

back to our quarters to make up the Wazir's present and send it before he reported to the Sultan. This was speedily done, and the present was of such a nature as effectually removed his first bad impression on hearing that we did not come from the Queen. It should be explained that the present Wazir has occupied that position during the reign of several Sultans, and is now the Crown lawyer, general adviser, and depositary of all the Acts of the various Sultans under whom he has served. Nothing is done except by his advice, and he is thus really more powerful than the Sultan himself.

"Next day we set off to pay our respects to the Sultan Umuru, Serki-n-Musulmia. We, of course, made as brave a show as possible in our best clothes. I had a fancy silk and wool shirt, white drill trousers, military helmet with puggaree, and canvas gaiters. Seago donned a helmet, a closely buttoned white jacket, pyjamahs, and gaiters. Our interpreters, however, quite threw us into the shade from the native point of view in the matter of dress. We made our jaded and travel-worn Rozinantes prance as friskily as possible by means of spur and whip, applied surreptitiously, and thus with much raising of dust we reached the gateway of the palace, where we earned the applause of the attendant idlers by our rapid dismounting, it being a matter of much difficulty to get out of the unwieldy native saddles they are accustomed to. Leaving the horses to our boys, we were conducted through an entrance hall, open to all comers, then by court and passage, crowded indifferently with beggars and courtiers, till at last we reached a massive building, of the customary unornamented flat-roofed kind. Here we were detained a few minutes, till our arrival was announced, and thereafter, preceded by an usher, we entered a spacious, shady hall, lighted by two doorways. Right in front of the entrance, at the back of the hall, we espied a raised platform or mud dais, on which sat a figure like a Buddhist god, cross-legged, enveloped in a black *burnous*, slightly ornamented with gold thread. The *litham* covered his face, and only a couple of dark, bright eyes could be distinguished. Otherwise the figure might have passed for something inanimate, for it gave no other sign of life. We rightly concluded that this was Umuru. Towards him we moved and made a simple bow, probably accompanied by an involuntary 'How do ye do,' or 'Good morning,' while our native followers cast themselves on the ground, and

with due humility laid their faces in the dust, and went through the action of throwing the same over their bared heads.

"Meantime we sat down on our camp-stools, and while Viera, on our part, and the Sultan exchanged the customary interminable salutations, and inquiries about every person and thing down to our respective horses and asses, we had time to look around. There, on the right of the Sultan, sat doubled up the withered and wizard form of the Wazir, watching with an observant, lawyer-like face our every movement. Supporting the flat roof were several massive pillars, round the base of which sat or reclined the various chief courtiers and state functionaries.

"These latter, I need hardly tell you,

looked most picturesque supports to the pillars, though the interest lay more in form than colour. The Fillani are not given to gorgeous colours except for the trappings of their horses. White is the favourite colour, and next to it the different shades of blue, which dye the people of the whole of this region are experts in manipulating.

"By the time our survey was over, I found the Sultan and Viera had finished giving thanks to Allah, that everything was respectively so well as each one had described; and as they both had lost breath in the interesting competition of friendliness, I took the opportunity to make a speech (very eloquent, of course), in which I explained that I had been specially sent all the way from England to convey the salutations and compliments



View of Wurau.

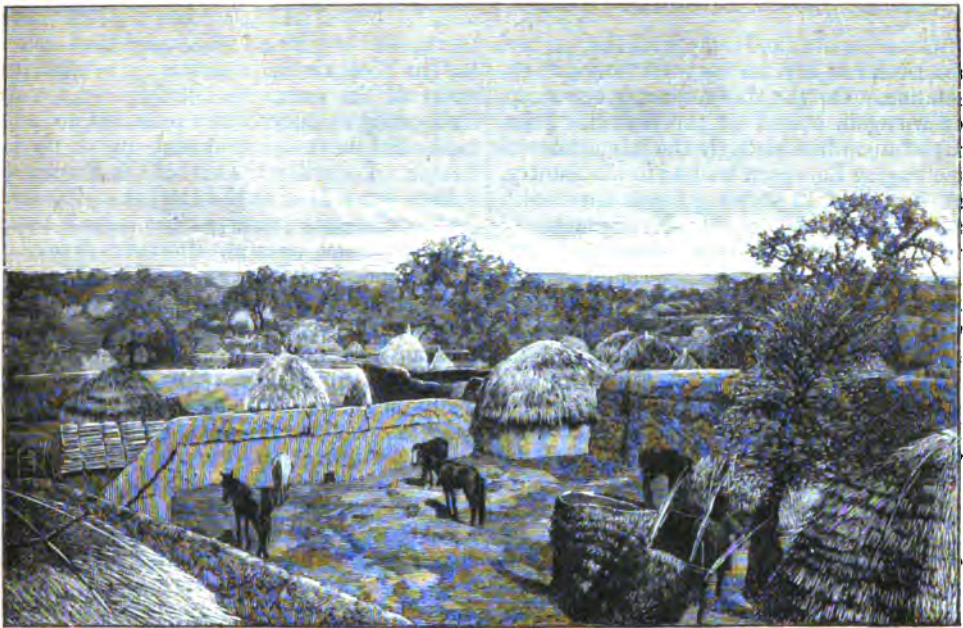
of certain English people, to thank him for the goodwill he had shown to their traders on the river, and to convey a small token of their satisfaction. They also desired to make a treaty with him for the benefit of both parties, so that all might know exactly in what relation they stood to each other, and thus avoid quarrels. By this means trade would be vastly extended. And this (I pointed out) would be as much for his benefit as that of the English. I concluded by instancing how rapidly some of the river kings, such as Maliké of Nupé, had risen into power and wealth by their connection with our traders.

"During my harangue, or rather during the translation, the Sultan continually expressed his assent and satisfaction by a curious

sound made by withdrawing the tongue from the palate. When all had been translated to him, he said he was delighted at the opportunity of thus coming into communication with Englishmen, and was especially pleased to think that I had come all the way from England to salute him in the name of my countrymen.

"Not thinking it judicious to unfold the nature of the desired treaty before his heart had been softened by a present, I now retired, hinting that I would open my mind to him further on another occasion.

"It had been my intention not to take the present till next day, but evidently the royal curiosity had been excited by the news of what the Wazir had got. Hence we were apprised that his Majesty would graciously



Our quarters at Wurnu.

be at leisure to receive us and our presents that evening. We accordingly got the necessary articles together and set out again, taking the Wazir with us on the way. We were ushered still farther into the inner sanctum and were received by the Sultan in what seemed to be his treasury, to judge from the cowries being counted and the strength and solidity of the room. We were this time received with less ceremony, there being no one present but the Wazir. He seized our hand cordially and placed us at once at our ease. The place where we were being too small to exhibit the articles, a large mat was spread in the court on which to lay them. As this was being done, he tried to put on an appearance of indifference, becoming a great sultan and one 'accustomed to that sort of thing;' but now and then, as he got a glimpse of some magnificent object or other, he became fidgety and showed signs of allowing the royal dignity to give way. Finally he succumbed to the fascinations of the various objects and proposed to go out. There, exposed in the yard, lay a collection such as had never greeted the eyes of any Sudan sultan before. There were gorgeous silks, satins, and velvets, beautiful embroideries, rugs, silver vessels, revolvers, everything of the most handsome and expensive character. If the Fillani were a people given to dancing, doubtless his Majesty would have executed a *pas seul*. As it was he had

to express his delight less demonstratively. We had special pleasure in showing off a magnificent silk umbrella of large dimensions and loaded with gold fringes. It had been intended by a French company for a king on the Niger, and—need I say?—it was composed of red, white, and blue, with a charming bow of the same colours on the handle; all no doubt intended to express in the most insidious manner not only how pleasing to the eye, but how refreshing to the body, it is to rest under the shade of a tri-coloured umbrella. But the irony of fate has willed that once more 'perfidious Albion' will reap where the French wished to sow, and long before you get this letter Umuru, on some hot journey, will be gratefully blessing the British, unwitting that he is indebted to the ingenuity and the prudential efforts of their great rivals. It showed altogether a great advance on De Brazza's plan of distributing French flags for loin cloths on the Congo, to send in this way tri-colour umbrellas to the Niger.

"We had every reason to feel encouraged by the effect of our display. The Sultan was evidently overwhelmed with surprise at the unexpected magnificence of the present. We, of course, improved the occasion, and hinted that these were but samples of the thousands of articles which the English made, and which could be got through intercourse with them."

"June 1st.

"Congratulate me, for my work is done, and successful, far beyond my most sanguine expectation. On the day following our reception we again waited on the Sultan. I impressed upon him strongly the importance of encouraging European traders in his country, and described in glowing terms the wealth and influence which the development of trade would bring him. I pointed out that this desirable state of things could only be brought about by the making of certain little arrangements. Concessions and grants must be made on the one hand, if wealth and increased influence and power were to be secured on the other. The facts I laid before him—without telling him what I actually wanted—had a powerful influence on the Sultan, seemingly opening up views altogether new to him. He assented eagerly to all I said, and showed his appreciation by clucking incessantly. The audience was closed by our being directed to draw up a draft of the desired treaty. The rest of the day was spent in sketching out the instrument, first in English, then getting it translated into Hausa. We meantime took care that there should be no trouble on the part of the more powerful notables. Presents of a handsome nature were given to the chief members of the King's Council.

"On the sixth day of our stay we once more proceeded to Court, and with quaking hearts read over the Hausa draft of the treaty. To our delight there were heard

nothing but clucking sounds of assent, and at the end we heard with unmingled satisfaction that his Majesty was quite ready to make all the grants we asked for in return for a yearly subsidy. There remained nothing to do but have the document drawn up in Arabic. Yesterday the seal of the Empire of Sokoto was affixed to the English and Arabic copies, the contracting parties added their signatures, and thus an enormous track of country has been finally secured to the commerce of Great Britain, and made safe from the machinations of German travellers or traders.

"In describing how this desirable result was brought about I have left myself no time to touch upon the thousand attractive sights and strange scenes which meet the delighted gaze of the traveller in these parts. The negro empires of the Sudan are so unique and remarkable in their various characteristics that one is kept in a continual state of surprise, not less by what is indigenous than by what is foreign and imported from North Africa. The Fillani, on the one hand, as warriors, shepherds, rulers, and Mohammedan propagandists, and the Hausa on the other as manufacturers, traders, and agriculturists, are equally subjects which would amply repay the student. To-morrow, however, we start for Gandu, to negotiate a treaty there, and as we shall then be homeward bound my next communication will, I hope, be in your ear, and not through the medium of a letter." JOSEPH THOMSON.

REMINISCENCES OF MY LATER LIFE.

THIRD PAPER.

MY husband, by his active and abstemious habits, reaped great benefit from his sojourn in Australia, which ever lingered in his memory as a period of free, pleasant, and healthy adventure. Although at the time a sexagenarian, he had walked for weeks his twenty miles daily, waded rivers, slept usually in a tent, occasionally under the forest trees; and seemed in consequence to have gained a new lease of life. Alfred had remained behind in what promised to become one of the most important and flourishing countries in the world, whilst Herbert Charlton had returned to England with his father. These Australian experiences fostered in each of the three travellers their innate love of Nature, which in my husband's case made him always ready to start off to

the mountains, the sea-side, or the continent, fulfilling, wherever it might be, his literary occupations in the quiet and refreshment of fine scenery. And it appears to me a delightful, most privileged existence, that we were thus perpetually permitted to enjoy God's glorious works on earth, as a foretaste, I humbly trust, of still more sublime ones in heaven.

Highgate, however, remained our settled place of residence, and in 1857 we quitted the Hermitage, which by a change of proprietors was doomed to demolition, for West Hill Lodge, pleasantly situated higher up on the same ascent, and possessing from its flat accessible roof a magnificent survey of London and its environs. It stood back facing its old-fashioned sloping garden,

which, hidden from the road by a screen of clipped lime-trees, afforded Florence Nightingale a pleasing open-air retreat; when, spent in the service of her country, she occupied in great retirement West Hill Lodge during the spring and early summer of 1859.

In the autumn of the same year, Anna Mary became the wife of Alaric Alfred Watts. By this marriage we gained a most excellent son, the ties of intimacy with our old friends, his parents, were drawn closer, and we continued to enjoy constant personal intercourse with our daughter, for her husband settled near us. At this period another great mercy was vouchsafed me: the reunion with my angelic-spirited sister Anna, as we who had loved each other so intensely in our youth, were permitted to dwell with our families in the same neighbourhood when advanced in life.

In the spring of 1860 my husband, Margaret, Sister Elizabeth—for the faithful caretaker of my children had become a member of an Anglican sisterhood—and I stayed at Well House, Niton, just within the fringe of beauty and picturesqueness which borders the south-east side of the Isle of Wight. In our rambles under the clematis festooned cliff, on the rocky broken meadow ground and by the sea-driven woods, we were occasionally accompanied by Sydney Dobell, who suffering from rheuma-

tism of the heart, had passed the winter in the island. He idolized Nature after a microscopic fashion; hunted amid a million primroses for one flower that combined in the hue and shape of petals and stem the perfection of seven; rapturously studied the tints of the sparrows' backs, assuring us no two sparrows were alike, and de-

scanted on the varied shades of grey in the stone walls. Yet even this fatiguing minuteness of observation trained the eye to perceive the marvellous perfection, beauty, grace, and diversity of colour and form in the tiny handiworks of the Almighty Creator.

On Saturday, April 21st, having heard from Charlton that he was coming down that day to speak with us on business and should walk from Cowes, we met him three miles from Niton on the Newport road. The same evening, when going with him to Black Gang and returning by the shore, we were much affected by learning his desire shortly to emigrate to New Zealand; as an opening had just occurred for his settling with some beloved and highly valued friends of ours, in the province of Canterbury. The quiet content and delight with which his mind rested on the plan showed it to be the occupation he yearned after; but we had prayerfully to



West Hill Lodge.

weigh the proposal over and over again, through the long hours of the night, before we could accept the idea. By the morning his father and I both felt it to be right and that it would be blessed.

Charlton, we resolved in our minds, was a born naturalist, with every taste and quality needful for a settler in the wilds. As a

quaint child he had made the most extraordinary unbudgetings about his pet bees, guinea-pigs, and bantams. At fourteen he had especially enjoyed the voyage to Australia for the sake of the whales, the molle-moke he caught, and the little flycatcher, which out at sea had spent one day on deck. He had delighted in the strange sights and sounds of the bush, the curious insects, flying squirrels, duck-billed platypus, and so forth. Notwithstanding his deep human affections he was never alarmed by the solitude of the primeval forests, he was never fatigued, never discouraged; the harder the life the better. On his return from Australia, with his customary industrious, uncomplaining spirit, he had made himself useful for upwards of five years in London commerce, but indefatigable in his exertions and silently nourishing the hope of eventually emigrating, had kept himself in training: besides daily threading the grimy thronging city streets on business, he walked to and from the city, laboured in the early morning or evening hours of summer in his large kitchen garden, in winter chopped wood, learnt to make his own clothes, and never, if he could avoid it, slept in a bed, but on the floor rolled in a blanket or his opossum rug. Yet there was no exclusive regard to his own advantage: he offered his hard-earned savings to a suddenly embarrassed friend, took his fresh vegetables to the old women in the almshouses, restored a poor stray dog daubed scarlet by house painters to its natural colour and self-respect; in short, was always quietly helping in a practical way his fellow-creatures. Thus, as we reviewed his natural, wholesome tastes, his industry, self-denial, and steadfastness of purpose, we were forced, albeit with a pang, to share his conviction that it was right for him to go.

In the summer he studied farming in Lincolnshire with some kind relatives, who reported him: "A desperate worker, up at five to milk, never a moment idle, and talking to the children in such an amusing manner that they hung about him like burrs."

He sailed in November, 1860, and after arriving at Christchurch encountered equally with our friends unexpected difficulties and disappointments. Still affecting all primitive modes, and wishful to redeem a neglected property in a bay near Lyttelton, he dwelt for some time alone in a slab hut on the slope of a clearing by a mountain torrent; surrounded by a happy family of cats, dogs, and bipeds, for he had acquired the Maori

faculty of calling about him the native birds. He wrote to me in December, 1861, that: "Though he did not express much he thought constantly of us, and liked to imagine what we each were about, as he cleared the bush-land, set potatoes, and made butter. Altogether it was very pleasant." He was, in fact, enchanted with the sublime mountain and forest scenery, and the different varieties of animal and vegetable life in New Zealand, the Switzerland of the Pacific.

It so happened that the solid, hardworking qualities he displayed, and his freedom from all colonial vices, had been observed by members of the Provincial Government, and in August, 1862, he received, to his surprise, a summons to Government House on important business. It was to engage him to command an expedition to examine the rivers Hurunui and Taramakau, in the northern part of the Canterbury province, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they contained gold. He hesitated to accept the congenial offer, for "what if he made a mess of it!" until urged to do so by clear-sighted friends. In September he began following up the Hurunui, one of the innumerable rivers flowing directly east and west from the lofty central chain of alps which traverses the Middle Island from north to south. These streams, owing to the great fall into the sea, have a most rapid current, which will often sweep away a man, where the water is not more than two feet deep. Charlton therefore, to assist wayfarers, erected flags as signals at all passable fords, and huts for shelter along the horse track, which he cut from the head of the river through the hitherto undisturbed bush over a saddle of the central range. He next pursued the Taramakau through dense forest to the western beach; coming upon intimations of gold just at the expiration of the three months allotted to the expedition. With the exception of a fortnight, rain or snow had fallen daily, making camping out very cold, and the men, less inured than their leader to exposure and drudgery, refused to exceed the term. The exploration had, however, been conducted with so much energy and perseverance under great difficulties, that on his return to Christchurch he was selected as the most fitting person to take charge of an expedition to open up communication between the Canterbury plains and the newly discovered gold and coal district on the west coast; especially as the road which he had made led more than half-way thither. This duty was faithfully performed under con-

stant hardships and discouragements. But a few miles remained to be cut, when at the end of June, 1863, after personally rescuing other pioneers and wanderers from drowning and starvation in that watery, inhospitable forest region, Charlton, with two of his men, went down in the deep waters of solitary Lake Brunner; a fatal accident, which deprived the Government of a valued servant and saddened the hearts of all who knew him.

What a mingled skein of sorrow and joy is human life! A month after the crushing intelligence of Charlton's sudden removal at the age of twenty-five reached us from New Zealand, we were cheered by the news of Alfred's happy prospects in Australia. For years we had followed his movements with the deepest anxiety. In 1859, as he successfully executed an arduous journey to the district north of Lake Torrens, where in an arid region of parched deserts, bare, broken, flat-topped hills, dry watercourses, and soda springs whose waters effervesced tartaric acid, he, his men, and horses, were consumed with thirst. In 1860 as he opened up for the Victorian Government a fine mountainous district of Gippsland, which included the profitable gold-field of the Crooked River; and in 1861 headed the Government relief party, intended to render assistance to the missing discoverer, Robert O'Hara Burke.

Here I must pause to remind the reader that Mr. Burke, an Irish gentleman, furnished with the best supplied exploring expedition which ever issued from a colonial capital, had been appointed by Victoria to accomplish the great task of traversing the entire Australian continent from south to north. After long suspense news had reached the Victorian Government that, impeded by the very ample outfit and by the dissensions and disobedience of his officers and men, Burke had from stage to stage dropped behind him by fragments the body of his men, camels, horses, and supplies; and from Cooper's Creek, taking with him an under-officer, Wills, and two men, Gray and King, had pushed on for the Gulf of Carpentaria, and not since been heard of.

On September 13th, 1861, Alfred and his large party came to Burke's depôt at Cooper's Creek, and found papers buried in the *cache*, informing them that Burke and Wills, after reaching the Gulf of Carpentaria on February 11th, returned on April 22nd and were terribly disappointed to find themselves (although after date) abandoned by those whom they had left in charge of the depôt.

A search, which was immediately commenced for the missing explorers, ended in the discovery of the sole survivor, King—a melancholy object, wasted to a shadow, who had been living for upwards of two months with a friendly tribe of aborigines. Weakness, or overjoy at his rescue, made conversation with him difficult, but he was at length able to explain the course of events.

Gray, who had been accused of shamming illness by his companions, had died of exhaustion on the return journey. The impetuous Burke, after reaching Cooper's Creek, and when, being without provisions, their strength gave way, taking the narrator with him, had made a desperate attempt to push on for aid to the cattle station at Mount Hopeless; leaving the gentle, submissive Wills behind with a supply of nardoo seed, which, pounded into flour and cooked as porridge, afforded a slight nourishment. Burke, succumbing in the effort, told King when he was dying to put his pistol in his right hand and leave him unburied as he lay. After obeying the injunction, the survivor returned to Wills, whom he found a corpse, with the wooden bowl near him in which he had prepared his last meal of nardoo, and of which, poor fellow, he had written it was not "unpleasant starvation."

Wills breathed his last in a native hut erected on a sandbank, and King had carefully covered the remains with sand; but as Alfred discovered that they had been disturbed, probably by dogs, he carefully re-interred all the bones that could be found, read 1 Corinthians xv. over them, and cut an inscription on an adjacent gum-tree. He found Burke's skeleton in a little hollow, lying face upwards in a bed of tall, dead marshmallows, and shaded by a clump of box-trees; under it a spoon, and at its side the loaded and capped revolver. He consigned it to the earth, wrapped in the British flag, and cut an inscription on a box-tree to indicate the spot.

We next heard of our son being employed, in 1862, by command of the Victorian Government, to bring the bones of the two ill-fated explorers to Melbourne for public interment. He returned with his sacred charge through South Australia, and, although impeded for many weeks by rain and floods, in the summer month of December safely reached Adelaide. There he received an enthusiastic welcome from the citizens and enjoyed the hospitality of Judge Boothby, a fast friend and political ally of my husband, dating from the Nottingham days, under

whose roof "Howitt the Explorer" felt singularly at home; and learnt to appreciate, during a fortnight of public demonstrations, whirl, and excitement, the grace and virtue of his future wife. Ministers of state and crowding thousands attended the remains of Burke and Wills to the strains of the Dead March in *Saul*, first to the barracks, where they were temporarily deposited, thence to the steamer *Havillah*, which conveyed them to Melbourne. In that city they were buried with pomp and solemnity on January 21st, 1863.

It was the intelligence of Alfred's approaching union with Maria Boothby and his settled post under Government in his favourite district Gipsland, which had so much soothed us in the following December. It promised for him a happy and most useful future, which, under a merciful Providence, has hitherto been fulfilled.

I must now revert to more personal experiences and humbler explorations in Wales, for whose hills, vales, and ancient primitive race I had imbibed a deep love and appreciation from my parents. It was not, however, until the end of July, 1844, that I first visited the Principality, when I was taken a charming little trip of five days from Liverpool to Llanberis and back, by my brother-in-law Daniel, in the company of Anna, their eldest son Charles, their uncle Richard Thompson, a most delightful old Methodist, and Mary Harris, an agreeable young woman-Friend of independent means. We had a rough but amusing voyage to the Menai Bridge, where there was an excellent inn. Telford's marvellous erection, not then paired with the Britannia tubular bridge, uniquely spanned the strait in airy sublimity. We walked to it, viewed it on all sides, and knew not how sufficiently to admire. We ascended a hill to obtain a peep of the mountains, and oh, how lovely they looked, lying calmly and magnificently in the repose of the late evening, with Snowdon in their midst. Enraptured by the view and the thought that I was actually in the land which had been the object of my childish desires and fancies, I kept silently repeating what my parents had often said when I was young: "We really will, sometime or other, take a cottage and spend a few summer months in Wales."

From 1858, a series of sojourns in Carnarvonshire began for my family and myself, which, interluded by visits to various parts of England, France, Switzerland, and Germany, nevertheless remained, until we reached Italy and Tyrol, our chief source of rural

profit and delight. The Chester and Carnarvon Railway had already brought along the sea coast of North Wales an influx of tourists and wealthy settlers, demanding and introducing the necessities of advanced civilisation. This tended to develop the resources of a beautiful land, whose valleys and mountain sides are inhabited by an isolated people, proud of their traditions, history, literature, and language, and jealously guarding themselves as much as possible from the introduction of new customs. We sympathised with our "Saxon" friends and acquaintances in their desire practically to ameliorate the condition and remove the prejudices of their Cambrian neighbours; with the latter, in their passionate love of their old language—the last remnant left them of their cherished nationality—and in their strong religious aspirations. We familiarised ourselves with their distinct habits and customs, and their belief in second-sight, good and bad omens, presentiments, and apparitions. We also perceived that if the Welsh are capable of long resentment, they are equally so of long gratitude. Thus returning to Aber, after an absence of four years, and being desirous of hiring a horse, two young men named Roberts begged us "to accept the use of their pony for some days out of respect." Asking an explanation, the brothers said, "They would take no money for several excursions because we had earlier shown sympathy when their cow died, and had been in the habit of talking to their old mother." I could cite other instances corroborating an assertion made to us by an experienced English physician settled in Wales, that "the Welsh are the most grateful people he ever knew."

We were much attached to secluded Aber, its long green valley and slender, silvery waterfall. In 1858, we dwelt there at the Mill Cottage, a habitation which would have fully realised my parents' day dream; in 1862, at Pen-y-Bryn, a very old, dilapidated, but picturesque, ivy-covered farm-house, standing on a pleasant knoll, facing the Menai Strait and Anglesey, with wooded mountains at the back.

Our landlord, Mr. Jones, was a tenant farmer and a widower with a grown-up son. Winifred, their middle-aged cook and housekeeper, was good-tempered, loquacious, Welsh to the backbone, with bright, brown eyes, a keen intellect, and very communicative: "Until Mrs. Jones's death had been housekeeper at the Castle Hotel, Conway, where she left two hundred tongues in pickle. By-the-bye, it was a mistake to call Pen-y-Bryn

the identical palace of the princes of North Wales—it had stood on the round green mound by the village—or, to say from the topmost window, now partially closed in the old tower, Llewellyn had shown his faithless wife the body of her Black William hanging on a tree in the garden. No, the present house was built in the French style by one of King Henry VIII.'s agents, who had dealings with France."

Winifred was an industrious reader of her weekly Welsh paper, and a long way ahead of us in politics. The revised code of education had just come into operation and she feared its effect on the Welsh schools: "In a debate in Parliament the member for Bangor, shame on him! had set light by the Welsh tongue, but her paper had given him an excellent dressing. Then there was 'Essays and Reviews,' one of the seven writers being the Rev. Dr. Rowland Williams, a Welshman. She wondered would he be suspended! She, too, found the Bible admitted of great differences of interpretation; she nevertheless stuck by the miracles, but did not push the supernatural so far as to believe in apparitions. King David had settled the point, when he said he should go to his dead child, but it would not return to him; still less did she pin her faith on the *knockers*, who were said to be heard in those parts, wherever treasure was hidden. She was, however, no sceptic, as every Welsh reader might see in her printed essay on 'Time the Creature of God.'"

Finding us responsive, she kept up a running accompaniment of history, ethics, law, and theology, whilst serving us at meals. She might then be heard below talking, talking, talking to her buxom handmaid from Anglesey, who could not speak a word of English, but beamed on us like the rising sun, as she tramped about the interior premises in her bonnet, worn tower-fashion, with a long black feather winding round it.

An Englishman of high position, who did much to promote the progress of agriculture on his Welsh estates, and to infuse into the kindly but lymphatic people a spirit of improvement, good management, and general alertness, had lately bought considerable property at Aber, including Pen-y-Bryn. He was not aware, so his new tenantry believed, of the head gamekeeper encouraging an enormous increase of rabbits, which ate up the pasturage until the cattle had to be driven from field to field in search of grazing ground. The rabbits were the keeper's perquisite and he meant to kill them off for

market before his master came for pheasant shooting in the autumn. From the end of June the cruel system began of catching the rabbits in toothed traps, which after being set were never visited under twenty-four hours. Mr. Jones and his son as tenants were afraid to meddle with the proceedings of the keepers, although the latter set five traps, to the great danger of the shepherd dogs and lambs in the paddock behind Pen-y-Bryn, where not a rabbit hole was to be found. Nor was it long before we were suddenly awakened, one midnight, by the terrible howls of a dog evidently caught in one of these traps. It proving impossible to rouse the Joneses, William threw on part of his dress, ran up the field, and released the victim, a handsome shepherd dog and general favourite, which, though recognising its deliverer, snapped in its agony and bit his arm.

This misadventure brought matters to a climax so far as our stay at Aber was concerned, more especially as two of the under keepers called on my husband to desire him to keep up his own little dog, Prin, a creature ignorant of game. He could not stand this injustice, so we quitted picturesque Pen-y-Bryn, which, if the truth must be told, was much infested with rats, and when shut up at night considerably musty, fusty, and dry-rotty. We went back to another favourite haunt, Penmaenmawr, and took up our quarters in Plas Isa, a new house, loftily situated where we had the unmarried sister of Charles Darwin for fellow lodger; and a glorious view of open sea, the fine promontory of the Great Orme's Head, rocky Puffin Island, and the flat wooded shore of Anglesey.

Penmaenmawr, where we have stayed until the hills were sublimely white, never lost its stimulating effect on me. How I loved the rugged sea-washed mountain—the natural beacon and name-giver of the district—which overshadowing the long, stony village, is being blasted, undermined, and hewn into blocks, to be shot down long tramways to the jetty and borne slowly through the water in little vessels to England! How I respected the grave, earnest quarry-men, clad in buff moleskin waistcoats and trousers, similar in colour to the outer coating of the rock, and blue and white striped shirts of the same tone as its freshly hewn inside: often with splendid faces of the rough, stony kind, and hair and beards like rock growths, of the gold-brown hue of late autumn ferns and heather. Men of fortitude and piety these,

who to the utmost of their ability support the temperance movement, their schools, chapels, and ministers; the latter belonging to their own class, and often dating their spiritual vocation from early work-days in quarries! How deeply was I thrilled and affected by the grand, inspirational sound and rhythmical cadence in the minor key of the Welsh praying and preaching in the chapels!

Very gratifying were the courteous attentions of English and native residents, the occupants of pleasant villas and cottages studded over a fertile region in the lap of the hills; and most enlivening the intercourse with the little community of intelligent visitors—often numbering bishops, deans, and their families—who brought together in rambles and picnics by the ready offices of bright, energetic Miss Lloyd Jones, parted after a few weeks' acquaintance with mutual good wishes.

efficient agriculture, speedily bettered their circumstances by employing the men in draining, road-making, enclosing, planting, and building. He himself heartily enjoyed the superintendence of his many improvements, which included the erection of a beautiful church, excellent farm-houses and cottages, and his own mansion, constructed with plenty of gables and a lofty tower by Gilbert Scott. The hall stands on a terrace overlooking a most charming glen, where tulip trees, great magnolias, hemlocks, and other pines from America mix with native oaks and beeches; where ferns from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, and New Zealand grow with curious hardy plants from the continent, and a winding walk leads to the old kitchen gardens with their clipped yew hedges. The interior of the house is in exquisite taste; no paint is allowed, the woodwork and the furniture being of pitch

pine, red cedar, or dark bullace from Demerara; whilst the capitals of the columns leading to and on the grand staircase are deftly carved with roses, lilies, snowdrops, and other British flowers.

The first Mrs. Sandbach was a poetess, and by birth a Miss Roscoe, of Liverpool. Her portrait, finely and classically chiselled full length in bas-relief, by Gibson, adorns the vestibule to the room of statuary. This is specially devoted to the works of the same great



Pen-y-Bryn.

I cannot make this slight survey of our Welsh experiences without calling to mind the beautiful home of an interesting and amiable family. Mr. Sandbach, of Liverpool, whose second wife is a Welsh lady, purchasing Hafodunos, an extensive, high-lying estate in Denbighshire, and finding the tenants half-starved owing to their rude, in-

efficient agriculture, speedily bettered their circumstances by employing the men in draining, road-making, enclosing, planting, and building. He himself heartily enjoyed the superintendence of his many improvements, which included the erection of a beautiful church, excellent farm-houses and cottages, and his own mansion, constructed with plenty of gables and a lofty tower by Gilbert Scott. The hall stands on a terrace overlooking a most charming glen, where tulip trees, great magnolias, hemlocks, and other pines from America mix with native oaks and beeches; where ferns from all parts of Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, and New Zealand grow with curious hardy plants from the continent, and a winding walk leads to the old kitchen gardens with their clipped yew hedges. The interior of the house is in exquisite taste; no paint is allowed, the woodwork and the furniture being of pitch

quently invited him to Allerton Hall and placed its literary and artistic treasures at his service; and when the poor student had become eminent in Rome, the connection was still maintained by the relatives of the early patron.

I feel myself once more with the kind owners of Hafodunos in the autumn of 1866. Agreeable country neighbours drive over for afternoon tea; and in the drawing-room opening on to the terrace, gay with masses of sweet-scented flowers, a noted Welsh artist, quiet elderly Penry Williams, very modestly exhibits his portfolio of charming Italian landscapes and figures. He speaks of getting back to Rome before winter comes on, for the Italians will soon be down on the Eternal City and destroy the antique and picturesque to make way for modern railway stations and government buildings.

We visited Hafodunos and, indeed, North Wales, for the last time in 1869. Two years earlier we had removed from Highgate to our favourite old neighbourhood of Esher, being still enamoured of its commons and fir-woods. We rented in 1867 Sister Elizabeth's cottage in the parish of Claygate; and after altering, somewhat enlarging it, laying out an extensive flower and fruit garden, and calling our new home the Orchard, imagined we should never rove again.

Fleeming Jenkin, the late lamented electrician, and his wife, two remarkably bright, clever young people, were amongst our fellow-parishioners, and universal regrets mingled with warm congratulations, when his acceptance of a professorship at Edinburgh deprived the neighbourhood of their society.

At first my husband and I luxuriated in our large garden. We trained our plants with the greatest love, and under the healthy

influence of mother earth had neither of us felt better for years. Secker, the gardener, though a crotchety old man, was an admirable coadjutor, mowing and sweeping the smooth lawn with untiring diligence. He implied great satisfaction at all the young birds being spared in the nests; and mentioned how, when one of his hens deserted some ducks' eggs, he hatched them himself in his bosom. Lord Bacon says: "God



The Orchard.

Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures," and we believed him. But weeks and months passed on and we grew less satisfied. Perhaps after all it was a mistake to treat tenderly all those birds, who swarmed in the big chestnut by our chamber window, chattering from daybreak, demolished the peas wholesale, and grew so audaciously familiar, that to quote Secker, "he saw two wrens brow-beating the kitten."

Perhaps the manual labour, the burden of a garden, and other petty vexations troubled us, because we were growing old. We wanted to see Italy before we died, so we let the Orchard for twelve months, from Lady-day, 1870, to some desirable tenants, and started for Switzerland and Italy; anticipating, with the rapid flight of time, soon to find ourselves back in the old and still beloved spot.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER VII.—CHRISTIE BAYLE CHANGES HIS MIND.

"HEAVEN help me! What shall I do?" groaned Christio Bayle, as he paced his room hour after hour into the night. A dozen times over he had been on the point of going to Thickens, awaking him, and forcing him to declare that he would keep the fearful discovery a secret until something could be done.

"It is too horrible," he said. "Poor Millicent! The disgrace! It would kill her."

He went to the desk and began to examine his papers and his bank-book.

Then he relocked his desk and paced the room again.

"Julie, my poor little child too. The horror and disgrace to rest upon her little innocent head. Oh, it is too dreadful! Will morning never come?"

The hours glided slowly by, and that weary exclamation rose to his lips again and again—

"Will morning never come?"

It seemed as if it never would be day, but long before the first faint rays had streaked the east he had made his plans.

"It is for her sake; for her child's sake. At whatever cost, I must try and save them."

His first ideas were to go straight to Hallam's house; but such a course would have excited notice. He felt that Millicent would think it strange if he went there early. Time was of the greatest importance, but he felt that he must not be too hasty, so seated himself to try and calm the throbbings of his brain, and to make himself cool and judicial for the task he had in hand.

Soon after seven he walked quietly downstairs, and took his hat. It would excite no surprise he thought for him to be going for a morning walk, and, drawing in a long breath of the sweet refreshing air, he began to stride up the street.

"How bright and beautiful is Thy earth, O God!" he murmured, as the delicious morning sunshine bathed his face, "and how we mar and destroy its beauties with our wretched scheming and plans! Ah! I must not feel like this," he muttered, as a restful hopefulness born of the early day seemed to be infusing itself throughout his being.

He had no occasion to check the feeling of

content and rest, for he had not gone a dozen yards before the whole force of his position flashed upon him. He felt that he was a plotter against the prosperity of the town—that scores of the people whose homes he was passing were beginning the day in happy ignorance that perhaps the savings of a life were in jeopardy. Ought he not to warn them at once, and bid them save what they could out of the fire?

For his conscience smote him, asking him, how he, a clergyman, the preacher of truth and justice and innocence, could be going to temporise, almost to join in the fraud by what he was about to do?

"How can I meet my people after this?" he asked himself; and his face grew careworn and lined. The old reproach against him had passed away. No one could have called him too young and boyish-looking now.

"Morning, sir," cried a harsh voice.

Bayle started, and flushed like some guilty creature, for he had come suddenly upon old Gemp as he supposed, though the reverse was really the case.

"Going for a walk, sir?" said Gemp, pointing at him, and scanning his face searchingly.

"Yes, Mr. Gemp. Fine morning, is it not?"

Gemp stood shaving himself with one finger, as the curate passed on, and made a curious rasping noise as the rough finger passed over the stubble. Then he shook his head and began to follow Bayle slowly and at a long distance.

"I felt as if that man could read my very thoughts," said Bayle, as he went along the street past the bank, and out into the north road that led towards the mill.

He shuddered as he passed the bank, and pictured to himself what would happen if the doors were closed and an excited crowd of depositors were hungering for their money.

"It must be stopped at any cost," he muttered; and once more the sweet sad face of Millicent seemed to be looking into his for help.

"I ought to have suspected him before," he continued; "but how could I, when even Sir Gordon could see no wrong? Ha! Yes. Perhaps Thickens is mistaken after all. It may be as he said, only suspicion."

His heart seemed like lead, though, the next moment, as he neared the clerk's house. Thickens was too just, too careful a man to have been wrong.

He stopped, and rapped with his knuckles at the door directly after, to find it opened by Thickens himself, and, as the clerk drew back, he passed in, ignorant of the fact that Gemp was shaving himself with his rough forefinger a hundred yards away, and saying to himself, "Which is it? Thickens going to marry skinny Heathery on the sly; or something wrong? I shan't be long before I know."

The brightness of the morning seemed to be shut out as Thickens closed the door, and followed his visitor into the sitting-room.

"Well, Mr. Bayle," he said, for the curate was silent. "You've come to say something particular."

"Yes," said Bayle firmly. "Thickens, this exposure would be too horrible. It must not take place."

"Ah!" said Thickens in his quiet, grave way; "you're the Hallams' friend."

"I hope I am the friend of every one in this town."

"And you advise me to keep this quiet and let your friends be robbed?"

"Silence, man! How dare you speak to me like that?" cried Bayle furiously, and he took a step in advance. "No, no," he cried, checking himself, and holding out his hand; "we must be calm and sensible over this, Thickens. There must be no temper. Now listen. You remember what I said you must do last night."

"Yes; and I'm going directly after breakfast to Sir Gordon."

"No; I retract my words. You must not go."

"And the people who have been robbed?"

"Wait a few moments, Thickens," cried Bayle, flushing, as he saw that his hand was not taken. "Hear me out. You—yes, surely, you have some respect for Mrs. Hallam—some love for her sweet child."

Thickens nodded.

"Think then, man, of the horrible disgrace—the ruin that would follow your disclosures."

"Yes; it is very horrid, sir, but I must do my duty. You owned to it last night."

"Yes, man, yes; but surely there are times when we may try and avert some of the horrors that would fall upon the heads of the innocent and true."

"That doesn't sound like what a parson ought to say," said Thickens drily.

Bayle flushed angrily again, but he kept down his wrath.

"James Thickens," he said coldly, "you mistake me."

"No," said Thickens, "you spoke out like a man last night. This morning, sir, you speak like Robert Hallam's friend."

"Yes; as his friend—as the friend of his wife; as one who loves his child. Now listen, Thickens. To what amount do you suppose Hallam is a defaulter?"

"How can I tell, sir? It is impossible to say. It can't be hushed up."

"It must, it shall be hushed up," said Bayle sternly. "Now look here; I insist upon your keeping what you know quiet for the present."

Thickens shook his head.

"I did not tell you, but Sir Gordon suspects something to be wrong."

"Sir Gordon does, sir?"

"Yes; he consulted me about the matter."

"Then my course is easy," said Thickens brightening.

"Not so easy, perhaps, as you think," said Bayle coldly. "You must be silent till I have seen Hallam."

"Seen him, sir? Why, it's giving him warning to escape."

"Seen him and Sir Gordon, James Thickens. It would be a terrible scandal for Dixons' bank if it were known, and utter ruin and disgrace for Hallam."

"Yes," said Thickens, "and he deserves it."

"We must not talk about our deserts, Thickens," said Bayle gravely. "Now listen to me. I find I can realise in very few days the sum of twenty-four thousand pounds."

Thickens's eyes dilated.

"Whatever amount of that is needed, even to the whole, I am going to place in Robert Hallam's hands, to clear himself and redeem these securities, and then he must leave the town quietly, and in good repute."

"In good repute?"

"For his wife's sake, sir. Do you understand?"

"No," said Thickens quietly. "No man could understand such a sacrifice as that. You mean to say that you are going to give up your fortune—all you have—to save that gambling scoundrel from what he deserves?"

"Yes."

"But, Mr. Bayle—"

"Silence! I have made my plans, sir. Now, Mr. Thickens, you see that I am not going to defraud the customers of the bank, but to replace their deeds."

"God bless you, sir! I beg your pardon humbly. I'm a poor ignorant brute, with no head for anything but figures and—my fish. And just now I wouldn't take your hand. Mr. Bayle, sir, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive! I honour you, Thickens, as a sterling, honest man—shake hands. There, now you know my plans."

"Oh yes, sir, I understand you!" cried Thickens; "but you must not do that, sir. You must not indeed!"

"I can do as I please with my own, Thickens. Save for my charities, money is of little use to me. There, now I must go. I shall see Hallam as soon as he is at the bank. I will not go to his house, for nothing must be done to excite suspicion. You will help me?"

Thickens hesitated.

"I ask it for Mrs. Hallam's sake—for the sake of Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell. Come, you will help me in this. You came to me for my advice last night. I have changed it during the past few hours. There, I have you on my side?"

"Yes, sir; but you must hold me free with Sir Gordon. Bah! no; I'll take my chance, sir. Yes: I'll help you as you wish."

"I trust you, Thickens," said Bayle quietly.

"And you are determined, sir?—your fortune—all you have?"

"I am determined. I shall see you at the bank about ten."

CHAPTER VIII.—BROUGHT TO BOOK.

"He—he—he—he—he! how cunning they do think themselves! What jolly owd orstridges they are!" chuckled old Gemp, as he saw Bayle leave the clerk's house, and return home to his breakfast. Dear me! dear me! to think of James Thickens marrying that old maid! Ah well! Of course, he didn't go to her house for nothing!"

He was in the street, again, about ten, when the curate came out, and, as soon as he saw him, Gemp doubled down one of the side lanes to get round to the church, and secure a good place.

"They won't know in the town till it's over," he chuckled. "Sly trick! He—he—he!"

The old fellow hurried round into the churchyard, getting before Bayle, as he thought, and posting himself where he could meet the curate coming in at the gate, and give him a look which should mean, "Ah! you can't get over me!"

An observer would have found old Gemp's countenance a study, as he stood there, waiting for Bayle to come, and meaning afterwards to stay and see Thickens and Miss Heathery come in. But from where he stood he could see the bank, and, to his surprise, he saw James Thickens come out on the step, and directly after the curate went up to him, and they entered the place together.

Gemp's countenance lengthened, and he began shaving himself directly, his eyes falling upon one of the mouldering old tombstones, upon which he involuntarily read—

"Lay not up for yourselves treasure—"
The rest had mouldered away.

"Where thieves break through and steal," cried Gemp, whose jaw dropped. "They're a consulting—parson and Sir Gordon—parson and Thickens twiced, parson at the bank—Hallam up to his eyes in debt!"

He reeled, so strong was his emotion, but he recovered himself directly.

"My deeds! my money!" he gasped, "my——"

He could utter no more, for a strange giddiness assailed him, and, after clutching for a moment in the air, he fell down in a fit.

"Yes, he's in his room, sir," said Thickens, meeting Bayle at the bank door. "I'll tell him you are here."

Hallam required no telling. He had seen Bayle come up, and he appeared at the door of his room, so calm and cool that Bayle felt a moment's hesitation.

"Want to see me, Bayle? Business? Come in."

The door closed behind the curate, and James Thickens screwed his face into wrinkles, and buttoned his coat up to the last button, as he seated himself upon his stool.

"Well, what can I do for you, Bayle?" said Hallam, seating himself at his table, after placing a chair for his visitor, which was not taken.

Bayle did not answer, but stood gazing down at the smooth, handsome-looking man, with his artificial smile and easy manner; and it seemed as if the events of the past few years—since he came, so young and inexperienced, to the town—were flitting by him.

"A little money?—a little accommodation?" said Hallam, as his visitor did not speak.

Could Thickens be wrong? No: impossible. Too many little things, that had seemed unimportant before, now grew to a vast significance,

and Bayle cast aside his hesitancy, and, taking a step forward, laid his hand upon the table.

"Robert Hallam!" he said, in a low, deep voice, full of emotion, "are you aware of your position—how you stand?"

The manager started slightly, but the spasm passed in a moment, and he said calmly, with a smile—

"My position? How I stand? I do not comprehend you! My dear Bayle, what do you mean?"

The curate gazed in his eyes, a calm, firm, judicial look in his countenance; but Hallam did not flinch. And again the idea flashed across the visitor's mind, "Suppose Thickens should be wrong!"

Again, though, he cast off his hesitation, and spoke out firmly.

"Let me be plain with you, Robert Hallam, and show you the precipice upon whose edge you stand."

"Good heavens, Mr. Bayle! are you ill?" said Hallam in the coolest manner.

"Yes; sick at heart, to find of what treachery to employers, to wife and child, a man like you can be guilty. Hallam, your great sin is discovered! What have you to say?"

"Say!" cried Hallam, laughing scornfully, "say, in words that you use so often—'Who made you a ruler and a judge?' What do you mean?"

"I came neither as ruler nor judge, but as the friend of your wife and child. There—as your friend. Man, it is of no use to dissimulate!"

"Dissimulate, sir?"

"Am I to be plainer?" cried Bayle angrily, "and tell you that but for my interposition James Thickens would at this moment be with Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon, exposing your rascality!"

"My rascality? How dare——"

"Dare!" cried Bayle sternly. "Cast off this contemptible mask, and be frank! Do I not tell you I come as a friend?"

"Then explain yourself."

"I will," said Bayle; and for a few minutes there was a silence almost appalling. The clock upon the mantelpiece ticked loudly; the stool upon which James Thickens sat in the outer office gave a loud scroop; and a large bluebottle fly shut in the room beat itself heavily against the panes in its efforts to escape.

Bayle was alternately flushed and pale. Hallam, perfectly calm, paler than usual; but beyond seeming hurt and annoyed, there was nothing to indicate the truth of the terrible charge being brought against him.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "why do you not speak?"

Bayle gazed at him wonderingly, for all thought of his innocence had passed away.

"I will speak, Hallam," he said. "Tell me the amount for which the deeds you have abstracted from that safe are pledged."

"The deeds I have abstracted from that safe?" said Hallam, rising slowly, and standing at his full height, with his head thrown back.

"Yes; and in whose place you have installed forgeries, dummies—imitations, if you will."

That blow was too straight—too heavy to be resisted. Hallam dropped back in his chair; and James Thickens, at his desk behind the bank counter, heard the shock, and then fidgeted in his seat, and rubbed his right ear, as he heard Hallam speak of him in a low voice, and say hoarsely—

"Thickens, then, has told you this?"

"Yes," said Bayle in a lower tone. "He came to me for advice, and I bade him do his duty."

"Hah!" said Hallam, and his eyes wandered about the room.

"This morning I begged him to wait."

"Hah!" ejaculated Hallam again, and now there was a sharp twittering about his closely-shaven lips. "And you said that you came as our friend?"

"I did."

"What do you mean?"

Bayle waited for a few moments, and then said slowly—"If you will redeem those deeds with which you have been entrusted, and go from here, and commence a new career of honesty, I will, for your wife and child's sake, find the necessary money."

"You will? You will do this, Bayle?" cried Hallam, extending his hands, which were not taken.

"I have told you I will," said Bayle coldly.

"But—the amount?"

"How many thousands are they pledged for?—to some bank, of course?"

"It was to cover an unfortunate speculation. I——"

"I do not ask you for explanations," said Bayle coldly. "What amount will clear your defalcations?"

"Twenty to twenty-one thousand," said Hallam, watching the effect of his words.

"I will find the money within a week," said Bayle.

"Then all will be kept quiet?"

"Sir Gordon must be told all."

"No, no; there is no need of that. The affairs will be put straight, and matters can go on as before. It was an accident; I could not help it. Stop, man, what are you going to do?"

"Call in Mr. Thickens," said Bayle.

"To expose and degrade me in his eyes!"

Bayle turned upon him with a contemptuous look.

"I expose you? Why, man, but for me you would have been in the hands of the officers by now. Mr. Thickens!"

Thickens got slowly down from his stool and entered the manager's room, where Hallam met his eye with a look that made the clerk think of what would have been his chances of life had opportunity served for him to be silenced for ever.

"I have promised Mr. Hallam to find twenty-one thousand pounds within a week—that is to say, the bank warrants for that amount, to enable him to redeem the securities he has pledged."

"And under these circumstances, Mr. Thickens, there is no need for this trouble to be exposed."

"Not to the public perhaps," said Thickens slowly, "but Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon must know."

"No, no," cried Hallam, "there is no need. Don't you see, man, that the money will be made right?"

"No, sir, I only see one thing," said Thickens sturdily, "and that is that I have my duty to do."

"But you will ruin me, Thickens."

"You've ruined yourself. Mr. Hallam; I've waited too long."

"Stop, Mr. Thickens," said Bayle. "I pay this heavy sum of money to save Mr. Hallam from utter ruin. The bank will be the gainer by twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty-one thousand you offered, sir," said Thickens.

"Exactly. More if it is needed. If you expose this terrible affair to Sir Gordon and Mr. Dixon they may feel it their duty to hand Mr. Hallam over to the hands of justice. He must be saved from that."

"What can I do, sir? There then," said Thickens, "since you put it so I will give way, but only on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"Mr. Hallam must go away from the bank and leave all keys with me and Mr. Trampleasure."

"But what excuse am I to make?" said Hallam huskily.

"I don't think you want teaching how to

stop at home for a few days, Mr. Hallam," said Thickens drily; "you can be ill for a little while, it will not be the first time."

"I will agree to anything," said Hallam excitedly, "only save me from that other horror. Bayle, for our old friendship's sake, for the sake of my poor wife and child, save me from that."

"Am I not fighting to save you for their sake?" said Bayle bitterly. "Do you suppose that I am as conscienceless as yourself, and that I do not feel how despicable, how dishonest a part I am playing in hindering James Thickens from exposing your rascality? There, enough of this: let us bring this terribly painful meeting, with its miserable subterfuges, to an end. Thickens is right; you must leave this building at once and not enter it again. He must take all in charge until your successor is found."

"As you will," said Hallam humbly. "There are the keys, Thickens, and I am really ill. When Mr. Bayle brings the money I will help in every way I can. There."

Bayle hesitated a moment, and then mastered his dislike. "Come," he said to Hallam, "there must be no whisper of this trouble in the town. I will walk down with you to your house."

"As my gaoler?" said Hallam with a sneer.

"As another proof of what I am ready to sacrifice to save you," said Bayle. He walked with him as far as his door.

"Stop a moment," said Hallam in a whisper. "You will do this for me, Bayle?"

"I have told you I would," replied the curate coldly.

"And at once?"

"At once."

"You will have to bring me the money. No, you must go up to town with me, and we can redeem the papers. It will be better so."

"As you will," said Bayle. "I have told you that I will help you, will put myself at your service. I will let you know when I can be ready. Rest assured I shall waste no time in removing as much of this shadow as I can from above their heads."

He met Hallam's eyes as he spoke, just as the latter had been furtively measuring, as it were, his height and strength, and then they parted.

CHAPTER IX.—A FEW WORDS ON LOVE.

"WHAT has papa been doing in the lumber room, mamma?" asked Julia that same evening.

"Examining some of the old furniture there, my dear," said Millicent, looking up

with a smile. "I think he is going to have it turned into a play-room for you."

"Oh!" said Julia indifferently; and she turned her thoughtful little face away, while her mother rose with the care-worn look that so often sat there giving place to the happy maternal smile that came whenever she was alone with her child.

"Why, Julie darling, you seem so quiet and dull to-night. Your little head is hot. You are not unwell, dear?"

She knelt down beside the child, and drew the soft little head to her shoulder, and laid her cheek to the burning forehead.

"That is nice," said the child, with a sigh of content. "Oh! mamma, it does do me so much good. My head doesn't ache now."

"And did it ache before?"

"Yes, a little," said the child thoughtfully, and turning up her face, she kissed the sweet countenance that was by her side again and again. "I do love you so, mamma."

"Why of course you do, my dear."

"I don't think I love papa."

"Julie!" cried Millicent, starting from her as if she had been stung. "Oh! my child, my child," she continued, with passionate energy, "if you only knew how that hurts me. My darling you do—you do love him more than you love me."

Julia shook her head, and gazed back full in her mother's eyes, as Millicent held her back at arm's length, and then caught her to her breast, sobbing wildly.

"I do try to love him, mamma," said the child, speaking quickly, in a half-frightened tone; "but when I put my arms round his neck and kiss him he pushes me away. I don't think he loves me; he seems so cross with me. But if it makes you cry, I'm going to try and love him ever so much. There."

She kissed her mother with all a child's effusion, and nestled close to her.

"He does love you, my darling," said Millicent, holding the child tightly to her, "as dearly as he loves me, and I'm going to tell you why papa looks so serious sometimes. It is because he has so many business cares and troubles."

"But why does papa have so many business cares and troubles?" said the child, throwing back her head, and beginning to toy with her mother's beautiful hair.

"Because he has to think about making money, and saving, so as to make us independent, my darling. It is because he loves us so that he works so hard and is so serious."

"I wish he would not," said the child. "I

wish he would love me ever so instead, as Mr. Bayle does. Mamma, why has not Mr. Bayle been here to-day?"

"I don't know, my child; he has been away perhaps."

"But he did come to the door with papa, and then did not come in."

"Maybe he is busy, my dear."

"Oh! I do wish people would not be busy," said the child pettishly; "it makes them so disagreeable. This is always being busy, and then oh! she is so cross."

"Why, Julie, you want people always to be laughing and playing with you."

"No, no, mamma, I like to work sometimes—with Mr. Bayle and learn, and so I do like the lessons I learn with you. You never look cross at me, and Mr. Bayle never does."

"But, my darling, the world could not go on if people were never serious. Why, the sun does not always shine, there are clouds over it sometimes."

"But it's always shining behind the clouds Mr. Bayle says."

"And so is papa's love for his darling shining behind the clouds—the serious looks that come upon his face," cried Millicent. "There, you must remember that."

"Yes," said the child, nodding, and drawing two clusters of curls away from her mother's face to look up at it laughingly and then kiss her again and again.

"Oh! how pretty you are, mamma; I never saw any one with a face like yours."

"Silence, little nonsense talker," cried Millicent, with her face all happy smiles and the old look of her unmarried life coming back as she returned the child's caresses.

"I never did," continued Julia, tracing the outlines of the countenance that bent over her, with one rosy finger. "Grandma's is very, very nice, and I like grandpa's face, even if it is very rough. Mamma!"

"Well, my darling."

"Does papa love you very, very much?"

"Very, very much, my darling," said her mother proudly.

"And do you love him very, very much?"

"Heaven only knows how dearly," said Millicent in a deep, low voice that came from her heart.

"But does papa know too?"

"Why, of course, my darling."

"I wish he would not say such cross things to you sometimes."

"Yes, we both wish he had not so much trouble. Why what a little babbler it is to-night! Have you any more questions to ask

before we go up and fetch papa down and play to him?"

"Don't go yet," cried the child. "I like to talk to you this way, it's so nice. I say, mamma, do people get married because they love one another?"

"Hush, hush! what next?" said Millicent smiling, as she laid her hand upon the child's lips. "Of course, of course."

Julie caught the hand in hers, kissed it, and held it fast.

"Why does not Mr. Bayle love someone?"

A curious fixed look came over Millicent's face, and she gazed down at her child in a half-frightened way.

"He will some day," she said at last.

"No, he won't," said the child, shaking her head and looking very wise.

"Why what nonsense is this, Julie?"

"I asked him one day when we were sitting out in the woods, and he looked at me almost like papa does, and then I do believe he was going to cry, but he didn't; he jumped up and laughed, and called me a little chatterer, and made me run till I was out of breath. But I asked him though."

"You asked him?"

"Yes; I asked him if he would marry a beautiful lady some day, as beautiful as you are, and he took me in his arms and kissed me, and said that he never should, because he had got a little girl to love—he meant me. And oh! here's papa: let's tell him. No, I don't think I will. I don't think he likes Mr. Bayle."

Millicent rose from her knees, as Hallam entered the room, looking haggard and frowning. He glanced from one to the other, and then caught sight of himself in the glass, and saw that there was a patch as of lime or mortar upon his coat.

He brushed it off quickly, being always scrupulously particular about his clothes, and then came towards them.

"Send that child away," he said harshly. "I want to be quiet."

Millicent bent down smiling over the child, and kissed her.

"Go to Thisbe, now, my darling," she whispered; "but say good night first to papa, and then you will not have to come to him again. Perhaps he may be out."

The child's face became grave with a gravity beyond its years. It was the mother's young face repeated, with Hallam's dark hair and eyes.

She advanced to him, timidly putting out her hand, and bending forward with that

sweetly innocent look of a child ready so trustingly to give itself into your arms as it asks for a caress.

"Good night, papa dear," she cried, in her little silvery voice.

"Good night, Julie, good night," he said abruptly; and he just patted her head, and was turning away, when he caught sight of the disappointed, troubled look coming over her countenance, paused half-wonderingly, and then bent down and extended his hands to her.

There was a quick hysteric cry, a passionate sob or two, and the child bounded into his arms, flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him, his lips, his cheeks, his eyes again and again, in a quick, excited manner.

Hallam's countenance wore a look of half-contemptuous doubt for a moment, as he glanced at his wife, and then the good that was in him mastered the ill. His face flushed, a spasm twitched it, and clasping his child to his breast, he held her there for a few moments, then kissed her tenderly, and set her down, her hair tumbled, her eyes wet, but her sweet countenance irradiated with joy, as, clapping her hands, she cried out—

"Papa loves—he loves me, he loves me! I am so happy now."

Then half-mad with childish joy, she turned, kissed her hands to both, and bounded out of the room.

CHAPTER X.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THERE was a momentary silence, and then, as the door closed, Millicent laid her hands upon her husband's shoulders, and gazed tenderly in his face.

"Robert, my own!" she whispered.

No more; her eyes bespoke the mother's joy at this breaking down of the ice between father and daughter. Then a look of surprise and pain came into those loving eyes, for Hallam repulsed her rudely.

"It is your doing, yours, and that cursed parson's work. The child has been taught to hate me. Curse him! he has been my enemy from the very first."

"Robert—husband! Oh, take back those words!" cried Millicent, throwing herself upon his breast. "You cannot mean it. You know I love you too well for that. How could you say it!"

She clung to him for a few moments, gazing wildly in his face, and then she seemed to read it plainly.

"No, no, don't speak," she cried tenderly. "I can see it all. You are in some great

trouble, dear, or you would not have spoken like that. Robert, husband, I am your own wife; I have never pressed you for your confidence in all these money troubles you have borne; but now that something very grave has happened, let me share the load."

She pressed him back gently to a chair, and, overcome by her flood of love, he yielded and sank slowly back into the seat. The next instant she was at his knees, holding his hands to her throbbing breast.

"No, I don't mean what I said," he muttered, with some show of tenderness; and a loving smile dawned upon Millicent's careworn face.

"Don't speak of that," she said. "It was only born of the trouble you are in. Let me help you, dear; let me share your sorrow with you. If only with my sympathy there may be some comfort."

He did not answer, but sat gazing straight before him.

"Tell me, dear. Is it some money trouble? Some speculation has failed?"

He nodded.

"Then why not set all those ambitious thoughts aside, dear husband?" she said, nestling to him. "Give up everything, and let us begin again. With the love of my husband and my child, what have I to wish for? Robert, we love you so dearly. You, and not the money you can make, are all the world to us."

He looked at her suspiciously, for there was not room in his narrow mind for full faith in so much devotion. It was more than he could understand, but his manner was softer than it had been of late, as he said, "You do not understand such things."

"Then teach me," she said smiling. "I will be so apt a pupil. I shall be working to free my husband from the toils and troubles in which he is ensnared."

He shook his head.

"What, still keeping me out of your heart, Rob!" she whispered, with her eyes beaming love and devotion. Then, half-playfully and with a tremor in her voice, "Robert, my own brave lion amongst men, refuse the aid of the weak mouse who would gnaw the net?"

"Bah! you talk like a child," he cried contemptuously. "Net, indeed!" and in his insensate rage, he piled his hatred upon the man who had stepped in to save him. "But for that cursed fellow, Bayle, this would not have happened."

"Robert, darling, you mistake him. You do not know his heart. How true he is! If

he has gone against you in some business matter, it is because he is conscientious and believes you wrong."

"And you side with him, and believe me wrong?"

"I?" she cried proudly. "You are my husband, and whatever may be your trouble, I stand with you against the world."

"Brave girl!" he cried warmly; "now you speak like a true woman. I will trust you, and you shall help me. I did not think you had it in you, Milly. That's better."

"Then you will trust me?"

"Yes," he said, raising one hand to his face, and beginning nervously to bite his nails. "I will trust you; perhaps you can help me out of this cursed trap."

"Yes, I will," she cried. "I feel that I can. Oh, Robert, let it be always thus in the future. Treat me as your partner, your inferior in brain and power, but still your helpmate. I will toil so hard to make myself worthy of my husband. Now tell me everything. Stop! I know," she cried; "it is something connected with the visits of that Mr. Crellock, that man you helped in his difficulties years ago."

"I helped? Who told you that?"

She smiled.

"Ah! these things are so talked of. Mrs. Pinet told Miss Heathery, and she came and told me. I felt so proud of you, dear, for your unselfish behaviour towards this man. Do you suppose I forget his coming on our wedding day, and how troubled you were till you had sent him away by the coach?"

"You said nothing?"

"Said nothing! Was I ever one to pry into my husband's business matters? I said to myself that I would wait till he thought me old enough in years, clever enough in wisdom, to be trusted. And now after this long probation, you will trust me, love?"

He nodded.

"And your troubles shall grow less by being shared. Now tell me I am right about it. Your worry now is due to this Mr. Crellock?"

"Yes," he said in a low voice.

"I knew it," she said. "You have always been troubled when he came down, and when you went up to town. I knew as well as if you had told me that you had seen him when you went up. There was always the same harassed, careworn look in your eyes; and Robert, darling, if you had known how it has made me suffer, you would have come to me for consolation, if not for help."

"Ah! yes, perhaps."

"Now go on," she said firmly, and rising from her place by his knees, she took a chair and drew it near him.

"There," she said, smiling, "you shall see how business-like I will be."

He sat with his brow knit for a few minutes, and then drew a long breath.

"You are right," he said. "Stephen Crellock is mixed up with it. You shall know all. And mind this, whatever people may say——"

"Whatever people may say!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"I am innocent; my hands are clean."

"As if I needed telling that," she said with a proud smile. "Now I am waiting, tell me all."

"Oh, there is little to tell," he said quickly. "That fellow Crellock, by his plausible baits, has led me into all kinds of speculations."

"I thought so," she said to herself.

"I failed in one, and then he tempted me to try another to cover my loss; and so it went on and on, till——"

"Till what?" she said with her eyes dilating; and a chill feeling of horror began to creep to her heart.

"Till the losses were so great that large sums of money were necessary, and——"

"Robert!"

"Don't look at me in that way, Milly," he said, with a half-laugh, "you are not going to begin by distrusting me?"

"No, no," she panted.

"Well, till large sums were necessary, and the scoundrel literally forced me to pledge some of the deeds and things held by the bank."

She felt the evil increasing; but she forced it away with the warm glow of her love.

"I've been worried to death," he continued, "to put these things straight, and it is this that has kept me so poor."

"Yes, I see," she cried. "Oh, Robert, how you must have suffered!"

"Ah! Yes! I have," he said; "but never mind that. Well, I was getting things straight as fast as I could; and all would now have been right again had not Bayle and his miserable jackal, Thickens, scented out the trouble, and they have seized me by the throat."

"But, Robert, why not clear yourself? Why not go to Sir Gordon? He would help you."

"Sir Gordon does not like me. But there, I have a few days to turn myself round in, and then all will come right; but if——"

He stopped, and looked rather curiously.

"Yes!" she said, laying her hand in his. "If my enemies should triumph. If Bayle——"

"If Mr. Bayle——"

"Silence!" he said. "I have told you that this man is my cruel enemy. He has never forgiven me for robbing him of you."

"You did not rob him," she said tenderly.

"But are you not mistaken in Mr. Bayle?"

"You are, in your sweet womanly innocence and trustfulness. I tell you he is my enemy, and trying to hound me down."

"Let me speak to him."

"I forbid it," he cried fiercely. "Choose your part. Are you with me or the men whom I know to be my enemies? Will you stand by me whatever happens?"

"You know," she said with a trustful smile in her eyes.

"That's my brave wife," he said. "This is better. If my enemies do get the better of me—if, for Crellock's faults, charges are brought against me—if I am by necessity forced to yield, and think it better to go right away from here for a time—suddenly—will you come?"

"And leave my mother and father?"

"Are not a husband's claims stronger? Tell me, will you go with me?"

"To the world's end, Robert," she cried, rising and throwing her arms about his neck. "I am even glad that this trouble has come."

"Glad!"

"Yes, for it has taught you at last the strength of your wife's love."

He drew her to his heart, and kissed her, and there she clung for a time.

"Now listen," he said, putting her from him. "We must be business-like."

"Yes," she said firmly.

"The old people must not have the least suspicion that we have any idea of leaving."

"Might I not bid them good-bye?"

"No. That is, if we left. We may not have to go. If we do, it must be suddenly."

"And in the meantime?"

"You must wait."

Just then the door opened, and Thisbe appeared.

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir—that Mr. Crellock."

"Show him in my study, and I'll come."

Thisbe disappeared, and Millicent laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said quietly. "I know how to deal with him now. Only trust me, and all shall be well."

"I do trust you," said Millicent, and she sat there with a face like marble, listening to

her husband's step across the hall, and then sat patiently for hours, during which time the bell had been rung for the spirit stand and hot water, while the fragrant fumes of tobacco stole into the room.

At last there were voices and steps in the hall; the front door was opened and closed, and as Millicent Hallam awoke to the fact that she had not been up to see her child since she went to bed, and that it was nearly midnight, Hallam entered the room, looking more cheerful, and crossing to her he took her in his arms.

"Things are looking brighter," he said. "We have only to wait. Now, mind this—don't ask questions—it is better that I should not go to the bank for a few days. I am unwell."

Millicent looked at him hard. Certainly his eyes were sunken, and for answer, as she told herself that he must have suffered much, she bowed her head.

CHAPTER XI.—GETTING NEAR THE EDGE.

"QUITE out of the question," said James Thickens.

"But what is there to fear?"

"I don't know that there is anything to fear," said Thickens drily. "What I know is this, and I've thought it over. You are not going up to town with him, but by yourself to get this money—if you still mean it."

"If I still mean it! There, go on."

"Well, you will go up, and sign what you have to sign, get this money in notes, not warrants, and bring it down yourself."

"But Hallam will think it so strange—that I mistrust him."

"Of course he will. So you do; so do I. And after thinking this matter over, I am going to have that money deposited here, and I'm going to redeem the bonds and deeds myself, getting all information from Hallam."

"But this will be a hard and rather public proceeding."

"I don't know about hard, and as to public, no one will know about it but we three, for old Gemp will not smell it out. He is down with the effects of a bad seizure, and not likely to leave his bed for days."

"But, Thickens—"

"Mr. Bayle, I am more of a business man than you, so trust me. You are making sacrifice enough, and are not called upon to study the feelings of one of the greatest scoundrels—"

"Oh! hush! hush!"

"I say it again, sir—one of the greatest scoundrels that ever drew breath."

Bayle frowned, and drew his own hard.

"I don't know," he said, "that I shall care to carry this money—so large a sum."

"Nonsense, sir, a packet of notes in a pocket-book. These things are comparative. When I was a boy I can remember thinking ninepence a large amount; now I stand on a market day shovelling over gold, and fingering over greasy notes and cheques, till I don't seem to know what a large sum is. You take my advice, go and get it without saying a word to Hallam about it; and I tell you what it is, sir, if it wasn't for poor Mrs. Hallam and that poor child, I should be off my bargain, and go to Sir Gordon at once."

"I will go and get the money without Hallam, Thickens; but as I undertook to go with him, I shall write and tell him I have gone."

"Very well, sir, very well. As you please," said Thickens; "I should not: but you are a clergyman, and more particular about such things than I am."

Bayle smiled, and shook hands, leaving Thickens looking after him very intently as he walked down the street.

"He wouldn't dare!" said Thickens to himself thoughtfully. "He would not dare. I wish he had not been going to tell him though. Humph! dropping in to see poor old Gemp because he has had a fit."

He paused till he had seen Bayle enter the old man's house, and then went on muttering to himself.

"I never could understand why Gemp was made; he never seems to have been of the least use in the world, though, for the matter of that, idlers don't seem much good. Hah! If Gemp knew what I know, there'd be a crowd round the bank in half an hour, and they'd have Hallam's house turned inside out in another quarter."

"I don't like his telling Hallam about his going," he mused. "It is a large sum of money, though I made light of it, and the mail's safe enough. We've about got by the old highwayman days, but I wish he hadn't told him all the same."

Meanwhile the curate had turned in at Gemp's to see how the old fellow was getting on.

"Nicedly, sir, very nicedly," said the woman in charge; "he've had a beautiful sleep, and Doctor Luttrell says he be coming round to his senses fast."

Poor old Gemp did not look as if he had been progressing nicely, but he seemed to recognise his visitor, and appeared to understand a few of his words.

But not many, for the old man kept putting his hand to his head and looking at the door, gazing wistfully through the window and then heaving a heavy sigh.

"Oh! don't you take no notice o' that, sir," said the woman; "that be only his way. He's been used to trotting about so much that he feels it a deal when he is laid up, poor old gentleman; he keeps talking about his money, too, sir. Ah! sir, it be strange how old folks do talk about their bit o' money when they're getting anigh the time when they won't want any of it more."

And so on till the curate rose and left the cottage.

That night he was on his way to London, after sending in a line to Hallam to say that upon second thoughts he had considered it better to go up to town alone.

Three days passed with nothing more exciting than a few inquiries after Hallam's health, the most assiduous inquirer being Miss Heathery, who called again on the third evening.

"I know you think me a very silly little woman, Millicent, my dear, and I'm afraid perhaps I am, but I do like you, and I should like to help you now you are in trouble."

"I always did, and always shall, think you one of my best and kindest friends, Miss Heathery," replied Millicent, kissing her.

"Now that's very kind of you, Millicent. It's touching," said Miss Heathery, wiping her eyes. "You do think me then a very dear friend?" she said, clinging to Mrs. Hallam, and gazing plaintively in her face.

"Indeed I do."

"Then may I make a confidant like of you, dear?"

"Yes, certainly," said Millicent.

"But first of all, can I help you nurse Mr. Hallam, or take care of Julie?"

"Oh! no, thank you; Mr. Hallam is much better, and Julie is happiest with Thisbe."

"Or Mr. Bayle," said Miss Heathery; "but I have not seen her with him lately. Oh! I forgot, he has gone to London."

"Indeed!" said Millicent, starting, for she connected his absence with her husband's trouble.

"Yes; gone two, three days; but, Millicent dear, may I speak to you plainly?"

"Of course. Tell me," said Millicent, smiling, and feeling amused as she anticipated some confidence respecting an engagement.

"And you are sure you will not feel hurt?"

"Trust me, I shall not," said Millicent, with her old grave smile.

"Well then, my dear," whispered the visitor, "it is about money matters. You know I have none in the bank now, because I bought a couple of houses, but I have been asking, and I find that I can borrow some money on the security, and I thought—there! I knew you would feel hurt."

For Millicent's eyes had begun to dilate, and she drew back from her visitor.

"I only meant to say that I could not help knowing you—that Mr. Hallam kept you—ah! I don't know how to say it, Millicent dear, but—but if you would borrow some money of me, dear, it would make me so very happy."

The tears sprang to Millicent's eyes as she rose and kissed her visitor.

"Thank you, dear Miss Heathery," she cried. "I shall never forget this unassuming kindness, but it is impossible that I can take your help."

"Oh! dear me! I was afraid you would say so, and yet it is so sad to run short. Couldn't you really let me help you, my dear?"

"No; it is impossible," said Millicent, smiling gently.

"Is it quite impossible?" said Miss Heathery.

"Yes, dear, but believe me, if I were really in great need I would come to you for help."

"You promise me that, dear?" cried the little woman, rising.

"I promise you that," said Millicent, and her visitor went away overjoyed.

CHAPTER XII.—ROBERT HALLAM WANTS FRESH AIR.

"THAT woman seemed as if she would never go," said Hallam, entering the room hastily, and glancing at the clock.

"She does like to stop and chat," replied Millicent, wondering at his manner. "What are you going to do?"

"I am off for a short run. I cannot bear this confinement any longer. It is dark, and no one will see me if I go out for a change."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Go with me! No; not now," he said hastily. "I want a little fresh air. Don't stop me. I shall be back soon."

His manner seemed very strange, but Millicent said nothing, only followed him into the hall.

"No, no," he said hastily; "don't do that. It is as if you were watching me."

She drew back in a pained way, and he followed her.

"I'm pettish and impatient, that's all," he

said, smiling; and closing the door after her, he hurriedly put on a cloak and travelling cap, muffling his face well; and then going softly out, and turning from the main street, he was soon after in the lane that led down by Thicken's house and the mill.

"At last!" said a voice from the hedge-side, just beyond where the last oil lamp shed a few dim rays across the road. "I thought you were never coming."

"Don't talk. Have you everything ready?"

"Yes, everything. It is only a cart, but it will take you easily."

"And are you sure of the road?"

"Certain. I've done it twice so as to be sure."

"Good horse?"

"Capital. We can get over the twenty miles in three hours, and catch the York coach easily by twelve. It does not pass before then."

"Mind, Stephen, I'm trusting you in this. If you fail me——"

"If I fail you! Bah! Did I ever fail you?"

"No, never."

"Then don't talk like that. You've failed me pretty often, all the same. Going?"

"Yes; I must get back."

"What's that—the Castor coach?"

"Yes," said Hallam, starting. "It's early."

"Don't be longer than you can help, but, I say, have you plenty of money for the journey? I've only a guinea or two left."

"I have enough," said Hallam grimly; and bidding his companion wait three hours, and if he did not come then to go back and come the next night, Hallam turned to hurry back to the town.

It was intensely dark as he approached the mill, where the stream was gurgling and splashing over the waste-water shoot. In the distance there was the oil lamp glimmering, and a light or two shone in the scattered cottages, but there was none at Thicken's as Hallam passed.

There was a space of about a hundred yards between Thicken's house and the next cottage, and Hallam had about half traversed this when he heard a step that seemed familiar coming, and his doubt was put an end to by a voice exclaiming, "Mind! Take care!"

Was it fate that had put this in his way?

He asked himself this as, like lightning, the thought struck him that Bayle had just come off the coach—he the sharer in the knowledge of his iniquity.

A sharp struggle, and close at hand there was the bridge and the flowing river. It

might have been an accident. But even then there was Thicken's. What if he closed with him and—disguised as he was, Bayle could never know. He was the bearer of that heavy sum of money! He intended flight that night; was it fate, he asked himself again, that had thrown this in his way? And as the thoughts flashed through his brain, they encountered roughly upon the path, and Hallam's hand touched the thick pocket-book in Bayle's breast.

It was a matter of moments. Even to Hallam it was like an encounter in a dream. A blind desire to possess himself of the money he had touched had come over him; and reckless now, half mad, he seized Bayle by the throat. There was a furious struggle, a few inarticulate cries, a heavy fall, and he was kneeling upon him, and dragging the pocket-book from his breast.

All, as it were, in a dream!

Millicent Hallam stood listening at the window to her husband's steps, and then pressed her hands to her burning forehead to try and think more clearly about her position. It was so hard to think ill of Bayle; she could not do it; and yet her husband had said he was his enemy, and fighting against him to destroy him. Besides, Bayle had not been near them for days. It was so strange that he should go away without telling her!

And so, as she stood there, the two currents of thought met—that which ran love and trust in her husband, and that which was full of gentle sisterly feeling for Bayle; and as they met there was tumult and confusion in her brain, till the first current proved the stronger, and swept the latter aside, running strongly on towards the future.

"He is my husband, and he trusts me now as I trust him," she said proudly. "It is impossible. He could do no wrong."

She went up to the bedroom where Julie lay asleep, and stood watching the sweet, happy little face for some time, ending by kneeling down, taking one of the little hands in hers, and praying fervently for help, for guidance, and for protection in the troubled future, that seemed to be surrounding her with clouds. How dense they seemed! How was it all to end? Would she be called upon by her husband to leave their home and friends, and go far away? Well, and if that were her fate, husband and child were all in all to her, and it was her duty.

"He trusts me now," she said, smiling; and feeling happier and more at rest than

she had for months with their petty cares and poverty and shame, she bent over and kissed Julie, when the child's arms were clasped about her neck and clung there for a moment, before dropping listlessly back upon the bed.

Passing her hand over the child's forehead to be sure that she was cool and that no lurking fever was there, Millicent went down to the dining-room again, to sit and listen for the coming step.

She had heard the coach come and go, but instead of the place settling down again into its normal quiet, there seemed to be a great many people about, and hurrying footsteps were heard, such as would be at times when there was an alarm of fire in the town.

And yet it was not like that. More, perhaps, as if there were some meeting, and the steps died away.

For a moment or two Millicent had been disposed to summon Thisbe, and send her to see what was wrong; but on drawing aside the curtains and looking out, the street seemed deserted, and though there were a few figures in the market-place, they did not excite her surprise.

"I am overwrought and excited," she said to herself. "Ah! at last."

There was no mistaking that step, and starting up, she ran into the hall to admit Hallam, who staggered in, closed the door quickly, and catching her hand, half-dragged her into the dining-room.

She clung to him in affright, for she could see that the cloak he wore was torn and muddled, that his face was ghastly pale, and that as he threw off his travelling cap, there was a terrible swelling across his forehead, as if he had received some tremendous blow.

"Robert," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Hush," he said quickly; "be quiet and calm. Has Thisbe gone to bed?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"Quick, then; a basin and water, sponge and towel. I must bathe this place."

"Did you fall?" she cried, as she hastily helped him off with the cloak.

"No. But quick; the water."

She hurried away, shivering with the dread of some new trouble to come, but soon returned with the sponge, and busied herself in bathing the hurt.

"I was attacked—by some ruffian," said Hallam hoarsely, as the water trickled and splashed back in the basin. "He struck me with a bludgeon and left me senseless. When I came to he was gone."

"Robert, you horrify me!" cried Millicent. "This is dreadful."

"Might have been worse," he said coolly. "There, now dry it, and listen to me the while."

"Yes, I am listening," she said, forcing herself to be firm, and to listen to the words in spite of the curious doubting trouble that would oppress her.

"As soon as I go up-stairs to put a few things together and get some papers, you will put on your bonnet and cloak, and dress Julie."

"Dress Julie!"

"Yes," he said harshly, "without you wish me to leave you behind."

"You are going away, then?"

"Yes, I am going away," he said bitterly, "after hesitating, with a fool's hesitation, all these days. I ought to have gone before."

"How strangely you speak!" she said.

"Don't waste time. Now go."

"One word, love," she whispered imploringly; "do we go for long?"

"No; not for long," he said. And then, with an impatient gesture, "Bah!" he exclaimed; "yes, for ever."

She shrank from him in alarm.

"Well," he said harshly, as he glanced at his injury in the mirror, "you are hesitating. I do not force you. I am your husband, and I have a right to command; but I leave you free. Do you wish to stay?"

A feeling of despair so terrible that it seemed crushing came over Millicent. To go from the home of her childhood—to flee like this with her husband, probably in disgrace, even if only through suspicion—was for the moment more than she could bear; and as he saw her momentary hesitation, an ugly sneering laugh came upon his face. It faded, though, as she calmly laid her hand upon his arm.

"Am I to take any luggage?" she said.

"Nothing but your few ornaments of value. Be quick."

She raised her lips and kissed him, and then seemed to glide out of the room.

"Yes," he said, "I have been a fool and an idiot not to have gone before. Curse the fellow; who could it be?" he cried, as he pressed his hand to his injured forehead.

He took out his keys and opened a drawer in a cabinet, taking from it a hammer and cold chisel, and then stood thinking for a few moments before hurrying out, and into a little lobby behind the hall, from which he brought a small carpet-bag.

"That will just hold it," he said, "and a few of the things that she is sure to have."



"What's that?" he cried, and the chisel fell to the floor with a clang.

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He turned into the dining-room, going softly, as if he were engaged in some nefarious act. Then he picked up the hammer and chisel, and was about to return into the hall, when he heard a low murmur, which seemed to be increasing, and with it the trampling of feet, and shouts of excited men.

"What's that?" he cried, with his countenance growing ghastly pale; and the cold chisel fell to the floor with a clang.

CHAPTER XIII.—A HUMAN STORM.

THE woman who had been acting the part of nurse to old Gemp was seated by the table, busily knitting a pair of blue worsted stockings, by the light of a tallow candle, and every few minutes the snuff had so increased, and began to show so fungus-like a head, that the needles had to be left, a pair of snuffers taken out of their home in a niche that ran through the stem of the tin candlestick, and used to cut off the light-destroying snuff, with the effect that the snuffers were not sufficiently pinched to, and a thread of pale blue smoke rose from the incandescence within, and certainly with no good effect as far as fragrance was concerned.

Old Gemp had been a great deal better. He had been up and dressed, and sat by the fireside for a couple of hours that afternoon, and had then expressed his determination not to go to bed.

But his opposition was very slight, and he was got to bed, where he seemed to be lying thinking, and trying to recall something which evidently puzzled him. In fact all at once he called his nurse.

"Mrs. Preddle! Mrs. Preddle!"

"Yes," said that lady with a weary air.

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?"

"I don't know," said the woman sourly.

"About somebody else's business, I suppose."

Old Gemp grunted, and shook his head. Then he was silent, and lay staring about the room, passing his hand across his forehead every now and then, or shaving himself with one finger, with which all at once he would point at his nurse.

"I say!" he cried sharply.

"Bless the man! how you made me jump!" cried Mrs. Preddle. "And, for goodness' sake, don't point at me like that! Easy to see you're getting better, and won't want me long."

"No, no! don't go away!" he exclaimed. "I can't think about it."

"Well, and no wonder neither! Why, bless the man! people don't have bad fits o'

'plexy and not feel nothing after! There, lie still, and go to sleep, there's a good soul! It'll do you good."

Mrs. Preddle snuffed the candle again, and made another unpleasant smell of burning, but paid no heed to it, fifty years of practice having accustomed her to that odour—an extremely common one in those days, when in every little town there was a tallow-melter, the fumes of whose works at certain times made themselves pretty well known for some distance round.

This question was repeated by old Gemp at intervals all through the evening.

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?" and Mrs. Preddle became irritated by his persistence.

But this made no difference whatever to the old man, who scraped his stubbly chin with his finger, and then pointed to ask again. For the trouble that had been upon his mind when he was stricken hung over him like a dark cloud, and he was always fighting mentally to learn what it all meant.

"What was it?—what was it? What was I thinking about?" Over and over and over, and no answer would come. Mrs. Preddle went on with her knitting, and ejaculated "Bless the man!" and dropped stitches, and picked them up again, and at last grew so angry that, upon old Gemp asking her, for about the hundredth time that evening, that same wearisome question, she cried out—

"Drat the man! how should I know! Look ye here, if you—Oh! I won't stand no more of this nonsense!" She rose and went into the kitchen. "Doctor Luttrell said if he got more restless he was to have it," she grumbled to herself, "and he's quite unbearable to-night!"

She poured out a double dose from a bottle left in her charge, and chuckled as she said to herself, "That'll quiet him for the night."

Old Gemp was sitting up in bed when she returned to the bedroom; and once more his pointing finger rose, and he was about to speak, when Mrs. Preddle interfered.

"There, that'll do, my dear! and now you've got to take this here physic directly, to do you good."

The old man looked at her in a vacant, helpless way for a few moments, and then his countenance grew angry, and he motioned the medicine aside.

"Oh, come now, it's of no use! You've got to take it, so now then!"

She pressed the cup towards his lips; but the old man struck at it angrily, and it flew

across the room, splashing the bed with the opium-impregnated liquid, and then shattering on the cemented floor.

"Well, of all the owd rips as ever I did see!" cried the woman. "Oh, you are better, then!"

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?" cried Gemp, pointing, as if nothing had happened.

"Oh, about your money in the bank for aught I know!" cried the woman.

"Ha!"

The old man clapped his hands to his forehead, and held them there for a few minutes, staring straight before him at the bedroom wall.

He had uttered that ejaculation so sharply that the woman started, and recoiled from him, in ignorance of the fact that she had touched the key-note that had set the fibres of his memory athrill.

"Why, what's come to you?" she said. "Sakes, man, you're not worse?"

Old Gemp did not reply for a few moments. Then, stretching out one hand, and pointing at his nurse.

"Go and fetch doctor. Go at once! Quick, I say, quick!"

The woman stared in alarm for a few moments, and then, catching her bonnet and shawl from a nail, she hurriedly put them on and went out.

"And I've been a-lying here," panted Gemp, sliding his legs out of bed, and dressing himself quickly. "I remember now. I know. And perhaps all gone—deeds, writings—all gone. I knew there was something wrong—I knew there was something wrong!"

In five minutes he was out in the street, and had reached his friend the tailor, who stared aghast at him at first, but as soon as he heard his words blazed up as if fire had been applied to tow, and then subsided with a cunning look.

"Let's keep it quiet, neighbour," he said; "and go to-morrow morning, and see what we can do with Hallam. Ah!" he cried, as a thought flashed across his mind, "he has not been at the bank these three or four days. You're right, neighbour, there is something wrong."

Just at that moment, seeing the door open, another neighbour stepped in, heard the last words, and saw Gemp's wild, miserly face agitated by the horror of his loss.

"What's wrong?" he cried.

"Wrong? That scoundrel Hallam! that thief! that——"

The new-comer started.

"Don't say there's owt wrong wi' Dixons'?" he panted.

"Yes, yes!" cried Gemp. "My deeds! my writings! I saw parson and Thicken's busy together. They were tackling Hallam when I was took badly. Hallam's a rogue! I warned you all—a rogue! a rogue! See how he has been going on!"

"Neighbour," groaned the new-comer, "they've got all I have in the world up yonder in the bank."

"Oh, but it can't be true," said the tailor, with a struggle to catch at a straw of hope.

"Ay, but it is true," said the last comer, whose face was ghastly; "and I'm a ruined man!"

"Nay, nay, wait a bit. P'r'aps Hallam has only been ill."

"Ill! It was he, then, I'll swear, I saw to-night, walk by me in a cloak and cap. He were going off. Neighbours, are we to sit still and bear a thing like this?"

"I'll hev my writings, I'll hev my writings!" cried Gemp hoarsely, as he clawed at the air with his trembling hands.

"Is owt wrong?" said a fresh voice, and another of the Castor tradesmen sauntered in, pipe in mouth.

In another minute he knew all they had to tell, and the light was indeed now applied to the tow. Reason and common sense were thrown to the winds, and a wild, selfish madness took their place.

Dixons', the stable, the most substantial house in the county, the stronghold where the essence of all the property for miles round was kept, was now a bank of straw; and the flame ran from house to house like the wild-fire it was. Had an enemy invaded the place, or the fire that burns, there could not have been greater consternation. The stability of the bank touched so many; while, as the news flew from mouth to mouth, hundreds who had not a shilling in the bank, never had, nor ever would have, took up the matter with the greatest indignation, and joined in the excitement, and seemed the most aggrieved. There was nothing to go upon but old Gemp's suspicion; but that spark had been enough to light the fire of popular indignation, and before long, in the midst of a score of different proposals, old Gemp started for the bank, supported by his two nearest neighbours, and across the dim market-place the increasing crowd made its way.

Mr. Trampleasure was smoking his evening cigar on the step of the private door of the bank. The cigar, a present from Sir Gordon: the permission to smoke it there a present from Mrs. Trampleasure.

He heard wonderingly the noise of tumult,

saw the crowd approaching, and prudently went in and shut and bolted the doors, going up to a window to parley with the crowd, as the bell was rung furiously, and some one beat at the door of the bank with a stick.

"What is it?" he said.

"My deeds! my writings!" cried Gemp. "I want my deeds!"

"Who's that? Mr. Gemp? My dear sir, the bank's closed, as you know. Come to-morrow morning."

"No, no! Give the man his deeds. Here, break down the door!" cried a dozen voices; and the rough element that was to be found in King's Castor, as well as elsewhere, uttered a shout, and began to kick at the door.

"Come away, Gemp. We shall get nothing if these fellows break in."

"Look here!" cried a shrill voice at the window; and there was a cessation of the noise, as Mrs. Trampleasure leaned out. "We've got pistols and blunderbusses here, as you all know, and if you don't be off, we shall fire."

"Open the doors then," cried a rough voice.

"We haven't got the keys. Mr. Thickens keeps them."

There was a shout at this, for the crowd, like all crowds, was ready to snatch at a change, and away they ran towards the mill. In five minutes, though, they were tearing back, failing to find Thickens; and a cry had been raised by the man with the rough voice, and one of the poorest idlers of the town, the keenest redresser of wrong now.

"Hallam's! to Hallam's!" he yelled. "Hev him out, lads. We'll hev him out. Hurray, lads, come on!"

The tradesmen and depositors at Dixons' Bank looked aghast now at the mischief done. They saw how they had opened a crack in the dam, and that the crack had widened, the dam had given way, and the turbulent waters were about to carry all before them.

It was in vain to speak now, for the indignant poor were in the front, and the tailor, Gemp, and others who had been the leaders in the movement found themselves in a pitiful minority, and were ready to retreat.

But that was impossible now. They were in the crowd, and were carried with them across the market-place and down the street, to Hallam's house, where they beat and thumped at the door.

There was no answer for a few minutes, and they beat and roared. Then some one threw a stone and smashed a pane of glass.

This earned a cheer, and a shower of stones followed, the panes shivering and tinkling down inside and out of the house.

Millicent was wrong when she said that Thisbe had gone to bed, for that worthy was having what she called a quiet read in her room, and now as the windows were breaking, and Millicent was shielding Julie, whom, half-awake, she had just dressed, there was an increase in the roar, for Thisbe had gone down, more indignant than alarmed, and thrown open the door.

Then there was a dead silence, the silence of surprise, as Thisbe stood in the doorway, and, as a great hulking lad strove to push by her, struck him a sounding slap on the face.

There was a yell of laughter at this, and silence again, as Thisbe spoke.

"What do you want?" she cried boldly.

"Hallam! Hallam! In with you, lads: fetch him out."

"No, no; stop, stop! My deeds, my writings!" shrieked Gemp; but his voice was drowned in the yelling of the mob, who now forced their way in, filling the hall, the dining and drawing-rooms, and then making for the old-fashioned staircase.

"He's oop-stairs, lads; hev him down!" cried the leader, and the men pressed forward with a yell, their faces looking wild and strange by the light of the lamp and the candle Thisbe had placed upon a bracket by the stairs.

But here their progress was stopped by Millicent, who pale with dread, but with a spot as of fire in either cheek, stood at the foot of the staircase, holding the frightened child to her side, while Thisbe forced her way before her.

"What do you want?" she cried firmly.

"Thy master, missus. Stand aside, we won't hurt thee. We want Hallam."

"What do you want with him?" cried Millicent again.

"We want him to give oop the money he's stole, and the keys o' bank. Stand aside wi' you. Hev him down."

There was a crash, a struggle, and Millicent and her shrieking child were dragged down roughly, but good-humouredly, by the crowd that filled the hall, while others kept forcing their way in. As for Thisbe, as she fought and struck out bravely, her hands were pinioned behind her, and the group were held in a corner of the hall, while with a shout the mob rushed up-stairs.

"Here, let go," panted Thisbe to the men who held her. "I won't do so any more. Let me take the bairn."

The men loosed her at once, and they formed a ring about their prisoners.

"Let me have her, Miss Milly," she whispered, and she took Julie in her arms, while Millicent, freed from this charge, made an effort to get to the stairs.

"Nay, nay, missus. Thou'rt better down here," said one of her gaolers roughly; and the trembling woman was forced to stay, but only to keep imploring the men to let her pass. Meanwhile the mob were running from room to room without success; and at each shout of disappointment a throb of hope and joy made Millicent's heart leap.

She exchanged glances with Thisbe.

"He has escaped," she whispered.

"More shame for him, then," cried Thisbe. "Why ain't he here to protect his wife and bairn?"

At that moment a fierce yelling and cheering was heard up-stairs, where the mob had reached the attic door and detected that it was locked on the inside.

The door was strong, but double the strength would not have held it against the fierce onslaught made, and in another minute, amidst fierce yelling, the tide began to set back, as the word was passed down, "They've got him."

Millicent's brain reeled, and for a few moments she seemed to lose consciousness; but as she saw Hallam, pale, bleeding, his hair torn and dishevelled, dragged down the stairs by the infuriated mob, her love gave her strength. Wrestling herself from those who would have restrained her, she forced her way to her husband's side, flung her arms about him as he was driven back against the wall, and, turning her defiant face to the mob, made of her own body a shield.

There was a moment's pause, then a yell, and the leader's voice cried:

"Never mind her. Hev him out, lads, and then clear the house."

There was a fresh roar at this, and then blows were struck right and left in the dim light; the lamp was dashed over; the light curtains by the window, where it stood, blazed up, and cast a lurid light over the scene. For a moment the crowd recoiled as they saw the flushed and bleeding face of Christie Bayle, as he struck out right and left till he had fought his way to where he could plant himself before Millicent and her husband, and try to keep the assailants back.

The surprise was only of a few minutes' duration.

"You lads, he's only one. Come on! Hallam: let's judge and jury him."

"You scoundrels!" roared Bayle, "a man must be judged by his country, and not by such ruffians as you."

"Hev him out, lads, 'fore the place is burnt over your heads."

"Back! stand back, cowards!" cried Bayle; "do you not see the woman and the child? Back, out of the place, you dogs!"

"Dogs as can bite, too, parson," cried the leader. "Come on." He made a dash at Hallam, getting him by the collar, but only to collapse with a groan, so fierce was the blow that struck him on the ear.

Again there was a pause—a murmur of rage, and the wooden support of the valance of the curtains began to crackle, while the hall was filling fast with stifling smoke.

One leader down another sprang in his place, for the crowd was roused.

"Hev him out, lads! Quick, we have him now." There was a rush, and Hallam was torn from Millicent's grasp—from Christie Bayle's protecting arms, and with a yell the crowd rushed out into the street, lit now by the glow from the smashed hall windows and the fire that burned within.

"My husband! Christie—dear friend—help, oh! help!" wailed Millicent, as she tottered out to the front in time to see Bayle literally leap to Hallam's side and again strike the leader down.

It was the last effort of his strength, and now a score of hands were tearing and striking at the wretched victim, when there was the clattering of horses' hoofs and a mounted man rode right into the crowd with half-a-dozen followers at his side.

"Stop!" he roared; "I am a magistrate. Constables, do your duty."

The mob fell back, and as five men, with whom was Thickens, seized upon Hallam, Millicent tottered into the circle and sank at her husband's knees.

"Saved!" she sobbed, "saved!"

For the first time Hallam found his voice, and cried, as he tried to shake himself free—

"This—this is a mistake—constables. Loose me. These men—"

"It is no mistake, Mr. Hallam; you are arrested for embezzlement," said the mounted man sternly.

"Three cheers for Sir Gordon Bourne and Dixons," shouted one in the crowd.

Christie Bayle had just time to catch Millicent Hallam in his arms as her senses left her, and with a piteous moan she sank back utterly stunned.

OUR LORD'S TREATMENT OF ERRING FRIENDS.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By PROFESSOR ELMSLIE, M.A.

MAY 2ND.

Read Psalm cxxxviii., and John xiii. 1-17.

THE SELF-ASSERTING.—John xiii. 4-5.

ON the evening before He died, Jesus washed the disciples' feet. This touching action of our Lord is constantly taken and turned into a picture of spiritual truths, and it is a very fair use to make of the story. No wonder if there is ever an overflowing surplus of meaning in all the things that Jesus said and did. But we must not forget that their symbolic use is a matter of secondary moment, and we must take care, first and chiefly, to recognise in our Lord's words and deeds that simple, direct meaning which He intended them to have. In the present case He has Himself told us why He did this strange and beautiful act of self-abasement to his faulty followers, and what effect the memory of His great humility ought to have on our hearts and characters, if we would be like Him, divinely wise and good in our treatment of erring friends.

In the country where Jesus lived, the roads were hot and dusty, and the people wore sandals that left the upper part of the foot exposed. In the course of even a short journey, the skin became covered with an irritating kind of sand. Therefore, on the arrival of a visitor, it was the first duty of hospitality to offer water to wash and cool the weary feet. When a feast was made, the guests, as they entered, would lay aside their sandals, and take their places on the couches that surrounded the table. Then the humblest servant of the house was wont to come with basin, towel, and pitcher of water, to kneel behind each couch, to pour the water over the projecting feet, to wash them clean and free from stain, and to wipe them gently dry. It was a comfortable and kindly custom, and we know from the anecdote of Simon the pharisee, that our Lord missed it when it was omitted, and gratefully welcomed it when it was observed.

This night Jesus and His disciples are gathered for supper in the upper room of a strange house in Jerusalem. The room has been lent for the occasion, and so there is no servant in attendance on them. In such circumstances it had been customary among

the little company for one of their number, ere the meal began, to do this needful service for the rest. In a corner of the room stood the pitcher and basin, with the towel folded by their side. They had all taken their places round the table, and the time to commence supper had come (so read verse 2). But this night—the last of their Master's life on earth—none rose to wash their feet, none stirred to perform that friendly office. One and all, they kept their places in painful and embarrassed silence. Their refusal of the lowly but accustomed task was due to an unwonted access of pride and self-assertion in their hearts. That very day, in the way, there had been a fierce contention among the disciples as to which of them was greatest. The dispute reached the Master's ear, and he firmly rebuked their rivalry and quelled the quarrel. The storm of passion was silenced on their lips, but the sullen surge of anger had not quite died out of their hearts. Not yet would it be easy for any one of them to forget his dignity, and do a humbling service to the rest. And so it came to pass on that solemn evening, when their Master's heart was so soft and tender, their hearts were hard with pride and anger, and though they felt the painfulness of the pause and the wrongfulness of their obstinacy, not one of them had the manliness to rise and end it, and by humbling himself, make peace and harmony in their hearts.

The consciousness of discord entered the holy heart of Jesus and pierced it. His soul was filled that night with love unspeakable, and He longed to pour out to His friends the joy and the pain of His mighty purpose. But that could not be, while their breasts were possessed by petty rivalries, and mean thoughts, and angry feelings. He must first shame away their pride, and melt their hardness, and make them gentle, lowly, and loving. How can He do this most quickly and completely? "He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garment, and took a towel, and girded Himself; after that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded." Who is not able to picture the scene—the faces of John, and James, and Peter; the intense silence in which each

movement of Jesus was painfully audible ; the furtive watching of Him, as He rose, to see what He would do ; the sudden pang of self-reproach as they perceived what it meant ; the bitter humiliation and the burning shame ! The way John recites each detail, tells how that scene had scorched itself in on his soul and become an indelible memory. Truly his Master had "given him an example." To his dying day John could see that sight, and many a time in the hour of temptation it crossed his path and made him a better man. May that same vision of our Lord's great humility rise before our eyes, when life is full of pride and rivalry and our hearts are hot and angry, and may its sweet influence come on our spirits like cool, pure water to wash these evil passions out, and to make us good and gentle like Jesus !

MAY 9TH.

Read Job xvi., and Matthew xxvi. 31—46.

THE UNSYMPATHETIC.—John xiii. 1—8.

The preface to the narrative of the foot-washing is long and involved. The ideas move in a lofty sphere, seemingly very remote from the simple scene they prelude. At first sight the reader is tempted to count the introduction cumbrous, and to question the relevancy. A more profound appreciation of its contents and connection changes questioning into admiration, and transforms perplexity into wondering delight. We perceive how the thoughts of the prelude light up the whole scene with a golden glow of human tenderness and divine grandeur, so that, like a picture set in its true light, we now discern in it a depth of meaning and a wealth of beauty previously unsuspected. The perplexing preface proves to be the vestibule that leads into the innermost shrine of the temple.

The Gospel of St. John was not written till half a century later than the events it records ; yet it is written as though it were but yesterday the apostle had witnessed the scenes he describes. Those recollections had not been casual visitants, but constant inmates of his mind and heart. There was hardly ever a day he had not thought about them. At night when he lay awake and could not sleep he had thought about them. He conned them over in memory, he pored over them in his mind, he cherished them in his heart lovingly. And the promise his Lord had given came true to him, for the Holy

Spirit took of these things of Christ and showed them unto him, so that they grew to his eyes better and better, and more beautiful, and more full of meaning, till their inmost heart of divine goodness was revealed to him. Ah ! when we first get to know Christ, it is but His face, His eyes, His outer form we see. That is a great sight ! But to see and know all the heart of God that was in Him—that takes a very long time ; it takes half a century ; it takes eternity to get at that ! John lived in that high quest almost all his life, gazing at the Master, worshipping and adoring, laying his heart on the Master's heart ; and the result was, that he got to know Jesus far better than he did when he lived with Him. Hence it is that the fourth Gospel is so different from the other three. They just tell us what Jesus said and what Jesus did. But John's Gospel mixes up the acts and words of Jesus with John's own thoughts and explanations, so that it is sometimes hardly possible to tell, whether we are reading what Jesus said or what John thought about it. He is ever passing behind the loveliness of the human life to trace its explanation in the inner heavenly nature. He paints for us the tree with its beauteous branches, leaves, and blossoms, and then he bids us behold the great root in God's earth, out of which it grew ; that wonderful root, which is divine, and which is the source of all the sweetness that is brightening the upper air. The Jesus of John's Gospel has more of God in the look of face and eyes, and in the ring of His voice, than the Jesus of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. It is the Jesus that lived and grew on in John's loving memory, year by year becoming greater, holier, diviner in the illumination of the Holy Spirit, that was brooding over that home of Christ in the heart of John. It is, indeed, Jesus coloured by John's thoughts and John's feelings ; but then they are true thoughts and true feelings. And so it is that sometimes, in the evangel of the Beloved Disciple, we almost lose sight of the outer form and familiar features of our Lord, but only that we may see more clearly the glory of His inner nature, and the beauty of His heart divine.

It is to this loving industry of John's mind that we owe the preface of our story, so laden with great thoughts. It bids us before we scan the picture of our Lord's humility, gaze into His heart, and see how that night it was filled with contending emotions of exaltation and agony, of tenderest devotion and unrequited love, and then in the light

of His inner grandeur, grief, and forlornness measure the marvel of this wondrous act of self-abasement. He who washed the feet of those sinful men was the Son of God and the world's saviour. He made Himself their servant! He washed their feet! But more than that, He was a dying man that night, and he knew it. His hour was come. Already the presaging pangs of the bloody sweat, of the scourging and the spitting, of the anguish and forsakenness of the cross, had broken like stormy waves of a troubled sea on Christ's sensitive spirit. The pain and the parting and the solemn awe of death had fallen upon His soul. He was going to bid good-bye to the faces He had loved, to the things that were so beautiful in His eyes, to the lilies and the birds, to those He had clung to on earth, to mother and brother and friend, to all that was sweet and dear to His human heart. His thoughts were preoccupied that night. He was preparing Himself for death. His heart was already getting detached from earth. Oh, if ever there was an hour when He might have been forgiven, if He had had no thought but of Himself, it was that night. If ever He might have held Himself exempt from thinking of others and expected them to think of Him, it was that night. If ever there was an hour when He might have counted selfishness unforgivable, and bitterly resented want of sympathy, it was that night, when His grief was so great and His love so warm and tender. And yet, says John, it was on that night that amongst us all, engrossed in our petty, selfish rivalry, He was the one that could forget Himself, could lay pride aside, and humble His heart, and do the lowly act that made peace amongst us, and melted all our pride away, and made us good and loving and fit to hear the wondrous thoughts of grace and love, that were glowing in His heart for us and for all mankind.

The lesson is one for good men and women. They are too apt to think, because they have set out on some great enterprise of goodness, that therefore they are exempt from the little courtesies and forbearances of lowlier service. They mean to do good, but they must do it with a high hand and in a masterful fashion. They cannot stoop to conciliate the lukewarm and to win the unsympathetic. And so too often their cherished purpose ends in failure, and we see that saddest sight in Christ's church—beautiful lives marred and noble service spoiled, because the sacrifice is not complete enough, because pride lingers in the heart, and self-assertion, and

selfishness. We cannot be faithful in that which is greatest, unless we are willing to be faithful also in that which is least.

MAY 16TH.

Real 2 Samuel xxiv., and John xxi. 15-28.

THE WILLOW.—John xiii. 6-10.

The character of Peter stands clear cut in the Gospels. He had a warm heart, an eager mind, an impulsive will, a quick initiative, and a native aptitude for pre-eminence. He took the lead almost unconsciously, and without premeditation, but none the less he was conscious of a keen pleasure in being first. Prominence with him was not a choice of calculation, but rather an innate instinct and necessity of nature. Alike by what was best and by what was worst in him, it was natural for Peter to stand out from the rest, and, whether right or wrong, to be their spokesman, champion, and chief.

As Jesus went round, washing the disciples' feet, there was perfect stillness in the room. None ventured to speak in explanation or remonstrance till He came to Peter. But, as He prepared to kneel down behind him, Peter stopped Him with a protest, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet!" It looks on the face of it altogether good and pure and manly. But, then, Christ was no narrow-hearted pedant, eager to find fault and imagining offence where none existed. Yet Peter's protest, instead of being approved, is gently but firmly refused. "What I do thou dost not understand now, but thou shalt understand presently." Beneath the fair surface of the remonstrance there must have been some unlovely thing that had to be rebuked away. What was the jarring chord? Had Peter's motive been contrition, and contrition only, would he have waited till it came to his turn? Would he not have leapt to his feet at once, and insisted on taking the Master's place, and washing the feet of them all? Did he sit still, ashamed for himself and them, but angrily ashamed, resolving first that he would not basely allow his Lord to demean Himself, then thinking hard things of the others, who suffered it without protest? And so, when it came to his turn, was his heart full of censorious thoughts, and a proud resolve that he would come out of the humiliation better than the rest? If, without breach of charity, we may take this to have been his mood, then we can understand Christ's kindly deprecation of his words and

act. He fancied his impulse all good and noble. He did not know the treachery of his own heart. He did not fathom the necessity for the humbling experience of having to be washed by his Master. With the cleansing of his feet in simple obedience, his heart would be cleansed also of pride and of anger. Then he would understand what his Master was doing, and how He had to do it to put right so much that was wrong in the heart of His wayward follower.

It is not easy to obey without understanding. What was noble in Peter and what was base combined to hold him back from yielding. Peter's love recoiled from the humbling of his Master. Peter's pride shrank from the humbling of himself. "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Truly a noble, proud refusal! There was in it a strange mixture of good and evil. Peter wanted to come back to right, but he wished to come in his own way. Christ's way was painful, and the disciple would fain choose another that did not lead through the valley of humiliation. But then, if you have gone wrong through pride, you cannot get right again and yet keep your pride. If you would be good, you must abase yourself. Peter's refusal meant that his spirit still was not quite subdued; his heart not quite humble and contrite. In that mood he could not enter into the sacred communion of his Master's dying love. With that spirit cherished and maintained, he could not belong to His fellowship. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

Christ knew Peter's heart. The man loved his Master with a passionate, personal attachment. These words fell on his spirit with a sudden chill. To have no part with Christ—that was more than he could bear. "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." It is as though he would say, "A great part in Thee!" And we might readily count the request blameless, and the mood that uttered it commendable only. But Jesus declines it, and in refusing suggests that it has in it something of unreality and excess. So then, without his knowing it, there must have lurked in the thought Peter's love of pre-eminence. First of all, he had wished to differ from the others in not being washed at all. Now that he must be washed, he would be the most washed of all. Ah! the subtle danger of wanting to be first, even in goodness. We cannot safely try to be good for the sake of being foremost. We must be good just for goodness' sake, with no thought of self at all.

And surely silent submission had become Peter better than any speech. When a man knows he has gone wrong again and again, and Christ has undertaken to set him right, his wisdom is to offer no resistance, nor make any suggestion, as if he knew better than Jesus what had best be done.

Self-will in choosing the way in which we are to be saved and sanctified is a blunder, from which few are quite free. We cannot leave our souls simply in God's care and teaching. We catch at Christ's hands, and distrust the simplicity of His grace, and dictate to the Holy Spirit the experience and discipline we deem best. Surely it is not becoming and it is not wise. When a man has been taken into God's hands, and has been forgiven his sins, and is being taught by God, he should just keep very still, and very humble, and let God make of him what He will.

MAY 23RD.

Read 1 Samuel xxiv., and Luke xxii. 47—62.

THE FAITHLESS.—John xlii. 11.

Jesus enjoined us to love our enemies. We count it a hard saying. An enemy is not lovable. The sight of him wakes instinctively not affection but antagonism. It is not easy to wish him well, to do him good. We find it difficult to endure his presence without show of repugnance. Still harder is it to pity him, to help him, to do him a service. But there is something worse than an enemy, something more repulsive, more unforgivable. That is a traitor—the faithless friend, who pretends affection with malice in his breast, who receives our love while he is plotting our ruin, and under cover of a caress stabs us to the heart. Open hostility may be met, resented, and forgotten, but coldblooded treachery our human nature stamps as the all but unpardonable sin. Its presence is revolting and its touch loathsome. An honest heart sickens at the sight of it.

Among the guests gathered around the table, that night before our Lord's death, was Judas, who betrayed Him. He had sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and was watching his opportunity to complete the covenant of blood. He sat there while Jesus washed their feet. Jesus knew all his falseness, all his heartlessness, all his treachery. He knew it, and He washed the traitor's feet.

The perfection of our Lord's holiness is

apt to mislead us into the idea that, because it was faultless, it was therefore easy. We conceive His goodness as spontaneous, His sinlessness as without effort. But in truth He was a man tempted in all points like as we are. He was obedient unto death, but His obedience He learned by the things which He suffered. He was perfect in purity, meekness, self-denial, but only by humbling Himself and crucifying the flesh. His self-control was absolute, but it cost Him as much as it does us—perchance more. His sinless, holy heart shrank from sin's foulness, and suffered in its loathsome contact, as our stained souls cannot. The base presence and false fellowship of a Judas must have been a perpetual pain to His pure Spirit. But He endured his meanness with a heavenly self-restraint that curbed each sign of repugnance, and to the last He maintained for the traitor a divine compassion that would have saved him from himself, and that in Jesus's nature compelled the very instincts of loathing to transform themselves into quite marvellous ministries of superhuman loving. It was no empty show of humility and kindness, it was pity and love incarnate, when Jesus knelt at Judas's back, and washed the feet of His betrayer.

That seems to me one of the most wondrous, most tragic scenes in this world's story. Could we but have seen it—Jesus kneeling behind Judas, laving his feet with water, touching them with His hands, wiping them gently dry, and the traitor keeping still through it all! What a theme for the genius of a painter—the face of Jesus and the face of Judas—the emotions of grandeur looking out of the one, of good and evil contending in the other! If anything could have broken the traitor's heart, and made him throw himself in penitent abasement on the Saviour's pity, it was when he felt on his feet his Master's warm breath, and gentle touch, and divined all the forgiving love that was in His lowly heart.

This was our Lord's treatment of a faithless friend. On the night of His betrayal He washed the feet of His bitterest enemy, of the man who had sold Him to death. He rises from that act, and speaks to you and me, and says, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." If you have a friend that has deceived you, do not hate him; if you have an enemy, forgive him; if you can do him a humble kindness, do it; if you can soften and save him by lowly forbearance, be pitiful and long-suffering to the uttermost. It is the law of Christ. If you

call it too hard for flesh and blood, remember how your Master, that night He was betrayed, washed the feet of the man that betrayed Him.

MAY 30TH.

Read Isaiah xl., and 1 Corinthians xiii.

"THE SECRET OF MAGNANIMITY."—John xiii. 12–17.

There is a contagious quality in greatness. Young hearts, generous souls, dwelling in the vicinity of a hero, are apt to catch his thoughts and words and ways. Christ's greatness is His goodness, and that is absolute. Men look at Jesus, behold His perfection, grow to love Him, and, hardly knowing how, become like Him. We see His tranquillity, whose minds are so perturbed by life's worries and men's wrongs. We wonder at His infinite peace, whose hearts are so hot and restless with the world's rivalries and ambitions. Our spirits, tired, and hurt, and fevered, gaze wistfully at the great serenity of His gentle life, and ere we know it a strange longing steals into our breast to learn His secret and find rest unto our souls. Plainly the panacea does not consist in any change outside us, for, do what we will, still in every lot there will be crooks and crosses that cannot be haughtily brushed aside, that can only be robbed of their sting by being humbly borne and patiently endured. Moreover, the world was not least, but most unkind to Him, yet could not mar His peace, nor poison the sweetness of His soul. Within Himself lay the talisman of His charmed life, the hidden spring of His unchanging goodness. It was the spell of a lowly, loving, and loyal heart. This is the key to the enigma of His perfect patience. He loved us, and He gave Himself for us. And so, whether His friends were gentle and obedient or wayward and rebellious, whether they were kind and sympathetic or cold and hard and selfish, whether they were good or evil, He remained unchanged and unchangeable. "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end."

The machinery of life is not simple, but complex and intricate. In its working there cannot but be much friction. If the strains and jars of social existence are to be borne without irritation and ill-will, there must be between us and our neighbours a plentiful supply of the oil of human kindness. The pressure and constraint, that from a stranger would be irksome or unendurable, become

tolerable or even gladsome when borne for one we love. Did we, as God meant us to do, love our neighbour as ourself, life's burdens would seem light, for love makes all things easy. But then the difficulty just is to love our neighbour as ourself. Here, as elsewhere, it is the first step that costs. For too often our neighbour is not lovable but hateful, and our own self is so much nearer to us than any neighbour can be. Its imperious demands silence his claims on our kindness and drown the calls of duty. Its exuberant growth overshadows his and robs him of the sunshine. Its intense acquisitiveness absorbs all our care and interest, all our sympathy and affection, so that we have no time or heart to spare for his exactions, no, not even for his necessities. Clearly in this inordinate love of self is the root of the wrong and unrest of our life. Because we love our own self too much, we love others too little to be able to be generous and good like Christ. Wrapt up unduly in selfish anxiety for our own happiness and dignity, we become too sensitive to the injuries of foes, the slights of friends, the cuts and wounds of fortune. The reason why we lack the lowliness of Jesus and miss the blessedness of His heavenly peace, is our refusal to take up the cross and follow Him in the pathway of self-sacrifice. It was His detachment from self that made Him invulnerable to wounds, imperturbable amid wrongs, good and kind to the evil and to the froward. Because He cared much for others and little for Himself, He was lifted above the strife and restless emulation of our self-seeking lives. The charm that changed for Him the storm of life into a great calm was the simple but potent spell of self-renunciation.

The thought is one that captivates fresh hearts and noble souls with the fascination of a revelation. It seems to unlock all doors, to break all bars, and to lift from life its mysterious burden of perplexity and pain. The pathway of renunciation opens before their eyes with an indefinable charm, unfolding boundless vistas of lofty achievement, haunted by sweet whispers of a joy and content, dreamt of many a time, but never before attained. It is a fond delusion, that experience soon dispels. At the outset the way glows with the rosy light of a new dawn, and our footsteps are light with the bounding life of a fresh springtide, but ere many miles are traversed the road becomes hard

and rough, and we, with heavy hearts, drag hot and dusty feet along a weary way. For the way of the Cross has indeed blessedness at the end of it, but easy it cannot be till it is ended. To curb our pride, to crush our self-seeking, to conquer passion, to quell ambition, to crucify the flesh, these things are not easy. They have the stern stress and strain of battle in them. To be patient under injuries, to suffer slights and wrongs, to take the lowest place without a murmur, are conquests that demand a strong heart and a great mind. Where shall we learn a serenity that can be disturbed by no trouble, where find a peace that disappointment cannot break, where reach a goodness that no wrong can ruffle? What is the secret of magnanimity?

The answer comes to us from John's picture of his Lord's humility. In the forefront we behold Jesus kneeling on the ground and washing His disciples' feet, and we wonder at such lowliness. But now John's finger points, and our eyes rest on the heart of this lowly Saviour, and reverently we read His thoughts. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands and that He was come from God and went to God"—washed the disciples' feet. There is at once the marvel of his condescension and its explanation. He was so great He could afford to abase himself. His followers stood on their dignity and jealously guarded their rank. He was sure of His position. Nothing could affect His divine dignity. He came from God, He was going to God. What mattered it what happened to Him, what place He held, what humiliation He endured in the brief snatch of earthly life between? And we, if we would be great-minded like Him, we must have the same high faith, the same heavenly consciousness. We must know that this world, with its wrongs and disappointments, is not all; that this life, with its pride and pomps, is but a passing show. We must remember ever the grander world beyond, the infinite life within, and even now, amid the glare and din of time, live in and for eternity. Then we should no longer fret for a thousand trifles that vex us, we should not trouble for all the wrongs that pain and grieve us. What dignity, what grandeur, what divine nobility there would be in every thought, in every word, in every deed of all our life on earth, were the consciousness ever glowing in our hearts that we too came from God and are going back to God!

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIV.—WRITHING IN HER AGONY.

"MOTHER!—father! Oh, in Heaven's name, speak to me! I cannot bear it. My heart is broken. What shall I do?"

"My poor darling!" sobbed Mrs. Luttrell, holding her child to her breast and rocking to and fro, while the doctor sat with wrinkled face nursing and caressing Julia, who clung to him in a scared fashion, not having yet got over the terrors of the past night.

She had her arms about her grandfather, and nestled in his breast, but every now and then she started up to gaze piteously in his face.

"Would my dolls all be burnt, grandpa?"

"Oh, I hope not, my pet," he said soothingly; "but never mind if they are: grandpa will buy you some better ones."

"But I liked those, grandpa, and—and is my little bed burnt too?"

"No, my pet; I think not. I hope not. They put the fire out before it did a great deal of harm."

The child laid her head down again for a few moments, and then looked up anxiously.

"Thibbs says the bad men tore the place all to pieces last night and broke all the furniture and looking-glasses. Oh! grandpa, I—I—I—"

Suffering still from the nervous shock of the past night's alarm, the poor child's breast heaved, and she burst into a pitiful fit of sobbing, which was some time before it subsided.

"Don't think about it at all, my pet," said the doctor, tenderly stroking the soft little head. "Never mind about the old house, you shall come and live here with grandpa, and we'll have such games in the old garden again."

"Yes, and I may smell the flowers, and—and—but I want our own house too."

"Ah, well, we shall see. There, you are not to think any more about that now."

"Why doesn't Mr. Bayle come, grandpa? Did the bad people hurt him very much?"

"Oh no, my darling: he's all right, and he punished some of them."

"And when will papa come?"

"Hush, child," cried Millicent in a harsh, strange voice, "I cannot bear to hear you."

The child looked at her in a scared manner

and clung to her grandfather, but struggled from his embrace directly after, and ran to her mother, throwing her arms about her, and kissing her and sobbing.

"Oh, my own dear, dear mamma!"

"My darling, my darling!" cried Millicent, passionately clasping her to her breast; and Mrs. Luttrell drew away to leave them together, creeping quietly to the doctor's side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, looking the while in his eyes as if asking whether she were doing wisely.

The doctor nodded, and for a few minutes there was no sound heard but Millicent's sobs.

"I wish Mr. Bayle would come," said Julia all at once in her silvery childish treble.

"Silence, child!" cried Millicent fiercely.

"Father dear, speak to me; can you not help me in this trouble? You know the charge is all false."

"My darling, I will do everything I can."

"Yes, yes, I know, but every one seems to have turned against us—Sir Gordon, Mr. Bayle, the whole town. It is some terrible mistake, all some fearful error. How dare they charge my husband with a crime?"

She gazed fiercely at her father as she spoke, and the old man stood with his arm about Mrs. Luttrell and his lips compressed.

"You do not speak," cried Millicent; "surely you are not going to turn against us, father?"

"Oh! Milly, my own child," sobbed Mrs. Luttrell, running to her to take her head to her breast, "don't speak to us like that; as if papa would do anything but help you."

"Of course, of course," cried Millicent excitedly; "but there, I must put off all this pitiful wailing."

She rose in a quiet, determined way, and wiped her eyes hastily, arranged her hair, and began to walk up and down the room. Then, stopping, she forced a smile, and bent down and kissed Julia, sending a flash of joy through her countenance.

"Go and look round the garden, darling. Pick mamma a nice bunch of flowers."

"Will you come too, grandpa?" cried the child eagerly.

"I'll come to you presently, darling," said the doctor, nodding; and the child bounded to the open window with a sigh of relief, but ran back to kiss each in turn.

"Now we can speak," cried Millicent, panting, as she forced herself to be calm. "There is no time for girlish sobbing when such a call as this is made upon me. The whole town is against poor Robert; they have wrecked and burnt our house, and they have cast him into prison."

"My darling, be calm, be calm," said the doctor soothingly.

"Yes, I am calm," she said, "and I am going to work—and help my husband. Now tell me, What is to be done first? He is in the prison."

"Yes, my child, but leave this now. I will do all I can, and will tell you everything. You have had no sleep all night; go and lie down now for a few hours."

"Sleep! and at a time like this!" cried Millicent. "Now tell me. He will be brought up before the magistrates to-day?"

"Yes, my child."

"And he must have legal advice to counteract all this cruel charge that has been brought against him. Poor fellow! so troubled as he has been of late."

The doctor looked at her with the lines in his forehead deepening.

"If they had given him time he would have proved to them how false all these charges are. But we are wasting time. The lawyer, father, and he will have to be paid. You will help me, father; we must have money."

The doctor exchanged glances with his wife.

"You have some, of course?" he said, turning to Millicent.

"I? No. Robert has been so pressed lately. But you will lend us all we want. You have plenty, father."

The doctor was silent, and half turned away.

"Father!" cried Millicent, catching his hand, "don't you turn from me in my distress. I tell you Robert is innocent, and only wants time to prove it to all the world. You will let me have the money for his defence?"

The doctor remained silent.

"Father!" cried Millicent in a tone of command.

"Hush! my darling; your poor father has no money," sobbed Mrs. Luttrell, "and sometimes lately we have not known which way to turn for a few shillings."

"Oh, father!" cried Millicent reproachfully. "But there is the house. You must borrow money on its security, enough to pay for the best counsel in London. Robert will repay you a hundredfold."

The doctor turned away and walked to the window.

"Father!" cried Millicent, "am I your child?"

"My child! my darling!" he cried, coming quickly back, "how can you speak to me in such a tone?"

"How can you turn from me at such a time, when the honour of my dear husband is at stake? What are a few paltry hundred pounds to that? You cannot, you shall not refuse. There, I know enough business for that. The lawyers will lend you money on the security of this house. Go at once, and get what is necessary. Why do you hesitate?"

"My poor darling!" said Mrs. Luttrell piteously, "don't, pray don't speak to your father like that."

"I must help my husband," cried Millicent hoarsely.

"Yes, yes, and you shall, my dear; but be calm, be calm. There, there, there."

"Mother, I must hear my father speak," said Millicent sternly. "I come to him in sore distress and poverty. My home has been wrecked by last night's mob, my poor husband half killed, and torn from me to be cast into prison. I come to my father for help—a few pitiful pounds, and he seems to side with my husband's enemies."

"Milly, my darling, I'll do everything I can," cried the doctor; "but you ask impossibilities. The house is not mine."

"Not yours, father?"

"Hush! hush, my dear!" sobbed Mrs. Luttrell. "I can't explain to you now, but poor papa was obliged to sell it a little while ago."

"Where is the money?" said Millicent fiercely.

"It was all gone before—the mortgagees," said Mrs. Luttrell.

"And who bought it?" cried Millicent.

"Mr. Bayle."

There was a pause of a few moments' duration, and then the suffering woman seemed to flash out into a fit of passion.

"Mr. Bayle again!" she cried.

"Yes, Mr. Bayle, our friend."

At that moment there came a burst of merry laughter from the garden, whilst sounds floated in through the open window, with the sweet scents of the flowers, and directly after Julia, looking flushed and happy, appeared at the window, holding Christie Bayle's hand.

Bayle paused as he saw the group within, and then slowly entered.

"Mamma, I knew Mr. Bayle would come!" cried Julia excitedly. "But, oh, look at him, he has hurt himself so! He is so—so—oh, I can't bear it, I can't bear it!"

The memories of the past night came back in a flash—the hurried awaking from sleep, the dressing, the sounds of the mob, the breaking windows, the fire, and the wild struggle; and the poor child sobbed and trembled hysterically, as Bayle sank upon his knees and took her to his breast.

There she clung, as he caressed her and whispered comforting words, Millicent the while standing back, erect and stern, and Mrs. Luttrell and the doctor with troubled countenances looking on.

In a few minutes the child grew calm again, and then, without a word, Millicent crossed to the fireplace and rang the bell. It was answered directly by the doctor's maid.

"Send Thisbe here," said Millicent sternly.

In another minute Thisbe, who looked very white and troubled, appeared at the door, gazing sharply from one to the other.

"Julie, go to Thisbe," said Millicent in a cold, harsh voice.

The child looked up quickly, and clung to Bayle, as she gazed at her mother with the same shrinking, half-scared look she had so often directed at her father.

"Julie!"

The child ran across to Thisbe, and Bayle bit his lip, and his brow contracted, for he caught the sound of a low wail as the door was closed.

Then, advancing to her, with his face full of the pity he felt, Bayle held out his hand to Millicent, and then let it fall, as she stood motionless, gazing fiercely in his face, till he lowered his eyes, and his head sank slowly, while he heaved a sigh.

"You have come, then," she said—"come to look upon your work. You have come to enjoy your triumph. False friend! Coward! Treacherous villain! You have cast my husband into prison, and now you dare to meet me face to face!"

"Mrs. Hallam! Millicent!" he cried, looking up, his face flushing as he met her eyes, "what are you saying?"

"The truth!" she cried fiercely. "He knew you better than I. He warned me against you. His dislike had cause; while I, poor, weak, trusting woman, believed you our friend, and let you crawl and enlase yourself about our innocent child's heart, while all the time you were forming your plans, and waiting for your chance to strike!"

"Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle calmly, and

with a voice full of pity, "you do not know what you are saying."

"Not know! when my poor husband told me all!—how you waited until he was in difficulties, and then plotted with that wretched menial Thickers to overthrow him! I know you now: cowardly, cruel man! unworthy of a thought! But let me tell you that you win no triumph. You thought to separate us—to make the whole world turn from him whom you have cast into prison. You have succeeded in tightening the bonds between us. The trouble will pass as soon as my husband's innocency is shown, while your conduct will cling to you, and show itself like some stain!"

A look as angry as her own came over his countenance, but it passed in a moment, and he said gravely—

"I came to offer you my sympathy and help in this time of need."

"Your help, your sympathy!" cried Millicent scornfully. "You, who planned, here, in my presence, with Sir Gordon, my husband's ruin! Leave this house, sir! Stay! I forgot. By your machinations you are master here. Mother, father, let us go. The world is wide, and Heaven will not let such villainy triumph in the end."

"Oh, hush! hush!" exclaimed Bayle sternly. "Mrs. Hallam, you know not what you say. Doctor, come on to me, I wish to see you. Dear Mrs. Luttrell, let me help you all I can. Good-bye! God bless you in your trouble. Good-bye!"

He bent down and kissed the old lady; and as he pressed her hand she clung to his, and kissed it in return.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hallam," he said, holding out his hand once more.

She turned from him with a look of disgust and loathing, and he went slowly out, as he had come, with his head bent, along the road, and on to the market-place.

CHAPTER XV.—A CRITICAL TIME.

THERE was only one bit of business going on in King's Castor that morning among the mechanics, and that was where two carpenters were busy nailing boards across the gaping windows and broken door of Hallam's house.

The ivy about the hall window was all scorched, and the frames of that and two windows above were charred, but only the hall, staircase, and one room had been burned before the fire was extinguished. The greater part of the place though was a wreck, the mob having wreaked their vengeance

upon the furniture when Hallam was snatched from their hands by the law; and for about an hour the self-constituted avengers of the customers at Dixons' bank had behaved like Goths.

It was impossible for work to go on with such a night to canvass. One group, as Bayle approached, was watching the little fire-engine, and the drying of its hose, which was hauled up by one end over the branch of an oak-tree at Poppin's Corner.

There was nothing to see but the little, contemptible, old-fashioned pump on wheels; but fifty people, who had seen it in the belfry every Sunday as they went to church, stopped to stare at it now.

But the great group was round about the manager's house, many of them being the idlers and scamps of the place, who had been foremost in the destruction.

The public-houses had their contingents; and then there were the farmers from all round, who had driven in, red-hot with excitement; and, as soon as they had left their gigs or carts in the inn yard, were making their way up to the bank.

Some did not stop to go to the inn, but were therein their conveyances, waiting for the bank to open, long before the time, and there was quite a murmur of menace going on, when, to the very moment, James Thickens, calm and cool and drab as usual, threw open the door, to be driven back by a party of those gathered together.

Fortunately the news had spread slowly, so that the crowd was not large; but it was augmented by a couple of score of the blackguards of the place, hungry-eyed, moist of lip, and ready for any excuse to leap over the bank counter and begin the work of plunder.

For the first time in his life James Thickens performed that feat, leaping over the counter, to place it between himself and the clamorous mob, who saw Mr. Trampleasure there and Sir Gordon Bourne in the manager's room, with the door open, and something on the table.

"Here — Here" — "Here — Me" — "No, me." "I was first." "No, me, Thickens." "My money." "My cheque." "Change these notes."

The time was many years ago, and there were no dozen or two of county constabulary to draft into the place for its protection. Hence it was that as Thickens stood, cool and silent, before the excited crowd, Sir Gordon, calm and stern, appeared in the doorway with a couple of pistols in his left hand, one held by the butt,

the other by the barrel passed under his thumb.

"Silence!" he cried in a quick, commanding tone. "I am prepared——"

"Yah! No speeches. Our money! Our——"

"Silence!" roared Sir Gordon. "We are waiting to pay all demands."

"Hear, hear! Hooray!" shouted one of the farmers, who had come in hot haste, and his mottled face grew calm.

"But we can't——"

"Yah—yah!" came in a menacing yell.

"Over with you, lads!" cried a great ruffian, clapping his hands on the counter and making a spring, which the pressure behind checked and hindered, so that he only got one leg on the counter.

"Back, you ruffian!" cried Sir Gordon, taking a step forward, and, quick as lightning, presenting a pistol at the fellow's head. "You, Dick Warren, I gave you six months for stealing corn. Move an inch forward, and as I am a man I'll fire."

There was a fierce murmur, and then a pause.

The great ruffian half crouched upon the counter, crossing his eyes in his fear, and squinting crookedly down the pistol barrel, which was within a foot of his head.

"I say, gentlemen and customers, that Mr. Thickens here is waiting to pay over all demands on Dixons' bank."

"Hear, hear!" cried the farmer who had before spoken.

"But there are twenty or thirty dirty ruffians among you, and people who do not bank with us, and I must ask you to turr them out."

There was a fierce murmur here, and Sir Gordon's voice rose again high and clear.

"Mr. Trampleasure, you will find the two blunderbusses ready in the upper room. Go up, sir, and without hesitation shoot down the first scoundrel who dares to throw a stone at the bank."

"Yes, Sir Gordon," said Trampleasure, who dared not have fired a piece to save his life, but who gladly beat a retreat to the first-floor window, where he stood with one short blunderbuss in his hand, and Mrs. Trampleasure with the other.

"Now, gentlemen," cried Sir Gordon, "I am waiting for you to clear the bank."

There was another fierce growl at this; but the mottled-faced farmer, who had ridden in on his stout cob, and who carried a hunting crop with an old-fashioned iron hammer-head, spat in his fist, and turned the handle—

"Now, neighbours and friends as is customers!" he roared in a stentorian voice, "I'm ready when you are."

As he spoke he caught the man half on the counter by the collar, and dragged him off.

"Here, keep your hands off me!"

"Yow want to fight, yow'd——"

"Yah! hah!"

Then a scuffling and confused growl, and one or two appeals to sticks and fists; but in five minutes every man not known as a customer of the bank was outside, and the farmers gave a cheer, which was answered by a yell from the increasing mob, a couple of dozen of whom had stooped for stones and began to flourish sticks.

But the stout farmer, who was on the steps between the two pillars that flanked the entrance, put his hand to his mouth, as if about to give a view halloo!

"Look out for the bloonder-boosh, my lads." And then, turning his head up to the window where Mr. Trampleasure stood, weapon in hand, "Tak' a good aim on the front, and gie it 'em—whang! Mr. Trampleasure, sir. Thee'll scatter the slooogs fine."

Not a stone was thrown, and by this time James Thickens was busy at work cancelling with his quill pen, and counting and weighing out gold. He never offered one of Dixons' notes: silver and gold, current coin of the realm, was all he passed over the counter, and though the customers pressed and hurried to get their cheques or notes changed, Thickens retained his coolness and went on.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the excitement was subsiding, but the bank was still full of farmers and tradespeople, the big burly man with the hunting crop being still by the counter unpaid.

All at once, after watching the paying over of the money for some time, he began hammering the mahogany counter heavily with the iron handle of his whip.

"Here, howd hard!" he roared.

Sir Gordon, who had put the pistols on the table, and was sitting on the manager's chair, coolly reading his newspaper in full view, laid it down, and rose to come to the open glass door.

"Ay, that's right, Sir Gordon. I want a word wi' thee. I'm not a man to go on wi' fullishness; but brass is brass, and a hard thing to get howd on. Now, look ye here. Howd hard, neighbours, I heaven't got much to saya."

"What is it, Mr. Anderson?" said Sir Gordon calmly.

"Why, this much, Sir Gordon and neighbours. Friend o' mine comes out o' the town this morning and says, 'If thou'st got any brass i' Dixons' bank, run and get it, lad, for Maester Hallam's bo'ted, and bank's boosted oop. Now, Sir Gordon, it don't look as if bank hev boosted oop.'"

"Oh, no," said Sir Gordon, smiling.

"Hev Maester Hallam bo'ted, then, or is that a lee too?"

"I am sorry to say that Mr. Hallam has been arrested on a charge of fraud."

"That be true, then?" said the farmer. Well, now, look here, Sir Gordon; I've banked wi' you over twanty year, and I can't afford to lose my brass. 'Tween man and man, is my money safe?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Anderson."

"That'll do, Sir Gordon," said the farmer, tearing up the cheque he held in his hand, and scattering it over his head. "I'll tak' Sir Gordon's word or Dixons' if they say it's all right. I don't want my brass."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Gordon, flushing slightly, "if you will trust me and my dear old friend Mr. Dixon, you shall be paid all demands to the last penny we have. I am sorry to say that I have discovered a very heavy defalcation on the part of our late manager, and the loss will be large, but that loss will fall upon us, gentlemen, not upon you."

"But I want my deeds, my writings," cried a voice. "I'm not agoing to be cheated out o' my rights."

"Who is that?" said Sir Gordon.

"Mr. Gemp, Sir Gordon," said Thickens, quickly. "Deposit of deeds of row of houses in Rochester Close; and shares."

"Mr. Gemp," said Sir Gordon, "I am afraid your deeds are amongst others that are missing."

"Ay! Ay! Robbers! Robbers!" shouted Gemp excitedly.

"No, Mr. Gemp, we are not robbers," said Sir Gordon. "If you will employ your valuer, I will employ ours; and as soon as they have decided the amount, Mr. James Thickens will pay you—to-day if you can get the business done, and the houses and shares are Dixons'."

"Hear, hear, hear," shouted Anderson. "There, neighbour, he can't say fairer than that."

"Nay, I want my writings, and I don't want to sell. I want my writings. I'll have 'em too."

"Shame on you, Gemp," said a voice behind him. "Three days ago you were at

death's door. Your life was spared, and this is the thank-offering you make to your neighbours in their trouble."

"Nay, don't you talk like that, parson, thou doesn't know what it is to lose thy all," piped Gemp.

"Lose?" cried Bayle, who had entered the bank quietly to see Sir Gordon. "Man, I have lost heavily too."

Thickens was making signs to him now with his quill pen.

"Ay, but I want my writings. I'll have my writings," cried Gemp. "Neighbours, you have your money. Don't you believe 'em. They're robbers."

"If I wear close to thee, owd Gemp, I'd take thee by the scruff and the band o' thy owd breeches and pitch thee out o' window. Sir Gordon's ready to do the handsome thing."

"Touch me if you dare," cried old Gemp. "I want my writings. It was bank getting unsafe made me badly. You neighbours have all thy money out, for they haven't got enough to last long."

There was a fresh murmur here, and Sir Gordon looked anxious. Mr. Anderson stood fast; but it was evident that a strong party were waiting for their money, and more than one began to twitch Thickens by the sleeve, and present cheques and notes.

Thickens paid no heed, but made his way to where Christie Bayle was standing, and handed him a pocket-book.

"Here," he said. "I couldn't come to you. I had to watch the bank."

"My pocket-book, Thickens?"

"Yes, sir. I was just in time to knock that scoundrel over as he was throttling you. I'd come to meet the coach."

"Why, Thickens!" cried Bayle flushing—"Ah, you grasping old miser! What! turn thief?"

The latter was to old Gemp, who saw the pocket-book passed, and made a hawk-like clutch at it, but his wrist was pinned by Bayle, who took the pocket-book and slipped it into his breast.

"It's my papers—it's writings—it's——"

His voice was drowned in a clamour that arose, as about twenty more people came hurrying in at the bank-door, eager to make demands for their deposits.

Sir Gordon grew pale, for there was not enough cash in the house to pay up the constant demand, and he had hoped that the ready payment of a great deal would quiet the run.

The clamour increased, and it soon became evident that the dam had given way,

and that nothing remained but to go on paying to the last penny in the bank, while there was every possibility of wreck and destruction following.

"Howd hard, neighbours," cried Anderson; "Sir Gordon says it's all right. Dixons' 'll pay."

"Dixons' can't pay," shouted a voice. "Hallam's got everything, and the bank's ruined."

There was a roar here, and the fire seemed to have been again applied to the tow. Thickens looked in despair at Bayle, and then with a quick movement locked the cash drawer, and clapped the key in his pocket. The action was seen. There was a yell of fury from the crowd in front, and a dozen hands seized the clerk.

Sir Gordon darted forward, this time without pistols, and hands and sticks were raised, when in a voice of thunder Christie Bayle roared—

"Stop!"

There was instant silence, for he had leaped upon the bank counter.

"Stand back!" he said, "and act like Christian men, and not like wild beasts. Dixons' Bank is sound. Look here!"

"It's failed! it's failed!" cried a dozen voices.

"It has not failed," shouted Bayle. "Look here: I have been to London."

"Yes, we know."

"To fetch twenty-one thousand pounds—my own property!"

There was dead silence here.

"Look! that is the money, all in new Bank of England notes."

He tore them out of the large pocket-book.

"To show you my confidence in Dixons' Bank and in Sir Gordon Bourne's word, I deposit this sum with them, and open an account. Mr. Thickens, have the goodness to enter this to my credit; I'll take a cheque-book when you are at liberty."

He passed the sheaf of rustling, fluttering, new, crisp notes to the cashier, and then, taking Sir Gordon's offered hand, leaped down inside the counter of the bank.

"There, Sir Gordon," he said with a smile, "I hope the plague is stayed."

"Christie Bayle," whispered Sir Gordon huskily, "Heaven bless you! I shall never forget this day!"

Half an hour later the bank business was going on as usual, but the business of the past night and morning were more talked of than before.



"IN MISERY'S DEPTHS."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN MISERY'S DEPTHS.

ONE of many visits to the gloomy, stone-built county gaol where Hallam was waiting his trial, for all applications for the granting of bail had been set aside. Millicent had insisted upon going alone, but without avail.

"No, Miss Milly, you may insist as long as you like, but until I'm berried, I'm going to keep by you in trouble, and I shall go with you."

"But Thibbs, my dear, dear old Thibbs," cried Millicent, flinging her arms about her neck, "don't you see that you will be helping me by staying with Julie?"

"No, my dear, I don't; and, God bless you! she'll be as happy as can be with her grandpa killing slugs, as I wish all wicked people were the same, and could be killed out of the way."

"But, Thibbs, I order you to stay!"

"And you may order, my dear," said Thisbe stubbornly. "You might order, and you might cut off my legs, and then I'd come crawling like the serpent in the Scriptures, only I hope it would be to do good."

"Oh, you make me angry with you, Thisbe. Haven't I told you that Miss Heathery has been pressing to come this morning and I refused her?"

"Why, of course you did, my dear," replied Thisbe contemptuously. "Nice one she'd be to go with you, and strengthen and comfort you! Send her to your pa's greenhouse to turn herself into a pot, and water the plants with warm water, and crying all over, and perhaps she'd do some good, but to go over to Lindum! The idea! Poor little weak thing!"

"But, Thisbe, can you not see that this is a visit that I ought to pay alone?"

"No, miss."

"But it is: for my husband's sake."

"Every good husband who had left his wife in such trouble as you're in would be much obliged to an old servant for going with you all that long journey. There, miss, once for all: you may go alone if you like, but I shall follow you and keep close to you all the time, and sit down at the prison gate."

"Oh, hush, Thibbs!" cried Millicent, with a spasm of pain convulsing her features.

"Yes, miss, I understand. And now I'm going. I shan't speak a word to you; I shan't even look at you, but be just as if I was a nothing; and all the same I'm there ready for you to hear, and be a comfort in my poor way, so that you may lean on me

as much as you like, and, please God, bring us all well out of our troubles. Amen!"

Poor Thisbe's words were inconsequent, but they were sincere, and she followed her mistress to the coach, and then through the hilly streets of the old town, and finally as she had suggested, seated herself upon a stone at the prison gates while her mistress went in.

The sound of lock and bolt chilled Millicent; the aspect of the gloomy, high-walled enclosure, with the loose bricks piled on the top to show where the wall had been tampered with, and to hinder escape, the very aspect, too, of the governor's house, with its barred windows to keep prisoners out, as the walls were to keep them in—a cage within a cage—made her heart sink, and when after traversing stone passages, and hearing doors locked and unlocked, she found herself in the presence of her husband, her brain reeled, a mist came before her eyes, and for a while her tongue refused to utter the words she longed to speak.

"Humph!" said Hallam roughly. "You don't seem very glad to see me."

Her reproachful eyes gave him the lie; and, looking pale, anxious, and terribly careworn, he began to pace the floor.

The careful arrangement of the hair, the gentlemanly look, seemed to have given place to a sullen, half-shrinking mien, and it was plain to see how confinement and mental anxiety had told upon him.

In a few minutes though he had thrown off a great deal of this, and spoke eagerly to his wife, who, while tender and sympathetic in word and look, seemed ever ready to spur him on to some effort to free himself from the clinging stain.

She had done this from the very first. Cast down with a feeling of degradation and sorrow, when the arrest had been made, she had, as we know, recoiled.

She had made every effort possible; had gone to her husband for advice and counsel, and had ended at his wish by taking the money Miss Heathery offered, to pay a good attorney to conduct his case; but on the first hearing, she was informed by the lawyer that a gentleman was down from town, a barrister of some eminence, who said that he had been instructed to defend Mr. Hallam, and he declined to give any further information.

The despair that came over Millicent was terrible to witness; but she mastered these fits of despondency by force of will and the feverish energy with which she set to work.

She visited Hallam, questioning, asking advice, instruction, and bidding him try to see his way out of the difficulty, till he grew morose and sullen, and seemed to find special pleasure in telling her that it was "all the work of that parson."

In her feverish state, in the despair with which she had bidden herself do her duty to her wronged, her injured husband, she took all this as fact, and, shutting herself up at Miss Heathery's, refused to read the letters Bayle sent to her, or to give him an interview.

It was as if a savage spirit of hate and revenge had taken possession of her, and with blind determination she went on her way, praying for strength to make her worthy of the task of defending her injured husband, and for the overthrow of the cruel enemies who were fighting to work his ruin.

And now she was having the last interview with Hallam, for the authorities had interfered, she had had so much latitude, and he had given her certain instructions which made her start.

"Go to him?" she said, looking up wonderingly.

"Yes, of course," he said sharply; "do you wish me to lose the slightest chance of getting off?"

"But, Robert dear," she said innocently, but with the energy that pervaded her speaking, "why not go bravely to your trial? The truth must prevail."

"Oh, yes," he said cynically; "it is a way it has in courts of law."

"Don't speak like that, love. I want you to hold your head up bravely in the face of your detractors, to show how you have been deceived and injured, that this man Crellock, whom you have helped, has proved a villain—deceiving, robbing, and shamefully treating you."

"Yes," he said; "I should like to show all that."

"Then don't send me to Sir Gordon. I feel that there is no mercy to be expected from either him or Mr. Bayle. They both hate you."

"Most cordially, dear. By all that's wearisome, I wish they would let me have a cigar here."

"No, no; think of what you are telling me to do," she cried eagerly, as she saw him wandering from the purpose in hand. "You say I must go to Sir Gordon?"

"Yes. Don't say it outright, but give him to understand that if he will throw up this prosecution of his, it will be better for

the bank. That I can give such information as will pay them."

"You know so much about Stephen Crellock?" she said quickly.

"Yes; I can recover a great deal I am sure."

"And I am to show him how cruelly he has wronged you?"

"Yes, of course."

"You desire me to do this; you will not trust to your innocence, and the efforts of the counsel?"

"Do you want to drive me mad with your questions?" he cried savagely. "If you decline to go, my lawyer shall see Sir Gordon."

"Robert!" she said reproachfully, but with the sweet gentleness of her pitying love for her husband, irritated, and beyond control of self in his trouble, apparent in her words.

"Well, why do you talk so and hesitate?" he cried petulantly.

"I will go, dear," she said cheerfully, "and I will plead your cause to the uttermost."

"Yes, of course. It will be better that you should go. He likes you, Millicent; he always did like you, and I dare say he will listen to you. I don't know but what it might be wise to knock under to Bayle. But no: I hate that fellow. I always did from the first. Well, leave that now. See Sir Gordon; tell him what I say, that it will be best for the bank. You'll win. Hang it, Millicent, I could not bear this trial: it would kill me."

"Robert!"

"Ah, well, I'm not going to die yet, and it would be very sad for my handsome little wife to be left a widow if they hang me, or to exist with a live husband serving one-and-twenty years in the bush."

"Robert, you will break my heart if you speak like that," panted Millicent.

"Ah, well, we must not do that," he cried laughingly. "Look here, though; this barrister who is to defend me, I know him—Granton, Q.C. Did your father instruct him?"

"No: he could not. Robert, we are frightfully poor."

"So am I now," he said, "thanks to my enemies, but we'll get through. But who has instructed him then?"

"I cannot tell, dear."

"I see it all," he said; "it's a plan of the enemy. They employ their own man, and he will sell me bound hand and foot to the Philistines."

"Oh! Robert, surely no one would be so base."

"I don't know," he said. "They want to win. It's Sir Gordon's doing. No, it's Christie Bayle. I'd lay a thousand pounds he has paid the fellow's fees."

"Then, Robert, you will not trust him; you will refuse to let him defend you. Husband, my brave, true, innocent husband," she cried with her pale face flushing, "defend yourself."

"Hush! To Sir Gordon at once. Say everything. I must be had out of this, Milly. I cannot stand my trial."

She could only nod her acquiescence, for a gaoler had entered to announce that the visit was at an end.

Then, as if in a dream, confused, troubled in spirit, and hardly seeing her way for the mist before her eyes, Millicent Hallam followed the gaoler back along the white stone passages and through the clanging gates, to be shut out of the prison and remain in a dream of misery and troubled thought, conscious of only one thing, and that one that a gentle hand had taken her by the arm and led her back to where they waited for the conveyance to take them home.

"These handsome men; these handsome men!" sighed Thibbs, as she sat by Julia's bed that night, tired with her journey, but reluctant to go to her own resting-place—a mattress upon the floor. "Oh! how I wish sometimes we were back at the old house, and me scolding and stubborn with poor old missus, and in my tantrums from morning to night. Ah! those were happy days."

Thisbe shook her head, and rocked herself to and fro, and sighed and sighed again.

"My old kitchen, and my old back door, and the big dust-hole! What a house it was, and how happy we used to be! Ah! if we could only change right back and be there once more, and Miss Milly not married to no handsome scamp. Ah! and he is; Miss Milly may say what she likes, and try to believe he isn't. He is a scamp, and I wish she had never seen his handsome face, and we were all back again, and then—Oh!—Oh! Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" cried hard, stubborn Thisbe as she sank upon her knees by the child's bedside, sobbing gently and with the tears running down her cheeks, "and then there wouldn't be no you. Bless you! bless you! bless you!"

She kissed the child as a butterfly might settle on a flower, so tender was her love, so great her fear of disturbing the little one's rest

"Oh! dear me, dear me!" she said, rising and wiping the tears from her hard face and eyes, "well, there's whites and blacks, and ups and downs, and pleasures and pains, and I don't know what to say—except my prayers; and the Lord knows what's best for us after all."

Ten minutes after, poor Thisbe was sleeping peacefully, while, with burning brow, Millicent was pacing her bedroom thinking of the morrow's interview with Sir Gordon Bourne.

CHAPTER XVII.—MR. GEMP IS CURIOUS.

"I KNOW'D—I know'd it all along," said Old Gemp to his friends, for the excitement of his loss seemed now to have acted in an opposite direction and to be giving him strength. "I know'd he couldn't be living at that rate unless things was going wrong. What did the magistrates say?"

"Said it was a black case, and committed him for trial," replied Gorringe the tailor. "Ah, I don't say that clothes is everything, Mr. Gemp, but a well-made suit makes a gentleman of a man, and you never heard of Mr. Thickens doing aught amiss."

"Nor me neither, eh, Gorringe? and you've made my clothes ever since you've been in business."

The tailor looked with disgust at his neighbour's shabby, well-worn garments, and remained silent.

"I'd have been in the court mysen, Gorringe, on'y old Luttrell said he wouldn't be answerable for my life if I got excited again, and I don't want to die yet, neighbour; there's a deal for me to see to in this world."

"Got your money, haven't you?"

"Ye-es, I've got my money, and it's put away safe, but I wanted my deeds—my writings. I've lost by that scoundrel, horribly."

"Ah! well, it might have been worse," said Gorringe, giving a snip with his scissors that made Gemp start as if it were his own well-frayed thread of life being cut through.

"Oh, of course it might have been worse, but a lot of us have lost, eh, neighbour?"

"Dixons' and Sir Gordon have come down very handsome over it," said Gorringe, who was designing a garment, as he called it, with a piece of French chalk.

"And the parson," said Gemp; "only to think of it—a parson, a curate, with one-and-twenty thousand pound in his pocket."

"Ay, it came in handy," said Gorringe.

"Now where did he get that money, eh?"

It's a wonderful sight for a man like him," said Gemp, with a suspicious look.

"London. I heerd tell that he said he had been to London to get it."

"Ay, he said so," cried Gemp, shaking his head, "but it looks suspicious, mun. Here was he hand and glove with the Hallams, always at their house and mixed up like. I want to know where he got that money. I say, sir, that a curate with twenty thousand pound of his own is a sort o' monster as ought to be levelled down."

The tailor pushed up his glasses to the roots of his hair, and left off his work to hold up his shears menacingly at his crony.

"Gemp, old man," he said, "I would not be such a cantankerous, suspicious old magpie as you for a hundred pounds; and look here, if you're going to pull buttons off the back o' parson's coat, go and do it somewhere else, and not in my shop."

"Oh! you needn't be so up," said Gemp. "Look here," he cried, pointing straight at his friend, "what did Dickens say about the writings?"

"Spoke fair as a man could speak," said Gorringer, resuming his architectural designs in chalk and cloth, "said he felt uncomfortable about the matter first when he saw Hallam give a package to a man named Crellock—chap who often come down to see him; that he was suspicious like that for two years, but never had an opportunity of doing more than be doubtful till just lately."

"Why didn't he speak out to a friend—say to a man like me?"

"Because, I'm telling you, it was only suspicion. Hallam managed the thing very artfully, and threw dust in Dickens's eyes; but last of all he see his way clear, and went and told parson. And just then Sir Gordon were suspicious, too, and had got something to go upon, and they nabbed my gentleman just as he was going away."

"And do you believe all this?" cried Gemp.

"To be sure I do. Don't you?"

"Tchah! I'm afraid they're all in it."

"Ah! well, I'm not; and, as we've nothing to lose, I don't care."

"How did Hallam look?"

"Very white; and, my word! he did give parson a look when he was called up to give his evidence. He looked black at Dickens and at Sir Gordon, but he seemed regularly savage with parson."

"Ah, to be sure!" cried Gemp. "What did I say about being thick with parson? It's my belief that if all had their deserts parson

would be standing in the dock alongside o' Hallam."

"And it's my belief, Gemp, that you're about the silliest owd maukin that ever stepped! There, I won't quarrel with thee. Parson? Pshaw!"

"Well, thou'lt see, man, thou'lt see! Committed for trial, eh? And how about the other fellow!"

"What, Crellock? Oh, they've got him too. He came smelling after Hallam, who was like a decoy bird to him. Wanted to see him in the cage; and they let him see Hallam, and——"

"Ah, I heard that Hallam told the constable Crellock was worse than he, and they took him too. Yes, I heard that. Hallo! here comes Hallam's maid—doctor's owd lass, Thisbe. Let's get a word wi' her."

Gemp shuffled out of the tailor's shop, and made for Thisbe, who was coming down the street, with her head up and her nose in the air.

"Mornin', good mornin'," he said, with one of his most amiable grins.

"I didn't say it wasn't," said Thisbe sharply; and she went straight on to Miss Heathery's, knocked sharply, and waited, gazing defiantly about the place the while.

"Well, she's a stinger, she is!" muttered Gemp, standing scraping away at his face with his forefinger. "Do her good to be married, and hev some one with the rule over her. Humph! she's gone. Now what does she want there?"

The answer was very simple, though it was full of mystery to Gemp. Thisbe wanted her mistress and the child, who had gone to Miss Heathery's after dark, Millicent's soul revolting against the idea of staying at the old home now that it was in the possession of Christie Bayle, her husband's bitterest foe.

The gossips were quite correct. Hallam had been examined thrice before the county magistrates, and enough had been traced to prove that for a long time he had been speculating largely, losing, and making up his losses by pledging, at one particular bank, the valuable securities with which Dixons' strong-room was charged. When one of these was wanted he pledged another and redeemed it, while altogether the losses were so heavy that, had not the old bank proprietors been very wealthy men, Dixons' must have gone.

"Now, where's she agoing, neighbour?" said Gemp, scraping away at his stubbly face. "I don't feel up to it like I did, but I shall have to see."

Gorringe peered through his glasses and the window at the figure in black that had just left Miss Heathery's, leaning on Thisbe's arm for a few moments, and then, as if by an effort, drawing herself up and walking alone.

The day was lovely, the sky of the deepest blue; the sun seemed to be brightening every corner of the whole town, and making the flowers blink and brighten, and the sparrows that haunted the eaves to be in a state of the greatest excitement. King's Castor had never looked more quaintly picturesque and homelike, more the beau-ideal of an old English country town, from the coaching inn with the yellow postchaise outside, and the blue-jacketed post-boy with his unnecessarily knotted whip, down to the vegetable stall at the corner of the market, where old Mrs. Dims sat on an ancient rush-bottomed chair, with her feet in a brown earthenware bread-pancheon to keep them dry.

Mrs. Pinet's flower-pots were so red that they seemed like the blossoms of her plants growing unnaturally beneath the leaves, and her window, and every one else's panes, shone and glittered with the true country brilliancy in the morning sun. Even the grass looked green growing between the cobble stones—those pebbles that gave the town the aspect that, being essentially agricultural, the inhabitants had decided, out of compliment to their farm neighbours, to pave it with sheep's kidneys.

But there was one blot upon it—one ugly scar, where the yellow deal boards had been newly nailed up, and the walls and window-frames were blackened with smoke; and it was when passing these ruins of her home that Millicent Hallam first shuddered, and then drew herself up to walk firmly by.

"Ah!" said Gorringe, making his shears click, "you wouldn't feel happy if you didn't know what was going on, would you, neighbour?"

"Eh? Know? Of course not. If it hadn't been for me looking after the bank where would you have all been, eh?"

Gemp spoke savagely, and pointed at the tailor as if he were going to bore a hole in his chest.

"Well, p'raps you did some good there, Master Gemp; but if you'd take my advice you'd go home, and keep yoursen quiet. I wouldn't get excited about nothing if I was you."

"Humph! No; you wouldn't, Master Gorringe; but some folk is different to others," said Gemp, talking away from the doorway, with his head outside, as he peered down

the street. "Hey! look at 'em now!—the curiosity of these women folk! Here's owd Mother Pinet with her neck stretched out 'er window, and Barton at the shop, and Cross at the Chequers, and Dawson the carrier, all got their heads out, staring after that woman. Now where's she going, I wonder?"

Old Gemp stumped back into the shop, shaving away at his cheek.

"She can't be going over to Lindum to see Hallam, because she went yesterday."

The tailor's shears clicked as a corner was taken out of a piece of cloth.

"She ain't going up to the doctor's, because he drove by half an hour ago with the owd lady."

Another click.

"Can't be going for a walk. Wouldn't go for a walk at a time like this. I've often wondered why folk do go for walks, Master Gorringe. I never did."

Click!

"Nay, Master Gemp, you could always find enough to see and do in the town, eh?"

"Plenty! plenty, man, plenty!—I've got it!"

"Eh?"

"She's going—Hallam's wife, yonder—to see owd Sir Gordon, and beg Hallam off; and, look here, I wean't hev it!"

Gemp banged his stick down upon the counter in a way that made the cloth spread thereon rise in waves, and became very broad of speech here, though it was a matter of pride amongst the Castor people that they spoke the purest English in the county, and were not broad of utterance, like the people on the wolds, and "down in the ma'sh."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A PAINFUL MEETING.

WHETHER Gemp would have it or no, Millicent Hallam was on her way to Sir Gordon's quiet old-fashioned house on the North Road—a house that was a bit of a mystery to the Castor children, whose young brains were full of conjecture as to what could be inside a place whose windows were blanks, and with nothing but a door to the road, and a high wall right and left to complete the blankness of the frontage.

It ought to have been called the backage; for Sir Gordon Bourne's house was very pleasant on the other side, with a compact garden and flowers blooming to brighten it—a garden in which he never walked.

Millicent Hallam pulled at the swinging handle of the bell at Sir Gordon's door with the determination of one who has called to demand a right.

The door was opened by a quiet-looking, middle-aged man in drab livery, whose brown hair and cocoa-nut fibry whiskers, joined to a swinging easy gait, suggested that he would not have been out of place on the deck of a vessel, an idea strengthened by an appearance on one side of his face, as if he were putting his tongue in his cheek.

He drew back respectfully before Millicent could say, "Is Sir Gordon at home?" allowed her to pass, and then as Thisbe followed her mistress, he gave her a very solemn wink, but without the vestige of a smile.

Thisbe gave her shawl a violent snatch, as if it were armour that she was drawing over a weak spot; but Tom Porter, Sir Gordon's factotum, did not see it, for he was closing the door and thinking about how to hide the fact that his hands were marked with rouge with which he had been polishing the plate when the bell rang.

He led the way across the hall, which was so full of curiosities from all parts of the globe that it resembled a museum, and, opening a door at the end, ushered Millicent into Sir Gordon's library, a neatly kept little room with a good deal of the air of a captain's cabin in its furnishing; telescopes, compasses, and charts hung here and there, in company with books of a maritime character, while one side of the place was taken up by a large glass case containing a model of "The *Sea Dream* schooner yacht, the property of Gordon Bourne." So said an inscription at the foot, engraved upon a brass plate.

Millicent remained standing with her veil down, while Tom Porter retired, closed the door, and after giving notice of the arrival, went back into the hall, where Thisbe was standing in a very stern, uncompromising fashion.

Sir Gordon's man wanted to arrange his white cravat, but his fingers were red, and for the same reason he was debarred from pushing the Brutus on his head a little higher, so that unable to rearrange his plumage, he had to let it go.

He walked straight up to Thisbe, stared very hard at her, breathing to match, and then there was a low deep growl heard which bore some resemblance to "How are you?"

Thisbe was "Nicely, thank you," but she did not say it nicely; it was snappish and short.

Mr. Tom Porter did not seem to object to snappish shortness, for he growled forth—

"Come below!" and added, "my pantry!"

"No, thank you," was Thisbe's reply, full of asperity.

"Won't you take anything—biscuit?"

"No, I—thank—you," replied Thisbe, dividing her words very carefully; and Tom Porter stood with his legs wide apart and stared.

"I would ha' been at sea, if it hadn't ha' been for the trouble yonder," he said, after a pause.

"Ho!"

Tom Porter raised his hand to scratch his head, but remembered in time, and turned it under his drab coat tail.

"Very sorry," he said at last, without moving a muscle.

"Thank you," said Thisbe sharply and then, "You needn't wait."

"Needn't wait it is," said Tom Porter in a gruff growl, and giving one hand a sort of throw up towards his forehead, and one leg a kick out behind, he went off through a door, perfectly unconscious of the fact that Thisbe's countenance had unconsciously softened, as she stood admiring the breadth of Tom Porter's shoulders and the general solidity of his build.

Meanwhile Millicent stood waiting until a well-known cough announced the coming of Sir Gordon, who entered the room and with grave courtesy placed a chair for his visitor.

"I expected you, Mrs. Hallam," he said with a voice full of sympathy; and, as he spoke, he remained standing.

Millicent raised her veil, looked at him with her handsome face contracted by mental pain, and with an angry, almost fierce glow in her eyes.

"You expected me?" she said, repeating his words with no particular emphasis or intonation.

"Yes; I thought you would come to an old friend for help and counsel at a time like this."

A passionate outburst was ready to rush forth, but Millicent restrained it, and said coldly—

"My old friend, my father's old friend."

"Yes," he replied; "I hope a very sincere old friend."

"Then why is my poor injured husband in prison?"

There was a fierce emphasis in the words that made Sir Gordon raise his brows. He looked at her wonderingly, as if he had not expected his visitor to take this line of argument.

Then he pointed again to a chair.

"Will you not take a seat, Mrs. Hallam?"

he said gently. "You have come to me then for help?"

"No," she cried, ignoring his request. "I have come for justice to my poor husband, who for the faults of others, by the scheming of his enemies, is now lying in prison awaiting his trial."

Sir Gordon leaned his elbow on the chimney-piece, and with his finger nails tapped the top of the black marble clock that ticked so steadily there.

"You went over to Lindum yesterday to see Hallam?"

"I did."

"He requested you to come and see me?"

"Yes; it was his wish, or——"

"You would not have come," he said with a sad smile upon his lips.

"No. I would have stood in the place where the injustice of men had placed me, and trusted to my own integrity and innocence for my acquittal."

Sir Gordon drew a long breath like a sigh of relief. He had been watching Millicent closely, as if he were suspicious either that she was playing a part, or had been biassed by her husband. But the true loving trust and belief of the woman shone out in her countenance and rang in her words. True woman—true wife! Let the world say what it would, her place was by her husband, and in his defence she was ready to lay down her life.

Sir Gordon sighed then with relief, for even now his old love for Millicent burned brightly. She had been his idol of womanly perfection, and he had felt, as it were, a contraction about his heart as the suspicion crept in for a moment that she was altered for the worse—changed by becoming the wife of Robert Hallam.

"Mrs. Hallam—Millicent, my child, what am I to say to you?" he said at length. "How am I to speak without wounding you? I would not give you pain to add to that which you already suffer."

She looked at him angrily. His words seemed to her, in her overstrained anxiety, hypocritical and evasive.

"I asked you why my husband is cast into prison for the crimes of others?"

Sir Gordon gazed at her pityingly.

"You do not answer," she said. "Then tell me this: Are you satisfied with the degradation he has already suffered? Is he now to be set free?"

"Can you not spare me, Mrs. Hallam?" he said. "Will you not spare yourself?"

"No. I cannot spare you. I cannot

spare myself. My husband is helpless; the fight against his enemies must be carried on by me."

"His enemies, Mrs. Hallam? Who are they? Himself and his companions."

"You—that despicable creature who has professed to be our friend, the companion of my child. I saw you planning it together—your wretched menial, Thickens."

Sir Gordon shook his head sadly.

"My dear Mrs. Hallam," he said, "you do us all an injustice. Let us change this conversation. Believe me, I want to help you, your child, and your ruined parents."

Millicent started at the last words—ruined parents. There her ideas were obscured and wanting in the clearness with which she believed she saw the truth. But even the explanation of this seemed to come at last, and there was a scornful look in her eyes as she exclaimed—

"I want no help. I want justice."

"Then what do you ask of me?" he said coldly, as he felt the impossibility of argument at such a time.

"My husband's freedom, your apology, and declaration to the whole world that he has been falsely charged. You can do no more. It is impossible to wipe out this disgrace."

He made a couple of steps towards her, and took her cold hands in his, raised them to his lips with tender reverence, and kissed them.

"Millicent, my child," he said, with his voice sounding very deep and soft, "do not blame me. My position was forced upon me, and you do not know the sacrifice it has cost me as I thought of you—the sacrifice it will be to Mr. Dixon and myself to repair the losses we have sustained."

She snatched her hands from his, and her eyes flashed with anger.

Her rage was but of a few moments' duration. Then she had flung herself upon her knees at his feet and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, sobbed forth—

"I am mad. I am mad. I know not what I say. Sir Gordon, dear Sir Gordon, help us. It is not true. He is innocent. My noble husband could not have descended to such baseness. Sir Gordon, save him! save him!—my poor child's father—my husband whom I love so well. You do not answer. You do not heed my words. Is man so cruel, then, to the unfortunate? Can you so treat the girl who revered you as a child—the woman you said you loved? Man, man!" she cried passionately, "can you

not see that my heart is breaking? and yet you, who by a word could save him, now look on and coldly turn a deaf ear to my prayers. Oh, fool! fool! fool! that I was to think that help could come from man. God, help me now, or else in Thy mercy let me die!"

As she spoke these last words, she threw her head back and raised her clasped hands in passionate appeal, while Sir Gordon's lips moved as he repeated the first portion of her prayer, and then stayed and stood gazing down upon the agonised face.

"Millicent," he said at last, as he raised her from where she knelt, and almost placed her in an easy-chair, where she subsided, weak and helpless almost as a child, "listen to me."

He paused to clear his voice, which sounded very husky. Then continuing—

"For your sake—for the sake of your innocent child, I promise that on the part of Mr. Dixon and myself there shall be no harsh treatment, no persecution. Your husband shall have justice."

"That is all I ask," cried Millicent, starting forward. "Justice, only justice; for he is innocent."

"My poor girl!" said Sir Gordon warmly; "there," he cried, with a pitying smile, "you see I speak to you as if the past six or seven years had not glided away."

"Yes, yes," she said, clinging to his hand, "forget them, and speak as my dear old friend."

"I will," he said firmly. "And believe me, Millicent, if it were a question merely of the money—my money that I have lost—I would forgive your husband."

"Forgive —"

"I would ignore his defalcation for your sake; but I am not a free agent in a case like this. You do not understand."

"No, no," she said piteously, "everything is contained in one thought to me. They have taken my poor husband and treated him as if a thief."

"Listen, my child," continued Sir Gordon, "I found that the valuable documents of scores of the customers of an old bank had been taken away. They were in your husband's charge."

"Yes, but he says it can all be explained."

Sir Gordon paused, tightening his lips, and a few indignant words trembled on the balance, but he spared the suffering woman's bleeding heart, and continued gravely—

"I was bound in honour to consult with my partner at once, and the result you know."

"Yes; he was arrested. You, you, Sir Gordon, gave the order."

"Yes," he said gravely; "had I not, he would have been beaten and trampled to death by the maddened crowd. Millicent Hallam, be just in your anger. I saved his life."

"Better death than dishonour," she cried passionately.

"Amen!" he responded; and in imagination he saw before him the convict's cell, and went on picturing a horror from which he turned shuddering away.

"Come," he said, "be sure of justice, my child. And now what can I do to help you? Money you must want."

"No," she said drearily.

"Well; means to procure good counsel for your husband's defence."

"He said that you must have procured the counsel he already has."

"I! No, my child; no, I did not even think of such a thing. How could I?"

"Who then has paid fees to this man who has been to my husband?"

"I do not know. I cannot say."

Millicent rose heavily, her eyes wandering, her face deadly white.

"I can do no more here," she said, wringing her hands and passing one over the other in a weak, helpless way; and as Sir Gordon watched her, he saw a faint smile come over her pinched features. She was gazing down at her wedding ring, which seemed during the past few weeks to have begun to hang loosely on her finger. She raised it reverently to her lips, and kissed it in a rapt, absent way, gazing round at last as if wondering why she was there.

"Justice! You have promised justice," she cried suddenly, with a mental light irradiating her face. "I know I may trust you."

"You may," he said reverently, for this woman's love seemed to inspire him with awe.

"And you will forgive me—all I have said?" she whispered.

"Forgive you?" he said, taking her hand and speaking gravely. "Millicent Hallam has no truer servant and friend than Gordon Bourne."

"No truer servant and friend than Gordon Bourne," he repeated, as he returned to his room, after seeing the suffering wife to the door. "Ah! how Heaven's gifts are cast away here and there. What would my life have been if blessed by the love of this man's wife?"

CHAPTER XIX.—THE VERDICT.

"How is she now, dear Mrs. Luttrell—how is she now?"

Miss Heathery looked up from out of the handkerchief in which her face was being constantly buried, and it would have been hard to say which was the redder, eyes or nose.

Poor Mrs. Luttrell, who had come trembling down from the bedroom, caught at her friend's arm, and seemed to stay herself by it, as she said piteously—

"I can't bear it, my dear; I can't bear it. I was obliged to come down for a few minutes."

"My poor dear," whispered little Miss Heathery, who, excluded from the bedroom, passed her time in hot water that she shed, and that she used to make the universal panacea for woe—a cup of tea—one she administered to all in turn.

"You seem so overcome, you poor dear," she whispered; and, helping Mrs. Luttrell to the couch, she poured out a cup of tea for her with kindest intent, but the trembling mother waved it aside.

"She begged me so, my dear, I was obliged to come out of the room. The doctor says it would be madness; and it is all Thisbe and he can do to keep her lying down. What am I to say to you for giving you all this trouble?"

The tears were running fast down Miss Heathery's yellow cheeks, as she took Mrs. Luttrell's grey head to her bony breast.

"Don't! don't! don't!" she sobbed. "What have I ever done that you should only think me a fine-weather friend? If I could only tell you how glad I am to be able to help dear Millicent, but I can't."

"Heaven bless you!" whispered Mrs. Luttrell, clinging to her—glad to cling to some one in her distress; "you have been a good friend indeed!"

Just then the stairs creaked slightly, and Thisbe, looking very hard and grim, came into the room.

"How is she, Thisbe?" cried Miss Heathery in a quick whisper.

Thisbe shook her head.

"Seems to be dozing a little now, miss; but she keeps asking for the news."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" sobbed Miss Heathery, with more tears running slowly down her face, to such an extent that if there had been any one to notice, he or she would have wondered where they all came from, and have then set it down to the tea.

"Sit down, Thisbe," sighed Mrs. Luttrell, "you must be worn out."

"Poor soul! yes," said Miss Heathery, and pouring out a fresh cup, she took it to where Thisbe—who had not been to bed for a week, watching, as she had been, by Millicent's couch—was sitting on the edge of a chair.

"There, drink that, Thisbe," said Miss Heathery. "You're a good, good soul!"

As she bent forward and kissed the hard-looking woman's face, Thisbe stared half wonderingly at her, and took the cup. Then her hard face began to work, she tried to sip a little tea, choked, set down the cup, and hurried sobbing from the room.

For Millicent Hallam, strong in her determination to help her husband, had had to lean on Thisbe's arm as they returned from Sir Gordon's house that day. When she reached Miss Heathery's house she was compelled to lie down on the couch. An hour later she began to talk wildly, and when her father was hastily summoned she was in a high state of fever.

This, with intervals of delirium and calmness, had gone on ever since, up to the day of Robert Hallam's trial.

On the previous night, as Millicent lay holding her child to her breast, the little thing having been brought at her wish, to bound to the bedside and bury her flushed, half-frightened face in her mother's bosom, a soft tap had come to the door below.

Millicent's hearing, during the intervals of the fever and delirium, was preternaturally keen, and she turned to her mother.

"It is Mr. Bayle!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "I know now. I understand all. It is to-morrow. I want to know. Ask him."

"Ask him what, my darling? But pray be calm. Remember what your father said."

"Yes, yes, I remember; but ask him. No; of course, he must be there. Tell Christie Bayle to come to me directly it is over—and bring my husband. Directly, mind. You will tell him?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," said Mrs. Luttrell, with her face working as she moved towards the door.

"Stop, mother!" cried Millicent. "Hush! lie still, Julie; mamma is not cross with you. Mother, tell Christie Bayle to bring me the news of the trial the moment it is over. I can trust him. He will," she said to herself with a smile, as her mother left the room, and delivered the message to him who was below.

He left soon after, sick at heart, to join Sir Gordon, and together they took their places in the coach, the only words that passed being—

"How is she, Bayle?"

"In the Great Physician's hands," was the reply. "Man's skill is nothing here."

And she of whom they spoke lay listening to the cheery notes of the guard's horn, the trampling of the horses, and the rattle of the wheels, as the coach rolled away, with James Thickens outside, thinking of the horrors of passing the night in a strange bed, in a strange town, and wishing the troubles of this case of Hallam's at an end.

The next morning Millicent Hallam insisted upon rising and dressing, to go over to Lindum and be present at the trial.

All opposition only irritated her, and at last Thisbe was summoned to the room.

"I shall be just outside," whispered the doctor. "It is better than fighting against her."

In less than five minutes he was once more by his child's side, trying to bring her back from the fainting fit in which she had fallen back upon the bed, for she had learned her weakness, and her utter impotence to take such a journey upon an errand like that.

And so the weary day crept on, with the delirium sometimes seizing upon the tottering brain, and then a time of comparative coolness supervening.

Doctor Luttrell looked serious, and told himself that he was in doubt.

"The bad news will kill her," he said to himself, as he went outside to walk up and down Miss Heathery's garden, which was fifteen feet long and twelve feet wide, "but very secluded," as its owner often said.

There, with bare head and wrinkled brow, the doctor walked up and down, stopping, from habit, now and then to pinch off a dead leaf, or give a twist to one of the scarlet runners that had slipped from its string.

The night at last; and the doctor was sitting by the bedside, having sent Mrs. Luttrell down, and then Thisbe, both utterly worn out and unhinged.

Millicent was, as Thisbe had said, dozing; but the fever was high, and Doctor Luttrell shook his grey head.

"Who'd have thought, my poor flower," he said, "that your young life would be blighted like this!"

He could hardly bear his suffering, and, rising from his chair, he stole softly into the back room, where Julia was sleeping calmly, the terrible trouble affecting her young

heart only for the minute, and then passing away.

The old man bent down and kissed the sleeping face, and, as her custom was, Julia's little arms went softly up and clasped the neck of him who pressed her soft cheek, and fell away again, heavy with sleep.

"He will come and tell me the truth."

The words fell clearly on the doctor's ear as he was re-entering the sick-room, but Millicent lay apparently sound asleep in the little whitedimity-hung bed of Miss Heathery's best room, while the soft murmur of voices came from below.

Millicent's words were those of truth, for the moment the trial was over Christie Bayle had rushed out, and sprung into the post-chaise he had had in waiting, and for which changes of horses were harnessed at the three towns they would have to pass through to reach King's Castor, over thirty miles away, and as fast as horses urged by man could go over the rough cross-road that post-chaise was being hurried along.

The night was settling down dark as the first pair of steaming horses were taken out, and a couple of country candles were lit in the battered lamps. Then on and on, up hill slowly, down the far slope at a good gallop, with the chaise dancing and swaying about on its C-springs, and time after time the whole affair nearly being thrown over upon its side.

"It's too dark to go so fast, sir," remonstrated the wheeler post-boy, as Bayle leaned his head out of the window to urge him on.

"Ten shillings a-piece, man. It's for life or death," cried Bayle; and the whips cracked, and the horses plunged into their collars, as the hedges on either side seemed to fly by like a couple of blurred lines.

"I must get up now, father," said Millicent suddenly.

"My child, no; it is impossible. You remember this morning?"

"My dressing-gown," she said in a low, decided voice. "Thisbe will carry me down."

"No, no," said Doctor Luttrell decidedly. "You must obey me, child."

"Dear father," she whispered, "if I lie here in the agony of suspense I shall die. I must go down."

"But why, my child?"

"Why?" she said. "Do you think I could bear any one else to hear his news but me?"

It was in vain to object, and in the belief that he was doing more wisely by giving way, Doctor Luttrell summoned Thisbe, and with Mrs. Luttrell's help, the suffering woman was partially dressed and borne down to the sitting-room. She bore the change wonderfully, and lay there very still and patient waiting for the next two hours. The fever had greatly abated, and she lay listening, her eyes half closed, as if in the full confidence that the news for which she lingered would not be long.

Thisbe and Miss Heathery had stolen out into the kitchen to sit and talk in whispers as, one by one, the last sounds in the town died out. The shutters here and there had long been rattled up. The letter-carriers from the villages round had all come in, and only a footfall now and then broke the silence of the little town.

Ten o'clock had struck, and the doctor and Mrs. Luttrell exchanged glances, the former encouraging his wife with a nod, for Millicent seemed to be asleep. A quarter-past ten was chimed by the rickety clock in the old stone tower, and the only place now where there was any sign of business was up at the George, where lamps burned inside and out, and the ostlers brought out two pairs of well-clothed horses ready for the coach that would soon be through. By-and-by there was the rattle of wheels, and the cheery notes of a horn, but they did not wake Millicent, who still seemed to sleep, while there was a little noise of trampling horses, the banging of coach doors, a few shouts, a cheery "All right!" and then the horses went off at a trot, the wheels rattled, and the lamps of the mail shone through the drawn-down blind. Then the sounds died away: all was still, and the clock chimed half-past. As the last tones throbbed and hummed in the still night air, Millicent suddenly stirred, sat up quickly, and pressed back her hair from her face.

"Help me! The chair!" she said hoarsely.

"Yes," said the doctor in answer to Mrs. Luttrell's look; and with very little aid Millicent left the couch, gathered her dressing-gown round her, and sat back listening.

"He will soon be here," she said softly, and she bowed her head upon her breast.

She was right, for the horses were tearing over the ground in the last mile of the last stage, with Christie Bayle almost as breathless, as he sat back pale with excitement, and trembling for the news he had to impart. At the end of the trial and in his

desire to keep his word, all had seemed strange and confused. He could feel nothing but that he had to get back to King's Castor and tell her all. It was her command. But now that he was rapidly nearing home, the horror of his position began to weigh him down, and he felt ready to shrink from his duty, but all the time there was a sensation as if something was urging him on and on, fast as the horses seemed to fly.

The miles had seemed leagues before. This last seemed not a quarter its length; for there was the Mill, there Thickens's cottage, there the great draper's, the market-place, the George, before which the horses were checked covered with foam.

With the feeling still upon him that he could not bear this news, and that it should have been brought by Sir Gordon, who had refused to come, he ran across to Miss Heathery's house, and when he reached the door, it was opened. He stepped in and it was closed by Mrs. Luttrell, who was trembling like a leaf.

"Come here! quick!"

Bayle knew and yet did not recognise the voice, it was so changed; but, as in a dream, he went past the little candlestick on the passage bracket, and in at the open parlour door, where the light of the shaded globe lamp fell upon Millicent's pale face.

"Father! mother!" she said quickly. "Leave us. I must hear the news alone!"

The doctor's eyes sought Bayle's, but his face was contracted as he stood there, hat and cloak in hand, pale as if from a sick-bed and his eyes closed.

Then he and Millicent were alone, and, as if stung by some agonising mental pang, he said hoarsely:

"No, no! Your father—mother! Let me tell them."

Millicent rose slowly, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You bear me news of my husband," she said, in an unnaturally calm voice. "I know it is the worst!"

He made no reply, but looked at her beseechingly.

"I can bear it now," she said, shivering like one whom pain had ended by numbing against further agony. "I see it is the worst; he is condemned!"

There was a faint smile upon her lips as he caught her hands in his.

"You forced me to this," he said hoarsely, "and you will hate me more for giving you this pain."

"No," she said, speaking in the same un-

naturally calm, strained manner. "No : for I have misjudged you, Christie Bayle. Boy and man, you were always true to me. And—and—he is condemned ?"

His eyes alone spoke, and then she tottered as if she would have fallen, but he caught her and placed her in the chair.

"Yes ; I know—I knew it must be," she said with her eyes half closed. "Every one will know now !"

"Let me call your father in !" he whispered.

"No, not yet. I have something to say," she murmured almost in a whisper. "If—I die—my little child—Christie Bayle ? She—she loves you !"

Millicent Hallam's eyes filled up the gaps

in her feeble speech, and Christie Bayle read her wish as if it had been sounded trumpet-tongued in his ears.

"Yes ; I understand. I will," he said in a voice that was more convincing than if he had spoken on oath.

By that time the news which the post-boys had caught as it ran from lip to lip, before Christie Bayle could force his way through the crowd at Lindum assize court, was flashing as such news can flash through a little inquisitive town like Castor, and, almost at the same moment as Christie Bayle made his promise, old Gemp stumbled into Goringe's shop to point at him and pant out—

"Transportation for life !"

THE TEMPLARS.

By J. A. FROUDE.

FIRST PAPER.

I HAVE chosen, I fear, a somewhat remote subject for these lectures,* and the remoteness is not the only objection. I might have gone farther back, and yet been nearer to our modern interests. I might have given you an account, had I known anything about the matter, of the people who lived in the pile-dwellings in the Swiss lakes ; or the old sea-rovers that piled up the kitchen middens on the shores of the Baltic ; or I might have gone back to the primæval missing link between us and the apes, the creatures who split the bones which we find in Kent's Cavern, and were the contemporaries of the cave bears and the big cats who then lived in these islands. In talking about any of them I should have been on a level with modern curiosity. We are all eager to know more about these ancestors of ours, since Darwin has thrown doubts upon our supernatural origin. At any rate, however, I shall not ask you to go so far back with me by a good many thousand years. The military orders of the Middle Ages, however different from ourselves, are but creatures of yesterday in comparison, and there is an interest even of a scientific kind in observing the strangely varied forms which the human nature of ourselves is capable of assuming ; whatever has come out of man lies somewhere in the character of man. Human nature is said to be always the same ; but it is the same only in the sense that the crab apple and the

endless varieties of garden apples are the same. Analyse the elements and you find them to appearance the same. There is some force in the seed (we cannot tell what) which makes one plant a crab and another a fruit-tree. In the man it is the belief that is in him which makes the difference, the convictions with which he grows up about his origin, his duties, his responsibilities, his powers ; with him, too, there is an original vital force which will make each individual something different from his neighbour. But the generic type is formed by his creed. As his belief, so is his character. According to his views of what life is given him for, he becomes a warrior, a saint, a patriot, a rascal, a sensualist, or a comfortable man of business, who keeps his eye on the main chance, and does not go into dreams. And as you look along the ages you see a tendency in masses of men to drift into one or other of these forms.

Carlyle tells of a conversation at which he was once present in this city more than fifty-six years ago. Some one was talking of the mischief which beliefs had produced in the world. "Yes," Carlyle said, "belief has done much evil ; but it has done all the good." We do not, we cannot, certainly know what we are, or where we are going. But if we believe nobly about ourselves, we have a chance of living nobly. If we believe basely, base we shall certainly become.

In a lecture which I had once the honour of addressing you in this place I spoke

* These papers were originally lectures delivered in Edinburgh before the Philosophical Institution.

of the effect of the Reformation on the Scotch character. I described it as like turning iron into steel. There had been steel enough before among the lairds and barons, but the people had been soft metal; they followed their chiefs, going this way and that way as they were told. After Knox's time they had wills of their own, and we all know what they grew into. The orders about whom I have now to speak grew into a shape at least equally noticeable. Their history is extremely curious. It raises the most intricate questions as to the value of historical evidence. It illustrates both sides of *belief*, the good of it and the evil of it. I speak of orders, but I shall confine myself to *one*—to the order of the Templars. There were three great military orders—the Templars, the Knights Hospitallers, and the Teutonic Knights. Other smaller bodies of the same kind grew up beside them; but it was in the Templars that the idea, if I may call it so, was perfectly realised. To understand them is to understand the whole subject.

Scotch and English people, when they hear of Templars, all think instinctively of Brian de Bois Guilbert. In Sir Brian a Templar stands before us, or seems to stand in flesh and blood, and beside him stands Scott's other Templar, Sir Giles Amaury, the Grand Master, in "The Talisman." No one can doubt that we have here real men, as distinct as genius could produce. The Germans say that when a genuine character has been brought into being, it matters nothing whether such a figure ever existed in space and time. The creative spirit has brought him forth somehow, and he belongs thenceforward to the category of real existences.

Men, doubtless, Sir Brian and Sir Giles both *were*; but Scott, like Homer, sometimes slept. They were *men*, but in one important respect, at least, they were not Templars. Rebecca calls Sir Brian a perjured priest. Sir Giles Amaury hears Conrad's confession before he gives him absolution with his dagger. The Templars were not priests; they were laymen as much as kings and barons. They bound themselves by the three monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They were, as a religious order, subject to the Pope, and soldiers of the Church. Other orders they had none. They had chaplains affiliated, who said mass for them and absolved them. But these chaplains were separate and subordinate. They could hold no rank. Grand masters, preceptors, priors, were always lay. They were a new thing in Christendom, as St. Bernard

said. The business of priests was to pray. The business of knights was to pray, too, but only as all other men prayed. Their work was to fight. Sir Walter was an Episcopalian, but owing, perhaps, to his North British training, he never completely apprehended the great mystery of apostolical succession. To him a monk was a priest. We in this generation, who have learnt the awful nature of the difference, must clear our minds of that error, at any rate.

Now for what the Templars were.

A good many of us have probably been in the Temple Church in London. The Templars were famous for the beauty of their churches, and this particular church, now that the old pews have been cleared out, is almost in the condition in which they left it. In the ante-chapel there lie on the floor the figures of nine warriors, represented, not as dead or asleep, but as reclining as they might have reclined in life, modelled all of them with the highest contemporary art, figures that have only to rise to their feet to stand before us as they actually were when quick and breathing on earth. Three of them are Henry III.'s great Earls, the Earls of Pembroke. The others are unknown knights, not Templars, but Associates of the Temple, and doubtless closely resembling the actual companions of the order. They are extremely noble figures. Pride is in every line of their features, pride in every undulation of their forms; but it is not base, personal pride. There is the spirit in them of the soldier, the spirit of the saint, the spirit of the feudal statesman, and the spirit of the Catholic Church—as if in them were combined the entire genius of the age, the pride of feudalism and the pride of the Church, the pride of a soul disdainful of all personal ease or personal ambition.

That they were placed where they are, and that they were allowed to remain there, is at least some indication that the charges on which the Templars were condemned found no belief in England. The monuments of the Pembrokes would never have been allowed to remain in a scene which had been desecrated by unimaginable infamies. What the charges were, and how the order fell, it will be my business to tell you. I have no cause to defend, or sympathy to tempt me to make out a case one way or the other. The Templars in Europe, if they had been allowed to survive, would have become the Pope's Janissaries, and so far as I have a sympathy it is with the civil power. I believe that it would have been

worse for Europe, and not better, if the Popes had been able to maintain their pretensions. If it had really been made out that there was as much vice in the Templars' houses as there undoubtedly was among the other celibate orders, there would have been nothing in it to surprise me, and it would have interfered with no theory of mine. So now I will go on with the story.

The Templars grew out of the Crusades—that supreme folly of the Middle Ages, as it is the fashion now to call them. For myself I no more call the Crusades folly than I call the eruption of a volcano folly, or the French Revolution folly, or any other bursting up of the lava which lies in nature or in the hearts of mankind. It is the way in which nature is pleased to shape the crust of the earth and to shape human society. Our business with these things is to understand them, not to quarrel with them.

In the eleventh century a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over Christendom. Men had expected that the world would end at the year 1000. When it did not end, and went on as before, instead of growing careless, they grew more devout. The Popes, under the influence of this pious emotion, acquired a universal and practical authority, such as had never before been conceded to them. Religion became the ruling principle of life to an extent which has never perhaps been equalled, save in Protestant countries in the century which succeeded the Reformation. There was then one faith in western Christendom, one Church, and one Pope. The creed, if you please, was alloyed with superstition, but the power of it so long as the superstition was sincere was not less on that account, but was greater. And Christendom became capable of a united action which had not before been possible. In times when religion is alive Christianity is not a history, but a personal experience. Christ himself was supposed to be visibly present on the altar of every church and chapel. His mother, the apostles, and the saints were actively at work round the daily life of every one. The particular part of the earth where the Saviour had been born and had lived, where the mystery of human redemption had been wrought out, where occurred all the incidents of which the Gospel story was full, Nazareth and Capernaum, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, acquired a passionate interest in proportion to the depth of the belief.

People didn't travel in those days for amusement. There was no Mr. Cook to lead them in flocks round the globe, or Murray's Hand-books, or omnibuses making the round

of the Pyramids, but they travelled a great deal for their own purposes; they travelled to scenes of martyrdom and to shrines of saints; they travelled for the good of their souls. We go ourselves to Stratford-on-Avon, or to Ferney, or to Abbotsford; some of us go already to Ecclefechan and Craigenputtock, and the stream in that direction will by-and-by be a large one. Multiply the feeling which sends us to these spots a thousandfold, and you may then conceive the attractions which the Holy Places in Palestine had for Catholic Christians in the eleventh century. Christ was all which gave the world and their own lives in it any real significance. It was not a ridiculous feeling on their part, but a very beautiful one. Some philosopher after reading the *Iliad* is said to have asked, "But what does it prove?" A good many people have asked of what use pilgrimages were. It depends on whether we have got souls or not. If we have none, the *Iliad* is a jumble of nonsense, and the pilgrim's cockle-shell was no better than a fool's cap and bells. But the prevailing opinion for the present is, that we have souls.

From the beginning there had been pilgrimages to the Holy Places. Even after the Moslem had conquered Palestine the caliphs had so far respected Christian piety as to leave the Holy Sepulchre undeseccrated and allow pilgrims to go and come unmolested. But the caliphs' empire was now disturbed by the wild tribes from the north behind the Caspian sea, who had poured down into Syria. New and fiercer bands of Mahometans had possession of Palestine, and just as Europe was under the influence of the most powerful religious emotion, and had become able to combine to give effect to it, the Seljuks, Turcomans, miscellaneous Arabian robbers, became masters of the one spot on earth which was most sacred in the eyes of the western nations, and the pilgrims had no longer access to it.

With a single impulse Christian Europe rose. They rushed blindly at their object, without preparation, without provision, half of them without arms, trusting that as they were on God's service God would provide. Famine, disease, the sword swept them away in multitudes, and multitudes more followed, to die like the rest. The four Crusades altogether are supposed to have cost six million lives, some say ten, but the end was for a time attained. In the last decade of the eleventh century Godfrey of Boulogne fought his way into Palestine with sixty thousand princes, peers, knights, and their own perso-

nal followers. He took Jerusalem. He made a Latin kingdom of it. For eighty-seven years the Holy City was ruled by a Christian sovereign; Palestine was distributed into fiefs, to be held by knights serving under the King of Jerusalem: and Christian Europe believed that it had done its duty. Alas! it had but half done it. The object was to open the Holy Places again to western piety. Jerusalem might be Christian, but the country between Jerusalem and the sea swarmed with bands of roving Bedouins. The pilgrims came loaded with offerings, and fell as a rich prey to robbers at every turn of the road. The crusading knights in their iron coats could meet armies in the field and take towns which could not run away; they could build castles and portion out the districts, and try to rule on the European system; but Europe was not Asia, and they could as little brush away the Saracen banditti as they could brush away so many mosquitoes. So it went on year after year, and Jerusalem was hardly more accessible to pious devotees than it had been before the conquest.

At last, in the very spirit and genius of the age, a small company of young French nobles volunteered their services as a pilgrims' guard. It was a time when all great work was done by volunteers. There was already a hospital volunteer service like our own modern Red Cross. The Crusaders had suffered miserably from wounds and sickness. A company of Hospitallers had been established with its head-quarters at Jerusalem, who grew afterwards into the Knights of St. John.

Exactly on the same principle there was formed a fighting company, who undertook to keep the road between Acre and Jerusalem. The originators of it were two young French knights of noble birth, Hugh de Payens and Godfrey of St. Omer. They found seven others ready to join them, all like themselves of high rank, who had won their spurs in the battle-field. They called themselves poor brothers in Christ. They devoted themselves to Christ's service and His mother's. They took vows in the presence of the Patriarch, vows of the usual kind, to cut themselves off from all worldly interests; the vow of poverty, the vow of chastity, the vow of absolute obedience to the Patriarch, and to the one among them whom they should choose as their head. Thus organized, they took the field as mounted police on the pilgrims' road.

The palace of the Latin kings was on the site of Solomon's Temple. A wing of it was

set apart as a pilgrims' home, and as the home and station of their guards. The knights had their suite of rooms, with appointments for their horses and servants, and it was from this that they took their name as Brothers of the Order of the Temple. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was their chapel. They had a Gothic hall with lances in rack, and suits of armour hanging on the walls, and long swords, and crossbows, and battle-axes—very strange objects in the Temple of Jerusalem, almost as strange as the imaginary Gothic castle in the mountains above Sparta to which Faust and Mephistopheles transported Helen of Troy.

It was here and thus that the Knight-Templars, who were so soon to fill so large a place in the world, began their existence—nine young gentlemen whose sole object in life was to escort pious souls to the scene of Christ's sufferings and resurrection. So much belief was able to do. Their life was spent in fighting. They had a battle-cry by which to know each other—*Beaucant*, as we know from "Ivanhoe;" but what *Beaucant* meant, no one can tell with certainty. It was, I believe, an old cry of the Burgundian peasantry—a sort of link with the old home.

Every prince and baron had his armorial bearings. The Templars had theirs, though again we are astray for a meaning. It was two knights riding on one horse, and has been supposed to indicate their original poverty. But two knights on a single horse would have made but poor work with the light-armed and lightly-mounted Bedouins; and we know, besides, that each knight had two or three horses with servants to wait on him and them. Some think it meant brotherly love; some that it was a badge of humility and simplicity. But this is all guess-work; the Templars were not clerks, and have left no explanatory records behind them; when they perished, they perished entirely, and scarcely any documents of their own survive to gratify our curiosity. Any way, it is clear that, though individually vowed to poverty, they were supplied either by the King or out of their own combined resources with everything which was necessary to make their work effective. The only fault among them was that they were too few for the business which they had undertaken.

But enthusiasm was contagious in those days; these Brothers of the Temple made a noise in Europe; the world talked about them. Popes and bishops sang their praises. Other earnest youths were eager to join. The order was like a seed thrown into a se-

exactly prepared for it. So far there were but nine knights held together by their own wills and their own vows. It was desirable to give them more cohesion and an enduring form. One of the nine was a kinsman of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. At the end of nine years, in 1127, there was to be a great Church Council held at Troyes. Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, sent two of them to Europe to see St. Bernard, to see if possible Pope Honorius, to give an account to the Council of themselves and their doings, and to learn if it would be possible to enlarge their numbers. Evidently King Baldwin felt that if he was to hold Palestine he must have a military force of some kind for constant service. The Crusades were single efforts, exhausting and expensive. The Christian nobles came at their own cost; they fought gallantly, but if they were not killed they wanted to go home in a year or two. The Holy Land could not be held thus. An organized army, with paid troops, and regimental chests, and a commissariat, was out of harmony with the time. If the enthusiasm of Europe was to take a constant form, it could take effect best in a religious military order, to be sustained in perpetuity as a permanent garrison.

St. Bernard received his visitors with open arms. He carried them to the Pope. The Pope gave them his blessing and sent them on to the Council. The Council gave them a Charter, as we may call it, and formed them into an order of regulars; and at once, from all parts of Europe, hundreds of gallant young men came forward to enter it. The Pope had promised heaven to all who would take the Cross against the infidels. Service in person could now be commuted to those who would give lands to support the Knights of the Holy Brotherhood. The kings took up the cause. Hugh de Payens came back in person; he was received in Paris; he was received in London by our first Henry. Rich manors were settled on the order in France, in England, in Spain, and in Germany. Priors were founded on each estate, to be as depôts to a regiment, where novices could be received and learn their duties, and from which they could be passed on to the Holy Land as their services were required. The huge torrent of crusading enthusiasm was, as it were, confined between banks and made to run in an even channel.

A regular order required a rule, and St. Bernard drew up a rule for the Knights of the Temple. There was now, he said, to be a war, the like of which had never been seen

before; a double war against the whole powers of the devil in the field of battle and in the heart of man. The rule of the Templars had, of course, to be something different from the rules of the Benedictines and Cistercians. They were not humble men of peace, meek recluses whose time was divided between cloister and garden, whose chief duty was to sing masses for the souls of erring mankind. They were soldiers to whom peace was never known, who were to be for ever in the field on desperate and dangerous errands. They were men of fiery temper, hot of blood, and hard of hand, whose sinew had to be maintained in as much efficiency as their spirits. They were all nobly born, too; younger sons of dukes, and counts, and barons. Very curious to look at, for we can see in them what noble blood meant at the time when the aristocracy rose to the command of Europe.

If you please, therefore, we will look at this rule of theirs. It has not come down to us precisely as St. Bernard drew it up. It received additions and alterations as the order enlarged. In essentials, however, the regulations remained unchanged as they had been at the beginning. St. Bernard was a Cistercian. He followed as far as he could his own pattern. The Templars were to be purely self-governed. The head was called the Grand Master. They chose him themselves, and he was to reside always at the post of danger, in Palestine. Under him were Preceptors—four or five in each of the great nations of Europe. Under them were Priors, the superiors of the different convents of the order. All these officers were knights, and all laymen. The knights, as I said, took the three monastic vows. They abjured all personal property; they swore to remain pure; they swore to obey the orders of their superiors without question, without hesitation, as if it came from God. We need not think this servile. Even in our own days of liberty such obedience is no more than is required of every officer and private in a modern army. Except in battle, their dress was a white cloak, on which a red cross was afterwards embroidered; white signifying chastity. Unless a knight remained chaste he could not see God. He had no lady-love in whose honour he could break a lance in the tournament. He had not even an imaginary Dulcinea, like Don Quixote, or a Gloriana, like the Paladins of King Arthur's court. The only woman to whom he might devote himself was the Queen of Heaven. They were allowed no ornaments; hair and dress were to be kept

plain and simple. Abundant food was provided for them, meat and wine and bread and vegetables. And there is a very curious provision that they were to eat two and two at the same board, that one might keep watch over the other, and see that he ate his dinner properly, and did not fast. To fast it seems was a temptation, to eat and drink a penance.

Besides the general servants of the house each knight had a special attendant of his own. The knight was forbidden to speak sharply to him, and specially forbidden to strike him.

Religious duties were strictly prescribed, but were modified by good sense. The knights, as a rule, were to attend the regular chapel services; but if they had been out on duty at night they were let off matins, and might say their prayers in bed. If they had done anything wrong or foolish they were to confess to the Grand Master or head of the house; if it was a breach of discipline the head of the house set them a penance; if it was a sin they were sent to a priest, who at first was a secular outside the order. They had little leisure; their chief occupation was war. When not in the field they had their arms and horses to look after, which they were allowed to buy themselves, charging the account to the house.

Except by leave of the superior they were to hold no correspondence with any one in the outer world, not even with mothers, sisters, or brothers. No brother of the order might walk about alone, or, when in a town, go into the streets, unless with leave asked and given. Fighting men had hot blood, and hot blood required to be restrained. Even an angry word spoken by one to another was instantly punished, and so was all light talk, especially when it turned on the other sex. If a brother of the Temple wanted to converse it must be on serious or, at least, rational subjects. The most innocent amusements were considered trifling, and were not to be encouraged. A Templar was not to hunt or hawk or shoot, still less to play idle games. One exception only was made: it is a very noticeable one, which, by-the-by, had not escaped Sir Walter. In Syria and Palestine there were still wild beasts, as there had been in David's time. St. Bernard could not permit his Templars to hunt deer or net partridges; he did, however, by special statute, allow them to hunt lions. And, mind, those were not days of repeating rifles and explosive bullets: it was man and lion face to face, with spear and knife against teeth and claws. The lion no doubt in St.

Bernard's mind was a type of the adversary; to hunt the lion was to hunt Satan. None the less, just as he had taken care that they should eat and drink enough, and not emaciate themselves like intending saints, so he would have them men at all points, and give them sport too, so long as it was dangerous, and needed courage.

We have travelled far since those days. The taste for sport still survives among us, and along with it at bottom there is, I dare say, in our young aristocrats as firm a temper and as high a spirit as in those young pupils of the Abbot of Clairvaux, were there any modern abbots who could give their lives a meaning and a purpose suited to our own times. I heard the other day of a very fine young fellow, who in the twelfth century might have been spearing lions and escorting pilgrims among the Templars, performing the extraordinary exploit of shooting fifty brace of grouse in twenty-five minutes on some moor in Yorkshire; and the feat was considered so memorable that a granite column was erected on the spot to commemorate it. Some modern St. Bernard seems to me to be desperately needed.

I will mention one more point in the rule of the Templars. It was customary in those days when men of rank were taken in battle to hold them to ransom, the price of redemption being measured by their wealth. The Templars had no personal wealth; and the wealth of the order was to be spent in God's service, not in man's. If a Templar was taken by the Saracens no ransom was to be paid for him; he was to be left to his fate. His fate invariably was to be offered the alternative of the Koran or the sword; and there is scarcely a recorded instance in which a Templar saved his life by abandoning his faith.

I have said enough about these rules to show what sort of people the Templars were at the time when they began their career as a regular order. Their numbers increased with extraordinary rapidity. A special branch was established in Arragon, where they could fight the Moors without leaving Europe. Hugh de Payens took three hundred knights back with him to Palestine, and if they wanted fighting he gave them enough of it. In every battle the Templars were in the front. Five years after nearly every one of the three hundred had been killed. Popes and bishops glorified them as martyrs, and the ranks filled faster than death could empty them. They were the passion and the admiration of the whole Christian world.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER WITH THE WATER-HENS.

By "SHIRLEY."

HAVE you ever known what it is to be unfit for work? There are times in most of our lives when the entire machinery seems to get out of gear, and we run down like a timepiece when the main-spring has snapped. A little investigation generally discovers what is wrong with the clock; but mental mischief is not so easily diagnosed. You had been in full vigour of mind and body, your History or your Poem had keenly interested you and was making rapid progress, when, without any visible cause, without warning or premonition, the intellectual excitement flagged, and you turned from your favourite dish, from your chosen task, with disrelish. There are seasons when this mental failure is terribly disheartening. I do not know if you have been lucky enough to become the possessor of a privately-printed version, by Sir Theodore Martin, of the tragedy of a Bavarian dramatist—*The Gladiator of Ravenna*, by Frederick Halm. Sir Theodore is an admirable translator; his felicity and facility are alike wonderful; whether it be Horace, or Catullus, or Dante, or Heine, that he has in hand, matters not at all; the spirit of the writer is caught and transmitted with entire fidelity. Many of the immortal trifles of Heine or Catullus are of course untranslatable; one might as well try to translate the flight of a swallow, or the rhythm of the waves, or the scent of a violet; the one is as simple and elemental and unique as the other. But *The Gladiator of Ravenna* is a work which readily lends itself to the skilful and delicate handling of the practised artist, and can be reproduced in another dialect without appreciable injury. What may be called the *finesse* of a great master is intangible and incommunicable; but in *The Gladiator of Ravenna* there is little of this *finesse*; on the contrary, a bold and intrinsically tragic situation has been realised with vigorous decision, and the claim that it makes upon "our pity and our hate" cannot fail, in any language, to be effective.* A German mother,

* One sometimes regrets that Sir Theodore Martin has not done more in the way of original composition. His translation of the second part of *Pope's* which has just been published is as good as any English rendering of such an untranslatable piece can be; but the original lines which he has prefixed to it (the dedication to Mr. Froude) are exceptionally graceful and happy:—

"You too can measure well how great
His perils are who would translate
The thoughts on aptest language strung,
And wed them to another tongue.

inspired by patriotism and a heroic purpose, finds that her degraded son is incapable of understanding the duty which he owes to his people and to himself—finds, in fact, that there is nothing in the mean and degenerate soul of the Roman gladiator that can respond to her appeal. His apathetic nature is untouched by the call of honour and kinship; her burning words convey no meaning to his dull understanding; he gazes blankly at her while she passionately strives to raise him to her own level. He has fallen—fallen unretrievably,—and she realises at last with exquisite anguish that the mischief cannot be repaired. This contest between the higher and lower natures is keenly tragic, and it is a contest that in one form or other, individually or socially, is always going on in the world. The "war in our members," on its ethical side, has been copiously illustrated by moralists and evangelists, but the failure of the intellectual faculty (which is perhaps even more tragic because even more inevitable—sooner or later) has been comparatively little noticed. The childishness of intellect in its decay—the closing years of a Walter Scott or a Swift—is a fact, an unquestionable fact, of human life, from which we avert our eyes. What does it mean? What issues does it involve?

It is probably through its more or less direct connection with the complete mental collapse of old age or disease, that the intellectual weariness which occasionally overtakes us is so painful and disquieting. The design of the work which we had proposed to accomplish is still vividly outlined upon the mental retina; but the executive force is paralysed; the hand is arrested, the heart fails. The simplest effort of volition becomes impossible. We turn with uncontrollable aversion from whatever reminds us of that which was yesterday a source of fresh and stimulating enjoyment. Our authorities, our books of reference, are ignominiously banished. Merely to dip the pen into the ink is a labour of Hercules. And yet, all the time, the vision of an uncompleted argument, of a thread of logic all tangled, of a jumble of conflicting dates and

But you, like all true Masters, will
Look gently on my lack of skill,
And with a large allowance take
My effort for our friendship's sake."

An epistle or fable after the manner of Pope or Prior would be admirable in this style.



figures, haunts us like a fiend, lies upon us like a nightmare.

In an age when the strain upon the mind is becoming daily more tense, such seasons of periodical collapse are, it is to be feared, unknown to few of us,—to few of us at least who are forced (the good old phrase has been sadly abused) *to live on our wits*. “I too have been in Arcadia;” only it is not Arcadia, but a very different place, that will figure in the confidential confessions of our penny or guinea a liners. To minister to a mind diseased, raze out the written troubles of the brain, and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that lies upon the heart, is a service which the most skilful dealer in herbs and simples cannot always render. To have known Dr. John Brown and one or two more

I could name was a liberal education of the best kind; but as a rule I don’t much believe in the Faculty. Nature’s physic is better than the pills and potions we buy of the druggist, and her art of healing is based upon broad general principles which were at work before Hippocrates or Sir William Jenner was born. “Rest, patience, abstinence,” is an invaluable prescription. But something more is needed—something that will prevent the mind from becoming absolutely stagnant; for mental torpor is just as mischievous as mental fever. “When you are laid on your back,” a wise and kind friend said to me the other day, “cultivate an acquaintance with the coots. Spend your summer with the water-hens. And if a stray dipper should sometimes drop down your burn, don’t let them drive him away. A kingfisher, I fear,

would be almost too exciting; but a water-ousel or even a water-wagtail won't interrupt the progress of the cure. Ere the corn is ripe for the sickle, you will be going about again, and then you may resume your pen, and give us a monograph on *Gallinula chloropus*." Unless one happens to be an incomparable artist—a Montaigne or a Ruskin—one mustn't be garrulous or confidential in an open letter addressed to the public; but I may be permitted to add that the prescription was attended with the best results. In fact the "cure" has been as complete as it could have been at Gastein or Marienbad; and the golden shower that would have descended upon the Hebes and Danaëes of a German bath—(don't let me be misunderstood, —'tis only the Swinburnean method of indicating the boots and the waiter)—continues to repose in the vaults of one of those invaluable institutions, to which, and not to Robert Bruce or John Knox or Walter Scott, the prosperity of Scotland is attributed.

Apart, however, from his medicinal value, *Gallinula chloropus* is a most deserving and agreeable fowl. The green hollow where we have pitched our tent is, as Mr. Courthope would say, "The Paradise of Birds." Our wood indeed is hardly so thick and tangled as that which enclosed the Sleeping Beauty; but, within the charmed circle, all these shy, sensitive, bright-eyed, flighty creatures feel that they are safe. Safe at least from the "auld enemy;" but whittets and water-rats, and hooded crows, and tabbies, in whom the feline instinct is quite too keen for tranquil domesticity, cannot be excluded from a merely earthly Paradise. (One might as well try to exclude original sin from a theological treatise.) These however are the inviolable incidents of bird-life—mysteries which may be explained hereafter, but which, in the meantime, the mild-eyed Mavis and the philosophical Robin are prepared to accept as inevitable. We don't worry ourselves because we live in a world where there are hurricanes and thunder-storms and water-spouts and Radicals and railway accidents; and habit is as strong with birds as with men.

My own particular pair of water-hens are, as you may believe, excellent company. The more we see of "our poor relations," the better we like them,—the intrinsic and inherent superiority of the unfeathered biped becoming, as time passes, more and more problematical. Wherein consists the coveted pre-eminence? We live together in families—

so do the water-hens. We feed and educate our offspring—so do the water-hens. We vegetate in winter and migrate in summer for change of air—so do the water-hens. It is tolerably clear that the social and domestic economy of the coot* is not inferior to our own. Then they have as sharp an ear, as quick an eye, as a Red Indian; and it may be said of them as of the swallow, that "where they most breed and haunt, I have observed the air is delicate." They are shy and sensitive, and reticent when it is judicious to be so; but, in defence of their little ones, they are as brave as the bravest warriors, and will attack a hawk or a rat without counting the cost. They have, it is true (so far as we know), no parliamentary debates or ecclesiastical controversies, or late dinners—no telegraph, no telephone; but then, odd as it appears to us, they don't seem to miss them, or to feel that life without the evening paper, and a pretty matrimonial scandal in the Divorce Court, is vapid and colourless. In so far, therefore, as the chief ends of rational existence are involved, I really fear that our claim for precedence must be dismissed. To obey the laws of health; to rise at daybreak and go to bed with the sun; never to overeat or overdrink or oversleep themselves; but to lead in all respects a sober, vigilant, righteous, and cleanly life to the best of their ability—which of us can say as much? A water-hen two days old is incomparably cleverer than a year-old infant; before they are a month out of the shell they can wash and dress themselves; and at an age when the human baby is absolutely helpless, these water-babies are keenly alive to the stratagems of fraudulent magpies and felonious rats,—have begun in short to adapt themselves with marvellous readiness to the world in which they find themselves.

Our water-hens (the male, I suppose, strictly speaking, should be the water-cock) began their housekeeping in April. We had some lovely days during the month, and they took advantage of the fine weather. Their architectural education has been rather neglected; they have little of that delicate sense of colour and proportion which the wren and the linnet manifest; but they know exactly what they want, and they work with a will. If they are inclined to be somewhat more fussy and excited over their work than is absolutely necessary, it is the way of the world; and in the spring-time the flood of new life in the veins needs to be worked off

* Strictly speaking the coot and the water-hen are different birds; but the names are sometimes interchanged.

somehow; and this is as good a way as any. The nest is built under the great Portugal laurel across the burn (where the ferns have been splendid this year), and you may see the cock any morning tugging frantically at the tough leaves of the iris, or racing up and down the bank with great bits of stick trailing behind him. Their round tower (it is round as an O) rises rapidly until it is a foot or two from the ground; then on the summit they spread a soft bed of moss and fern-leaves, where the spotted eggs are laid. The birds at this season come up to the window for their accustomed crumbs with a pre-occupied air,—they say as plainly as possible,—"We are so furiously busy that we have really no time to eat." The cock condescends to aid the hen in the process of incubation, and is (he it said in passing) a model husband and father from the first. One or other is never long absent; but when both are away the eggs are deftly hidden. The nest, though visible enough, is not calculated to excite the curiosity of the passing tramp; its very roughness is in its favour; any *spate* might have deposited that tangled mass of rotten twig and withered sedge. During the last day or two before the great event comes off the birds are rarely visible, and for a day or two afterwards the cock only appears for the matutinal crust, which he carries along with him, soaking it in the water as he crosses, so that it may be soft and pulpy for the tender young bills of the little chicks who have not yet quitted their cradle. These seven or eight hairy little balls are eager, however, to try the water, and one by one they scramble out of the nest, to which they never return. There are few prettier sights in this bad world than these tiny creatures gathered round their mother, when, having plucked a mouthful of the water-weed which they love, she holds it aloft over the eager little heads. How daintily they peck the dainty morsel from her bill! When quite young the water-hen has a thoroughly aristocratic air, a Lady Clara Vere de Vere tone of high breeding and delicate up-bringing: most young creatures have indeed; the glories of the descent from aboriginal royalties not being as yet obscured by plebeian surroundings and vulgar cares. The old bird herself quivers with excitement; she jerks her head, she flirts her tail; it is a St. Vitus' dance, in which the movement, though characteristically abrupt and nervous, is not ungraceful. During this time the cock is constantly on the watch; for an ugly lot of vermin are about—hawks, hooded-crows, weasels, magpies,—and the

little mites are juicy mouthfuls. One day we saw him engage a great grey-brown rat; he went at him in a fury of passion, and routed him ignominiously. A bird, in a panic of parental anxiety, becomes a formidable antagonist; the flapping pinions, the strong beak and claws, do wonderful execution. But unhappily his unwearied vigilance is rewarded with only moderate success. Night by night the covey grows smaller; we hear through the open window in the summer darkness an occasional chirp of fright from the other side of the burn—a weak, ineffectual appeal; and then, as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence." Next morning another member of the little breakfast party is absent, and in the end not more than two or three attain maturity.

But the old birds have little leisure for the indulgence of grief. Before the brown feathers of the first brood are grown the hen is again hard at work, a new nestful of eggs is ready to hatch, another lot of black hairy mites are taking to the water.* Then comes an unexpected and altogether singular *dénouement*—the prettiest scene of all. The survivors of the first brood become the nurses and foster-mothers of the second! They sit beside them; they follow them about; they fetch them food; they build new nests for them in the sedge (these birds, young and old, have a passion for nest-building); they are altogether as jealous and careful of their comfort as the parents themselves could be. This premature development of the maternal instinct leads to all kinds of unusual combinations and beautiful surprises. It is like a picture by John Leech or Thackeray—Mary Anne, aged five, with the baby in her arms, out for a walk.†

One poor little brat of the second brood was obviously regarded with special tenderness by its nurse. When it was about a fortnight old it had somehow hurt its leg. It had been bitten by a rat possibly; anyhow, it could only limp painfully after the rest, and clearly did not thrive. A fine wealth of affection was lavished upon the tiny invalid. The parents, to do them justice, did not ne-

* Between April and August they have generally three broods—sometimes, though rarely, only two. My impression is that if their operations are unduly delayed in spring the notion of a third family is deliberately relinquished. They were late this year (1886)—the second brood was not hatched till July 18, whereas last year the third brood was out of the nest before August 17. They had consequently no third brood this year.

† These first-year birds, though they grow very rapidly, are much less presentable than their parents; the bills have not the brilliant red, nor the feet the vivid green, nor the plumage the glossy blacks and rich browns of the old birds; but, as the Scotch proverb has it, "It's better to be gude than to be bonnie."

glect it ; on the contrary, so far as appeared, they were quite as fond of it as of the others ; but they were already making ready for a third family, and divided duties naturally distracted their attention. But the close friendship between the little fellow and his big brother or sister was really touching. They were constantly together ; they slept in the same nest—a new one, which the elder bird had constructed among the long grasses on the near bank ; if the wounded chick moved away ever so little, the other took alarm, and was forthwith at its side. But though the leg seemed to mend a bit, so that the little thing could swim quite deftly at last, it did not grow like the rest. Had it gone to the hospital, the doctors, I dare say, would have made it out to be a case of blood-poisoning—the large category to which all diseases that do not admit of easy definition are at present referred. A rat's bite is an ugly wound, and even such a complete course of hydropathic treatment as a water-hen must be able to command may fail to effect a cure. By-and-by the nurse went away on her travels—as they all do sooner or later. Her little charge had disappeared (or died ?) the day before she left us, and we had a fancy—I suppose it was only a fancy—that she had gone to seek the truant. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*—to such a case of dumb devotion, of dimly recognised loss, Virgil might have applied the never-to-be-forgotten words.

I need not pursue this true history further. But, at the risk of repeating in substance what I have said before, I venture to add one other sentence. When I consider the really beautiful traits of character in these birds, I am absolutely filled with amazement when I find persons of no particular distinction talking with supercilious condescension of “the lower animals.” The lower animals, indeed ! Where will we find sweeter manners or purer laws than in these unlettered communities ? They rebuke our pride of station, our Pharisaic assumption of superiority, as, with apostolic energy, it had been rebuked before. “I have not found such faith, no, not in Israel.” I do not pretend, of course, that our feathered friends are faultless. Even the “lower animals,” though controlled by natural piety and guided by inevitable instinct, are not perfect. The water-cocks, especially, are by nature jealous and irritable, while, during the courting season, it must be frankly admitted, they fight like demons. They are, besides, extremely conservative, and have the dimmest and most

confused notions of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The theory of “ransom” is not one that commends itself to their intelligence. The cock who intrudes himself into the territory which his rival has acquired by usage or prescription fares badly. They are so exclusive, indeed, that even their own young, within a month or two of birth, are turned into the wide world to shift for themselves. Water-birds, as a rule, do not divide their forces ; but the coot is an exception. That the old birds “throw themselves on their backs and strike each other cruelly with their claws,” is, let us hope, a vulgar calumny ; but, as I have said, I am not an out-and-out or indiscriminate partisan ; I am content to maintain only that the moor-hen (as the Borderers call him) has many intrinsically charming and winning ways. Funnier young things than these black, hairy little trots (about the size of a moderate-sized mouse), with their big bills and their big feet, are not to be met with anywhere ; and to see a group of all ages—as I see mine at this minute—gathered on a mud-bank in mid-stream, sending the water over their heads in jets of spray, or preening their feathers after a swim, is to gain a glimpse of simple domestic felicity which the matrimonial experiences of mere men and women sometimes fail to furnish.

THE MORAL.

Is that the moral ? the strong-minded reader inquires. Or have you any ? On the contrary, my dear madam, I have no less than *two*—both of which I commend to you on the authority of the late Mr. Wordsworth. You shrug your shoulders ! Mr. Wordsworth, and who is Mr. Wordsworth ? Wordsworth truly ! an obsolete preacher, a tedious old fogey ! Indeed you are wrong. After the strong meats to which we are used, after the hurry and worry of this fitful and feverish life, how simple and cooling is the draught which he offers us ! We come back to him as we grow old—we come back to him from Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne, ay, even from Shelley and Keats. The gospel according to Wordsworth is as unexciting and uneventful, yet as inevitable, as morning, or evening, or green leaves, or the song of birds, or running water, or shadow and sunshine. The complete identification of our lives with the pure, sweet, healthy forces of Nature is its first word and its last.

“As in the eye of Nature I have lived,
So in the eye of Nature let me die.”

Wordsworth, it may be true, was, as you say, incapable of a grand passion; but to that calm, steady, peaceful, and reverent eye her choicest and most cherished secrets had been disclosed. Nature, he had found, was sincere and benign. The same divinediligence, the same divine fidelity, were everywhere visible. The tender care of the Great Mother was impartially bestowed upon the meanest and the noblest. *Not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed. He sends his rain upon the just and the unjust. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.* And thus each spark of life, however and wher-ever manifested, in timid fawn or soaring lark or modest daisy, became beautiful and precious to him:—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

Here is moral No. 1:—

"If thou be one whose heart the holy forms

Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger, henceforth be warned; and know that
pride
How'er disguised in its own majesty
Is littleness; that *he who feels contempt*
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used."

This is moral No. 2:—

"The being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care *
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows and what conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

* Mark you, "reverential care;" it is not love or pity only which the pathetic, innocent helplessness of His "unoffending creatures" inspires in the heart of the Almighty Power in which they live and move; beyond love and pity there is the tender "reverence" which the strong feel for the weak.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS.

By PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

III.—PERSONA.

WE saw how strikingly Locke's famous aphorism, *Nihil in intellectu quod non ante fuerit in sensu*, was confirmed by the testimony of language. The whole temple of language is built of bricks, and every one of these bricks is made of clay; or, in other words, every word in our dictionary is derived from roots, and every root, as Noiré has shown, expressed a primitive act of primitive men, such as digging, plating, cutting, shaking, chewing, drinking, roaring, &c. Even Curtius' three abstract roots SMAR, to remember; GNÂ, to know, and MAN, to think, when closely pressed, had to confess their humble origin.

But roots belong to prehistoric periods, and we have now to inquire whether the same law holds good in historic times likewise, and whether we too must be satisfied to use common clay wherewith to mould and model the most sublime, the most airy, the most abstract conceptions of our mind.

An experiment is always more convincing than mere argument. Let us take such a word as *Person*. Nothing can be more abstract. It is neither male nor female, neither young nor old. As a noun it is hardly more than what *to be* is as a verb. In French it may even come to mean nobody. For if we ask our *conciérge* at Paris whether anybody has called on us during our absence, he will reply,

"*Personne, monsieur*," which means, "*Not a soul, sir.*"

Of course *person* is the Lat. *persona*. It came to us from Rome, but the journey was long and its adventures many.

In Latin *persona* meant a mask, made of thin wood or clay, such as was worn by the actors at Rome. It is curious that while the Greek actors always wore these masks, the Roman actors did not adopt them at first. Thus while nearly all technical Latin terms connected with the theatre were borrowed from Greek, the name for mask, *πρόσωπον*, was never naturalised in Italy. The story goes that a famous actor, Roscius Gallus (about 100 B.C.), introduced masks, which had been unknown before on the Roman stage, because he had the misfortune to squint. This may or may not be true, but I confess it sounds to me a little like a story invented by malicious friends. Anyhow it is strange that, if Roscius had introduced masks simply in order to hide certain blemishes of his face, the name given to them in Latin, possibly by Roscius Gallus himself, should have been *persona*, i.e. that which causes the voice to sound. We can understand why the Greeks called their masks *πρόσωπον*, which means simply what is before the face, the mask thus worn being meant to indicate the character represented by each actor on the stage. To us it seems almost

incredible that the great Greek actors should have submitted to such mummeries, and should have deprived themselves of the most powerful help in acting, the expression of the face. But so it was, and we are told that it was necessary, because without these *prosôpa*, which contained some acoustic apparatus to strengthen the voice of the actor, they could not have made themselves heard in the wide and open-air theatres of Greece.

Why these masks should have been called *persona* in Latin, i.e. through-sounder, requires no further explanation; but the story of Roscius Gallus, the squinting actor, becomes thereby all the more doubtful, particularly if we remember that Plautus already was able to use the diminutive *persolla* in the sense of "You little fright!" (Plaut. Curc. i. 3, 36.)

I see no reason to doubt that *persônus* was a genuine Latin word, meaning resonant, and that the feminine was used as the name of any instrument through which the voice could be made to sound, more particularly of the mask used by Greek actors.

Gellius (v. 7.) informs us that a Latin grammarian who had written a learned work on the origin of words, Gavius Bassus by name, derived *persona* from *personare*, to sound through, because "the head and mouth being hidden everywhere by the cover of the mask and open only through one passage for the emission of the voice, drives the voice, being no longer unsettled and diffused, into one exit only, well gathered together, and thus makes it sound more clear and melodious. And because that mask makes the voice of the mouth clear and resonant, therefore it has been called *persona*, the *o* being lengthened on account of the form of the word."

I should have thought that with regard to the origin and the formation of a word which had become current at Rome not so very long before his time, the testimony of a scholar, such as Gavius Bassus was, would have carried considerable weight. But no, there is nothing that scholars, who can discover nothing else, like so much as to discover a false quantity. The *o* in the Latin adjective *persônus*, they say, is short, that in *persôna* is long. No doubt it is, and Gavius Bassus was well aware of it, but he says the *o* was lengthened on account of the form of the word. Is not that clear enough for a grammarian? Are there not many words in which the vowel is lengthened or strengthened on account of the form of a word? Have we not in Sanskrit the same root,

SVAN, which forms *svâna*, sound, but *svôna*, sounding?

However, before we enter on the defence of our own derivation, let us see whether our opponents can produce a more plausible one. Scaliger, the great Scaliger, in order to avoid a false quantity, went so far as to derive *persona* from *περί σῶμα*, what is round the body, or even from *περίσσωσαι*, to gird round. Is not this straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel? We have only to consider that such an etymology was possible, and possible with a Scaliger who, taking all in all, was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that the world has ever known, in order to see how completely classical scholarship has been regenerated and reinvigorated by comparative philology. Would even the most insignificant of Greek professors now venture on such an etymology, which, not much more than three hundred years ago, was uttered without any misgivings by the prince of classical scholars?

About a hundred years later another great authority, Vossius, the author of an *Etymologicum Magnum*, represented *persôna* as a corruption of the Greek *prosôpon*. Now it is quite true that the Romans made sad havoc with some of the words which they adopted from Greek, but we may go through the whole *Tensaurus Italo-græcus*, lately published by Saalfeld (1884), without finding anything approaching to such violence.

However, I must confess classical scholars are not the only offenders. Professor Pott, the Nestor of comparative philologists, rather than incur the suspicion of committing a false quantity, suggests that *persôna* may be a corruption, if not of *prosôpon*, at least of a possible adjective *prosopina*, while the change of *prosopina* into *persôna* might be justified by the analogous change of *Persephone* into *Proserpina*. I do not think that the equation *Persephone* : *Proserpina* = *prosopina* : *persôna* would be approved of by many mathematicians, and there remains the other objection that *Persephone* was a real Greek word, but *prosopina* was not.

We must try to find out, therefore, whether Latin could not have formed two words, one *persônus*, meaning resounding, and another *persônus*, meaning what makes resound. It is well known that the radical vowels *i* and *u* are constantly strengthened in certain derivatives. I still think that the best name for that change is *Guna*, but if it is thought better to begin with the strong vowels or rather diphthongs *ai* and *au*, and call *i* and *u* their weakened forms, I do not think that

we either lose or gain much by this change of fashion. I hold that what Hindu grammarians have explained as *Guna*, or strengthening, accounts best for such words as *dūx*, *dūcis* and *dūco*; *fides* and *fidus*, *dīcax* and *dīco*, etc.

Exactly the same process would account for *sōno* and *persōnus* by the side of *persōna*. We are not surprised at *sōpor* and *sōpio*, *toga* and *contīgium*, *sāgax* and *sāgus*, *plācidus* and *plācare*, even *sēdere* and *sēdare*. We have in Sanskrit *āsu*, quick, in Greek *ἀνός*, in Latin *deus*, all derived from a root *AS*, which preserves its short vowel in *deus* and *deutus*. We know that causative verbs in particular lengthen, if possible, their short vowel, as we see in *sōpire*, *plācare*, *sēdare*.^{*} If therefore, our phonetic conscience pricks us, all we have to do is to admit a causative formation of *sōnare*, and *persōna* would then mean exactly what it does mean, namely something which causes the voice to sound through. In fact *persōna* by the side of *sōnare* is no more irregular than *perjūgis*, continual, by the side of *jūg*, in *conjūx*, *conjūgis*.

Whoever invented or started this word, whether a squinting actor or some maker of musical instruments at Rome, had certainly no idea of what would be the fate of it. It is a very fascinating, though, no doubt, a very mischievous amusement, to roll down stones from the crest of a hill. Some start away briskly, but come to a sudden stop. Others roll down slowly, and after a time vanish from our sight. But now and then a quite insignificant pebble will strike against other stones, and they will roll down together, and unloosen a large stone that was only waiting for a slight push. And down they go, like an avalanche of earth and dust, tearing up the turf, uprooting trees, jumping high into the air, and making havoc all along their course, till they settle down at last in the valley, and no one can say how they came to be there. So it is with words. Many are started, but they will not roll. Others roll away, and nothing seems to come of them. But this word *persōna* has rolled along with wonderful bounds, striking right and left, suggesting new thoughts, stirring up clouds of controversy, and occupying to the present day a prominent place in all discussions on theology and philosophy, though few only of those who use it know how it came to be there.

Persōna proved to be a very handy and use-

ful word, and I hardly know what we should have done without it. In languages which do not possess such a word whole trains of thought are missing which we express by distinguishing between the mask and its wearer. Both came to be called *persōna*, and hence a double development in the meanings of the word.

When *persōna* was taken in its first meaning of mask, representing not the real, but the assumed character of an actor, nothing was more natural than to say, for instance, of a dishonest man that he was wearing a *persōna*. Thus *persōna* took the sense of false appearance, and Seneca was able to say that we ought to remove the mere appearance or *persōna*, not only from men, but also from things: "*Non hominibus tantum, sed et rebus persōna demenda est et reddenda facies sua.*" *Persōnatus* was used of a man who had to appear different from what he really was, and Cicero, writing to Atticus (15, 14), exclaimed, *Quid est cur ego persōnatus ambulem* ("Why should I walk about in an assumed character")? We speak of *personating* in a slightly different sense, namely, when some one, for fraudulent purposes, tries to pass for some one else. In Latin, however, *persōna* was not always used in the sense of a deceptive appearance, for we see Cicero remarking that "He who teaches philosophy takes upon himself a very serious part:" *Qui philosophiam proficitur, gravissimam mihi susinere videtur persōnam* (Cic. in Pis. cap. 29).

But while in these cases *persōna* is used in the sense of the mask worn, we find it in others expressing the real character represented by the actor on the stage. When we now read of *Dramatis Persōnae*, we no longer think of masks, but of the real characters appearing in a play. After all, an actor, wearing the mask of a king, was for the time being a king, and thus *persōna* came to mean a man's real nature and character. Thus Cicero, for instance, writes to Cæsar that his nature and person, or what would now be called his character, might fit him for a certain work:—"*Et ad eam rationem . . . existimabam satis optam esse et naturam et persōnam meam, characterem dicere hodie solemus.*" Nay, what is still more curious, *persōna* slowly assumes the meaning of a great personage, or of a person of rank, and, in the end, of rank itself, as when Cicero (de Fin. 1, 2) says:—"*Genus hoc scribendi, etsi sit elegans, persōnae tamen et dignitatis esse negant.*" "Though this kind of writing be elegant, they deny that it is weighty and dignified."

This sense of *persōna* prevailed during the

^{*} Corssen, "Über Aussprache des Lateinischen," vol. 1., pp. 391, seq.; Hübschmann, "Indogermanischer Vocalismus," p. 67.

Middle Ages, and continues, as we shall see, to the present day. A man *magnae personae* means in mediæval Latin a man of great dignity. We read of *virī nobiles et personati*, also of *mercatores personati*, always in the sense of eminent and respected. In ecclesiastical language *persona* soon took a technical meaning. *Personatus* meant not only *dignitas* in general, but it was used of those who held a living or several livings, but committed the actual cure of souls to a vicar. *Personae maxime ii qui beneficia seu ecclesiae per vicarios deserviri curant*; "Persons are chiefly those who let their benefices and churches be served by others." These so-called *personae* held very high rank, "*Habent dignitatem cum prerogativa in choro et capitulo.*" A Canonist, we read in a charter (anno 1227, tom. 2, Hist. Eccl. Mell. p. 120), *non habebit in choro nostro staulum in ordine Personarum, sed habebit primum staulum in ordine sacerdotum*; "A canon shall not have in our choir a stall in the row of the *Personae*, but shall have the first stall in the row of the priests." No doubt, this led to many abuses. We read of a *nepos*, a word of peculiar meaning, which still lives in our own word *nepotism*, who *turpi commercio in diversis ecclesiis adeptus est personatus*, "who by dishonourable means has obtained *personatus* in different churches." As early as 1222, in a council held at Oxford, the question had to be discussed, *utrum vicarius onera ecclesiae subire debeat an persona*, "whether a vicar should fulfil the duties of the church or a *persona*." From this *persona* comes no doubt the modern name of *parson*, and it is strange that so learned a man as Blackstone should not have known this. For though he knows that *parson* is derived from *persona*, he thinks that he was called so because the church, which is an invisible body, was represented by his person.

Blackstone, as a lawyer, was evidently thinking of another technical meaning which *persona* had assumed from a very early time. "*Omne jus,*" we read in Paul Dig. lib. I. lit. 5, leg. 1, "*quo ultimur vel ad personas pertinet, vel ad res, vel ad actiones.*" Anybody who had rights was in legal language a person, and slaves were said to have no person by law; *nam servi personam legibus non habent* (apud Senat. lib. 6, Epist. 8), where *persona* may be really translated by *right*. This is still more clearly seen in such phrases as *habere potestatem et personam emendi et vendendi*, to possess the power and right of buying and selling. In this sense, no doubt, the parson may be said to be the *persona* of his church,

but this was not, as we saw, the historical origin of the ecclesiastical *Persona*, as opposed to *Vicarius*.

Lastly *persona* came to mean what we call a person, an individual. We read in mediæval writers of *universi personae qui capti sunt ex utraque parte*, all the persons who were taken on either side; and what is curious, this use of *persona* as a masculine continues even in modern French, where, under certain circumstances, we may treat *personne* as a masculine.

But even here the biography of *persona* is by no means ended. At one time the whole fate of Christianity seemed to depend on the right meaning of the word *persona*. Without entering here into all the intricacies of theological controversy, we can easily see that nothing was more natural to a Christian who spoke and thought in Greek than to apply to the three manifestations of the Godhead the name of *prosōpa*, or masks. In doing this the earlier writers were quite conscious of the metaphorical meaning of the word. Thus Clement (Protrepticus, x. 110) (86 P.) speaks of Christ as assuming the human mask (*τὸ ἀνθρώπου προσωπίδιον*) and acting the drama of human salvation (*τὸ στήριον δράμα τῆς ἀνθρωπότητος ὑπεκρίνεται*). A very similar expression is found in Clement's Stromata, vii. 11 (313, S.), when we read *ἀμεμφῶς τοῦτον ὑποκρινόμενος τὸ δράμα τοῦ βίου ὅπερ ἂν ὁ θεὸς ἀγωνίσασθαι παράσχη*; "Blamelessly acting whatever drama of life God gave him to act." It would have been impossible to find a better metaphor for what these early Christian philosophers wished to express, namely, that the substance of the Godhead was one, but that it had manifested itself to us under three aspects, or, as it were, under three masks, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This form of thought might have satisfied the simplest peasant and the most scrupulous philosopher so long as they were satisfied to see through the glass of metaphor darkly. But there was the great difficulty of the Eastern and Western Churches speaking two different languages. Now the Greek word *prosōpon* always differed somewhat from the Latin word *persona*, by which it was rendered. *Prosōpon* retained more or less the meaning of mask, *persona* added to it the meaning of the wearer of the mask. *Persona* connoted what stood behind the mask, the *hypostasis*; *prosōpon* did not. And here, more than anywhere else, we must look for the true cause of the misunderstandings between the Greek and Latin Churches. The Western Church was tempted to take the three persons of the

Godhead as three individuals, and thus to lapse occasionally into that *Tritheism* which has never been completely thrown out from the system of Christian doctrine. The Eastern Church, on the contrary, was threatened with *Sabellianism*, which regarded the various manifestations of the Divine as only different appearances of the same one person.

There is a most touching letter of St. Jerome's to Pope Damasus.* He had been brought up in the old language of the Creed of Nicaea, and he was suddenly called upon to surrender the expression "*tres personae*," and to adopt the new formula of "*tres hypostases*," which to his mind conveyed the meaning of three substances. Jerome's conscience revolted against this. "Which apostle," he says, "has ever uttered this? What new Paul, or teacher of the Gentiles, taught it? I ask, What can be understood by those *hypostases*? They answer, Three subsisting persons. We answer that we hold that faith. But they are not satisfied with what we mean, they insist on our using the very word, because some kind of poison is supposed to be hidden in the very syllables. We cry out that if any one does not confess the three *hypostases* as three *enhyposkata*, that is, as three subsisting *personae*, let him be anathema. But because we do not learn the (new) words, we are judged heretical. Surely, if any one who takes *hypostasis* for *οὐσία* (substance) says that there is not one *οὐσία* in the three *personae*, he is a stranger to Christ. . . . Decide, I adjure you, if you like, and I shall not be afraid to say *three hypostases*. If you command it, let there be a new confession after that of Nicaea, and let us orthodox Christians declare our faith in similar words with the Arians! The whole school of secular knowledge recognises *hypostasis* as nothing else but *οὐσία*. And will any one, I ask, proclaim with his sacrilegious mouth three substances? There is one only nature of God which exists truly. . . . God alone who is eternal, that is, who has no beginning, has really the name of substance. . . . And because that nature alone is perfect, and there subsists but one Godhead in the three persons, which exists really and is one nature only, therefore whosoever says that there are three, namely, three substances, i.e. *οὐσίαι*, dares really, under the cloak of piety, to assert that there are three natures. . . . Let us, please, hear no more of those *hypostases*, but let us retain the one."

These extracts have grown rather too long,

but they are useful as showing how during the two hundred years between the death of Clement and that of Jerome (220—420), the meaning of the word *persona* had changed, how its original purpose, which was to express the Greek *προσωπον*, had been well-nigh forgotten, and how the Church was rent in two by controversies which sprang, in the first instance, from that forgetfulness. I say, in the first instance, for other causes of misunderstanding were soon added, the principal one being that the Western mind, as we see in the case of St. Jerome, could not distinguish between *hypostasis* and *ousia*, a distinction quite familiar to the mind of the Greek Fathers (Basilus, Epist. cciv.).

But even here the biography of *persona* is not yet concluded. Still greater issues sprang from that word, and they continue to agitate the minds of the most serious thinkers of our own age. Our forefathers delighted in fathoming, as they thought, the true nature of the Godhead. There was no divine abyss into which they hesitated to plunge, no mystery into which they thought they could not throw the plummet of their language. We have grown somewhat wiser, perhaps more reverent. But our philosophers have thrown themselves with all the greater zest upon a new problem, namely, the exploration of the mystery of human nature. And here also the only diving apparatus which was at hand for their hazardous enterprise was language, and again the old word *persona* had to be put under requisition. We are told that what distinguishes us from all other living beings is, that we are personal beings. We are persons, responsible persons, and our very being, our life and immortality, are represented as depending on our personality. But if we ask what this personality really means, and why we are called *personae*, the answers are very ambiguous. Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? Does nothing remain, when all these distinctions vanish? Or is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow? We get but uncertain and evasive answers to these questions, and perhaps even here, in the darkest passages of psychological and metaphysical inquiry, a true knowledge of language may prove our best guide.

Let us remember that *persona* had two meanings, that it meant originally a mask, but that it soon came to be used as the name of the wearer of the mask. Knowing how

* Vallarsi's edition of St. Jerome, in Migne's "Patrologia Latina," vol. xxii., Epist. xv. 23.
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many ambiguities of thought arose from this, we have a right to ask, does our personality consist in the *persona* we are wearing, in our body, our senses, our reason, our thoughts, or does our true personality lie somewhere else? It may be that at times we so forget ourselves, our true self, as to imagine that we are Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, or Prince Hamlet. Nor can we doubt that we are responsible each for his own *dramatis persona*, that we are hissed or applauded, punished or rewarded, according as we act the

part allotted to us in this earthly drama, badly or well. But the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been made to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses, not actors; and that before we can go home, we must take off our masks, standing like strangers on a strange stage, and wondering how for so long a time we did not perceive the simple distinction between *persona* and *persona*, between the mask and the wearer.

CALM AND STORM.

As, azure domed,
And silver foamed,
And flecked by many a snowy sail,
The ocean lay,
One summer's day,
Scarce rippling in the southern gale;
I felt for me
That life might be
As tranquil as that summer sea.

But, as I gazed,
The sea birds raised
A cry of do'rous, sad forbode.
Athwart fair heaven
Black clouds were driven,

And high the angry billows rode.
Ah, then for me,
Prophetic sea,
Thou told'st in truth what life must be.

Now—azure domed,
And silver foamed,
Once more it tells the same sweet tale.
And this shall last,
When—life's sands past—
For heaven's bright shore our souls set sail.
Then smile, fair sea,
Less glad, less free,
Than they that to that Harbour flee!

KATHARINE COOPER.

REMINISCENCES OF MY LATER LIFE.

IV.

ACCOMPANIED by a great-niece of my husband's and a young lady friend, William, Margaret, and I crossed from England to Belgium in the spring of 1870; and after visiting gay, thriving Brussels and the green, quiet Field of Waterloo, proceeded to Switzerland. At the beginning of July, when we were at Lucerne, the Swiss felt no further anxiety than that rain should come to feed the corn and perfect the wonderful promise of the vintage; until disquieting rumours arose that the candidature by Prussia of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to the Spanish throne, would cause a rupture between France and Germany. My husband, who believed his English papers, cherished the hope that peace would be maintained; and we proceeded, on July 16, in very sultry weather, to Zürich, deploring in its vicinity the increasingly parched aspect of the soil and the shrivelled crops, but dreading no sudden social blight from war. That same midnight came the much-desired rain, pelting down amid vivid lightning, with but little thunder, yet attended by a tramping of feet and a curious movement in the country road of Fluntern, where our old-fashioned *pension* was situated, followed by a loud knocking at the street door.

Verily a rude awakening to us; for war being actually proclaimed by France to Prussia, and the Swiss Confederation ordering the active force of the militia to the frontier, our landlord, with other householders, was required to lodge for the night, soldiers arrived from a distance.

The next day, Sunday, we saw on the drill-ground the preparations for departure. A private distributed wallets to a line of his comrades. Young, sunburnt peasants in regimentals sat resting on their knapsacks, or strapped the Swiss arms—the silver cross on the red field—to each other's coat-sleeves in a brotherly, helpful way, which would have extended from Prussia to France and from France to Spain if Europe were truly Christendom. In the evening the perpetual rub-a-dub-dub of drums and the shrill sound of fifes ascended from the gas-lit city to us on the heights of Fluntern.

At this crisis we naturally pondered what should we do? We had no desire to retrace our steps; this was wise, for speedily English and American tourists were madly fleeing, with or without their luggage, from the Rhine lands—nor could we move on to Italy, itself preparing to rise. We deter-



"Now,—azure domed,
 And silver foamed,
 Once more it tells the same sweet tale."

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mined, therefore, to await the issue in Switzerland; and presenting some letters of introduction to Zürich inhabitants, gained thereby a valued friend, with whom we have ever since rejoiced or sorrowed.

With all our new acquaintance the war was, of course, the one absorbing topic. A nameless apprehension seemed to have settled on men's minds, even in Zürich; and one locksmith, we heard, worked night and day, making iron coffers to contain the money and valuables their purchasers wished to bury. My husband remarked to an artisan, who was seated under a tree, gazing down on the populous city and the lake, with its fringe of prosperous villages, "What a noble landscape! and how well, after the rain, the vines, corn, and potatoes look!" "Yes," replied the man gloomily, "only there's war!"

We visited the museum of the Antiquarian Society, containing remarkable lacustrine remains, collected by Dr. Keller, chiefly at Meilen, on the Lake of Zürich. The custodian, a little dried-up old woman, seemed herself lacustrine, such knowledge had she of the prehistoric lake inhabitants, and of each shrivelled, cindery apple, grain of wheat, scrap of fishing-net, or spear-head. Whilst we carefully inspected the model of a pile-dwelling, military music sounded without, and the street became suddenly alive with blue coats and bayonets. Tears filled the eyes of the aged woman as she watched this fresh battalion tramp by and cross the bridge, on its way to the frontier. "Better no war! better no soldiers!" she cried, shaking her head. "Yet it's the same old story from the beginning. When Cain was wroth, he rose up and slew his brother Abel. The Lacustrines lived on piles in the lake to be safe from their enemies; and in my time I have seen the French once in Switzerland, twice in Germany, and then driven back to Paris."

The Protestant population deplored the war; but being persuaded that the Prussian rule was wise and good, conducive to morality, general education, and human advance, warmly espoused its cause. In fact, we found political refugees, such as Professors Kinkel and Behn Eschenburg, who had earlier been imprisoned by Prussia, now offering her their most loyal support. A tall, slim, elderly Dane, sanguine enough to anticipate that the outcome of the present campaign would be the avenging of his native land by Napoleon, was amongst the few individuals who remembered Prussia's

former aggrandisement, and imputed the war to Bismarck. My husband and I first met him and his compact little wife in a wood. They were walking to and fro, intently conversing in Danish; but whenever they crossed our path, they made us low bows, which seemed very polite. We learnt later that they were vainly seeking for the wife's shawl, which had slipped off his arm.

The next Sunday they and we had simultaneously fled to the most remote of the many vine-clad arbours of the *pension* garden from the noise of dancing and singing in the *salle à manger*. They explained to us, in the course of conversation, that they were our fellow-boarders, but lived alone, as the husband, who was an author named Müller—not a clergyman, as we had supposed from his black suit and white necktie—needed quiet for his literary labours. Telling them our name, as an interchange of civility, they asked inquiringly: "What, William and Mary?" On the morrow we visited them in their cool little parlour to facilitate, if possible, their homeward movements. The war frustrated their plan of revisiting Italy, where they had been on their wedding tour thirty years earlier; and only anxious safely to reach Denmark, they proposed journeying through France to England, and crossing from Hull to Copenhagen. This led to the production of a great parchment, signed and sealed by Christian IX., King of Denmark, King of the Goths and Vandals, in which his Majesty claimed free passage for "Frederik Paludan Müller, Danish author, Knight of the Danebrog, &c."

We mentioned to our neighbours at supper what a distinguished man lived below. "What, the old Professor; the old *Theolog*?" exclaimed a weakly-chested Prussian medical student, who, unable to fight for his country, aided her cause by superintending the occupation of lint- and bandage-making, daily carried on by the lady-boarders.

"What, Paludan Müller, who wrote the beautiful poem, 'At Være,' in which a child, puzzled with the strange mystery of existence, asks his mother what it is To Be?" demanded a fair-haired Norwegian, studying at the university.

"No other," we replied; and the next morning the courtly, gentle poet received a perfect ovation.

Fran Henriette Heine, the widow of Heinrich Heine's first cousin and fellow-student, was staying at the *pension* and sympathised with France. Two middle-aged Jews and their wives, respectively from Karlsruhe and

Baden-Baden, possessing no sentiments of *patrie* or *Vaterland*, smiled and were quiescent about the war which was driving most of the guests at table frantic. The majority consisted of Jews and refugees, presided over by a tall, stout, dark man in grey, also belonging to "the nation." He spoke most modern languages, had been much in England, had great concerns in Spain, important transactions in Germany, and twenty-three relatives in the Prussian army. Day and night he thought, spoke, and dreamt of the war; and, flaming with indignation, eloquently denounced Napoleon as the arch-troubler of the world.

In the general European excitement, false rumours of course abounded. Thus on Sunday morning, August 7, we were mysteriously followed out of doors by the *Knecht*—a big, red-faced fellow, with curly hair, who went about with the sleeves of his pink shirt rolled up, revealing a pair of hairy arms like those of Esau. Putting his finger to his nose, he dismally whispered: "Awful news! The French have massacred twenty thousand Germans, the Crown Prince among them!" Awful, indeed, if true; but at the *table d'hôte*, in the midst of a joyous hubbub, we were jubilantly greeted by the man in grey with "Glorious victory! Great defeat of the French! The Crown Prince has led his troops with flying colours! Hurrah!" The words "Prussians! Wörth! Victory! Wounded French! Fallen French!" echoed through the house while daylight lasted. When the church clocks of Zürich had long struck ten, and the *pension* had retired for the night, a lamp in the garden shed its light on the ruddy locks of the *Knecht*, who now happily well informed, see-sawing his sinewy arms up and down, held forth to a party of Zürich tradesmen, still lingering over their beer. And the everlasting chorus, in a high-pitched key: "Prussians! Wörth! Victory! Wounded French! Fallen French!" entered the room through closed *jalousies*.

On the morrow the rattle of vocal artillery, the rolling echo of cachinnation and of fun at the expense of France never ceased. We could picture the same simultaneous exultation in every hotel, inn, and coffee-house in Germany and the Protestant parts of Switzerland. We could still more vividly picture all the beautiful country from Saverne to Strasburg and Basel, which we had seen in April, peaceful, smiling, rich in growing crops and fruit blossoms, backed by blue, romantic-looking mountains, and full of happy, busy people, now devastated by

fighting armies and strewn with the bodies of the wounded and the dead.

When all was fair and affluent in nature around us, the purple grapes ripening and the golden grain garnered, came the news of the German victories at Metz. It was the sudden collapse of the great French campaign, just as the army of Xerxes had melted away like mist before that of Greece, or Sennacherib's disappeared before the avenging hosts of Israel.

There was now no longer any fear for Switzerland; and on August 22, the eve of our departure for Ragatz, we saw three soldiers returned from the watch on the frontier and billeted for the night on our landlord, smoking their pipes in peace and contentment. The vague possibility of Napoleon the Third avenging the wrongs of Denmark passed from the minds of the Paludan Müllers, when they and we learned, at Ragatz on Saturday, September 3, the astounding intelligence that the Emperor had given himself up to King Wilhelm, and MacMahon surrendered with his entire army. On September 20, Napoleon's earlier advice to Cavour: "*Frappez vite et frappez fort*," was fully acted upon. Victor Emmanuel's troops entered Rome, and at the same time the astute abettor, disappointed in all his hopes, went into exile. The vicissitudes of war now opened to the Paludan Müllers a safe passage home through Germany; and to us, every facility for reaching Rome.

The public mind was still in a most feverish state of sensational curiosity; we therefore felt it quite a relief, before leaving Ragatz, to speak with an old herdsman on a mountaintop, where, in rain and sunshine, he had spent the summer alone, fattening oxen for the butcher and conning his catholic prayer-book. "He did not occupy himself with kings, emperors and their battles," he said. "The world's tumults were not his concern. He had to do his duty by the beeves, and fit his soul for a better world!" We admired the lean old rustic, who guided by a high aim, evidently gleaned real satisfaction in his monotonous, abject existence.

November 22 found us in Rome, and speedily established in our "own hired house," as St. Paul, great Teacher of the Gentiles, had been eighteen centuries earlier. We were located on the summit of one of the seven hills, at a corner of four converging streets, each visibly terminated by an historic monument; to the north by the Egyptian obelisk and piazza of Trinità de' Monte; to the south by the lofty campanile

and basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, stretching across its ample and elevated piazza, marked by another noble obelisk. To the east, we had the Porta Pia, and the still open breach through which the Italian troops, two months earlier, had entered Rome; and, curiously enough, by the very act breaking down the lofty garden-wall of the Bonaparte villa and trampling over and damaging the beautiful grounds, which we found gardeners putting in order. To the west, but a few paces from our door, extended the long side façade of the Quirinal palace, abutting on Monte Cavallo, with its Egyptian obelisk and famous group of Castor and Pollux reining in their horses. The keys of the palace were at the Vatican, which—a huge massive block of masonry, with no pretensions externally to architecture, but within, the residence of the Pope, a world of spiritual associations and a wealth of art, and supported by St. Peter's—so conspicuously faces the Quirinal, with mediæval Rome between them. The doors had, however, been opened by a pick-lock, and troops of workmen were busy inside pulling down and building up; whilst under the colonnade of the inner court were temporary heaps of old timber and waincoting.

The preparations were made in the hope of the speedy advent of a reluctant and perplexed king, doomed to share with his *vis-à-vis* at the Vatican, a capital that recalled merely papal or republican memories. The Emperor Constantine, on becoming Christian, had found it advisable to remove the seat of government to Constantinople; and through the long succeeding centuries, Rienzi, the French, and "Young Italy," had each proclaimed the patrimony of the Popes a republic, never a monarchy. The thought oppressed Victor Emmanuel, who dreaded to sleep in the violated home of the deprived Pontiff, still charming the faithful by the meekness and patience with which he bore his sorrows.

On December 22, Rome was officially declared the Capital of Italy. Yet the arrival of the King was constantly postponed. Many of our acquaintance said, indeed, that he never would come. Silence and gloom prevailed. There were no great church functions, few strangers, and much discontent in the minds of hotel and lodging-house keepers. On Sunday, Christmas Day, it rained piteously: on Monday with increasing violence. On Wednesday, the Tiber having risen to a terrific height, most destructively inundated the lower parts of the

city. On Friday, the muddy, yellow waters of the Tiber had sufficiently subsided for people to be released from their terrible captivity; but wherever the flood had been, cellars and lower stories were submerged. In the middle of the streets mud lay ankle-deep—thick, slimy mud, that adhered like ointment to everything it touched, and left a yellow stain behind. The scene of ruin was indescribable. In the Corso, the Bond Street of Rome, grand plate-glass windows were obscured with mud, and panels of finely-painted doors bulged with water. Anxious-looking shopkeepers and weary servants were splashed with the mud they were sweeping from within doors on to the pavement. On Saturday, at four o'clock in the morning, we heard, as we lay in bed, a distant shout and a roar as of driving carriages. Up we jumped, and looking from our windows saw, in a sudden illumination of Bengal light, the long-expected king, amid shouts of, "*Evviva il Re!*" flash past in a state equipage, followed by other carriages and torches. It was the disaster of the flood that had brought him so suddenly; but after visiting the distressed portions of the city and leaving money for the sufferers, he departed the same night, New Year's Eve.

In February, occurred the maddest Carnival that had been seen in Rome since 1848. Our niece and our young friend, after enjoying it amazingly, left the last day but one, under suitable escort, for England; but the preceding evening, went with Margaret and some of our acquaintance to drink at the Fountain of Trevi, that they might come back to Rome. In their absence we sent down our old woman-servant, Rosa, a peasant from Rimini, to the landlord who dwelt below, with the request that the street-door might be left ajar and the oil-lamp on the stairs not extinguished, until the *signorine* returned. What, then, was our surprise and horror, when Rosa rushed into the drawing-room, shrieking that "the *birbone* (rascal) of a landlord had *bastinadoed* her;" therewith pointing to the marks of a cane across her face. She was pursued by the perpetrator, a man of a melancholy countenance, and black hair and eyes. He, livid with rage, was followed by his handsome young wife in a great flutter. The trio burst into a tempest of words. Our servant denouncing them for claiming our charcoal ashes for their *bucato*—the buck or lye for their clothes to soak in; they, her, for shutting a door in their son's face. This, in their eyes, was a tremendous offence; nevertheless, we managed politely

to get the couple back to their own premises. Rosa was beyond us. Screaming and weeping, she threw open a window and shrieked her wrongs into the street. This led to the speedy arrival of two national guards, one of whom remained pacing up and down before the house, much to the surprise of the party returning from the Fountain of Trevi.

We were not wholly unprepared for this outburst of hot Italian temper on the part of our *padrone*. He had more than once, without the least provocation, suddenly appeared on the verge of a towering rage; then conquering his passion, would send up flowers or newspapers as if to remove any disagreeable impression. The morning after the assault, he wrote a letter to my husband, "asking pardon for the scandal, but requiring us to dismiss our wicked servant, who was an offence to his excellent consort." As Rosa, notwithstanding her curious habit of drinking our lamp-oil like water, suited us admirably, and inquiries in the neighbourhood confirmed our suspicions of our landlord's excitability, William appealed to the British Consul.

Mr. Severn—for it was he, the artist, the devoted friend and nurse of Keats, occupied at his easel, in a study approached through a suite of lofty rooms hung with paintings—reminded my husband of Coleridge in the decline of life: the rather full person and black velvet waistcoat, a certain similarity of features, and the head somewhat thrown back in talking. On hearing of the fray, he said—

"I've known Italians die in these furies, in what they call a *rabbatura*. It is best to cow such people, who are generally poltroons. Fifty years ago, the Roman eating-houses were much worse than now. Dear Keats and I had such wretched dinners sent in, that he told me one morning, 'he had hit on a plan for us to be better served.' I wondered what he meant to do, for I knew no Italian in those days, and Keats, though quick at learning, not enough to discuss the merits of a dinner. The *trattore* brought the food as usual in a basket. Keats lifted the lid, and perceiving at a glance the quality of the fare, without a word took each dish to the window and emptied it into the street. The cook never charged us for the dinner, and gave us a good one ever after.

"I did not forget that lesson. After poor, gentle, vivacious Keats was dead of his consumption, our *padrone*, fearing infection, burnt the furniture, for which he sent me in a tremendous bill. After it had been dis-

charged, he summoned me a month later to pay for the broken crockery. On going to the house where we had dwelt, at the right hand corner of the Spanish steps ascending to the Trinità de' Monte, he showed me on a table a pile of broken plates, cups and saucers, which he must have ransacked the neighbourhood to collect. Feigning a great rage, with one fell swoop I dashed all the bits to the floor, and the affair was settled."

Mr. Severn effectually silenced our *padrone*, notwithstanding the ominous postscript to his final bill: "He meant to be legally indemnified for all the damage we had done—*chi rompe paga!*" This sentence, placarded at the time about Rome, in pink, blue, and yellow, had greatly puzzled us; one reading of it was, whichever, King or Pope, broke the peace, would have to pay. It might have some covert meaning, just as, in 1873, the words in large letters, "*Abbasso Verdi*," were no opprobrious term for the composer of *Il Trovatore* and other popular modern operas, but signified, down with *Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia*.

The conduct of our later landlords seemed swayed by combined feelings of affection and self-interest; we never again met with such an instance of unbridled, fierce, and turbulent irascibility. But then this *padrone*—of whom we last heard as being elevated to the rank of a *cavaliere* by the Italian Government—was notorious for his violence. When we were located in charming new quarters, the rector of a college, now a bishop in America, was charged with a message to us from an Italian priest, to the effect that, having dwelt above us, he should personally have expressed at the time his sympathy in our annoyance but for the molestation it might have entailed to his landlord's family, the second-floor tenants of our *padrone*. My husband next read in his Roman newspaper that the female servant of the same *padrone*, having one holiday exceeded her leave of absence, was accompanied back by a policeman, who threatened to punish her master if he attempted to maltreat her.

The good offices of Margaret Foley, the gifted, generous-hearted, New-England sculptress, and her tender-spirited young friend, Lizzy H——, had procured us a much better home than we had earlier enjoyed. It was with these and some other valued friends that William and I celebrated our golden wedding by a memorable excursion to Castel Fusano.

We drove from our dwelling in the Via di Porta Pinciana, so called from the now-closed

gate where the blind Belisarius is said to have sat and begged, through the Porta di San Paolo which he rebuilt, over the solitary campagna, green with spring grass and leaves for fifteen miles. Then, leaving to our right the ancient walls and castle of Ostia—a place so endeared to many devout souls from its pathetic association with St. Augustine and his dying mother — proceeded a couple of miles to Prince Chigi's park of Castel Fusano. There in one of the avenues of huge stone-pines we deposited our wraps and provisions, and, greeted by a nightingale, and gathering masses of fragrant flowers, we wandered on for another mile to the Mediterranean.

No words can describe the beauty of the scene. A causeway paved with blocks of lava led from the back of the ancient castel-

lated mansion on its lawny meadow, between woods of arbutus, phillyrea, of flowering daphne, cistus, myrtle, and heath twenty feet high, carpeted with crimson cyclamens and overshadowed by the solemn ilex, cork, and pine, to a somewhat desolate beach of shifting sands, held together by tufts of seaweed and the eringo with its blue-green, thistle-like foliage. It was wonderful to be where in all probability the Christian philosopher, Minucius Felix, and his friend Octavius, walked from "that very pleasant city, Ostia," "tracking the coast of the gently-bending shore;" and, although after a lapse of sixteen centuries, all now was solitary and deserted, yet, just as then, "the sea, always restless even when the winds are lulled, came up on the shore with waves crisp and curling."

We had a merry collation in an avenue of stone-pines near Prince Chigi's fine old casino. Then after wading to our waists through a sea of flowering asphodels to gain a clear

view of the Pontine Marshes, drove back in a summer-like evening to Rome.

It had been a fine April morning fifty years earlier when William and I, with our nearest relatives, walked to Meeting, all the little town of Utttoxeter looking on. I wonder I did not feel very nervous. We had some of the Friends to dinner—a better one than



Mayr-am-Hof.

usual; if I remember rightly, a cook was engaged for the occasion from the White Hart. Then William and I and all the young people strolled in the garden, and up to the Bank Closes, a nice little home walk. After our return rain fell. We had more Friends to tea; all those who had not been invited to dinner. Afterwards the sun came out, and we left in quite a splendid sunset. I remember so well how bright the evening was after the rain, and have often thought it was like our life—marked by April showers with a lovely, calm sunset.

From the period of our arrival in Rome I may truly say that the promise in Scripture, "At evening time it shall be light," was in our case fulfilled. Our tenants in England were desirous of continuing their lease of the Orchard, and we to stay on in Italy, where the climate had something so soothing, so exactly fitting to old age. I prized in Rome the kind, sympathetic friends given to us, the ease of social existence, the poetry, clas-



Entrance to the back-yard.

sis grace, the peculiar and deep pathos diffused around ; above all the stirring and affecting historic memories, for every stone and monument spoke of famous classic or Christian deeds, of the blood of martyrs and the virtues of saints. It was a locality which led me to perceive how in a manner each person makes his own heaven or hell. To some of our intimate friends Rome was truly, in the words of Dante,

"The holy place wherein
Sits the successor of the greatest
Peter,"

the centre of triumphant Christianity sacred as Jerusalem until the Crucifixion. To others it held the position of pagan Rome to the early Christians—a centre of cruelty, abomination, and duplicity, its sanitary short-

comings being a type of its social condition. To me it was a city of habitation after long wanderings in the wilderness ; to my husband—who did not unreservedly share my enthusiasm—it became, as well as to myself, the finishing school of our earthly life.

In the June of 1871, accompanied by Miss Foley, we went for the summer to Tyrol, where we were quite providentially led, in the neighbourhood of Bruneck, to an old mansion called Mayr-am-Hof, which, though evidencing a slow decline, stood up massive and grand at the farther end of the gradually-ascending village of Dietsenheim. It was a long building, with lofty roof and dormer windows, plastered and painted after the Palladian style in effective designs to represent Grecian pilasters, circles, and other ornamentations, and protected by much fine ironwork that grated the windows or swelled out in jutting balconies. It had a back-

yard and farm-buildings of no mean order, seen through a stately but somewhat ruinous entrance, conspicuously surmounted by a fresco painted dull red and white, like the rest of



The Fresco. Digitized by Google

the building. The subject, in harmony with the religious faith in Tyrol, represented the Virgin and Child attended by St. Joseph; a guardian angel and its human charge; St. John Nepomucen, protector against floods, and St. Florian, against fire.

We learnt from a tall young peasant, with a refined countenance and the most self-possessed manners, that the place belonged to his father. The family merely occupied a portion and the rest was empty. We expressed a desire to inspect the interior, and

were courteously conducted up-stairs through a great stone hall into a saloon of vast dimensions, with a fine embossed ceiling of stucco, and lighted by eight windows. We were shown an adjoining room wainscoted, having the character of an oratory; and re-crossing the hall, a spacious chamber possessing a long interior latticed casement, screened by an old-fashioned chintz curtain, with a kneeling bench under it, and opening like a squire's pew

into the old chapel. We were taken, on the second floor, into three vacant rooms occupying the broad, southern gable front, the centre one having a balcony which commanded a splendid view up and down the Pusterthal.

Although the rooms were almost bare they were furnished with beautiful views, had noble proportions and well-scrubbed floors; and the whole place, from its uniqueness, space, and dignified decay, so appealed to our taste that we esteemed ourselves fortunate to be accepted as tenants. Our landlord, who

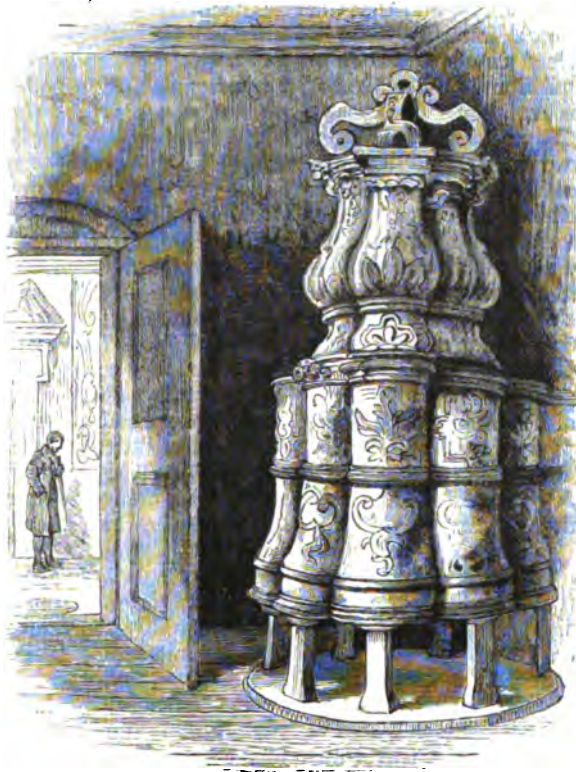
had never let rooms before, was Anton Mutschlechner, best known as the "Hof-bauer," a spare man in a brown home-spun jacket faced with green, unless it were some great church festival, when he donned the long Noah's Ark coat in which he was married a quarter of a century before. He was a quiet disciplinarian, given to hard toil and pious meditation. He had been a funny little Tyroler boy in the year '9, whom the French officers quartered in Mayr-am-Hof petted and caressed; those otherwise terrible, alarm-

ing lodgers, who burnt cartloads of wood in the great stoves, damaging, cracking, and ever after rendering unserviceable the elaborate pile of white faience in the saloon.

We vastly enjoyed our Robinson-Crusoe life at Mayr-am-Hof, where a godly routine of prayer and labour hallowed the entire household. Margaret Foley, a born carpenter and practical inventor, set to work, and so did my husband, and made us all sorts of capital

contrivances; thus, with fine weather out of doors and a roof over our heads, we lacked nothing. Behind the house a common gently sloped upwards, surmounted by an old crucifix and two lime-trees. There we sat evening after evening to watch the wonderful sunset afterglow on a group of strange, rugged dolomite mountains. They filled up the eastern end of the valley and became indescribably beautiful and strangely spiritual as they flushed crimson, melted into deep violet, faded a ghastly grey, then were shrouded from view by the pall of night.

MARY HOWITT.



"The elaborate pile of white faience in the saloon."

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF INSPECTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

PART II.—GETTING TO THE WORK.

THE amount and variety of travelling involved in the inspection of such extended areas in these outlandish regions are extraordinary, and expose the wanderer to much hardship and no small danger. The district long traversed by me included, territorially, about half the country, and that the very wildest, from near Kinnaird's Head in Aberdeen to Barra Head in the Outer Hebrides, in one line, and from John o' Groats to Ardnamurchan in another. For years, this necessitated 14,000 miles of travel to be done annually, this amount declining latterly, as my district contracted, to 8,000; so that at first I circumnavigated the globe in two years, and during my sojourn in the north, traversed 160,000 miles, or somewhere about six times round the planet on official business alone. That indicates no mean strain, both physical and mental, and a fair amount of tear and wear in the public service—not to mention perhaps a fifth more voluntarily undertaken, by mountain top and heath and cliff in the severe but happy prosecution of naturalistic studies, in hunting for rocks, plants, birds, cairns, and scenery, there presented on virgin soil and in fascinating perfection. But it was all more than repaid, nay, richly rewarded, by highest health, glorious experiences, hospitality unbounded, scientific, scenic and social delights, beauty, grandeur, and poetic memories.

Then, too, the great variety of conveyance, combined with the character of the country, added interest, dashed not seldom with the piquancy of peril. Much of the travel was done before the iron horse snorted in sight of the Coolins or waked the echoes of Morven, when the moors of Caithness and Skye had to be traversed by means of the old stage-coach, under midnight storm and morning chill. The romance of danger was certainly not wanting where so much had to be faced by rail and road, steamer, smack and open boat; and more than once I have had a close view of the black gates, and have nearly given all up for lost. From accidents by horse and carriage, I have had a strange immunity, while some friends have suffered much. But cats somehow light always on their feet, and my feline proclivities have stood me not seldom in good stead, on craggy

precipice as well as on road, steed and wave. The poor post-horses and carriages have endured more than I have done. Often have I led a broken-down hack for miles to the next station, and helped to push her Majesty's mail-car to the nearest smithy.

The drivers have been as various as the animals they hurried—often gentle and perfect as postboys, content and successful with a word or a sign; sometimes hard and cruel, with unceasing lash or probing of open sore; a brutal sailor, palmed off on me for the long fifty miles between Stornoway and Harris, having to be sternly warned that another stroke would see himself chucked out on the road by a stalwart friend. Between these extremes, I have seen all shades, not a few being men of intelligence and character or of high eccentricity, whose style would have delighted John Leech; the majority, moreover, meriting praise, and winning not a few extra sixpences, expressly given for kindness to the dumb drudge to which we owe such endless unrealised debt. In many cases, the schools could be reached only by riding or walking, along mountain track or across quaking bog, and these experiences were many and trying. Indeed, the only real accidents I ever had have been from horseback, sometimes certainly the horse's fault, sometimes assuredly the rider's, from his want of skill in managing cross-grained Highland garrons.

Not unfrequently have the incidents of travel been humorous. On one occasion, I was accompanied in Uist by an intelligent English rector, genial and generous, but withal solemn and sententious, his office clothing him at all times like his long clerical frockcoat. After finishing a school, we had to get to a friend's house some ten miles off, and no vehicle could be had but a crofter's springless cart. It would have been quite too awful to require such dignitaries to sit in the bottom of a common cart. So, to show sufficient honour, two kitchen chairs were provided for our use. There we got duly settled amid the admiring gaze of the assembled people, one on each seat, the cleric steadying himself on his gold-headed cane and the inspector on his umbrella. Off we set, in expressive but wondering silence,

(for a Highland crowd doesn't hooray), at a firm trot along the rough road; our good mare being followed by a wondering lanky foal, as all mares are in horse-breeding Uist. Soon our dignity was severely tried, for the thrones on which we sat in state, like the two kings of Brentford, became insecure, as other earthly thrones have done, and wandered hither and thither in rude mutual jostle over the bottom of that cart. Every little bit, we had to stop to readjust the chairs at the front, until they gradually jolted to the rear, to traverse the same weary bone-racking round for ten long but mirthful miles, while we were shaken to aches as in a Russian paradoshna. It was altogether an experience never to be forgotten, to see the struggle between the stately and the comic in that good clergyman's face, with his suppressed explosions of irresistible laughter and mine in full flood at our unique style of progression; behind the half-concealed titters and furtive backward glances of our respectful Gaelic postilion, too much awed at the cloth, like all Highlanders, to laugh; while the foal trotted round its mother in frisky waywardness.

Next year at the same place, I would have none of their honours, and asked for something soft to sit on for myself and a frolicsome friend, solemn but not clerical. After voluble consultation in the unknown tongue, two full sacks from a barn were carefully placed in the cart, and looked just the thing, certainly a pleasant contrast to the hard-bottomed chairs. My friend gaily leaped in and sat down on the comfortable sofa, but, speedily rising, jumped out again, in search apparently of something forgotten. He asked me casually to take my place, saying that it was delightful. I did so, but rose as speedily as he, indulging in not the mildest language to my sniggering companion. It had rained for two long days, in the way it only can when it has a mind to in these pluvial isles, and the wise men had filled these bags, not with dry hay or straw, as was to be expected from a barn, but with drenched grass just cut for the cows; and we had both sat down in a virtual pool, with the usual result! I chose rather to run behind the cart than to ride within, and risk rheumatism like my hardy trickster, for most of the way towards Benbecula.

The Minch is the most notoriously trying of waters, being cross-grained and dangerous, and, even in its kindlier moods, readily rousing unhappy sensations in the digestive regions of experienced seamen (as I have heard them in no measured expletives denounce), not to

mention casual craftsmen like inspectors. There, however, such discomforts are minimised in the splendid steamers which have so wonderfully developed the West Coast. These find their tortuous way into the remotest loch and bay of the Outer Islands, wherever, indeed, human wants require them; and of their value, the obelisk to Hutcheson on Kerrera, opposite Oban, is a well-earned tribute. But these luxuries notwithstanding, the effects are often anything but delightful, in spite of every imagined preventive, and uncompromisingly bring the strongest low, mercilessly prostrate all human pretension, and produce scenes both distressing and comic.

More than once, the voyage has been with me perilous in the extreme. In 1879, we had barely got away from Castle Bay, in Barra, when the terrific gale of the 22nd of September burst upon us, as Alexander Smith would say, "like a tiger." It sent us back for refuge from the raging Minch to the narrow creek of North Bay in the same island, into which we had to creep, with momentary danger in the darkness. There we swung for thirty hours, with two anchors at our bows, under the fiercest hurricane I have ever witnessed. By the sheer pressure of the tempest, the sea was kept free of waves, but was torn into driving shreds of spindrift that rose far above our masts, hiding the land from view and preventing all possibility of getting to shore, though within a stone's throw. All the while, the brave captain and crew calmly but anxiously watched through these dismal hours for the snapping of the chains or the dragging of the anchors and instant destruction.

Such sudden gales are the chief danger in these western coasts and lakes. I was never nearer shipwreck than on Loch Maree itself, in a blast which drove us behind a friendly cape to hide from its anger. It roused the beautiful lake into such fury that my waiting colleague had left the landing-place whither I was bound, thinking that no boat could face or survive such a tempest. I once accompanied a young priest, from Iona to Staffa over a rough sea, in an open boat under reefed sail, and was surprised to see him nervously clutch the gunwale, though he was a splendid swimmer, accustomed, in the Long Island, to boating in all weathers. He had once been caught in a sudden gale in the dangerous sound between Barra and Uist, which is open to the full Atlantic, when the boat was helplessly swamped, his fishermen companions drowned, and he himself only

saved, after extreme exhaustion, by his powerful swimming.

But these outer channels have terrors beneath the surface as well as above it, in sunken rocks and treacherous shoals, especially in the Sound of Harris, of ill fame with seamen. I once crossed it under sail, alone with two boatmen, happily for me experienced Bernera men, when the sea rose into one expanse of white seething foam that hid the land. Another year, one of the men lay stretched over the bows, in a low ebb, to watch the rocks and shallows and cry in Gaelic to his companions. These tacked at command, often with painful suddenness, which seemed to the uninitiated unnecessary and dangerous.

At the head of Loch Garry, a fine new school has replaced one of the most picturesque and comfortable of little seminaries, in which unusually good work used to be done under the thatch, and in light which was only physically dim. It occupies one side of the broad and often roaring stream that expands into the Loch, at a place over which a bridge cannot well be carried. One of the necessary accomplishments of the teacher, in addition to the scholastic, is that of being an expert boatman; for he has to ferry his pupils from the other side of the river in the morning and back again in the afternoon, in all weathers, summer and winter, when the water will allow. Sometimes that duty is dangerous, as I found one year, when our party, including ladies, in spite of the combined efforts of the stalwart schoolmaster and others, was carried by the roaring torrent right over the cataract below the ferry into the Loch. Happily it was without accident, although with many fears. That yearly double passage, with willing juvenile hands at the oar, and the long drive amid the splendid, wide-spreading scenery of Glen Garry, was an uncommon and pleasant episode.

But my boating experiences were not always stormy and dangerous. On the Hebrides descend fairest weather and balmy breezes, with halcyon seas and wonderful sunsets, surely nowhere surpassed in God's beautiful world. Ah, those sunsets! Charming, magnificent, indescribable, as seen on the edge of the Atlantic, from the Uist *machars*,* with St. Kilda and her companion rocks set in the golden blaze of a graded, fading halo; or from Cape Wrath or Dunnet Head, in the mantling glow of a nightless

day; or from Loch Hourn, as irradiating a cloudy background for the crested sierras of the Coolins, in an autumnal evening light! The more southern scenes I now inhabit, beautiful as they are, have no such glories.

How shall I ever forget one cloudless midnight, when becalmed for hours in an open boat between Eigg and Arisaig! The western sky was one daffodil behind the Coolins, graduating into blue in the zenith and into exquisite azure in the east, where floated the crescent moon, its upturned tips embracing a diamond star above; while the circle of the scene was completed by the peaks of Rum, the Scur of Eigg, the bold bluff of Ardnamurchan Head, and the crowding mountains of Morar and Glenelg, and the whole was repeated in the glassy mirror around.

The straits a traveller is reduced to in these regions in the way of lodging are often great. I have had to sleep in shepherds' huts; above the stables at hotels, especially during the crowded tourist season; on chairs, wrapped in my rug, with crowded fellow-travellers crouched in all positions, waiting for the hourly expected steamer, which mayhap did not come for some twenty-four hours after that; and in even more uncomfortable quarters in wayside inns, with restless midnight companions. One day in the dusk, I arrived in a small boat in one of the rocky inlets on the east coast of Harris. There in a low ebb, we grounded helplessly on a shoal and did not get off till the tide rose nearer midnight. We had then to scramble in the dark through rain and heather to the teacher's house, unannounced and unexpected. In the schoolroom itself, I passed the night in comparative comfort.

On another occasion, at a miserable inn, I received the only decent room, which, lighted by a skylight, was at once sitting-room and bed-chamber, and contained two box beds. The landlord solemnly assuring me I should not be disturbed, I retired to rest, after locking the crazy door. In the early hours, I was roused by the tramp of drunken feet up the wooden stair, and a flashing candle; when the lock was burst inwards and a reeking drover shunted into the vacant bed by my tipsy host.

But these and similar trying amenities were more than redeemed by a hospitality eastern in its abundance and genuineness, homelike and handsome; and by the formation of dear and life-long friendships, among a race whose warm-heartedness neither driving mists nor drenching rains can ever quench

* *Machar* is the name given to the flat plains that border the Atlantic on the west side of the Uists. The same word is found as one of the divisions of Galloway—the Moors, *Machars*, and *Rhinns*, or headlands.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

"And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town."
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"NOÄ, I've niver seen naught like this,"
Than Rountree was saying. He had gone back to his own house, back through the stricken, weeping town over which the news had fled as only such news can fly. Miss Rountree was at home, not having ven-

tured to cross the bridge in such a storm; and Mr. Salvain had accepted Than's invitation to go over to Salthouse Garth and have a cup of tea. They were all together there in the little room, Dorigen sitting next to Mr. Salvain, white, silent, rigid, losing no word that was said of all that had happened.

"Noä; I've niver seen naught like it," the old man went on. "I were out i' the great gale o' '21. We were caught off the mouth o' the Tyne; an' we missed the entrance to



"They were all together there in the little room."

the port; an' were driven on to the rocks. We hung there i' the riggin' for three-an'-twenty hours afore we could be ta'en off. *That* were a gale, but 'twere naught like this—this is a horricane!

"An' then there was the time I was wrecked i' the *Narwhal*, comin' for Hild's Haven fra' the Greenland seas wi' fifty ton o' oil on board, an' a lot o' sealskins. *That* were a gale; but 'twere naught like this—this is a horricane!

"'Twas well-nigh eleven years efter the *Narwhal* were lost 'at Ah sailed i' the *Flyin' Huntsman*. We were caught suddenly that time off o' Hartlepool; an' the brig foundered, an' went down as if she'd been scuttled. Only the mate an' me lived to tell on

it. We got into the boat, an' we were picked up next mornin' by a steamer; more dead than alive, Ah can tell you. *That* were a gale, but 'twere naught like this—this is a horricane."

"But surely it is abating a little?" Mr. Salvain said, though the doors and windows were rattling as he spoke, and the sleet hissing in the fire. He could think of no other hopeful thing to say. Something prevented him from touching upon the one thing that he knew was nearest Dorigen's heart, and seeming as if it held her life itself in check. He had made no mention to her of her father or her mother, or of the sailing of the *Albatross*, for old Than had confided to Mr. Salvain that he was not without fear. It was only

too probable that the ship had sailed on the day fixed for her sailing.

And now the twilight was coming down, and the sleety rain was turning to snow; wild, grey-white snow that whirled and tossed in the gale as the foam-wreaths were tossing from wave to wave outside the harbour bar. The storm might not be raging now at quite that topmost strain of violence with which it had raged at high-water; but at times, during the showers, the abatement was barely perceptible. The present moment was not a time of assurance to any who had cause for anxiety.

Dorigen had been standing near the window a little while, watching the falling and drifting of the snow, listening to the hoarse undertones of wind and wave that came with confusion and indistinctness to the interior of the little dwelling at the top of Salthouse Garth. No movement of hers, no change in the expression of her face, escaped the notice of Michael Salvain, who sat talking to old Than; and watching her with sad, unsatisfied yearnings and compassions written on every feature of his face. Her silent misery was terrible to him, and had elements in it which he could not comprehend.

Quite suddenly the girl turned to him. The snow-shower was passing: the small room was somewhat less dark.

"I'm going out," she said with a quiet resoluteness. "I am going up to the cliff. . . . Will you come with me?"

Old Than protested, and vehemently; but Michael Salvain made no objection whatever. It might be well for her to have some change of scene; to see with her own eyes the things she was brooding over in that too keen and vivid imagination of hers.

"Let her have her way," he said to Than and Miss Rountree while Dorigen went to put on her cloak and hat. "Let her come with me for an hour. I do not think it will be unwise. I will be very careful of her."

They went out together. The snow ceased to fall as they went by the silent deserted streets to the top of the West Cliff. There were sailors and fishermen still congregated about the piers; and all along the edge of the angry ebbing waves were sad groups of men, with here and there among them a weeping woman, watching and waiting to see if by any influence that wild tempestuous sea should be moved to give up her dead. They had not watched in vain. Thrice already a dark burden had been borne in on the bosom of a wan, crested, shadowing wave.

Looking out from point to point across the wide bay it seemed that there was nothing visible to an ordinary eye, but the space was not all clear in the gathering twilight. To the north, between Hild's Haven and Danesbecke Ness, a strange crescent-shaped sweep of mist or driving snow was brooding, or rather drifting over the surface of the gloomy sea. It was passing on toward the hollow darkness of the night that was already in the east, leaving a last streak of the western light behind it.

Dorigen was looking toward the light, watching it as if its changing lurid gleam had some fascination for her. At last she turned quickly, speaking in a low agitated voice which she strove vainly to master.

"Do you see?" she said with trembling lips, and lifting her pallid face to Mr. Salvain. "Oh! do you see it, the ship on the edge of the mist? *It is the Albatross.*"

But Michael Salvain saw nothing. His sight was good, but it was not as the sight of the girl by his side.

"I see no sail anywhere," he said, peering across the gloom intently.

"Her sails are not set," Dorigen replied with quivering haste. "None of them are set. There are two bare masts; and the hull is low in the water."

Yet he saw nothing; nothing but the girl's clasped hands and white set face; whiter, it seemed, for the swiftly gathering darkness. A few minutes more and night would be upon the sea.

"Let us go down to the coast-guard," Mr. Salvain said, taking her hand in his. But she did not move. A small tongue of yellow flame was leaping up out there to the north; that he saw: and then another and another. Slowly he looked into the face beside him, hardly daring to look.

"It is a signal of distress!" she said in a hoarse whisper. Then stretching out her two hands beseechingly to the wild skies she turned silently away.

But it was only for a moment.

"Will you go?" she said imploringly, "will you go down and see if the signal has been seen? I will wait here. I must stay here. . . . I cannot turn away."

The blazing tar-barrel on board the *Albatross* had been noticed at the first moment when it was fired, and already the rocket-apparatus was being got ready for use again, and the usual signals were given, though the men who had answered them always had that day answered them for the last time, and were sleeping the

sleep that only the last great signal shall disturb.

They might not hear; but others were there; the reader and the more anxious for that dread day's events. Before a quarter of an hour had passed, an ancient lifeboat which had been condemned, having drowned several of her crew, and having hung suspended on her rests for nineteen years and more, was manned and launched into the still seething and writhing surf, and steered for the burning tar-barrel.

Who hearing of this shall say that chivalry is dead, and heroism a note of past history?

By this time it was dark; a fresh array of denser and blacker clouds having gathered suddenly in the north-west, seeming to meet and hurry with a special gloom but just over where the *Albatross* was tossing in the surf, on the edge of the rock about a mile to the north of Hild's Haven. She had struck: this was made evident by the fact that the glare of the tar-barrel was fixed in one spot.

The rockets were being fired from the beech; but all unavailingly. Michael Salvain and John Gower's daughter, standing together on the rugged storm-swept height above the spot, saw that it was unavailingly.

But they knew that the lifeboat was out. Now and then a rift in the cloud showed a black speck out in the midst of the wild, white, furious foam; but the speck seemed to be making but little way through the desperate strife of waters.

Surely even now it was growing more desperate. The tide was coming up again; fitfully and furiously the masses of foam-white waves were dashing up the sands in the black hollow that was below the edge of the cliff. Now and then small groups of two or three figures could be discerned down on the beach by the feeble light of the lanterns they carried. All was being done that might be done, and yet they had sinking hearts who stood there with strained eyes, peering through the blackness to where the last signal of distress burned on flickeringly.

For over an hour no word had been spoken on that cliff top. Michael Salvain supported the girl's frail form when the stern blast of the gale would have swept her down; but all the while he had spoken no word. Comfort would have seemed as mockery.

And yet she did not know the worst; no, nor dream of it.

Not for a moment did she dream that out there in the terrible hurricane that was rag-

ing, not only her father was on the deck of the shattered and shuddering vessel, but that her mother was there also, lashed to the mast, and cowering over the ice-cold form of the infant in her arms. The blaze of the tar-barrel was merciful, and did not disclose that scene.

In one sense it might be said that it was Esther Gower's own fault that she was there, exposed to the pitiless fury of that dread night. She had found it impossible to persuade her husband to desert his ship at the last moment of sailing; Captain Lynas, seeing how matters stood, and having a humanity beyond the ordinary humanity of his class, had of his own accord arranged that Mrs. Gower need not leave the vessel till they were off Hild's Haven. With fair weather it would only be a few hours' run from Sunderland; and she could easily be put ashore. Now to-night he would have given all he possessed not to have had the sight and prospect of her sufferings. They were not over yet.

It was after nine o'clock now, and there was no change except that the tide was higher, the night darker, and the hoarse blast colder.

"My child, you are very chill," Michael Salvain said at last, speaking tenderly. "Will you go down to the coastguard station? There will be a fire there, and I can bring you word of anything that occurs."

"No," the girl said, seeming to speak sobbingly because of her weakness, and the force of the wind. "No, I must stay here. I cannot see, I cannot hear myself think; but I must stay. . . . You will let me stay?"

She had hardly spoken when suddenly the lurid flames of the burning tar-barrel seemed to break out and shoot upward with a wild fierceness, disclosing the dark form of the ship as it lay bent over toward the white waves that leapt along her side and burst upon the deck with mad fury. It was only for a moment. The fiery light went out as suddenly as it had flared upward. Darkness was there in its place; a total, and awful, and bewildering darkness.

"They have put the danger light out," Mr. Salvain said. "They would be sure to do that if they were leaving the ship. Let us go down to be ready for the lifeboat when it lands."

They went down to the beach; but another hour went by before it was discerned through the darkness that the lifeboat was making for the shore. All along by the edge of the waves there was a fringe of waiting anxious

men, anxious, but not hopeful, not buoyant.

Their hearts sank lower. The lifeboat touched the beach; the spent, exhausted men were assisted to land.

There were only the lifeboat men.

Their tale, when they could tell it, was the history of one of the few defeats ever experienced by a Hild's Haven lifeboat crew. By no effort had they been able to reach the stranded ship with that old, and frail, and unmanageable boat. Over and over they had been driven off, beaten backward; for over four hours they had been tossed hither and thither.

Their strength was going from them, spent for nought, when all at once they missed the fiery sign they had been struggling to reach with such unutterable desire. Yet they did not despair for the crew of the *Albatross*. It was possible, how barely possible they might not know, that the shipwrecked crew had been saved by means of the rocket-apparatus. It was all the men in the lifeboat could do to save themselves, and this was accomplished, but hardly. Another hour, and they had surely died at the oars.

It was near midnight now, and a faint

electric-looking light seemed trying to pierce the clouds to the east. This told that the waning moon had risen, and might give light if the clouds should break away but a little.

"I will go back to the cliff," Dorigen said. She was hardly able to make herself heard in the tumult and confusion of the storm. Mr. Salvain held her arm in his, and sheltered her as best he might. It was possible that there was none else with any right to protect her now; and the love which he had fought against so long and so unsuccessfully seemed to comprehend a new love within itself tonight, making



"Suddenly the livid flames seemed to shoot upward."

ing a double love, which was well since she had double need of it. He held her as a man might hold a wounded bird, not knowing the extent of its wounding.

"You shall go if you can bear it," he said, thinking of the passionate desire that she must have for sight, for knowledge, for assurance. And by this time he knew something of her almost marvellous powers of physical endurance, and of recuperation. She might test her strength to the uttermost, with more impunity than she might deny her

soul's strong natural yearning in such an extremity as this.

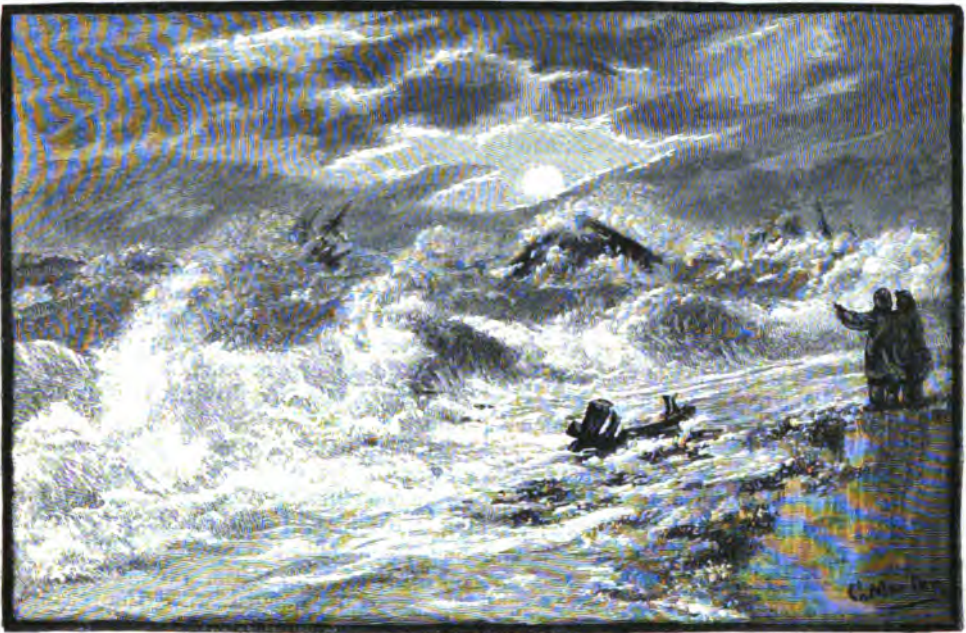
"We will go," he said; "but you must promise to tell me if you find your strength failing. It will be a long watch from now till daylight, and nothing can be done or seen till then."

He would not ask her to turn away, to leave the spot where she might have sight of the ship standing out there in her great loneliness and distress; pleading silently, vainly for the human succour that no human help might give. No; he understood her too well to ask her to turn away.

They went upward in the darkness; up by the slippery winding-path through the wet clay and the tufted grass, leaving the sailors and fishermen below, moving to and fro across the gleams of the pallid lanterns. These would not leave the beach till the tide drove them from the last foot of standing-ground.

So, in watching, in hoping, in despairing, in enduring, the hours of that wild night passed on into the eternity that is behind.

They stood together there, Mr. Salvain and Dorigen Gower, away on the cliff beyond the town. Mr. Salvain had chosen a hollow



"At daybreak."

between two points of the cliff, hoping that there might be a little shelter there; but the wild wind came round them, and tore them, and seemed as if it fain would hurl them also to destruction.

They were exactly opposite to the spot where the signal had burned; but no other sign or sound came that could be distinguished above the fury of the storm.

It might be two o'clock when the sad waning moon broke through the dense environment of cloud that had enshrouded her. Slowly the pale light diffused itself, appearing to spread outward to the very ends of the ocean before there was light enough by which to discern things near at hand. Dori-

gen's eyes were fixed on the one spot, there was still something there, something that stood blackly in the wild white sea-waste below. It was the *Albatross* she knew; but it seemed as if she had difficulty in realising her knowledge. She could not question herself, nor wonder at the strange confusion that was about her brain; but she was aware that somehow her sense of terror was deadened and still, her whole soul filled by a quiet, yet strong expectancy. She did not know that Michael Salvain was looking out over the waves to the edge of the rock where the vessel was lying, as a man looks upon a new-made grave. No such feeling was hers. They were there, her father and the men

with whom he sailed. Though even her sight might not discern them in that strange misty yellow light that was changing fitfully with every moment, yet it was as if she felt their presence across the storm. This it was that caused the strain, the tension of her soul; a tension so great that it held her senses from their proper perception of the things that were or had been, and even quieted her dread of the things that might yet be. The very earth she stood upon was fast losing its earthly reality.

Still they stood there; the moon was obscured for a few moments; there was a slight pause in the storm, the thunder and roar of the sea was less terrific, the wind sank to a passionate moan. . . . Suddenly, with that moan again came mingled the saddest human sound that human ears can ear, the last wild wail of drowning men.

In the day that wail had been heard, thousands had shuddered as they heard, shuddering in that helpless, hopeless agony of sympathy which none can pass through and forget.

But now in the wild night there was no watching multitude to listen, to suffer with those who suffered; to send back an answering cry of compassion.

These two were alone there; these two alone heard that wail, these two alone saw by the pallid light of the moon the last slow yielding of the doomed vessel to the angry, leaping waves.

Gradually it bent over, as one might turn his face for the last sleep. The masts sank down quietly toward the shore; the hull lay on its side. Then all was over.

It was Sunday morning, and it was eleven minutes past two.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AT DAYBREAK.

"He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day."

THE dawn of that Sunday morning was breaking; and it was breaking brightly for the band of unwearied men who set out from Hild's Haven to walk by the margin of the ebbing tide to the point of Ulyatt Rock, where the signal of distress had been seen on the previous night.

How was it breaking for the crew of the *Albatross*? for the crew of the lifeboat? for all of those who were lying there, the depth closed round about them, the weeds wrapped about their head?

The most careless-hearted of those who went across the beach went silently. The tide was going out, leaving the remains of

the wrecked ship lying upon the wet brown rock, like the ribs of a dead camel in a vast expanse of dreary desert sand.

There are few things more saddening, even to those who are accustomed to it, than the sight of a goodly ship lying totally wrecked among the wrecking breakers. Though everything be shattered, torn, broken, riven asunder, so that not even two planks hang together to show you with any exactness what the size and form of the vessel has been, yet the sea is not weary, nor satiate. Its waves lift up the twisted masses of wood and iron, and dash them down again. The separate portions of the ship creak and groan in their agony; but the dashing and tearing and rending goes on. The ropes writhe in the tossing surf; the torn sails flutter sadly, the chains clank upon the pitiless rock. There seems to be no mercy. All is anger, fury, remorseless devastation.

The mariners and fishermen of Hild's Haven who were there by the marge of the sea at daybreak that Sunday morning, had all of them seen dread storms, had most of them escaped from wrecked ships, looked upon drowned men. There was not one there but had his own thrilling tale of deliverance from some sore sea-peril; and yet they said to one another, speaking in sad undertones, that they had not looked upon a scene like this.

The sun was fairly above the sea now; a glowing globe of amber burning upward across the still cloud-darkened heavens, turning the edges of the clouds to quivering gold, penetrating the masses of dark moving vapour with rich, warm, various red. The sea beneath changed with the changing colour above it, brightening in the distance to glittering yellow, changing suddenly to golden green, darkening nearer at hand to a sullen purple. Then, far as the eye could see from north to south there was the broad fringe of yet angry surf, whitening all the bay from beyond the lighthouses at Hild's Haven to Danesbecke Ness. And in the surf everywhere rocked, and rolled, and tossed and shivered the remains of the seven ships which one brief day before had sailed proudly upon the proud sea's bosom. Nowhere could the eye turn but it fell upon some portion of dark hull, of bare broken mast, of shattered planking, of splintered wheel. It was as if the end of the sea-world had come, and the sun were rising upon its ruins.

And of all the wrecks that tossed there,

none were more completely wrecked than the good ship *Albatross*. The only portion left to tell an uninitiated person that the confused, unintelligible mass which stood darkly against the sun had ever been a ship, was the curving bow of the vessel, which stood bottom upward upon the rock. A few broken shreds of planking adhered to it, the bolts protruding; the drifting seaweed clinging in long fringes to every point of twisted iron or splintered wood it found to cling to. In the middle of the sea-ravaged mass a kind of hollow was formed by the black naked ribs that curved upward in gaunt line against the shining amber sky; a hollow filled with torn wet canvas, with rusty chain dangling from a shattered wheel, with clinging, dripping tangles of the brown and crimson, and grey and green seaweed.

Such was the bier, such the garlands above the spot where lay four sleepers, sleeping so soundly that the thud and thunder of the waves might not awaken them; so soundly that the still furious rushing and booming of the wind might not awaken them; so soundly that words spoken in compassionate sadness above them might not for a moment awaken them.

They lifted the sleepers gently, those strong-armed men who had come along the sands in the dawnlight. The first whom they raised was a young and powerful man, a Swede, as they learnt later, Jens Nielsen by name. The second was a baby, a fair, round-cheeked, auburn-haired baby, with a smile still set there about its small curved mouth. The third was the captain of the ship, an elderly, careworn, sea-worn man, who might even have been glad in the end to rest from his lifelong struggle with stormy wind and sea.

The fourth to be raised from out the wet sand and the green seaweed was John Gower. He was known to those who raised him, and carried him up out of the reach of the drenching surf, and placed him in the shelter of a projecting rock at the foot of the cliff; and it was quickly discerned that the last spark of life was not yet beaten out of him. What could be done out there a mile from Hild's Haven? They hardly stayed to think. Some gently tore the remnants of wet clothing from his body; some brought the dry seasand from a ledge of the cliff, and used it for a chafing medium; others stripped themselves of their own garments which were dry and warm; others again ran to the town for further means of succour. It was something strange that even one life should be

saved from a wreck like the wreck of the *Albatross*!

CHAPTER XXVIII.—“FACE WE OUR FUTURE ONCE AGAIN.”

“Even so, we let go hands . . .
And in between us rushed the torrent-world
To blanch our faces like divided rocks,
And bar for ever mutual sight and touch
Except through swirl of spray and all that roar.”
E. B. Browning.

It was hardly surprising that the events of that one wild night should have taken Dorigen's strength so completely, that for awhile she lay unconscious—so utterly unconscious that she could not even be made aware of the fact of her father's deliverance. Michael Salvain went to and fro daily: old Than was disturbed; Miss Rountree, anxious, and tender, and devoted; but the hours went on into days, and there was no change. The girl lay silent, stirless, sleepless, as one entranced.

Her father, who was recovering, and who had gone back to his own empty home by Wiggoner's Wharf, stunned, stricken for evermore, yet made effort to climb to the top of Salthouse Garth and sit by his daughter's side. He spoke to her in tones as gentle, and as little sad as he could use, but for awhile there was no response.

At last there was an awakening; a slow, painful recognition of her father's presence. For the first confused moment it even seemed as if the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, were inducing some half-terrible feeling within her, some dread of her own saneness, of his reality; some question in her reeling brain as to which world she might be awakening in. Then, at last, she grasped the idea of his rescue; her lip quivered, her eyes were suffused, but even in that moment the instinct of her race was strong within her. She might not cry there, in her father's sight, like any ignorant untrained child. She hid her face and forced back the choking sobs for a moment or two. Then she said, putting out her hand and trying to smile—

“I will go home with you. Let us go now. . . . I have so wanted little Elsie!”

They were alone there in the little attic room at the top of Than's cottage. Than was in the room below putting on his best black coat; Miss Rountree had gone out to buy some black gloves. It was yet quite early in the afternoon.

For awhile, a long while it seemed, to Dorigen, John Gower sat with his head on his hand, lost, apparently, in deep thought. Now and then he looked up into her face

anxiously, questioningly; and the girl returned his look with one that questioned him at least as eagerly. Why was he dressed so carefully, and in mourning? But she answered herself on this point. He was wearing the only suit he had left at home. Of course, all the other clothing he had had was lost with the lost ship.

It was a heavy and perplexing moment; but perhaps the decision John Gower arrived at was not an unwise one. He would tell her all, and he would tell her now. If that strange stupor came over her again, it might come in mercy. He made a supreme effort.

"We cannot go home to-day," he said, with more gravity in his manner, and more sorrowfulness in his tone than she could comprehend. "But you shall go to-morrow, or the next day if you are well enough. . . . To-day—this afternoon—I am going to a funeral—a very large funeral. . . . The men who were drowned by the upsetting of the lifeboat,—that is, those whose bodies have been recovered, are to be buried to-day, and also—some of the bodies that were found near the *Albatross*. . . . They are not all men. . . . One man's wife was on board, with a little baby. . . . The baby was found, but not the mother. . . . I must go to see the child laid in its grave. . . . It is the same grave where your little sister was laid eleven years ago."

There are moments and events the full burden of which seems to lie beyond the range of human capacity for feeling and suffering. The blow falls, and we look on, as if it had fallen upon another.

John Gower had watched his daughter; he saw by the dilating of her eyes, by the setting of the muscles about her mouth, by the look of mute shrinking, as from a blow, that she had heard and understood.

No tears fell; no sobs shook the slight frame.

The girl lay on her pillow; the small, white, stricken face half hidden under the masses of black hair; and she lay quite silently, quite stirlessly as before, but this time no stupor came to her relief.

She knew when her father went out, when Miss Rountree took his place by her bedside, when the doctor came and went in the twilight, saying only, "Leave her alone." She was even conscious enough to be grateful; having no other desire but this, to be left alone.

Her eyes were not closed as she lay, but she saw nothing of aught that met her out-

ward vision. She was living over again the events of that dark wild night on the cliff-top; realising now, or trying to realise, how she had stood there, watching the burning signal of distress, not knowing half its terrible meaning; not dreading, or even dreaming that her mother was out there in the infuriate storm, lashed to the mast with little Elsie in her arms, and beaten upon by every wave that broke over the doomed vessel's side. The effort to bring these things to her present consciousness was confusing. The darkness, the horror, the despair, the bitter sense of yearning and desolation were more confusing still. Yet she might not cease from effort. She could only lie there, outwardly quiet to impassiveness, inwardly in the grasp of emotion so strong that the world itself seemed to reel under the blow which had struck her with such overwhelming force.

The days went on, bringing but little change, little relief. Dorigen went back, one dim afternoon, to her own home down by the water-side, and set herself to face the new sad life there with all the strength that was left to her. But her father saw sadly that she did not recover the old quick keen interest in living which had been hers always before. Michael Salvain came and went, bringing flowers and new books, and leaving behind him a certain soothing, lingering element of love, and sympathy, and deep compassion which the girl perceived and understood, and was not likely to forget. But even these things did not lift the heavy cloud which lay upon her heart and darkened her days, and filled all her thought with the ceaseless memory of that terrible storm.

Strangely enough, though her heart yearned for her mother in the night when she wept and did not sleep, and in the day, when she was left alone in the still house, yet it was little Elsie's face and form that she saw with greater distinctness and more passionate pain. It was as if the child were crying to her with outstretched arms, crying up there in the darkness that was upon the hill-top churchyard, crying from under the snow that was falling pitilessly upon the new-made graves; falling so ceaselessly that Dorigen had not yet been permitted to go up and see the one little grave which she knew was opposite to the chancel window. Her father went daily, and came back with haggard face and sunken eyes, oft enough to find that Dorigen's face gave but too plain evidence as to how she had spent the time during his

absence ; but neither wept before the other for the other's sake. The few days they might spend together should be spent in helping each other if help might be.

So another week went on. The house had to be kept in order, the food prepared, the things which had belonged to her mother and little Elsie had to be put carefully away when her father was not there to see them removed, or to see the tears and the passionate yearning kisses that went to their embalming. These were the only moments when the girl was roused from that strange apathy—an apathy into which she seemed to be sinking more deeply as she came to recognise all that bereavement meant.

Her father knew that he must go to sea again, and shortly. "But I cannot leave the child in this state," he said one day to Mr. Kenningham in the street.

More than once the Rector had been to the house by the harbour ; more than once he had seen for himself how it was with John Gower's daughter. Her white patient face—patient yet not resigned, her deep silence, her quiet way of moving about as if her dead were there in the house—these things had all been seen and noted and largely understood.

"You need have no fear," he said, speaking kindly, and with a certain deference as to one upon whom God's hand had been laid long and heavily. "You need not fear. Your daughter is feeling her sorrow with the keenness that belongs to her nature ; and she will remember it with the persistence that belongs to her nature also. But she will not remain in this mind and mood, that is not possible to her. . . . And now tell me, what arrangement have you made about her future ? Are you going to break up your home ?"

"No. I cannot do that," John Gower replied. "I cannot leave myself without a shelter in the world, so long as it is possible to keep one over my head. I thought of shutting up the house at present, and letting Dorigen stay with the Rountrees. She's always been happy there, and they are glad enough at the idea of having her. And I thought of letting her go to school for another year or two, as good a day-school as I can afford. She's keen about books ; and she's had little chance of getting any real knowledge."

"The best arrangement you could have made!" said the Rector enthusiastically ; "the very best, with the exception of the school. That would never do for her, not now. She would find it intolerable. Let

her stay with the Rountrees by all means, I have a great regard for them both ; and let her come to me three times a week for an hour. I will give her all the help she needs at present. . . . I have long had the feeling that I have not done all I might have done for her. Now is my opportunity to make up for remissness. . . . If I can't get down to see you before you leave Hild's Haven, come and see me. We must talk things over a little more definitely before you go to sea again."

John Gower went on his homeward way comforted, and gratefully glad for the words he had heard ; and when the time came for him to leave his child, his heart did not sink within him as it would have done but for the assurance he had that she would not be forgotten ; nor left wholly without such human countenance as would be helpful to her, let the sequence of her life be what it might.

Even as he stood in the station with her by his side, looking into his face with that wan sadness which was fast becoming the fixed expression of her face, he did not see her future in colours so gloomy as he had seemed to see it in the first hours of his great loss. He had been silent all day and sad enough ; but there seemed to come to him now both the desire and the power to shake off something of the heaviness that had beset him. It might be for the child's sake : it might not be. Long afterward she pondered over that unwonted gleam of lightness and brightness which had moved over her father's spirit in that last moment.

"Don't look so downcast, little woman," he said, his voice breaking into the rare tenderness which she had not heard half-a-dozen times in her life. He was holding her hand in his with a strong warm grasp. People were hurrying about, taking their places, saying hurried farewells. One man, a short, pale, hungry-looking man, was standing in the shade of the archway not far from where John Gower stood with his daughter. He heard the words that were said. "Don't be downcast, little woman. Things will go better by-and-by perhaps. If I can see my way, I shall leave the sea, and start business again some day. A very little would do for you and me. Try and think of it. You'd like to be your father's housekeeper, wouldn't you ?"

The only answer was a look, a smile, a few bright tears, a warm clasp of the strong warm hand. The picture he had drawn was not new.

"Try and be hopeful about it," the father went on. "I haven't much else to say in the shape of good advice. I've no need to tell you to be steady, or tidy, or industrious; or to advise you to be obedient to people who are older and wiser than yourself. . . . You've never given me much trouble; you've been more of a comfort than a trouble. You can remember I said that if . . . if you should ever need to remember it."

And all the while the pale man was there, listening, watching, wondering, feeling himself in the grasp of some strange and uncomprehended pains and pangs of remorse.

But for him that parting had never been; but for him John Gower had in all human probability not been a penniless man, nor wifeless, nor had his daughter been motherless. It was he, Aaron Gilderoy, who had done all this, he said to himself; remembering, as indeed he had never ceased to remember, that the loss of the large sum of money he had borrowed from John Gower had been the beginning of the end. He was not a sensitive man, nor given to much regret for the past; but the present moment was a strong one, and unintelligible even to himself. Half unconsciously he made a movement forward; the impulse to speak, to express the remorse that seemed greater than he could bear impelling him onward. But courage, or something else, failed him; he turned away with a muttered word on his pale lips which might have been a prayer, or might have been a curse. He remembered that moment, with all its strange emotion, the next time he met John Gower.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DE PROFUNDIS.

"As the earth
Plunges in fury when the internal fires
Have reached and pricked her heart, and throwing flat
The marts and temples, the triumphal gates
And towers of observation, clears herself
To elemental freedom—thus, my soul
At poetry's divine first finger-touch,
Let go conventions and sprang up surprised
Convicted of the great sterilities
Before two worlds."

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*.

Is not the Mystery of Pain the deepest of the many mysteries that lie about our human life?

By no effort or contrivance can a man escape from it; no possession of riches, of health, of talent, of goodness, entitles him to exemption. He who lives, suffers; and the man who lives most deeply, suffers most certainly and most keenly.

Suffering is the stamp of the higher life, in whatever direction that higher life may aim in its living; and it is inextricably

intertwined with whatever things are good, or pure, or beautiful, or true.

It is said that when the people of Verona saw Dante in the streets, they would exclaim, "See, there is the man that was in hell!" To which Carlyle adds:—

"Ah, yes, he had been in Hell: in Hell enough, in long severe sorrow and struggle; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Comedias that come out *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? . . . In all ways we are to become perfect through suffering."

Experience teaches us that it is not the men who are at ease whose souls rise up and go forth into the darkness of the mystery that is about us everywhere, in worlds not realised, yet close to this every-day world of ours; so close that the atmospheres mingle, and produce for us perplexities, disturbances of spirit, uncomprehended aspirations, vague ineffable dissatisfactions, instincts under which we "tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

It is the soul-stricken, down-trodden, un-solaced, failing in heart and life, blinded by stern adversity, reeling under a hand that is dealing stroke upon stroke, that turns in the darkness, stretches out yearning hands to the eternal silences, and declares that affliction cometh not forth out of the ground; and that therefore it must have a meaning and a mission. To find this meaning, or but to seek after it, is quest enough for a human life; and no soul sets out but has been called in the visions of the night of sorrow. The quest is not for all; and it is well to have an answer ready for the inquiry, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?"

The spring that followed upon that wild winter at Hild's Haven was an early spring; and seemed to be marked even more than is usual in this northern climate of ours by spring's softer and milder beauties. Even at the top of Salthouse Garth the south-west wind blew revivingly; the apple-tree threw out its pink and white blossoms; the prim-roses beneath it expanded day by day; and in the early mornings the birds burst into carols of glad surprise and thankfulness, such as could hardly have been expected if you had considered their environment. This they did as if to prove beyond contradiction that the gift of song does not depend solely upon the adequacy of surrounding circumstance; and that a thrush in Salthouse Garth was still thrushlike, and in nowise doomed to partake of the nature of the cats that throve upon the old red-brown tiles,

and had their family apartments for the most part behind the rickety butts of rain water, or in the elbow joints of the wooden spouting. Race will out, at least as inevitably as murder; as you would have conceded if you had stood in the dawnlight, listening to the thrushes and the blackbirds which frequented the neighbourhood of Monk's Close in the spring mornings of those days.

Dorigen Gower listened, and was stirred and moved as she could not fail to be, though she might have no definite idea as to what it was that thrilled within her so responsively to Nature's lightest touch and faintest music note. Not yet had the cloud of sorrow been lifted from her soul; nay, rather had it come to pass that new sorrow had been added to the old that was still so heavy. The one cup of pleasure that her father had thought specially designed to dispel the melancholy that had gathered about her life had been dashed from her lips untasted. On the very day when she was to have gone to the Rectory for her first hour's mental aliment Mr. Kenningham had been stricken down by paralysis. She had not seen him since; and the one brief message she had received had only bid her wait indefinitely, and work on according to the light she had unceasingly. This she was doing,—this she had not failed to do though no message had come for her encouragement.

Some one has said that "genius always brings with it force enough to educate itself." And it is well that it is so; well that souls set apart for a special work should be free to choose the special aliment needed for that work; and therefore to be assimilated without effort. There was certainly no effort in aught that Dorigen found opportunity for doing; nor was there any idea of any future good to be gained; of any ambition to be fulfilled. It could hardly even be said that she sought knowledge for its own sake. The sole good and pleasure was the pleasure of seeking.

So the winter days had gone. The house by Wiggoner's Wharf had remained closed; the girl had lived her own lonely life in the house with her godfather and his cousin; obedient to them as a little child; and helpful, and patient under Miss Rountree's many scoldings and reproachings concerning her silence, and her over-quietness, and her reluctance to go out of doors.

"It makes my heart ache to have to scold her, sir," the little woman said one day to Mr. Salvain, who happened to come one afternoon when Dorigen had, of her own

accord, gone out to the top of the cliff. "It makes my very heart ache to have to find fault with her when she is so good; and keeps things in such nice order when I am out; and spends so much of her time in knitting warm stockings for her godfather. I can't bear to do it; but neither can I bear to see her sitting with her knitting in her hand for hours together without speaking; and her pale face growing paler and thinner with every week that goes by. I was speaking of it to Mrs. Salvain on Saturday; and she was kind enough to say that Dorigen should go to Thorsgrif again as soon as the weather was a bit warmer. That brought the colour into her face as I'd never thought to see it come any more. She'll be pleased to go there again."

"Not more pleased than we shall be to have her," said Mr. Salvain, rising to go; and debating within himself as he went as to whether he should turn upward and go through Monk's Close and by the churchyard pathways to the cliff top; or whether he should go direct on his homeward way. He stood a moment or two at the gate; fighting the old hard battle that he had been fighting for over a year; without yet achieving any sense of victory. He was victorious now, at least in action, if not over his strong desire. "Oh, child! child! would that I had never seen you!" he said to himself as he went down by the narrow crooked steps that led through Salthouse Garth into Kirkgate.

It was late in the afternoon; so late that the sun was already descending into the bank of cloud, rose-pink and soft, warm, grey, that was over the distant moor. Out over the sea the lights and shades were sadder and colder. For one who watched it the sea was always sad now.

And yet its old fascination was not dead, nay rather was it deepened, intensified. For awhile its face in calm and in storm had seemed as the face of a friend who had struck a blow in a moment of passion, not dreaming to find the blow fatal.

This had changed. That moment's passion was not forgotten, but condoned. It is supposed that love makes condonation easy; but the reverse is true. The greater the love the greater the pain of having aught to forget or to forgive.

Later there had come hours when it had seemed as if the soul of the sea were one with her own soul, so true was the note of sympathy struck by its wild unrest; its alternations of mood and tone; its voice as

of pain and yearning, of sore regret and sad mystery. That was its keynote, mystery.

Was it not also the keynote of human life? the cause of human unsatisfiedness? Was it not the very essence of bereavement, of loneliness, of all suffering, this same mysteriousness?

And the hollow roll and murmur of the sea on the rocks down below made answer, "Its very essence is this mystery."

All the winter the cloud of pain had darkened the girl's soul, had weighed upon her heart and brain until it had struck from out her life all its keenness of perception, its vivacity of hope, its swift susceptibility toward beauty. It seemed as if with the uprooting of the fibres that had wound so clingingly about the home fireside, the familiar faces there, the homely, yet dear and haunting voices, all things else had been uprooted and destroyed. Give her back her mother's face in the firelight, little Elsie's smile and clinging baby hands, her father's foot-step in the house by the harbour, and all would be well again.

Was her pain quickened by the quickening springtime? Was the emotion within her stirring with the stirring life that was in the trees, the birds, the wild flowers of the lanes and hedgerows? Was the west wind as full of eloquent voices for her as for him who prayed that he might be made the wind's lyre, who cried to it in his sore distress—

"O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"

who desired that the wind would through him prophesy to the unawakened earth of things to come, to come swiftly, uttering his prayer, his song, his prophecy in words which attuned themselves of necessity? . . . The west wind was blowing now. Was Dorigen Gower listening?

What is it that comes upon a human being, coming in solitary hours, coming suddenly, and with apparent causelessness; breaking up the very foundations of that being's nature as with the force of the great upheavals that move the earth, and cause it to tremble and shiver to the unseen mighty power?

Dorigen was trembling as she stood alone—nay, not alone, but with hands stretched upward and outward to Him who had always seemed to her to be there, one foot on the sea and one on the consecrated land. And as she stood her soul was moved to prayer; and the prayer fell from her lips with a rhythmic passion of earnestness that shook

her nature as the west wind was shaking the whitening grasses at her feet. Yet, she prayed on; and yet the prayer moved, as if inevitably, to an unpremeditated measure.

So was utterance given. Her first poem was a prayer.

And as she prayed the clouds were lifted; not only that cloud of sorrow which had lain upon her life so long; but that cloud of the sense of God's personal displeasure and awful unapproachableness, which had darkened and saddened her inner life since before she was conscious of any inner life at all. For the first time the sense of an actual and near, and patient and tender Fatherhood was with her, folding her about, "close as the air" itself, enshrouding her with a calm that was more than the calm of forgiveness and reconciliation. For the time it was an ecstasy; though the girl knew it not.

"The peace that passes understanding," we say; not knowing how immeasurably far our poor finite understanding is overpassed.

It is in the experiences which pass so greatly beyond our knowledge and comprehension that the true value of our life lies.

It is enough, or should be, that we are capable of such times of refreshing. Probably not even the angels understand all the workings of their own spiritual nature.

These experiences do but come in moments to most of us; but these are the test moments; and bear witness to the point we have arrived at. And the influence of them is not to be gauged by standards known of us so far.

One such moment, perhaps the most important of her existence, had come to the girl who stood there on the cliff at Hild's Haven, uttering with subdued yet passionate earnestness the rhythmic words that were at once prayer and praise and confession of the new hope which had come with the new inspiration. For the first time in her life she had as it were a glimpse of the great grand unity that lies "in the infinite space in which all things are contained, the eternal time where all things come to pass in succession." It might be no more than a glimpse, no more than the merest thrill awakened by the perception that one essence, one spirit, one design was in the starry height above her head; in the far dim distance and measureless depth of the sea at her feet; in the solemn music of its rush and roll and break; in the stir of the quivering grasses on the rocky ledge of the cliff; in the west wind's soft harmony; in the mystic, moving, unisonant harmony that was stirring and

breaking upon her own soul; and might therefore break and stir with equal might and power upon the sad, sorrowing earth-bound soul of all humanity. Ah, the *oneness* of it all! That was its secret; that was the mystery of Nature's mighty power to draw and charm, to soothe and uplift; her heart, her spirit, was one with the Spirit of Him who breathed the breath of life throughout the universe; and so made it an imperative condition that every created thing should move in concentric circles about that central fact which we term Divine Love; some attracted nearer, some left afar off; but none beyond the reach of that Infinite Power, which is Infinite Lovingness.

CHAPTER XXX.—“MY OWN BEST POETS, AM I ONE WITH YOU?”

“Nor know I yet
By what so friendly fortune I am graced
With your good company and gentle speech.”
SIR H. TAYLOR: *Philip von Artevelde*.

THAT “divine first finger-touch” of poetry was not for Dorigen Gower a season of intellectual excitement, rather was it a time of wonder, of silent surprise, of subdued, wordless gratitude. She remained in the attitude of one who would ask, “Whence is this to me?”

She made no further effort to set the music that remained with her to the measure of words. It even seemed to her that there would be irreverence in the attempt; that the act unprompted would be a stealing of fire from off the altar.

She had waited before, and patiently; she would wait again. As the fire had descended, without effort of hers, in the first instance, as it had burnt upward and outward, forcing its way at its own time, and in its own manner, so doubtless it would be again when the time arrived for its fuller coming. Meantime she would wait, waiting still as “a reed with the reeds by the river.”

The other reeds could not but perceive that change had passed upon this tall and supple reed they watched so kindly, and with such tenderness. Michael Salvain saw, as others saw, that the light had come back to her eye, the quickness to her step and movement. The old desire to be out of doors, away up on the cliffs, or down on the rocky beach below, possessed her as of old; and, as of old, she came back with fresher colour, fuller vigour, readier speech, and prompter action. In a word, she was herself again; and yet not quite that, but herself with completer vision, with the unconscious force of wider hope, the new earnestness of

higher and clearer aims of existence. If it might be that some day she was to have further assurance, that it was to be made plain to her beyond question that the life marked out for her to live was to be one with the life of the poets who have—

“Enriched the blood o’ th’ world,”

then all else would be made plain; and she knew already that to be sure of your work and place in the world is to have the best earthly knowledge that can come to you.

The friendship that was between Dorigen and Michael Salvain was growing more precious, more helpful with every week that went by; but neither was deceived. It was a friendship that was more than friendly; and what the “more” meant was every day better discerned. No word was said—at least, not *that* word, “I love you, I have loved you from the beginning;” but such realities of human life are none the less real because they are kept in the finer keeping of silence. Higher souls everywhere have affections and admirations that play a large part in the inner life, and yet remain unmateri-
alised by even so much as acquaintanceship.

Now that Dorigen was living her own full life again, it could not be but that she should become conscious of the growing fulness of her love. And though it was still crossed by that shadowy feeling of impossibility, yet that impossibility seemed connected with future contingencies, and in nowise with the present deep and quiet happiness which was growing with her growth, and intertwining itself with every hope and desire that she had.

The coming and going of Mr. Salvain was every week less and less a matter of course. Latterly he had come to Hild’s Haven with just sufficient irregularity to give room for a more intensely passionate hoping and fearing, watching and waiting, than he had dreamed possible to one so outwardly quiet and self-contained as Dorigen. Yet he was learning swiftly to measure the depth of her emotion by the amount of rigid impassiveness visible in her manner and on her face. The calmer her reception of him, the briefer her parting words, the more he went back to Thorsgrif satisfied and patient. What if after all—

“Good, right, and law
Should be summed up in what was possible.”

This was a time of transition; and it was not for him to say what might be the next duty that Fate would provide for him. He was forgetting to be downcast.

Fate had not forgotten him; and one summer afternoon she crossed the Abbey Plain, carrying destiny in her hand, in the shape of

an incomplete, and not particularly interesting, guide-book. Dorigen was walking there, with absent expression and dreamy eyes—eyes that did not perceive how keenly the little lady in the grey silk dress and hat with grey feathers seemed to be watching her. She sauntered on by the Abbey wall in the languid afternoon; then by-and-by she came back again, and stood in the hot sunshine, looking through the great iron gates that shut in the cloister square. There was no one else near but the grey lady with the fine colour on her face, and the unconscious air of importance, who was still watching Dorigen, hardly knowing what it was that drew her to notice the tall, slight girl who was dressed in such deep mourning, and had such a look of sad wistfulness on her thin, pale face and in her deep blue eyes. Perhaps it might only be that the lady was a little idle, a little unoccupied, a little inclined just then to find life drearier than she liked it. She had even found Hild's Haven disappointing, and its magnificent abbey only an uninteresting ruin, exactly like all other ruined abbeys, except that it had no ivy, and that it stood on the top of a cliff by the sea.

"I suppose this is not the actual abbey that St. Hilda built?" she asked, coming up to where Dorigen stood, with a nervous little rush of determination, and speaking in tones that were slightly fretful, and slightly contemptuous. "I bought this book, but there is so much in it that I don't care to know, that I haven't patience to look for the very little information I really want. . . . Excuse me for troubling you."

"It is no trouble," Dorigen said, turning quietly to the small unquiet lady by her side. "You are right in supposing that this is not St. Hilda's Abbey. It is said that the one she built was probably only built of wood, and roofed with thatch. It was destroyed by the Danes, who were led by the sons of Regnar Lodbrok—they came down on this coast in 867 to avenge the cruel death of their father. For about three hundred years there was no abbey here at all; I think this one was not begun till 1140, and it was not finished till 1400."

"Thank you!" said the small keen-eyed lady in a peculiar tone. A suspicious person might certainly have imagined that it was not free from satire. "Thank you. You seem to be well up in the history of the Abbey. I suppose it came to grief when the others did?"

"Yes," replied Dorigen, neither noting nor suspecting aught but a desire for information.

"Yes; its last abbot, Henry de Val, resigned the monastery into the hands of Henry VIII. on the 14th of December, 1539. It is said that the soldiers who came threatened to imprison the monks, and even to kill them, if they resisted. Some of them were poor old men, who had no shelter in the world except the monastery, and they prayed the soldiers to let them remain until the cold weather was over; but it was no use. The soldiers took possession of everything, and did not even spare the crucifix, or the vessels that belonged to the altar; and when they had got all into their own hands they turned the poor monks to the door, and packed up everything that could be removed; I believe they even tore the lead from the Abbey roof, and took down the woodwork, and dragged the beautiful peal of bells from the tower, and put them on board a ship to be taken to London. But just as the vessel cleared the harbour mouth the wind rose suddenly and drove it aground on the rocks, and it was beaten to pieces there. The bells went down, and were never recovered; but Uncle Than says that the old people of the town used to hear them ringing quite distinctly in stormy weather."

"Really!" said the little lady, who stood listening, apparently divided between admiration and a natural tendency to see the ridiculous side of everything; and, beyond all doubt, some of these communications had a ridiculous side. For once, however, she was too truly interested to care to indulge in the half-mocking tone which she had used until it had become habitual. She did not dwell upon the last doubtful piece of information. Looking straight into the pathetic eyes before her, she said abruptly,

"Do you live at Hild's Haven?"

"Yes," said Dorigen with a certain pride discernible beneath her quiet manner. "Yes, we have always belonged to Hild's Haven. . . . My name is Dorigen Gower."

"Thank you. . . . I saw that name in the churchyard just now, and it struck me as being uncommon. Mine is Wilderslowe—Lady Anna Wilderslowe; and I live at Gran-cestor, or rather just outside of it. My husband, Colonel Wilderslowe, is in India, and I and my little boy live with my husband's father, who is Vicar of St. Dunstan's. . . . Is that a sufficient introduction?" the lady added, lifting a rather mocking face to Dorigen's.

Dorigen Gower's safety was in her ignorance, her inexperience. A cleverer girl would have been utterly nonplussed by the

clever lady, who, despite her natural courtesies and good-breeding, appeared unable to refrain from a certain eccentric raillery, which was always perplexing, and not seldom distasteful. It was neither to Dorigen so far. She answered with undisturbed simplicity. Instead of replying directly, she asked a question.

"Is your little boy here—at Hild's Haven?"

Was she thinking of the tiny grave that was in the churchyard but just below where they stood? Something—a mere shadow—crossed her face as she asked the question. And Lady Anna noted it. She had noted the black dress before. A moment the lady hesitated before replying, though she was not much given to hesitations.

"Yes, Auberon is here," she said presently.

"We came on account of his health, and we are staying on the West Cliff, at No. 20, Streonshalh Terrace. . . . Will you come and see him? I mean, of course, will you come and see me?"

"I shall be very happy to come," Dorigen said simply. She was a little surprised at this invitation from a perfect stranger, but she would have been much more surprised if she had known all that she came to know later. In all the West Riding of Yorkshire there was no such fastidiously exclusive person as Lady Anna Wilderslowe; no one who took less pains to please; no one who had so little care not to offend. And yet she had her friends—friends who were devoted to her. It was a matter of pride to her that the number was not unlimited.

Two days later, when Dorigen was ushered into the drawing-room of the lodging-house on the cliff, Lady Anna was lying on a sofa by a window looking out upon the sea, and reading a story to a child who might have sat as a model for an infant St. John, so saintly and quiet did the small listening face seem to be. At the first glance Dorigen was drawn to the little one; and, as is usually the case, the attraction was mutual. They were friends from the beginning.

"Auberon is not usually so affable to strangers," said Lady Anna, after the child had given some evidence of his sudden liking. "He resembles his mother. We don't always take to new faces, do we, Bertie?"

"No, we don't," said the child solemnly, yet with a very baby-like utterance for his years—he was between three and four. He was sitting on the sofa at his mother's feet, and he had not once taken his eyes from the stranger's face; and as the conversation continued he sat listening with a patient intentness such as few grown-up people possess.

There was no effort on Lady Anna's part to put her guest at ease—perhaps she saw none was needed; but Dorigen began by-and-by to be a little puzzled by the lady's manner—by her rapid questioning, her unconsidered comments. As before, there were touches of raillery, and evidences of a certain curious desire to get at once to the bottom of Dorigen's life—to penetrate into the last recesses of her nature. What was the meaning of it all? Dorigen wondered as she went on answering question after question. Yet she felt no resentment; perhaps she discerned the kindness—the real interest that lay behind this desire for knowledge of her, and of her life's experience. And Lady Anna's manner was a very variable one. Beside the touches of satire and of general eccentricity, there were other touches of reserved sympathy, of compassion not made evident by words. She grew paler, and listened with compressed lips, when Dorigen spoke of the storm; and after a time she rang for the child's nurse, and sent him away that he might hear no more of the story of the sea. Lady Anna wanted to hear the end of it herself, and she heard it with tears.

"Come nearer to me," she said, stretching out her two hands with a warm, sudden impulse, and taking Dorigen's hand with its black-thread glove in both her own. Lady Anna noticed the thread glove, and hated it; but she had perceived enough to feel that the significance of it did not lie deeper than the girl's evident poverty. Poverty was a thing Lady Anna had no sympathy with, as a rule; but she felt here that it was but an extraneous circumstance, concerning which she need not trouble herself.

For some time she kept silent, holding the girl's hand in hers. She had drawn off the thread glove, and put it aside with the action of one quietly disposing of an objectionable spider. It was a satisfaction to her to perceive that the ungloved hand was as white and as well kept as her own. It was one of the few evidences of race she believed in. And having made up her mind, she was glad to have her decision confirmed.

Lady Anna was not deceived. Dorigen had spoken too unreservedly for any misunderstanding as to her antecedents to be possible, and the elder lady was conscious of something that was almost disappointment; and yet the feeling did but seem to add zest to her sudden fancy for the strange, quiet girl who was so little afraid of her, so unimpressed by her rank, so unembarrassed, so apparently undesirous of saying or doing

ought to strengthen the favourable impression she must have perceived that she had made. It might be this seeming-indifference as much as anything else that led Lady Anna on to throw off her usual guard of cautiousness, and to put her usual caustic waywardness of speech aside with some suddenness. But mingled motives were at work, though the lady herself was hardly conscious of them.

She sat thinking for some time after she had yielded to that impulse to draw Dorigen nearer to her, and try to comfort her in the grief that had come back upon her as she spoke. She was already half glad that the girl was practically alone in the world. It was a furtherance of an idea that was beginning to develop itself in her brain with some rapidity.

Lady Anna could hardly have been more than thirty-seven years of age. She was not a handsome woman, but there was something striking in her appearance—something that awoke admiration unawares, even in people who suffered under the keenness of her tongue. Dorigen, who had not suffered, was conscious of the charm which was about her new-found friend; she was capable of appreciating the air of distinction which belonged to the little lady naturally, and which seemed to add a graciousness to the least gracious of her ways. She looked very like a princess, the girl thought, as she watched her lying there, dressed in an exquisitely made and braided dress of finest navy-blue cloth. It suited the somewhat high colour and severely modelled features of Lady Anna, and the upright linen collar with the small silk tie below it gave just the finishing touch that was needed. She wore no cap; her soft, dark-brown hair was smoothly brushed and coiled; her grey expressive eyes were bright and keen as they looked out over the blue summer sea that was all studded with the herring-fleet, which had just arrived. The sun was slanting down upon the red and brown and yellow sails. There was a band playing upon the promenade. It was evening already, Dorigen perceived, rising to go.

"No—sit down again," Lady Anna said imperatively. "You have nothing to do?"

"No; I have nothing particular to do."

"Then by-and-by you shall go and take your bonnet off, and we will have some dinner. I dine at seven. . . . Mr.—the people you are staying with—they will not mind? They know you are here?"

"Yes; they know I am here," Dorigen replied, wondering over the proposal. "And they are used to my staying out till dark; but—"

"But what?"

"I am not dressed suitably."

"Have you got an evening dress?"

"No," said Dorigen with curt honesty.

"I thought not. Then do as you are told. Sit down here by me till I tell you to do something else."

Dorigen sat down at once, smiling as she did so. These commands were not the commands of a superior to an inferior. This she perceived readily enough; and, instead of feeling resentment, she could not but feel a little glad to find herself treated with that absence of ceremony which, under certain circumstances, is the finest kindness, the warmest hospitality.

It was at any rate the best that Lady Anna had to offer to Dorigen Gower so far. Whether any finer and higher intercourse would become possible with increased intimacy had yet to be seen.

Dorigen was tremulously hoping for it, feeling that so far only the surface of her life had been touched, and knowing sadly that it was not in her own power to make visible any depths not stirred by external influence. No such depths were stirred that evening, and yet the girl went home thankful, hopeful, quietly elate. She was to go to Grancester with Lady Anna, to be her guest at St. Dunstan's Vicarage for a month at least, if no objection were made. And who should make any? If the question were somewhat saddening for Dorigen, the answer was not without its suggestion of satisfaction to Lady Anna Wilderslowe.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"WILT THOU FALL AT THE VERY LAST?"

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way, as the birds see their way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail,
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet, or stifling snow,
In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive.
He guides me and the birds; in His good time."

ROBERT BROWNING; *Paracelsus*.

AND yet the matter was not accomplished, the invitation finally accepted, without a great deal of discussion. This ended, old Than shook his head sadly and silently, and let his clay pipe go out while he smoked. Margery Laverock, who had heard of it all from Miss Rountree, sat with wistful eyes and tremulous hands, braiding a wonderful dressing-bag; and Miss Rountree, who had seen Lady Anna, and become more reconciled, sat stitching at Dorigen's dresses with a will, and spoke with bated breath; and charged the girl faithfully as to the manners and speech and bearing to be culti-

vated before she could expect to find favour in the eyes of a person so exalted as Lady Anna Wilderslowe.

Poor little Miss Rountree had been aghast at first. Dorigen had been left in her charge; and this thing that had happened had seemed too improbable a thing to have happened in good faith. And believing as she did that the world outside Hild's Haven was full of wicked and designing people, the little woman could not rest till she had seen Mr. Kenningham; who had recovered up to a certain point, the only point he was ever to reach; and was greatly interested, though considerably less surprised than Miss Rountree had been.

"Miss Gower should have come herself," he said, speaking in his usual quick straightforward way. That was not altered, though he sat in an invalid chair from which he would never move again without assistance. "She should have come herself. You must tell her she is to do so at once. I am delighted to hear of this invitation. Years ago I knew Colonel Wilderslowe in India; and I know something of his wife's family. She is a daughter of the late Earl of Erris; an Irish nobleman, who was perhaps no better than he should have been, but you needn't repeat that to Miss Gower. Her husband's father, Dr. Wilderslowe, is a man who ought to have been a bishop by this time; he would have been, I dare say, but for the fact that he spends more time in the acquirement of learning than in making a display of it. But that is not much to the point at present. I will write a note to Lady Anna myself, which you shall take. I will tell her what I know of Miss Gower, and ask her to see you. She owes you as much as that at least. And then you can come back and tell me what sort of reception you have had."

Miss Rountree did go back, taking an answer to Mr. Kenningham's note, or rather his long letter, an answer written while Miss Rountree waited, yet sufficiently full, and altogether courteous. "It was satisfactory," Lady Anna said, "to know more of Miss Gower than she had divined for herself: to be assured that her instincts had not betrayed her in the sudden liking and sympathy she had been drawn to feel. She trusted that a few weeks' stay in so healthy a part of the country as St. Dunstan's would be beneficial to Miss Gower, and if it should happen that her stay should be lengthened beyond the time named, Lady Anna would be glad at any time to hear from Mr. Kenningham, or to write to him for the better satisfaction of

his very natural anxiety; or doubtless Miss Gower herself would write if she were asked to do so."

"It is exactly as I thought," Mr. Kenningham said to Dorigen when she went to the Rectory herself in obedience to his command. "More is meant than a brief visit; and I am glad of it; and your father is glad, so he says in the letter I have had from him this morning. There is distinct guidance in it all; and you could not have refused. I see what it means for your future. You will be led by ways you know not; and if you are true to yourself, true to the higher voice within yourself, you will reach the end I have foreseen for you from the beginning.

"And yet, don't mistake me. I am not prophesying smooth things for you. Your way may be smooth before you now for a little while; but that will not continue. It is in the very nature of the things I speak of that you cannot have an easy life, much less a luxurious one. At first, when I heard of this change, I was afraid for you; but I did you an injustice. The life that you must live for awhile at St. Dunstan's will not hurt you. It is even needful for your nature to make acquaintance with it; but it will only be continued till you have acquired all that it can teach you. Beyond that I do not see. I shall not be here to see. But when sorrow comes, remember me; and remember that I foretold it; and urged you not to sink because of it. And when, out of your sorrow, there comes joy, the joy of finding that sorrow has but been as it were the channeling of your nature so that human sympathy may flow through you and from you without let or hindrance, then remember that I foretold your life and its work.

"More I may not foretell," Mr. Kenningham continued. "And you may think that in foreseeing for you only labour and sorrow, and preparing you for these, I am hardly doing you a kindness, yet the time will come when you will understand me. Your labour will not be in vain; and your task, so far as the suffering and misunderstanding of it goes, has been set by One who went the same way before. There was little of what the world calls 'happiness' in His life; still less of what men term 'success'; and when the end came, He had to cry in His agony, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Do not be cast down when you begin to perceive that the end of your own life may be like to that."

Such was the last word that Dorigen Gower was to hear from Mr. Kenningham's

lips ; and it seemed to fall rather sadly upon the new hopes, and thoughts, and dreams that were occupying her brain during those swift, bright summer days. Every day she saw Lady Anna ; and not seldom the whole day was spent with her ; driving about the lanes and woods in the morning ; wandering in the afternoon down upon the beach ; and sitting upon the green tangle-fringed stones while Bertie played by the edge of the wavelets that came creeping up the sands in the hot sunshine, breaking with soft murmuring sounds that were more soothing than music ; more inducive of quiet hoping and trusting than any words that Dorigen could use for her own helping. She was taking the new good, the new beauty which had come into her life, with a calmness that was surprising even to herself. It seemed perfectly natural to her to be sitting there with her hand in Lady Anna's, listening to low, loving, admiring words, such as she had never heard, or dreamed to hear. There was exaggeration in them ; and the girl knew it, and felt it, but they were not the less delightful for that. The strange thing was the change in Lady Anna herself ; the soft pleading for a loving friendship that came instead of raillery about ill-made gowns and antiquely-fashioned bonnets ; the confession of utter loneliness and weariness during the few hours of separation, instead of mocking queries as to where this or that piece of ancient mannerism had been acquired. Though after Lady Anna's interview with Miss Rountree, she had felt that there was no need to ask any more such questions.

"I see it all now, Dorna dear," she had said, stooping to kiss the hot blush away from the girl's white forehead. I know now where you acquired that condescending little bow, and that stately way of entering a room. It is too delightful ; I wouldn't have it all changed for the world. You have been taught it ; but it is yourself for all that ; and makes you look exactly as if you were stepping out of an old picture. "I know that is what Lance will say. I hope he will be coming home soon, and I shall get him to paint a portrait of you for me as soon as he comes. You shall have a dress made square at the throat ; and your hair must be all rolled up at the top of your head. And he shall paint you just like that. . . . You silly child ! How can you blush in that way for nothing ?"

Dorigen heard a good deal as the days went on of Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe. This gentleman was a younger brother of Colonel

Wilderslowe—much younger ; there was nearly twenty years' difference in age between them ; and this long span of time perhaps helped to account for some other differences that marked the two men. The staid, middle-aged soldier had been but little in England of late years : and this might have something to do with the difficulty he found in understanding his younger, and cleverer, and more versatile brother. Lancelot's versatility alone was a sufficiently weighty stumbling-block to the elder man. It seemed to the latter there was nothing that the former had not tried to do ; and, unfortunately, all his efforts had been crowned with more or less of success. His latest ambition was to be a painter, and at the present time he was said to be studying abroad.

"But I don't quite know what he can be studying," Lady Anna admitted to Dorigen. "Six weeks ago he was in Holland, and had determined to devote his life to the realistic. Next I heard of him in Florence, passionately worshipping the imaginative. Now I believe he has started for Greece, hoping to find in Arcadia some enlightening influence that will enable him to reconcile the two. . . . I shall write and tell him to come back to St. Dunstan's, where he will find the very idea he is seeking."

Long ago Lady Anna had drawn from Dorigen the history of that one visit to Thorsgrif, with all, or rather nearly all, that had preceded it and followed it ; and the little lady had not failed to have fears and suspicions. It did not suit the *exigeante* waywardness of her fancy that the girl's affections should be divided. She was jealous of the unknown influence which she discerned, but did not quite comprehend ; and notwithstanding her affectionate imperiousness toward Dorigen, there were yet limits which she could not overpass. There were times already when she stood a little in awe of the girl, of her straightforward surprises and simplicities ; and she could not put the exact question she would have liked to put. She knew that no engagement existed between Dorigen and the Mr. Salvain of whom she spoke so seldom, but with such evidently disturbing emotion ; and Lady Anna was of opinion that no such engagement was probable or desirable, considering the disparity of years. Yet she was not at rest concerning the matter : and when Dorigen told her that she had promised to spend one last day at Thorsgrif before leaving the neighbourhood, the impatient little woman did not take the news amiably.

"Why should you go there in such hot

weather as this?" she said fretfully. "Let the Salvains come here to say 'good-bye' to you. I will ask them to luncheon, or to dinner if they will come."

"I don't think they would like that so well," Dorigen replied with unadorned truthfulness.

"You uncivil little creature! . . . But have your own way; only take care of yourself. If you see a net spread for you, don't in sheer stupidity walk into the middle of it."

A net spread for her! How little Lady Anna understood; how little, as a rule, she cared to understand of people whose ways were not as her ways!

When the day came for Dorigen to keep her promise she sat by Michael Salvain's side in the old-fashioned gig perplexed, silent, even a little saddened by the complications that had come upon her life. She had not desired them; less than anything else had she desired to change her own outward standpoint in life for another; to achieve in this cheap way something that others might consider to be a gain—a gain that would in a certain sense be a severance from all that had been good in her life, and pleasant, and desirable.

It was not so long since she had sat by Michael Salvain in the same gig, driving by the same barren rocky ways, and feeling that she had left her childhood's life with all its straitness and repression behind her. And now again fate was forcing her onward, but by no will of her own. She had hardly even drifted passively at first. Her ideas had been set on other lines, lines which had seemed to require that she should remain in quiet expectancy near that storm-beaten cliff-top where the call had come to her once, and where she might hope that it would come again, and more definitely.

Through all that had happened since she had not ceased to hear it with more or less distinctness; to realise all that it might mean with more or less of recognition of its weight and import. No subsequent experience had touched the solemnity of that one hour, and its impress was outwardly visible though its meaning might not be discerned easily. Lady Anna was well aware that there were depths in the girl's nature which she had not yet sounded, which perhaps she might never sound; and the knowledge did but increase the already enthusiastic admiration which she felt for one so utterly different from herself. Doubtless this very difference was one source of the strange attraction to

which she had yielded so unreservedly; but Lady Anna did not reason about it—she reasoned about very few things; reasoning was not in her way. Her way was to take such good as life could be made to yield without question, to reserve all question and resistance for the ill. It was not a very perfect system perhaps, nor philosophical, but it acted fairly well from Lady Anna's point of view.

Dorigen was not thinking of Lady Anna as she went over the cliffs, drawing nearer and nearer to Thorsgrif with every moment. It was not two years since she had gone there before; but it seemed as if the experience of a lifetime had been crowded into the months. It had been sad experience for the most part, and the memory of it was weighted with a sadness which could be felt through her lightest word. This Michael Salvain perceived now as he had not perceived before. And though her extreme youthfulness had been to him the one great hindrance and restraining motive, holding him from all earthly peace, all earthly felicity, he had to remind himself that the tall, grave-eyed woman, dressed in deep mourning, who was entering his house, greeting his mother and sister with such quiet warmth, had not yet ended her eighteenth year. "She looks more like eight-and-twenty a great deal," Mrs. Salvain said when Dorigen had gone upstairs with Joanna to take off her bonnet and make herself ready for the early dinner. Lady Anna had made her promise to be back again on the West Cliff in time for a cup of tea in the late evening.

So there was only that one afternoon—a hot, sunny, silent August afternoon. Thorsgrif was just the place to be in on such a day. The sweet, fresh loneliness of the Grif had a peace, a restfulness which was refreshing after the dusty streets, the busy, unsavory quays, the stir and bustle of the promenades of Hild's Haven. Dorigen was glad to be there, though it was for the last time. She had a curious feeling that it was the last—a feeling that the others seemed to share.

"It is no use your telling me that you are only going for a month," Mrs. Salvain said. Dinner had been over some time, and they were standing on the seaward end of the terrace, leaning against the stone balustrade. Michael was looking silently down into the copse below, where the soft green fringe of the young larches hardly stirred in the summer air. There were bluebells in the tangled grass, blue as the sapphire sea which was shining and gleaming as far as the eye

could follow it. A few foxgloves stood up tall and straight on a sandy hillock; the white yarrow gleamed in the shade; the beautiful pink rest-harrow crept downward to the very edge of the beach.

"I am only asked to stay a few weeks," Dorigen said in reply to Mrs. Salvain. She spoke rather sadly—sadly enough to satisfy Michael, who turned to watch her as she spoke.

He had noticed before that she looked a little weary, a little wistful. Was she already feeling the burden of the new perplexities which had come into her life? Were there perplexities which he could not discern or understand? Her face was not easy to read as she stood there with her small, grave mouth closed firmly, and her large blue-black eyes shadowed as if with the sadness to be. It seemed to him as if the old air of inaccessibility had come over her again, making him feel as if something stood between his soul and hers. He felt it more than ever when Mrs. Salvain went indoors to see

what Joanna was doing, leaving them alone together in the cool shade that was upon the terrace by the sea.

They stood in silence awhile; but presently it was broken.

"You will be tired of standing," Michael said gently. "Shall I fetch a chair, or would you like to go for a walk? . . . Will you go up the Gill once more? I found the oak-fern there the other day."

"Did you? I should like to see it growing," the girl said, but not with the old eagerness which had been hers but such a little while ago. Yet, that she cared to go at all was sufficient for Michael Salvain. He had hoped for this last walk in Thorsgrif Gill, not knowing why he hoped or what he expected from it. If he had asked himself, the answer would have been, "I expect some human sweet-

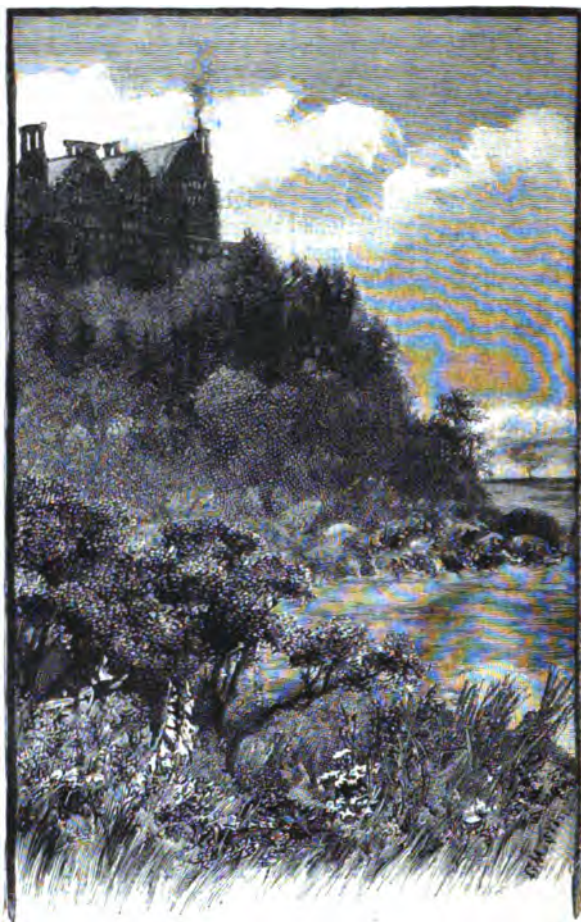
ness—one brief taste of human sweetness. I desire no assurance but the assurance I have. I only crave to be side by side for awhile with the one soul I love, the one soul whom I would wish to have love for me. Let me have this one brief taste of life's sweetness, since the chance and hope of more is going from me for ever."

And all the way as they went up by the murmuring beck, and under the cool blue shade of the firs, the man was saying to himself, "This is the end; even hope is going. To-morrow it will be gone for ever."

And the rippling water went downward

to the sea, echoing with mocking cheerfulness—"For ever! for ever! for ever!"

By the little wooden bridge there were some moss-grown stones, half buried in fronds of fern and spreading hemlock. Dorigen sat down there, leaning against the rude railing behind. The projecting point where she had gone down into the swollen water with her handful of daffodils was just above. Dorigen smiled as she



Thorsgrif and the copee below.

turned her head to look at the spot; and Mr. Salvain, who was leaning against the trunk of a tree close by her side, smiled his reply.

"Have you forgotten?" the girl asked quietly.

"No," he said, speaking with slow, emphatic earnestness. "I have not forgotten, nor have you. . . . I am not afraid that you will forget."

There was a slight pause. The beck ran on, twinkling and trickling round and over the grey stones; the wet fern fronds quivered to its rushing. Somewhere there was a stone-chat knapping out its song.

What is there in human love that it should see always where it loves some human beauty? Dorigen Gower was not beautiful, nor, in these days, what any ordinary observer would have termed pretty. Yet as she sat there in her sombre black dress, relieved only by home-made frillings of white muslin, it seemed to Michael Salvain that this was the one beautiful woman he had seen. Her thinness was a graceful slightness of figure; her paleness was fairness; her insignificance of appearance full of all highest and truest and purest significance that a man of true and pure life could desire. "She is even more beautiful than I had dreamed," he said in the fervid lovingness of his soul; but even as he said it the fervidness turned to a new sadness, and kept him silent.

And even as his thought, so was hers. This man who stood there before her had never been to her as other men. Slight as her experience of the world of human life might be, she had discerned the distinction, that was on the calm, forceful face; the deep, tender beauty of the dark grey eyes, the nobility of nature which seemed to be made visible in the broad white forehead, where the brows curved after the manner of "the bar of Michael Angelo." The short, thick moustache was of the same light brown colour as the hair that clustered in strong, heavy waves across the square of the forehead. There was evidence of strength everywhere—strength that could melt all at once to gentleness, or all at once be roused as by an indomitable force. So evident it was that Dorigen, as she sat there, felt that touch of something which is almost fear, and which is seldom absent when deep but unacknowledged love is present. There was constraint in her timidity when she spoke.

"I am not afraid that you will forget," Michael had said, having special meaning in

his tone. And she made answer by asking another question.

"What is it, then, that you fear?"

"It is the touch of change that I fear," he replied. "There are changes that arise out of other things than forgetfulness."

"Then you think I am changeful?" she asked, lifting her face to his in some surprise.

Michael smiled. "Not changeful," he said. "But swiftly changing. . . . Have you any idea how far you have travelled since that day we met in Wharram's office?"

Dorigen looked down, her eyes wandering searchingly among the fern and harebells at her feet.

"That is a long while ago," she said slowly.

"It is less than two years."

"But I have not altered in any way," she said, looking up again. "I am just the same as I have always been."

Michael only answered by a smile to this, a sad smile which ended with a sudden sigh. In one sense she spoke truly. There were elements in her nature that had not changed, that could never change, and if he had any hope there it lay, and this he knew, and recognised for all that it was worth to him. At this moment it seemed to him that everything depended upon such changes as might be wrought within her and upon her at St. Dunstan's Vicarage. Fear contended with hope, and both emotions drew their strength from the great love he was so greatly repressing as he stood there. It did not help him when she raised her blue, wistful, wondering eyes to his, full of a love that he could not but see was as true, as deep, and almost as full of pain as his own. It was as if she were asking him for help in some trouble, and he were refusing to give it—refusing sympathy where he would have given his life.

And she would no more sit there, looking toward him appealingly, turning her pale sad face from his sorrowfully and wearily. Tomorrow she would be gone. To-day if he said, "I cannot let you go, I cannot let you go at all; you must never go from me again," she would yield, undoubtedly she would yield, and unhesitatingly. And though he knew this, there was no vanity in his knowledge, nor any presumption. No true man values a woman's love the less because that love is given with unconscious generosity.

Dorigen had not enough of cunning to be "strange;" diffident she might be; the more diffident the more she was assured; but there would be none of the littleness of coquetry. She would accept his love as greatly and gravely as she accepted her life.

And all this while there was silence—a perilously sweet silence, sweet with the very sweetness he had desired. It was some time before he could break it again.

"Why do you not ask me what kind of change I am dreading?" he said, taking up the thread he had dropped before.

"Because I know . . . You are thinking that I shall learn to care more—for others, than for you."

"Exactly. And you are thinking that you will not?"

"No: I don't think of what is impossible. . . . You said a year ago, more than a year ago, that we were to be friends, and I took you at your word."

The reply was broken off abruptly, as if it were not completed.

"And haven't we been friends?" Michael asked.

"We have been friendly."

"Then I have disappointed you?"

"Sometimes,—often. You don't seem to trust me; at least I think that is it; I hardly know. . . . There are times when I expect help, and I don't get it. Now, for instance, when I am going away, going from Hild's Haven for the first time, you might make it less painful, but you do not."

There was another pause. Michael Salvain's face grew paler.

"I was not dreaming that your going to Grancester could be in any way painful," he said.

"Nor is it," the girl replied swiftly, and with a sudden blush. "The pain is in parting. I keep on saying to myself that it is only for a little while, but I feel as if I were cheating myself with an untruth. Lady Anna drops little phrases about the future, about my helping her to teach Bertie, and I feel as if it were all settled, and I could not rebel. I don't want to rebel. It is good, my going there; if only because there will be a chance of my being put in the way of earning my own bread, it will be good . . . And yet there is pain in it, not in going there, but in leaving here, leaving everything I have cared for . . . Can you not see?"

"Yes," Michael said, "I can see quite plainly. If any good comes, it is always by pain. We talked of that long ago."

"And I did not forget it," the girl said earnestly. Her cheek was burning now, and her eyes alight with a quicker fire. "I shall never forget it . . . I shall never forget anything that you have said."

"Nor shall I forget anything that you have said," Michael replied, sitting down beside

her among the ferns and hemlock, and taking her hand in his and holding it there with a grasp that might have been painful if she had been conscious of physical pain. "Especially I shall remember what you have said this afternoon, that you will not forget me, that you will not forget my friendship; that you will not forget my words . . . *All my life depends upon your remembering.* I will not ask you for any promise, I will even refrain from making any promise to you that would seem binding upon you for one moment; but I shall wait here for your coming back; I shall wait with such a hope in my waiting as my life has never had in it before, never, never. . . . But, oh, my child! What am I saying? What have I done? You are free, free as the air above you. My youth is gone, and how could I bind your best years to the end of my lost life! . . . It is as you say, as I have always said, we are friends. Friendship is very precious; it is very, very precious. . . . Forget if I spoke of anything more precious than friendship. . . . Forget, and forgive!"

* * * * *

That was not the last word, not quite the last. Another was spoken on the cliff at Hild's Haven when the sun had gone down, when the lamps had been lighted, and the band had begun to play.

Michael Salvain had left his conveyance at the farm-house by Ulyatt Bank. "We will walk back by the cliff-edge," he said; and Dorigen knew that he was thinking to lengthen out the way a little. She was glad, but a little nervous, as she always was if any one were waiting for her anywhere. And she knew that Lady Anna would be waiting now, and waiting impatiently. It was almost bondage already, but no freedom had ever been so sweet.

And the lingering by the edge of the cliff beyond the gas-lamps was sweet too. The cool evening breeze came from the land; the shadow of the coming night was upon the town. The strains of the band came fitfully; now loud, and swift, and triumphant; now sad, and faint, and far-off. Down on the smooth beach below the waves murmured to a measure of their own, softly and soothingly; and Michael stopped there, where the music of the waters came more clearly than the music of the sighing, singing waltzes for which he had no mind. "I shall say 'good-bye' to you here," he said, as they stood just beyond the outermost lamp. And there was both hurry and pain in his tone, as if he were anxious that this moment should be over.

There was little pain now for Dorigen in

this parting. Her love was of that well-tempered kind—tempered with faith, with much reverence—which needs nothing less than it needs the constant presence of the one beloved, the constant assurance of continued lovingness. All had been said by the little bridge in Thorsgrif Gill that was necessary to her present or future happiness. Michael Salvain loved her; he had said that he would wait for her love. And again his word had satisfied her like a benediction. She was at peace.

She stood there by his side quite calmly in the dim light; quite silently. The gentle rush and fall of the waves was as subdued as the rustling of leaves on a summer night. The stillness of the great wide waste of waters beyond was like an assurance of peacefulness. Even Michael Salvain felt it falling upon his keen emotion. When he spoke again there was less agitation in his voice.

"Say 'good-bye,' my child," he said ten-

derly. "And tell me once more that you will not forget."

He did not see the girl's hand held out to him in the darkness, but suddenly he felt it lying gently upon his arm, and saw the white, wistful face lifted, as if she were trying to see his face for the last time.

"Good-bye," she said, speaking in tones that quivered to the solemn weight of the thing she said. "Good-bye. And I will not forget. I can never, never forget! . . . Say you believe that I cannot forget?"

Her face was lifted to his; he took it between his two hands silently and kissed it passionately. Then she stood alone, and the clouds upon the sea seemed to brood there with a new blackness, and the waves on the beach below broke with a new sadness. The music was silenced; the few faint stars had no light in them; the light breeze swept from the sullen moor, shivering and sighing for the pain to be.

THE DEMONIAK OF GADARA.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By THE EDITOR.

JUNE 6TH.

I.—A REVELATION OF THE KINGDOM OF SIN.

Read Proverbs i. 7—18, and St. Mark v. 1—15.

THE kingdom of God and the kingdom of the devil meet here. Like a landscape suddenly lit by a lightning-flash, heaven and hell are shown face to face. Brute force and maniac horror stand in contrast to calm spiritual power, clothed with an infinite and heavenly beauty.

I will not touch on the question of demon-possession. It is enough if we can learn from this fearful instance what the nature of the kingdom of sin always is when it gains ascendancy.

1. Notice the false liberty which the man had. He enjoyed absolute freedom from every law, human or divine. What did he care for public opinion or for the links of duty which ought to have united him to family or nation? He had burst loose from them all. Like the wild beast he could range where he chose. With his maniac ferocity and strength none dare touch him. "No man could pass that way," for terror of the demoniac.

2. But with this apparent freedom he was

really a slave. "Night and day he cried, and cut himself with stones." He was his own tormentor. Free from every external restraint, he was under a horrible tyranny; he gashed himself. And this physical torture was the expression of a mental suffering. The wild cries did not spring from the wounds alone; they were the cries of a soul in agony. Not freedom this, but slavery, and with it the maddening consciousness that all the misery was emanating from himself.

3. His loneliness was fearful. We know that he had a home and friends, for Christ commanded him to return to "his own house and to his friends;" but he was now self-banished into a spectral solitude. Who those were that lived in the house of the demoniac we know not. They may have been the parents that mourned over their wandering child, or the wife and children whose claims he acknowledged not, or brothers and sisters whose hearts were breaking. But as he broke the laws which should have bound him in duty to God and man, and yielded himself as the servant of Satan, so like a slave he was driven away from all that was tender and humane. It was probably in a rock-hewn sepulchre in some one of the "wadys" or glens often found

near ancient towns in the East, and which were used as burying-places, that this man found shelter. We cannot imagine a spot more terribly wild. We shudder as we picture him prowling in the soft moonlight, the companion of the vulture and of the foul hyæna or jackal, or crouching within his shocking dwelling-place in the nights of storm. That he who might have been the loved member of a happy home should be thus outcast, shows that with the false liberty of the devil's kingdom there comes not only self-torture, but an awful solitariness.

4. There was all the while a struggling consciousness of something better in the man; there was in him, unquenched and unquenchable, a true humanity which was ever protesting against the horrible tyranny that sin had imposed. There seems to have been in him a kind of double consciousness. At one time there was apparently an interval, more or less lucid, when he rushed down to meet Jesus and fell on the stones at his feet in a kind of mute appeal for help and deliverance. The next moment he started up, and, with a wild cry, besought Jesus to depart from him. Two powers were striving within him. The man was not wholly demon. There was that in him which he knew was being crushed, tormented; something which ought to be free, and which was the subject of his self-inflicted torment. Bad as he was, there was still there what was capable of being redeemed.

Such being some of the characteristics of the kingdom of Satan as we see them in the demoniac, let us ask how far they hold true regarding the nature of sin in every age when it asserts its dominion over any human being.

1. I assert that it is the same kind of false liberty wherewith men are tempted. Every time we sin, we are breaking some link of duty which ought to bind us. The man who yields to sin acquires a certain freedom. "Let me do as I like, whether it is right or wrong, lawful or unlawful," is the false paradise which has enticed man ever since the whispered poison, "Ye shall be as gods" led to the primal fall. The nature of sin is always the same, and it lies essentially in this appeal. It is this which betrays the young man, fresh from his father's home, when he gets into the companionship of those who glory in their freedom from every restraint. He is told there is nothing like being "his own master," and to "take his liberty." What need he care for what people say? Let him live "a free life," like the rest of

the world. And so many a lad is tempted to try the false liberty of the devil. We are all familiar with such a career. We have seen it in the smoothed-cheeked boy, careless of advice, who does not care though homes be shipwrecked through his reckless self-indulgence. We have seen that kind of liberty in the gambler, shrinking from duty, and staking the happiness and very existence of others, to gratify his love of excitement. He will indulge self, cost what it may! We have seen it in the drunkard, breaking the ties of home, trampling on his self-respect, and staggering with shout and song, as if he said, "Who cares? I don't!" though it is back to a grey-haired mother, or to wife and children, whom he is cursing into ruin. We have seen it in the impure, whose passions are their only law. "We are our own masters; what to us though we destroy the souls for whom Christ died? We shall do as we like; keep laws or break them; respect society or shock it; regard God or disregard Him." That is always the false freedom with which the devil tempts man, but it is the freedom of the demoniac.

2. With every man this false freedom ends in self-inflicted slavery. Every sin so bears its own punishment, that he who commits it, sooner or later discovers that he is his own tormentor. "Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness. . . For the wages of sin is death." "Every one," our Lord said, "that committeth sin is the bond-servant of sin." The drunkard who one hour revels in his wild freedom, is the next hour a wretched craven, who with hang-dog countenance groans under the oppression of a degrading tyranny. The sensualist knows it in the terrible reaction of self-loathing and moral disgust. Unless we can by God's grace master sin, it inevitably masters us, and becomes a hard taskmaster. The covetous man when he is a slave to his ruling passion, instead of preserving the rich joy his wealth seemed to promise, shrivels into the veriest pauper. His narrow and starved heart reaps the penury of griping selfishness. The moral is one that poet and dramatist and philosopher have dwelt on in every age. "Myself am hell," is the dreadful verdict which history points to as the experience of the transgressor. And it is one which finds itself exemplified within the sphere of what are called minor faults, with as exact a proportion as in the greatest crimes.

3. The third characteristic we noticed in the case of the demoniac was his loneliness. Self-will always tends to isolation. This may not be experienced in its dread significance at once. There are societies which, however lawless, offer companionship, and the good cheer of merry fellowship, to all who join them. But the course of the wicked is ever towards solitude. It may come chiefly in feeling, when like a blast of death there is the consciousness of sympathies alienated and a prison wall rising higher around, that separates from the good and pure and loving. But it may come also in the dread fact of an actual self-banishment. There is many a house where a place is vacant that the son or daughter might have been filling, whose name now seems almost blotted out. "He went into a far country," is, alas! literally true still of many a prodigal.

4. But in the very worst there is a ground of hope. The better light can never be wholly quenched. The misery shows that sin is not man's nature but its disease. It is the "little grain of conscience that makes him sour," though the sourness takes the shape of bitter cynicism and heartless mockery. It is the presence of this imperishable humanity which makes redemption possible. Had the Gadarene been wholly devil, he never would have sat at Christ's feet, or been restored to the society of the good.

JUNE 13TH.

II.—THE ONLY TRUE CURE.

Read Psalm II. and Rom. viii. 1-9.

We are told of certain well-intentioned attempts made to cure the demoniac, but which had proved total failures. People had tried to tame him by external restraints, for we read that "He had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been rent asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; and no man had strength to tame him."* They had taken him, perhaps, in some hour of physical exhaustion, or in a lucid interval like that during which we suppose him to have rushed down to meet Jesus. Then they carried him home and bound him, and put him under guard, and perhaps congratulated themselves that they had at last tamed the demoniac. For a time their design may have appeared successful; but when the legion of devils stirred within him and the maniac rage put the force of a hundred men into those wasted limbs of his, and when he plucked the chains asunder as if

they had been threads, and bounded off again to his old haunts among the tombs, how horror-struck must these would-be tamers of the demoniac have appeared!

And there are many, now as then, who vainly hope to cure the depravity of society, or of the individual, by similar appliances. All honour be to those who in any way try even to mitigate the evil habits and coarseness of mankind by external influences. Yet I believe in no cure except through the power and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. We need to be reminded of bygone failures in these days when so many panaceas are proposed for the evils of society, not as helps, but as substitutes for the Gospel. "Put the demoniac in a comfortable house and see well to its sanitation," or "Bind him with the restraints of this pledge or that," or "Let art exercise its soothing and elevating power," or "Teach him the laws of health and the economies of life, and prove to him the frightful consequences to himself and others of this reckless life among the tombs." Far be it from me to lessen the importance of such matters when used with due consideration of their proper purpose. By the neglect of such influences, by evil environments, physical and social, and by a nature on which no culture has been bestowed, an open door is often left for the entrance of a thousand demons of intemperance, and lust, and ignorance. But as cures for the deep-rooted depravity of man and society, history, profane and sacred, tells us that they are vain.

When all such experiments had been proved idle—when it was plain that "no man had strength to tame him," then he and Jesus, the Son of God, met by the shore of Galilee. For a moment it seemed as if his was a hopeless case. Instead of obeying at first the word of Christ, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," there was a fearful revulsion. "What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I beseech Thee torment me not." It was a sort of defiance, and it was founded on two errors. He thought Jesus had nothing to do with him, poor demoniac that he was—let Him go to the religious people and the respectable; but he could not believe Jesus had to do with him. In his perversion he also dreamt that it was to torment him that Christ interfered with him. Just as thousands still imagine that Christ, who was born their brother, has nothing to do with them, and that His demands, which are to give deliverance, will somehow bring torment. "Leave us alone!" is always the mistaken defiance of the sinful.

* Mark v. 4, revised ed.

The covetous man cries, "Torment me not by taking away or bidding me give away my gold;" the sensualist, "Torment me not by commanding me to deny my passions."

But Christ did not take the man at his word, and it was now to be proved which was stronger, the grace of Christ or the power of rooted devilry. "The strong man armed" seems to be keeping his palace secure, but the stronger than he "is come who is to spoil him of the arms wherein he trusted." With the calm sense of power Jesus demands the name of the devil. The conversation is strange and unearthly, and leads us into a region where speculation is vain. The answer is, however, suggestive. "Legion, for we are many," is a reply which tells us that when one devil enters into a man, thousands may follow in its train. It is seldom that one sin can abide alone; lying follows dishonesty, and cruelty follows lust, and abandonment and recklessness follow passion and drunkenness. Nor do we enlarge on the episode of the devils and the swine—it is sufficiently suggestive to mark how bestial was their nature that they could live in swine as well as in man. That part of our nature to which evil appeals is generally the one which we have in common with the beasts. However these things may be, we are brought in this narrative to a point where apparently every means man could devise had failed. It was then that a power was put forth which only One could exercise. Call it what you may, it was superhuman, for it was the power of Divine Grace, wielded by Him who came to seek and save the lost, and armed to give a deliverance which no one else and nothing else could bestow. That grace reached at once to the root of the evil; for it reached the heart and mind.

There is often a point reached in the history of a man when he who has long battled, and battled in vain, against evil is brought to recognise his helplessness. He may have tried many so-called physicians, only to find himself made worse. He may have been tempted to defy all good and to plunge into hopeless self-abandonment. But in a critical hour he and Christ meet. It becomes a question of helpless misery thrown down in mute appeal before the throne of God, and, by whatever name you call it, we have seen the change. That which all the chains and fetters could not do; and the vows written in blood could not do; and the sore struggle of years could not do, is accomplished, and it is accomplished by Him

Whose it is to save—the living and Divine Lord who is Prince and Redeemer.

What a change was that when the demoniac was found "sitting at Jesus' feet, clothed and in his right mind!" There was no need of external fetters, for the law of his true humanity reigned once more, and in perfect law he reached perfect liberty. "Lord, I will follow Thee wheresoever Thou goest" was the expression of true freedom. He was a man once more.

And there are thousands at this hour who can sit beside that man and bear a like testimony; how they too had been demoniacs and helpless in their misery: how from Christ, and none other, did deliverance come; and with full hearts they can say to Christ with similar joy, "Lord, we will follow Thee wheresoever Thou goest."

JUNE 20TH.

III.—HOW HE WHO HAD BEEN THE DEMONIAO FOLLOWED CHRIST.

Read Psalm cxvi. and St. Matt. x. 23—42.

When Christ was about to depart from the eastern shore of the lake, the question arose as to what the man who had been delivered from the evil spirits should do. His own request was natural, for he wished to go with Christ and be one of His followers. It was just the kind of life one would imagine to have been the best and safest for him. But Christ forbade him. "Return to thine own house and to thy friends, and show forth the great things God hath done for you." To be a follower of Jesus he did not require to cross the lake. And the man so obeyed his Lord, that soon all the city and country heard from his lips the wondrous story.

We cannot believe that this was intended to be an exceptional case; it is rather a revelation of what Christ always expects from His people. In whatever way it may be done, He lays the duty on every Christian to confess Him before men. There are, perhaps, many who would find it difficult to say whether they ever got any good from Christianity at all. They may remember countless blessings in the shape of religious education, and of sparing mercies that have never ceased to follow them. But as regards any result in their experience or character they must honestly confess they have little to declare. That very fact should startle them. There were thousands in Palestine when Christ was on earth who could have said the same thing. There were many who

had heard the teaching that has revolutionised the world, as it fell freshly from His lips, but for them it had been all in vain. These were not the persons whom Christ sent forth; nor is it of such persons we now speak, but of those who while they really love Jesus Christ, never realise that they can do anything for Him. Like the demoniak, they are willing to be taught, to be with Him as worshippers and listeners, but they never dream of being active. I do not speak here of the kind of work that may be done, but of the spirit of faithfulness to Christ in reference to the world around us. Many people confound cowardice with humility. They keep every religious conviction a dead secret even from those nearest to them. They are afraid of exaggeration or the least shadow of pretence in matters so sacred, and excuse themselves under the guise of honesty for their silence. But may there not be as much hypocrisy in concealing the convictions we undoubtedly possess as there is in assuming the pretence of convictions we have not? There can be no doubt regarding what Christ demands. "He that is ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He cometh in His own glory and the glory of the Father and of the Holy Ghost."

But if it is asked whether this expression refers to such public work as is generally intended when persons are called to do aught for the cause of Christ, I reply that such work is not assuredly excluded, but that it is the primary duties which are indicated when Jesus said, "Return to thine own house and to thy friends." The family and the home are not only the first in importance as being the sphere where God has placed us, but they are most important for other reasons. Home is the dearest spot on earth to each of us. There are those who are bound up with us in the bundle of life and with whom our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows are inalienably associated. The sweetest names on this side of heaven, father, mother, wife, child, brother, and sister, all belong to the home. The family is also the great nursery of the Church and nation, where those are being trained who are afterwards to be citizens. These sons and daughters will in time be scattered, and will form new centres of influence in our own or in distant lands. And in spite of individual peculiarities, they will each carry what we term "the family character" wherever they go. It is in this way that the common saying holds true when one is described as coming out

of a good or a bad "nest;" for experience corroborates the certainty with which home-training tells in life. To confess Christ, then, is to make the mind of Christ felt, and to create an atmosphere around us which is Christian in the best sense. To fail in this special sphere is the worst form of failure. "Woe to that man who shall cause one of these little ones to offend." Woe to him if by his unfaithfulness and inconsistency he conveys such a wrong impression of the meaning and power of Christian life that those around him learn to be unreal also! It is, therefore, incumbent on each to recognise his own house and the circle of his friends as the true sphere where Christian faithfulness must be primarily exercised. It is not perhaps the easiest sphere, for it is often less difficult to speak to a stranger than to a companion; to address a meeting than to say a quiet word at the fireside; to take sides when it is a question of religious parties, than to be true to Christ in every-day social life. But it is there we have to begin.

JUNE 27TH.

IV.—WHAT EVERY MAN CAN DO FOR CHRIST.

Read Exodus iv. 1—13, and 2 Timothy ii. 1—21.

We have seen that it is they who have got good from Christ who can alone declare what God has done for them, and that the primary sphere of such influence is the home and the every-day circle of friends and acquaintances.

But many are disposed to avoid all such requirements because of their sense of utter unfitness to fulfil them. Some will pray to be excused not because of their insincerity, but that they labour under an unconquerable shyness. They do not like to appear to others as if they were giving themselves "religious airs." Or others plead as an excuse that they are not "the head of the house," being sons or daughters, and that therefore it is not for them to assume a position they are not entitled to. Or another says, "I am but a servant," or "I am away from home altogether, being a lodger, with my daily duties in an office or workshop." Or another, "I have had few advantages and have no 'gifts' in the direction you indicate." Or still another may avoid the call on the ground that he is too young.

Now to all these various excuses there are two replies which may be urged.

1. When it is asked, "What can I do?" I answer by putting another question: "What are you actually doing now?" For

every one in the world is exercising influences, that may be unconscious, but are none the less real. As there is in nature such an interdependence that every particle of matter and every force, however minute, exercises a definite effect on the sum total of the universe, so in the moral world every man, woman, and child is contributing an influence which inevitably tells on those around them. No human being can remain neutral, but is either giving forth or absorbing heat, and is chilling the moral atmosphere or inspiring it with new warmth, and thus raising or lowering its temperature. Parents can judge of the strength of even a child's influence from what they see in the nursery. They can mark how one is trustworthy, kind, conscientious, sensitive; another is self-willed, tricky, deceitful. They can notice also the effect which their dispositions have on those around them. A similar rule holds good when we have to deal with other circles. The character of the master or mistress tells on the servants, and that of the servants on their masters. The bad, selfish temper, or the kind and considerate, are enormous powers for good and evil in every household. There is many a house made wretched by the swaggering insolence of some rude lad, who presumes on the affection of relatives who lack firmness to meet self-indulgence by requisite discipline. And there are few families who do not know what is meant by the tried family friend, who is the first to be sent for in all hours of great sorrow or great joy.

Or if we take the wider sphere of the Church, there are many who, if they were asked to do anything for Christ, would at once associate the call with some such work as that of Sunday-schools or visiting—things excellent in themselves—without dreaming of the possibility of doing good in less obtrusive ways. Or perhaps they congratulate themselves on the fact that if they do no good, they are, at all events, doing no harm; yet a little reflection may teach them that the latter supposition is probably wrong. For what they are—whether spiritually cold or hot—must tell. A piece of ice might fancy itself innocent of any influence; but we know that being ice it cannot help lowering the temperature. The sweet violet is also unconscious of the delicate perfume which it sheds around it. It is marvellous how in like manner a cold-hearted man or woman, who has the sneer or the shrug ready for every proposal that savours of Christian enthusiasm, acts like ice in the Church of God—while sympa-

thetic interest, however unobtrusive, sweetens and stimulates.

Again. There is something given each person which he can do better than any one else in the universe. We have all our special gifts. The father has an influence over his son which belongs to none other. Even the beggar woman—the houseless tramp, with her child strapped on her back, who strides along the homeless road in storm and sunshine, has a power over that child which no other human being has. The fellow-servant often carries greater weight in moulding the opinions of the kitchen, or servants' hall, than priest or presbyter. The brother-clerk in the office, the playmate at school, the bosom friend and companion, have each a gift in determining the character of their associates which is peculiarly theirs. Whether these various influences prove a curse or a blessing, is a matter of the greatest importance; and it is in view of these possibilities that we can measure the responsibility laid upon us to "Go to our own house and to our friends, and show forth the great things the Lord hath done for us." For every gift of authority over others, whether talents that sway opinion, or social position that carries its own weight, or money with its power, or love with its untold efficacy, each may be so used as to tell more effectually than a thousand sermons on the advance of the kingdom of God. No one can calculate the evil which one thoroughly bad, insincere, selfish man can perpetrate. There are such everywhere. They seem to breathe corruption. By the turn they give to conversation, by their coarse suggestiveness, their bitter sneers, the low tone of their opinions, or by the reckless effrontery of their bearing, they put all faith and purity and devotion and generous honour to shame. There are others too, thank God! true saints, albeit uncanonised, the effect of whose high aims and unswerving godliness live through generations, so that children's children bless God for what they were.

In this wide sense we can all show forth the goodness of God. Whether we are able to undertake public duties, or are confined within the humble sphere of "our own house," we can be so thoroughly real and Christian, that by our gentleness, kindness, devotion to duty, and thorough loyalty to Christ our Master, we may so live in the sphere where God has placed us that all may recognise, even without our often naming His name, that it is Christ Who hath done these great things for us.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

BY MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE NEW LIFE.

IS there a special training needed to enable people to be rightly happy? Do we need to have our eyes opened, and be as gods, before we can discern the good of life? How is it that so many of us, looking back, can see all too plainly that we touched the zenith of our happiness not knowing that we touched it, and all the while looking to some higher point never to be attained? Ah! the pity

of that wasted opportunity for being happy! And yet, are we to blame so much? Did we not miss it in very ignorance, in utter inexperience of the nature and limits of human felicity?

But though we may have missed it, though we may have marred it, we cannot altogether have escaped its beneficent action and influence. We *were* happy, though we knew it not till too late.

From the first day of their arrival at St.



St. Dunstan's Church.

Dunstan's Vicarage, Lady Anna Wilderslowe had set herself, with what knowledge she had, to make life good and beautiful for the silent, grave-eyed girl who was her guest, and who had apparently seen so little of life's fairer prospects.

It was not a difficult matter to make the days pleasant at the Vicarage. For Lady Anna the utter calmness, the uneventfulness, the solitariness had been almost oppressive at times. Now there was new zest in everything, from the prayers that were read in the beautiful little chapel in the morning to the last *l'ile-à-l'ile* by bedroom fires at night. Sometimes they sat by Dorigen's fire and sometimes by Lady Anna's; the rooms being side by side in the southern wing of

the building, and differing only in size. They were both as pretty as Lady Anna's taste could make them, and as luxurious as the money at her command could insure. "She was not rich," she said, sighing as she said it; and Dorigen could not help wondering what riches might be, since in the absence of them there could be such ease, and freedom, and unstinted gratification of desire.

There was not in the girl's nature any touch of that vulgarity which is so deeply impressed by unwonted elegance or luxury of material surroundings; and the refinements of life came to her as things which she had hitherto been obliged to forego. The sole surprises were in the shape of disappointments; and certain shabby prayer-books

and hymn-books, certain soiled and torn sheets of music, with chintz here and there about the house not of the freshest, were more unexpected things than the dainty way in which all the needs of life were served. Her feeling as to these was very much that of a person who has been long in a distant country, and is glad to return to his former place and way.

St. Dunstan's church is in the town of Grancester; but the Vicarage is at least a mile distant from the last of the suburban terraces, and stands on a green wooded hill which slopes towards the Ellan, a small river which runs among the West Yorkshire hills, and adds considerably to the beauty of the beautiful and varied scenery through which it winds and turns in such unexpected directions. Here and there on its banks there is a village spire, a red-roofed hamlet, a whirling mill; now and then a rustic bridge spans the silver thread. Cattle low in the meadows; birds build in the round-crowned elms; year by year the wild flowers waste their sweetness on the fresh, sweet air.

The village—or, rather, the hamlet—of Ellandale is but just below the Vicarage. There are a few picturesque farmsteads, a few trim labourers' cottages, a village school, a forge, a joiner's shop. The small and ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret of Scotland, stands about half-way between, on the edge of a tiny copse, which is part of the Vicar's estate.

All about the place there is that soft, dreamful peace which comes with a kind of charm, as of pastoral poetry, or music. To come upon such a place when you are weary, or world-worn, is to live through the days with bated breath; to expect hourly that the scene will dissolve, and leave you with the shriek of the railway whistle in your ear, and all the confusing stir of your restless modern life about you for evermore.

The Vicarage itself was a large, irregular building, and strikingly picturesque, having attained its picturesqueness mainly by means of many and varied additions. Originally it had been a small stone house with high-pitched gables and diamond-paned windows. Later a Tudoresque wing had been added; and Dr. Wilderslowe himself had built the square, tower-like exrescence at the angle, which gave to the whole building something of the appearance of an Early French château. The lower parts of the house were everywhere covered with creepers: ancient, broad-leaved ivy on the north and east; with jessamine and Virginia creeper, roses,

and clematis, all about the south-western front, clustering over the windows, dropping from the roof of the verandah, flinging green and flowery sprays to every breeze that blew. The garden generally was luxuriant rather than trim, and, if the truth must be told, it was not well cared for. The one gardener did as he liked, and he did not like gardening; so that people with trimmer places used to speak of the Vicarage garden as neglected. It might be so, but it was very beautiful in its neglect; and even in the late autumn of the year there was no nook or corner but had its own beauty of rich colouring, of fantastic growth, of careless, spreading, charming luxuriance.

To the girl who, in her childhood, had taken Than Rountree's little plot at the top of Salthouse Garth to be a veritable Garden of Eden, this garden at St. Dunstan's was a wonder and a revelation such as she had not dreamed of. The very generosity of the tangled things was a marvel not to be understood; and she saw how they crept about, and climbed upward, and flung themselves downward, and threw long sprays over walls, and hedges, and mossy arbours, with a separate love awakening in her for the very liberalness of life and growth. It was Lady Anna who taught her the names of things, and laughed at her ignorance, and satirised her passionate love for them; but the satire didn't matter now. It had never mattered, and Lady Anna was well aware of it, disliking always the people who took her too literally. There were a great many people she disliked.

The month or six weeks that Lady Anna had spoken of had been lengthened into three months by this time, and it was known everywhere in the neighbourhood that Miss Gower was to be accepted as Lady Anna's friend, and accepted cordially, by such as cared for the little lady's own friendship. This was an unwritten law, and unspoken, but it came quickly to be understood. Some hated the girl beforehand; some wondered, "What on earth Lady Anna could see in her?" and a few won the lady's approval by lavishing real kindness upon Dorigen for her own sake. It was not long before she had friends of her own outside St. Dunstan's.

And all this time the days had been passing much as time passes in a sweet and easeful dream. But little news of any kind had reached Dorigen from Hild's Haven; none from Michael Salvain; but she did not need news of him. As her nature grew and expanded, it seemed as if her knowledge of his

nature grew with her growth, inducing a larger reverence, a fuller faith; and with these something that was almost a dread of any association that should mar the fineness of her great love. It was as if time and distance were but protectors, protecting them each against the other's weariness, against the possibility of spiritual desecration, against the chance of that apathy which too often comes upon unguarded and undisciplined relationships. The instinct to dread these things was in the girl's nature, and predated all experience, so that she was glad now for the space and the peace of absence.

The time was altogether one of peace; the old strain and stress of her life was all but forgotten. Indeed, there was neither solitude nor opportunity for remembering it. All the day was filled with an orderly and leisurely coming and going, doing and resting. In the early morning the little household used to meet in the wide hall; Dr. Wilderslowe, with his white surplice, and his square cap in his hand, and his courteous greeting ready for everybody; Lady Anna, with her felt hat and her fur cloak; Dorigen, with her sombre, crape-trimmed garments, which Lady Anna so much disliked; and Bertie and his nurse just behind, waiting for the little procession to start. Dr. Wilderslowe went first, going down between the laurel-bushes to the wicket-gate; and by the edge of the copse to where the little chapel stood. The bell had a very cheerful sound in the frosty morning air. A few people used to come up from the hamlet; four or five servants came down from the Vicarage; the village schoolmaster came with a dozen or so of the children trooping in before him. Lady Anna sat at the organ, which was in the chancel; and Dorigen sat beside her, watching the small white hands move firmly over the keys with a certain wonder and admiration, and a touch of sadness which had no perceptible cause. There was always a morning hymn and a canticle or two; and that was the time when Dorigen first perceived the passion, and the poetry, and the prayerful, moving beauty of the songs of the Poet-King. Altogether the mornings in the chapel under the fir-trees were memorable events when they came to be looked back upon.

After breakfast there was always a little idling about the bay-window of the breakfast-room, or out on the terrace if the day was fine. Even Dr. Wilderslowe used to allow himself a quarter of an hour, looking at his watch several times in the course of it,

if there were no letters to be read. He was a little grieved that he received so few communications from his youngest son; but he was glad to get them when they did come, and any special piece of news was always imparted. Greece had delighted the young man, Rome was delighting him still more. It was even possible, he said, that he should look upon the Eternal City as his future home. Dr. Wilderslowe's voice quivered a little as he read this letter, but he read on to the end.

Dorigen had had a little awe at first of the tall, white-haired old gentleman who was so courteous and so learned, but she soon forgot to be awed. It was not possible, indeed, to remember it with one so gentle, and even so deferential; and Lady Anna had taken some pains to make them understand each other. She had been angry with the girl more than once—angry, that is to say, in her own affectionate, tempestuous way.

"Why are you always so silent when Dr. Wilderslowe is in the room?" she had said, rather vehemently. "It is stupid of you to be so shy when I want him to know you, and to like you. He would like you immensely if you would let him. Why don't you talk to him more?"

Dorigen blushed, as was usual with her, and looked up with that expressionless look which she always had when required suddenly to give an answer.

"What can I say that Dr. Wilderslowe would care to hear?" she asked, with girlish literalness.

"You could say a great many things that he would care to hear; I only wish I could say half as many. If I had read as much as you have, and remembered what I had read half as well, I should be a great deal more of a companion for him than I am. . . . Now then, give me a kiss, and go and put on your habit, and we will have a canter as far as Widdington Knolls before luncheon. I want to try to teach you to sit square in your saddle, and to handle your reins better. . . . Now go, my sweet Placida; go at once."

"And Bertie's lessons?"

"Bertie isn't well enough to have any more lessons this week; Mrs. Williams says so."

Before this time there had been a little scene, and it had been brought about mainly by a letter which Dorigen had received from Mr. Kenningham, asking her of her welfare, and of her intentions for the future.

"What are you going to tell him about

your intentions?" Lady Anna asked, with a good deal of eagerness, and a touch of mockery.

Dorigen paused, and looked thoughtful.

"You told me that I was not to mention the idea of going back to Hild's Haven any more till you mentioned it," the girl replied.

"What an excellent memory you have! But it is not quite perfect, dear. I said something else."

"You said that there was work enough to be done here. But you have never let me do any—not real work."

"No? . . . To begin with, you are Bertie's governess."

"For an hour a day, about three days a week."

"That is my concern."

"And I don't know anything myself, so I am not fit to be anybody's governess."

"My look out, again."

"And you said I might help you in the parish; but I don't feel helpful."

"Don't you? I regret that. What do you think would make you feel helpful? You teach twice every Sunday in the Sunday-school—a thing I hate; and you take it as patiently as if you'd been born to do nothing else; and afterward you spend nearly an hour over those dirty and in every way objectionable parish library books. Then every Monday morning you help me with the coal-club, and every Tuesday afternoon with the clothing-club. You read for hours together when there's a sewing-meeting, and make those poor, wretched women cry till they can't see the needle from the thread. You sing in the choir till you are hoarse; and if there's a row among the choir children you make peace. If anybody in the parish wants gruel or beef-tea, you take care that they have enough to drown them. Cook hates the sight of you; she told me she did. And in addition to all that you've changed me, or changed my life, till life seems worth living again, and all the weariness and dreariness gone out of it. . . . Don't be a simpleton, if you can help it, Dorna; and give me that letter. I'll answer it, and to the abundant satisfaction of your worthy pastor when I am about it. Though I don't know that I agree with him in thinking you such a paragon of perfection, after all."

"Will you let me see the letter he wrote to you before?"

"No, never! You'd expect to sit on a pedestal for evermore, with me at the base of it in an attitude of worship."

There is something of that which we call

romance in most lives; something that comes unexpectedly, and is unusual, and is not easily intelligible to bystanders. Mostly it comes in connection with the great events of love and marriage, but not always. Friendship has its romantic tales also; its prose poems, its poetic prose, its interesting and pathetic episodes. But we are not prepared for these, and we make little of them when they come, not even allowing them the proper space which belongs to them in our life. It is not till they are gone by that we know how we have been impressed and influenced; not till too late that we find how much we owed that other soul; how much we were indebted for that generous devotion which knew no measure, but gave because it had to give, and hoped for so little again. Dorigen Gower was not ungrateful nor insensible, but it was not while these days were passing that she discerned the beauty of them; the unshaded happiness they held; their freedom from care, and responsibility, and sorrow—from all, at least, but that great sorrow which was in the past. It was hardly to be expected but that thoughts of that should come, striking darkly upon the surroundings and events of the new life. But she sorrowed silently; and Lady Anna knew that she did, and missed no chance of providing any fresh or pleasant distraction that could draw the girl's mind from too much brooding over the irrevocable past. All the old diversions that the little lady had laid aside—riding, or driving about the country for driving's sake, boating on the river, skating on the mill-dam, gardening a little now and then, and now and then opening the piano in the winter evenings, and playing old music, singing old songs one after the other as long as Dorigen wished her to sing—all this and more Lady Anna roused herself to do in that strong affection and sympathy which she was lavishing upon the almost friendless girl, who had so little to give in return that it never occurred to her that she had anything at all. Inexperienced as she was she could not but see the inequality of this friendship, nor could she fail to see that this very inequality made it more beautiful. She was awake to much of the beauty, to much of the pleasure, to much of the good; she was not awake at all to the fact that she was living out, and rapidly, the only felicitous days she was ever to know.

CHAP. XXXIII. A BREAK IN THE MONOTONY.

THE drawing-room at the Vicarage was a handsome room, and had been furnished

and decorated by Colonel Wilderslowe before he brought home his bride. It was supposed to be Old German in the general style of it. The chairs and tables were heavy, yet picturesque, with elaborate turned work, and brazen mountings and finishings. The velvets and fringes of the upholstery were of colours not easy to be named; some of them seeming like pale and faded fox-glove purple, and some like the deep dark tints of old wine. There was a brass chandelier with candles which seemed as if it might have come out of some ancient church, and jars and vases of real Indian china stood about the room everywhere. Colonel Wilderslowe had brought these, with a small cargo of rugs and shawls, prayer-carpets, and silver caskets, brazen bowls, and idols of rare, carved, odorous woods.

Later he had sent a small but exquisite tea-service, which Lady Anna had taken into immediate use; for although afternoon tea was not in those days the established social fact it has since become, still many cups of tea were had in many drawing-rooms before the meal had a local habitation and a name. Lady Anna had always permitted herself the indulgence, and had offered it to her friends, most of whom came out from Grancester, or from neighbouring parsonages, and were therefore supposed to be in need of refreshment of some kind. Lady Anna's tea was very refreshing, everybody conceded that. She had been accustomed to make it herself; but Dorigen made it now, under her supervision; and Auberon was duly taught to carry the cups steadily, and hand the bread-and-butter prettily. It was very seldom that Dr. Wilderslowe made his appearance.

One frosty afternoon, it was in January, he came in, looking quite moved from his usual placidity. Lady Anna saw at once that something had stirred him; and even Mrs. Alverthorpe, who was not the most perspicacious of women, saw that there was an unwonted light in the old man's blue eyes, an unwonted tint of rose-red on either cheek. "Was it the frost," she asked with heavy playfulness, "that made the Doctor look so young and so well?"

The old man bowed with his usual grave courtesy.

"Thank you for the compliment, madam," he said with a smile. "Is your husband here? Ah, there you are, Alverthorpe. I hope you are well. Have you heard the news?"

"No; I have heard nothing special. We

never do hear anything at Vernham Dene. What has happened?"

"A rather serious thing has happened to me," replied Dr. Wilderslowe. "Caringford has had another offer of a living, a very fair living I take it to be. And I have just been advising him to accept it, which I think he will do."

Mr. Alverthorpe, who was Rector of Vernham Dene, and Mr. Cumberland, who was Vicar of Kellingbrooke, both condoled with the old man, to whom a change of this kind would be, as they knew, an extremely unsettling thing. Mr. Caringford had been curate of St. Dunstan's for fifteen years, and was to Dr. Wilderslowe as his own right hand, so far as all work outside the mother church at Grancester was concerned. No quite young man or new man of any age could take his place all at once. The news that Mr. Caringford had again been offered a benefice was received with a gravity and concern which might have been found amusingly disproportionate in some circles.

Dorigen went on listening, pouring out tea, talking to Muriel Percy, feeding Bertie's Dandie Dinmont with scraps of bread. It could hardly concern her, this coming change, yet she was sorry that Dr. Wilderslowe should have sorrow.

"Will you have another cup of tea?" she said with sympathy in her voice, as the old man came up to the table.

"Ah! you are like all other ladies, you think a cup of tea a specific for every ill of life. But, thank you, my dear, thank you, I will have another cup, with a little more sugar in it, just a little more. Thank you."

There had been other people in the room besides the Alverthorpes and Mr. Cumberland. Two of the Miss Percys of Thurnholme had taken home the news of the impending change at St. Dunstan's and the eldest Miss Oakworth from Grancester had heard it with deep interest. A new curate was such a rare event in the neighbourhood of Grancester; and Lady Anna could be trusted to use her influence in favour of a single man. She was not, they imagined, a woman to wish to divide the honours of her position with a curate's wife.

Judge, then, the surprise there was in the air when, three weeks later, it became known that Dr. Wilderslowe had arranged for the coming of a curate who was not only married, but whose wife was said to be one of the most beautiful women ever seen.

"At least she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," said Mr. Cumber-

land, an elderly, grey-haired widower, who was supposed to have very aristocratic connections; and to have seen a good deal of something that was called "life." Some few years ago he had happened to meet the lady of whom he was speaking. "She was just married then, and looked quite a girl," he said, "but she was surpassingly beautiful."

Dr. Wilderslowe knew but very little of the clergyman who was to take Mr. Caringford's place. He knew that he was not a very young man, and that he was married and had two children.

"They can't lodge with Mrs. Barnes, Anna," the Vicar said one afternoon, just after he had made his decision. Lady Anna was pouring out tea in the firelight. Bertie was playing at her feet; the wind was sweeping the long jessamine sprays, which were beating with sharp strokes upon the window pane. "They can't lodge there, you know, dear. Mrs. Barnes can only spare one bedroom."

"But they won't want lodgings," said Lady Anna. "They will want a house to themselves. There are several to be let on the Grancester Road."

"But those are expensive houses, my dear."

"Are they? Well, I should think and hope Mr. Fairfax has some private means. But, however, they can arrange for themselves when they come. We can take them in here for a few days. . . . Is that you, Dorna? Come here, we're not talking secrets. Where have you been in such a wind as this?"

"I have been to Admer's End to see poor old Mrs. Hurst," said the girl, coming forward into the ruddy firelight with wind-raised colour on her cheeks, and eyes brightened by quick exercise. She was altering rapidly in those days, and not for the worse.

"What have you got in your muff?" Bertie asked in his most solemn tone.

"Ah! what have I got?" she replied, holding down one end of her muff so that a little snow-white Persian kitten just showed its head. "But what were you saying when I came in, may I ask?" she said, turning to Lady Anna. "I heard a name which awoke my curiosity. I know some Fairfaxes, at least I know about them. And the gentleman is a clergyman."

"Really! Are you going to get excited about it?"

"Not particularly. But tell me, please. Is he the new curate?"

"He is, my sapient one. Have you any objections?"

"None. But I should like to know if it is the same. Is he married?"

"Very married, I believe."

"And is his wife beautiful?"

"Lovely, as lovely as you are."

This was received without any shadow of distaste.

"Have you forgotten the fate of Alessio of Lucca?" Dorigen asked, still kneeling on the rug beside Bertie, and watching the child's delight in his new possession.

"I know nothing of Alessio. What happened to him?" said Lady Anna.

"Dante met him in the *Inferno* in rather bad plight, and induced him to confess that his taste for flattery had brought him there."

"What excellent English you always speak when you are angry, dear!" exclaimed the little lady, while Dr. Wilderslowe lifted his kind blue eyes to the girl's face with some surprise.

"Could you find me the passage to which you allude?" he asked courteously. "But not to-night—no, not to-night," he hastened to add, as she rose to comply at once. "I would not try your eyes by lamplight on any account. But if you will find it for me in the morning, I shall be obliged, greatly obliged. I have several copies of the *Divina Commedia* in the original, with some translations, which I will show you, if you will come to my study."

"You will not keep her there, grand-papa?" said Lady Anna.

"Not against her will, I hope."

"Nor with her will. I have done my best to keep her out of that scene of temptation."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dorigen; "I have wondered why I was never allowed to see more than the backs of all those books!"

"There are books enough in the house without those, and you have not neglected them, by the look of your room. . . . But now tell me about your Fairfaxes."

All that Dorigen knew was soon related, and it seemed extremely probable that the Rev. Herbert Fairfax, who had married Mrs. Salvain's beautiful niece, Ermengarde Vyse, was the same Rev. Herbert Fairfax who had just accepted the curacy of Grancester St. Dunstan's-cum-Ellendale St. Margaret's.

"I shall soon see," Dorigen said. "She cannot have changed so very much since the picture was painted; indeed, Mr. Salvain said she had hardly changed at all when they saw her last."

As Lady Anna had foreseen, the day of Dorigen's entrance into the Vicar's study was a fateful day indeed.

It was an upper room—he had chosen it for the sake of greater quiet and greater freedom from damp—and it was large and light and pleasant. From the floor to the ceiling it was furnished with books. There were books on the tables, books on desks, books on all manner of ingeniously-devised stands that were everywhere about the room. Even the back of the door was covered with tiny shelves for tiny volumes, and the door stood always slightly ajar. "It was bad for books to be shut up," the old man explained to Dorigen, and he seemed to be gratified to find that he had so many things which she required to have explained. The scant knowledge that she had pleased him more than her wide ignorance amused him, and the thing that struck him most of all was her evident thirst and yearning to drink more deeply at learning's springs than she had ever before had any chance of doing. He mused within himself how he might do a great kindness without seeming to do any at all.

It was not difficult to find a way. The passage in the "Inferno" found, there were others that required finding. Dr. Wilderslowe's sermons had always been remarkable for the number of poetical and other quotations woven into the texture of them, and he was scrupulous in his accuracy to the last comma. It was delightful, he discovered, to have some one who could verify his quotations, and not think the small task burdensome; and from requiring this congenial service he soon came to require others. And Lady Anna ceased to find fault in earnest, since she saw plainly that the arrangement gave two people pleasure, and must certainly be profitable to one. How profitable it was hardly likely that she discerned in that dim beginning.

So it happened that, even before the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fairfax, Dorigen had come to spend a portion of each morning in the Vicar's study, with very frequently another hour before dinner in the evening. The Fairfaxes had accepted Lady Anna's invitation to stay at the Vicarage until they could decide upon a house and send for their furniture; but they had declined, so burden Lady Anna with the two children and the nurse. Mrs. Fairfax would bring a maid, if it would not be inconvenient.

It was evening when they came, and Dorigen was alone in the study, half-forget-

ful of the expected arrivals. The dressing-bell aroused her, and she went to put on her black silk dress in a kind of trepidation—she was so sure that Mrs. Fairfax would prove to be Mr. Salvain's cousin Ermine. That was how she always thought of her—as Michael's cousin. Once she had thought of writing to him, or to Joanna; but Lady Anna Wilderslowe had dissuaded her strongly from opening a correspondence which had not been required of her.

Lady Anna came into Dorigen's room before the latter had finished dressing.

"That is right, Derna, dear; make the most of yourself. It is requisite, I can tell you. Haven't you got a prettier fichu than that? And where is your coral necklace?"

"It is here; but tell me, please—is it my Mrs. Fairfax?"

"Your Mrs. Fairfax! Well, if you like to call her so, though I doubt whether she would appreciate the compliment, my dear. She admits the Thorsgrif relationship with considerable frigidity. Don't be too ardent, my sweet one. I expect you will have to put up with me for a friend a while longer."

"Isn't she—well, isn't she genial?"

"Magnificently genial. I feel extinguished in my own house already."

"And she is beautiful—as beautiful as the picture?"

"Not having seen the picture I must leave you to judge. But there's the dinner-bell. Come and be looked at!"

They went down together, Lady Anna in a grey silk dress, Dorigen in her black one, to find an effective little group already gathered about the drawing-room fire. Dr. Wilderslowe was there, and Mr. Fairfax; the latter a tall, thin, pale man, with fair hair, and a sad, wearied expression. But Dorigen saw no one save Mrs. Fairfax in that first moment. It was beyond all doubt the lady of the picture who sat there; but more impressive, more beautiful than any picture could ever be. She was leaning against the purple velvet of the antique sofa; a cloud of pale, silvery-green silk and creamy lace was all about her; her magnificent yellow hair was dressed so as to show her fine head and finer face to the uttermost advantage.

It was an unspeakable face. In the first presence of it you felt an indefinable kind of exaltation, as in the presence of power or genius. This might arise from its simple perfectness. The clear, well-shaped hazel eyes were not easy to read—not even on longer acquaintance. They seemed to command rather than to beseech; to impress by



"As far as Widdington Knolls."

force of will rather than by force of gentler attractiveness. And yet the whole presence and bearing of the woman was beyond doubt full of a strange fascination.

"Lady Anna has been telling me that you know my cousins, the Salvains of Thorsgrif," she said to Dorigen when they had taken their places in the dining-room. She bent forward graciously, as a princess might have done, and she spoke with an exquisitely pure and finished utterance. Her voice was as pure and clear as her hazel eyes, and she spoke always as if the thing she said was of dramatic importance. She listened to Dorigen's reply with deliberate courtesy.

"Yes, I know them," Dorigen said, blushing like the shy and untrained girl she was. "I know them very well. Once I stayed there some weeks."

"Ah, yes; I remember. My aunt told me; she told me, too, about that most romantic accident you had. You fell into the sea, did you not? and my cousin Michael rescued you, which must have suited his rôle admirably. Dear, good, ungracious Michael! He would be quite my ideal of a knight—a knight of the old chivalrous days—if he could be trained to anything like knightly manners. But it is too late. Why, he must be getting quite elderly! Years ago he used to seem to me old enough to be my father."

So the lady spoke on, as if for the mere pleasure of speaking, the mere delight of

filling the room and enchainning the attention of others with her pure, perfect, musical intonation. Every syllable fell with a liquid, silvery grace, which made you feel that you had never listened to human speech in its finest perfection before. It was so very beautiful as to be almost wonderful.

All the evening Dorigen sat listening to it, for Mrs. Fairfax talked well, and on many topics. She had travelled; she had read; she had held stalls at fashionable bazaars; she had sung at charitable concerts; she had taken prominent parts in amateur theatricals, private and not private. She did not hesitate to admit that she liked excitement; that she lived hardly without it; and when she disclosed the fact that since their marriage her husband had held eight different curacies in five different dioceses, it was not judging her harshly to suppose that the changes had not been due solely to his ill-health.

"Are you expecting to find Grancester a lively place?" Lady Anna asked, with an expression on her face and in her voice that amused Dorigen greatly.

"No, oh no!" said Ermengarde Fairfax. "I think I may even say that I am prepared for the worst. But I am told that there are extenuating circumstances; mainly, sad to say, in the shape of moderate butcher's bills, and inexpensive education. But, oh dear! how I hate to think of it all!"

The knitting of the few fine lines about

Mrs. Fairfax's classical forehead did not escape Lady Anna at this moment.

"How old are your children?" she asked rather brusquely. Mrs. Fairfax spoke of her afterward as having "horrid manners."

"Valerie, my eldest girl, is four; Zaré is not quite three. I long to show them to you."

It was not long before Mrs. Fairfax had an opportunity of showing her two tiny, winsome girls to Lady Anna. They were charming little things, with loving, unaffected ways, and eyes that looked up at you with wistful, tender gleams, which reminded you of their weary-looking father rather than of their bright, beautiful mother. And they were dressed with perfection of taste. Their little sienna-brown velvet dresses fell to their feet, and were made loosely, so that they could be tied at the waist with satin sashes of a darker shade. Their wide-brimmed velvet hats were of the same dark, rich tint, but were relieved with large feathers of a varied tone, falling over the up-turned side of the brim, after the manner of a picture by Rembrandt. On their hands they wore tiny mittens of brown silk, and on their feet little shoes of soft, brown Morocco leather.

"Really, in these costumes, they ought never to be seen anywhere but in a room with an orange-coloured dado," Ermengarde said when some word had been spoken about the pretty dresses. But she had not ventured on an orange dado for her drawing-room, having regard to her own fair hair, and love of tertiary shades in dress. No room of the

common-looking house on the Grancester Road had been fitted up without due regard to its æsthetic harmoniousness with the appearance of its mistress.

It was some time before it could be said that the Fairfaxes were fairly settled in their new home; and Lady Anna was very good, very hospitable. In after days she liked to remember that she had done all she could to make the transition time pleasant and agreeable for Herbert Fairfax.



"In the library."

"I cannot thank you," he said wearily when they went away; and Lady Anna could honestly say that she desired no thanks. She approved so thoroughly of the new curate himself that nothing she could do to save him, or to serve him, seemed enough.

And after that things began to move on at St. Dunstan's Vicarage in quite the old way again—a smooth, bright, placid way it was for Dorigen Gower. It seemed to her that if it had not been for her father's letters she might almost have forgotten, as the time went on, that she had ever had any other home. The thought that she

might one day have to leave it used to come like a sharp spasm of pain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SEEDTIME.

IMAGINE, then, the passing on of two years, with no more important changes than six weeks at some southern seaside place in the summer or a month among the Malvern hills in the autumn. Once, indeed, they went for a few weeks to London—Lady Anna and Dorigen. Bertie was left at home with his grandfather. Digitized by Google

They stayed with Mrs. Dallrivers, an elderly yet active-minded aunt of Lady Anna's, who had previously spent a few weeks at St. Dunstan's. The time was made as pleasant as possible for the girl, to whom London, with all its myriad sights and sounds, had been as a far-off vision, not likely ever to become reality. It was in no way like her vision. Some things were disappointing, some far beyond her brightest and most vivid imagination. The music was the greatest revelation of all; next came the picture-galleries.

"Ah!" Mrs. Dallrivers said one day at the National Gallery, "we ought to have had your brother-in-law here, Anna. He knows all about these old Italian masters, I suppose. I was told the other day that he was quite as likely to turn out an art critic as an artist."

"Quite as likely, I should think," replied Lady Anna, prefacing her remark with a little laugh, which Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe had hardly cared to hear.

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Dallrivers.

"Gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca," was the more or less conjectural reply.

Lady Anna understood very little of painting herself, so that all guidance and explanation fell to Mrs. Dallrivers, who had too many strong personal likes and dislikes to be a good guide to the pictures of the day. Yet the information she gave was very valuable. Dorigen could feel the scales falling from her eyes as they went from gallery to gallery, and from modern pictures to ancient ones. The beautiful little gallery at Dulwich was not forgotten; and Mrs. Dallrivers was Englishwoman enough to be proud of the fact that no collection in Europe could boast of a finer gathering of Cuyps. And Cuyp was one of her favourite masters. She loved his glowing noonday haze, his warm-toned evening clouds, his sleepy cattle, his shepherds and his milkmaids; and she had the enthusiasm to impose some of her feelings for these and other good pictures upon the younger of her companions. Dorigen never forgot those days at Dulwich. They were the beginning of her love for graphic art.

And as it was in painting, so it was in music. She was glad in the bewilderment of new impressions to be swiftly directed to the best. Mrs. Dallrivers declared that she had not gone to so many concerts for years past; but she enjoyed going now all the same; and Lady Anna saw that she did, and was grateful.

But they neither of them saw all that was going on in the heart and brain of the girl they were doing their best to gratify. She was a little struck, a little troubled that they should take so much pains, and care so little for expense, when she could not even thank them properly, or make them understand for a moment the full weight of the burden of good and gladness they were laying upon her heart.

When the time came she went back with Lady Anna to St. Dunstan's Vicarage with more of new life stirring in her mental veins than she was aware of then; but she was very well aware that almost for the first time in her existence a real, wide sense of the good and glory of living was hers. Her keen memory and vivid imagination enabled her to bring back every scene through which she had passed; to recall almost every picture she had especially cared for; to see before her every face that had attracted her; to hear again every voice that had had particular charm for her. The only thing that no power of hers would bring again was the deep and passionate impression that the best of the music she had heard had made upon her at the time, and this being the one thing she had desired above all others to retain, the inability came upon her like a loss for which she could find no compensation. It was as if she missed from her soul some influence, some companionship which had raised her above herself while it was with her. Now that it was gone a certain loneliness, a certain lowness was inevitable, and the haunting desire grew to a pain which could hardly be comprehended.

It was difficult to express a stirring so mysterious in intelligible words; but Lady Anna was too watchful, too strongly drawn, and too deeply interested to be unsympathetic.

"You should hear good music, the best of music, every day if I could bring it to you, or take you to it," she said kindly one summer evening. They were walking down at the bottom of the garden, where the old apple-trees overhung the path, and stretched out gaunt arms to the rose-bushes, and the great creamy-flowered syringas on the other side. All the air was still and sweet; a single bird-note rippled down from the tall elms in the paddock; the long clematis sprays, that the lightest breeze would have stirred, were motionless. It was an evening to remember for its very peace.

"We don't have enough of music, we solemn provincial English people," Lady

Anna went on. "It is so different abroad. There is music everywhere; and the air seems brighter for it, and life lighter and easier. There are some natures which seem to want it specially, as others seem to have special need of tenderness. . . . I think sometimes that the one might compensate for the absence of the other. What do you think, little one?"

"I don't know. They seem to belong to each other in some way," Dorigen said in her slow, thoughtful manner. Then a quotation flashed out quickly. "If music be the food of love, play on."

"Ah, but true love doesn't need aliment of that kind," said Lady Anna with a sigh; and then there was a long silence, while her thoughts went backward, and outward, and forward. Had she lived her life? Had she loved her love? Sometimes Dorigen wondered over these things; but Lady Anna gave no sign. She seldom spoke of her absent husband, but she spoke quite easily and unrestrainedly when there was aught to be said. And the correspondence that was kept up was both full and regular. So much all the world knew; and it may be that there was nothing more to be known. Lady Anna seemed happy enough; and people construed her happiness according to their own nature, or the passing mood of the moment. Not the crudest slanderer dared to suggest that all was not well.

Yes, she was happy enough; and she had enough of vitality to keep her own life and other lives going with sufficient activity of movement to prevent any touch of the heaviness and gloom that must come always with stagnation. Hardly a day passed but some small turn of circumstance was raised to the dignity and standing of an event; hardly a letter came that was not made to seem a vivid chapter of human history; hardly a visitor made his or her appearance at the Rectory without having his or her character thrown into strong relief by a few almost Shakespearian touches of criticism. Dorigen's admiration was often drawn out to the uttermost, proving the aphorism that we always admire most what most we lack; and no one could have taught her better than Lady Anna that she lacked the peculiar instinct and perception which goes to the quick and keen appreciation of character. What talent she might ever have of that kind she would have to buy, and often to pay for it by long and sharp pain, as happens to most of us if we have not the gift by nature.

One morning of that fine summer Lady Anna had quite a pile of letters lying beside her plate on the breakfast-table. One was from India; this was read first, and passed on to Dr. Wilderslowe immediately, with a few bright words of satisfaction. Another was from Milan, from Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe, who was writing a libretto for an opera, to be composed by a young musical friend of his, an Italian, who, without doubt, would prove himself a second Porpora. A third letter was read silently, but with smiles and little flushes, and restrained glances, that Dorigen could not but perceive were intended in the first instance for her. But nothing was said till after breakfast, then Lady Anna turned to Dr. Wilderslowe.

"I can't spare Dorna to-day, father," she said, with a certain quickness of pleasure in her tone. "We are going to drive into Grancester, and may not be back till after luncheon."

"That seems as if shopping were intended," said the old man with a kind smile. "Well, I hope it won't be too hot, and that you will not tire yourselves. It must be dreary work, I should say."

"It is more than dreary; but it has to be done. If you will come out on the terrace I will explain. . . . Dorna, go and make the most of yourself—the new hat, of course, and the grey costume; and try to look a little less resigned, if you can."

The explanation Lady Anna had promised was soon made. The letter which had wrought all this stir was from Mrs. Stanmere, a lady who had stayed for over a fortnight at St. Dunstan's during the preceding autumn. She was an old friend of Lady Anna's, and of about the same age; but her lot in life had been very different. She was a widow now, and childless; and her wealth was hardly compensation for these negations.

Her home, Stanmere Grange, was about fifty miles distant from Grancester; but it was still within the boundaries of the West Riding, and not more than five or six miles distant from Kirk-Leighton. The letter was to remind Lady Anna that the triennial musical festival was to be held at Kirk-Leighton in the autumn; and that she had half promised to come. Greatly to the little lady's satisfaction, Mrs. Stanmere had included Dorigen in the invitation.

"Bring your friend," said the mistress of Stanmere Grange. "She will be company for you on the journey, and I shall like to see her enjoying herself in her own remarkably quiet way. I have just had the

three younger Miss Rushleighs staying with me, so you will perceive why I have a fancy for having the quietest guests I can think of for the festival. . . . It is perhaps only fair to tell you that people are already making unusual efforts in the way of dress. The festival is to be presided over by a royal prince and his bride; and there seems to be an intention to make things as gay as possible. I only tell you this as a matter of conscience. People who don't dress at all will be there by the hundred, so that you may consult your own inclination. You know what I shall wear."

"There are six weeks yet," said Lady Anna eagerly, folding the letter as she spoke. "But Grancester people are so slow; and we shall want at least eight new dresses each. There are to be seven performances; and we can't appear twice in the same dress. Besides that we must each of us have a decent gown to travel in."

"I see," said Dr. Wilderslowe, evidently not seeing at all. Then he rubbed his hands gently together, as he was apt to do when he was pleased, and his beautiful, placid, yet sensitive mouth relaxed into a smile. "I am glad Mrs. Stanmere has thought of Miss Gower," he said, "I am very glad. . . . Do you think, Annie, you could manage that the new gowns should be my gift without her knowledge?"

"I can manage anything," said the little lady, turning impulsively, and standing on tiptoe to give the old man a kiss of gratitude. "And they shall be the prettiest dresses ever made in Grancester."

CHAPTER XXXV.—"BY A GIFT GOD GRANTS ME NOW AND THEN."

It is not too much to say that the great Yorkshire musical festival has a European reputation. A distinguished Continental composer who died not long ago had written an important work before he died, and his one strong desire concerning it was that it should be made known to England through the medium of the Kirk-Leighton Choir. Had he heard those wonderful voices? Had he marvelled over the fact that difficulty seems not to exist for them? Had he listened, spell-bound, to the ease and lightness, the roundness and fulness, the purity and spontaneity with which the most intricate and impossible-seeming passages are rendered? To have listened but once is to have had a priceless experience.

The opening day of the festival was not, strictly speaking, a fine day. The sun's face

was hidden, and the world was grey, a dark and unmitigated grey at Kirk-Leighton, but no one cared except for the impression that might be made upon the Prince and Princess. It does not need sunshine to enable you to enjoy music. The soul's sense, as touched by hearing, is not hindered by cloudy weather. The world into which you are lifted is above the clouds.

The Town Hall was already filling fast when Mrs. Stanmere's carriage stopped by the awning that went almost round the building. The surrounding streets seemed one dark sea of heads. Gaily-dressed people were going up the steps; plants and flowers were ranged against the walls; in the wide vestibule lamps were burning; expectation that was almost excitement was in the air: it had been in the air for weeks past, and now almost every face seemed to have a quiet, yet radiant content, as if to be so near to an anticipated delight were sufficiently satisfying.

Inside the hall the scene was more brilliant, more impressive still. Even in London Dorigen had never made one of a multitude so vast, so evidently moved by one enthusiasm—an enthusiasm suppressed as yet, but present, as a kind of latent electricity, awaiting the touch that should turn it to fire. For a long time the girl had no eye except for what was going on in the immense orchestra, where over four hundred people were ranged, row above row. The musicians were in the centre; there was a busy tuning of violins, the organ note was sounding for their guidance; then, after a brief pause, a deafening burst of applause broke upon the place as the conductor made his appearance upon the platform, bowing his way to as proud a throne as a man need care to occupy. The enthusiasm in the orchestra was wonderful to note, and even while you thought it was subsiding it burst forth again with even less of measure in its fervidness than before. The audience turned as one: the Prince was there, in front of the gallery, looking quiet, dignified, unassuming; the Prince's bride was smiling shyly over her big bouquet, and was evidently moved by the fervour of the Yorkshire greeting, which seemed as if it could hardly be stayed. The moment was one not to be forgotten, and the singing of the National Anthem by the whole of that grand choir was a fitting climax to it. . . . It was difficult to realise that all this was but the beginning of things.

There was only a brief interval while people reseated themselves. Mrs. Stanmere

and her little party were in the body of the hall, and well in front. The lady herself looked pink and pretty in her black silk dress and lavender bonnet; Lady Anna Wilderslowe wore a dark prune-coloured silk costume, and a bonnet of creamy lace and feathers. She was a little excited, and very much alive to all that was passing; she was seated between Mrs. Stanmere and Dorigen. Presently the widow bent forward—

"Would Miss Gower care for my fan?" she whispered. "I see she hasn't brought one, and she is looking very pale. Does she ever faint?"

"No, she doesn't," said Lady Anna sharply, and looking up at Dorigen as she spoke. "And she'd better not think of it, not at present. It is an accomplishment she can acquire later. Take the fan, Dorna, dear, and give it back to Mrs. Stanmere as soon as possible. It doesn't match your dress, and I don't want to have my teeth set on edge this morning."

Dorigen took the fan and smiled reassuringly. "Be at peace about me," she whispered. That was all she could say. Apart from the music she was strangely impressed, almost weighed upon by the close presence of so vast a congregation of human beings. It seemed as if this of itself were a strong and exciting influence.

But now the trombones were announcing in solemn, deep-mouthed tones that the *Elijah* had begun, and presently tones more sad and solemn still awoke a new sense of pain, of impending calamity. A sensitive listener quivers as under a presentiment as the anguish deepens, and when the sudden desperate cry of the voices of the chorus goes up to heaven for help, one is impelled, almost overpoweringly, to kneel and pray with them and for them, so real, so deep is the effect of that most impressive music when impressively rendered.

A recent biographer has said, "*The Elijah* destroyed Mendelssohn." It is quite conceivable that Mendelssohn knew it, and was content. He would have been more content still if he could have known how often his pure and elevating music comes stealing across the worn, and tired, and world-weary spirit, bringing with it the comforting words to which it is wedded for all time. Your very soul sinks under its burden, and you would fain lie down and make no more effort to bear. But listen! You heard voices once, you hear the echo of them now, and these are the words the voices sing:—

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Listen again:—

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

And yet again lift up your weary head. There is one voice alone now, and its tones plead with you, and they pierce you through. Unknowingly you yield yourself to its divine influence with the feeling that you are yielding yourself for evermore.

"O, rest in the Lord," entreats this one compassionate voice; "wait patiently for Him. Wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

Long after that day, in strangely diverse scenes, in strangely contrasted moods, Dorigen Gower heard that beseeching voice and was comforted. . . . Through the arches of St. Hild's Abbey it came; from the bleak, barren moorland it came; from the wild wide sea it came—pleading always. "O, rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, wait patiently for Him;" and patient waiting was at least made possible.

There was an interval between the two parts of the oratorio. Most of the people went out to the vestibule, or to the luncheon-rooms, but Mrs. Stanmere and Lady Anna decided to remain where they were, and eat of their biscuit, and drink of their flask of wine and water in the comparative solitude of the empty hall. Dorigen acquiesced in the arrangement as a matter of course.

"It is of no use asking her," said Lady Anna in her usual half-satirical tone.

Others used to wonder that the girl bore it so quietly and patiently, but, truth to say, she understood it so well that there was nothing to be borne. She would have missed the tone of badinage with something more than regret, and any change must have had the significant touch of "enforced ceremony."

"It is of no use asking her," said the little lady to Mrs. Stanmere. "She always agrees in small matters, and reserves the strength of her will that she may be 'great on great occasions.'"

An understanding smile passed between Mrs. Stanmere and her younger guest, but the widow had penetration enough to see that Dorigen's smile and glance betokened some absence of mind or preoccupation; more than this she did not see. She might have been amazed if some magic mirror could have shown her the pictures that were passing through the girl's brain.

It is said that a drowning man will see his past life in a single flash, as one sees a

wide campaign when the lightning pierces the midnight darkness.

There are some upon whom any moment of high and keen excitement will have the same effect. It would seem as if for these it only needed that the brain power should be as it were electrified, and so strengthened and exalted by strong emotion. Sometimes such a moment is as the foreshadowing of what the power of the spiritual and intellectual faculties may be when—

"From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released."

Dorigen's abstraction really amounted to a kind of momentary trance. Though she sat there in the splendid Town Hall at Kirk-Leighton, with the empty seats all round her, and the empty orchestra before her, she saw none of these things. Instead there passed swiftly before her mental vision the quiet, unnoticed life of a quiet and unnoticeable child, a life lived out by the harbour-side at Hild's Haven, surrounded by influences of the homeliest, acquainted with poverty, and need, and sore struggle, and sad uncomplaining sorrows of many kinds. It was not Lady Anna Wilderslowe and Mrs. Stanmere, of Stanmere Grange, who were there beside her, but old Than Rountree, with his kind face and voice, and little Margery Laverock, with her beautiful eyes, her rich clear colour, her dreamy, pathetic mouth. No face was missing, no sound that had been wont to come from the wharf, or the dock-yards, or from the watery highway failed to help in the illusion of the present moment. The very whirr of the jet wheels in her father's shop was in herears, and the exact burr and harshness of Mr. Nendick's voice. She could see him plainly, as if in actual fact he snatched her carefully-folded parcels and tore them apart, and flung them back with words that were worse to bear than curses would have been. But all that ended suddenly, and a tall, strong, protecting figure, with compassionate eyes, and pity that was akin to love in his voice, and strength of heart and will and intellect written on every feature of his grandly rugged face—this man came between, and stayed in her vision, and did not depart through all that followed. Through all that most vivid recalling of Thorsgrif he stayed, through that terrible storm he stayed, and through the desolation that followed after the storm he stayed. And his face lived before her, his voice spoke constringingly, his eyes looked into hers sadly and yet beseechingly. It was as if he stood before her now as he had stood

on that last day in the Gill at Thorsgrif, when he had said, speaking as one surprised into saying a thing long hidden—

"I shall wait, and I shall wait with such a hope in my waiting as my life has never had in it before, never . . . never!" Then after a little while a kind of awakening had come upon him, and he had added, "But what am I saying? my child, what am I saying? . . . You are free—free as the air above you. . . . And we are friends. . . . Friendship is very precious."

Though all this had happened three years ago, and though these three years had been full of new and varied experience, yet the time was annihilated. That is the curse and the blessing of a vivid memory, that it annihilates the years, and reproduces the pictures of the past with the sharp outline and crisp touch of work that left the great studio of life but yesterday.

She never doubted but that Michael Salvain's memory would be as vivid as her own. His silence had nothing strange in it. She had expected nothing else but silence, and yet as she sat there her heart was filled with yearning for a word, for a glance. It was as if the exaltation wrought by the potent power and influence of the music included her whole nature, deepening every desire, intensifying every hope. The quiet, certain, satisfied love that was in her heart, that had lain there, still and firm and true as only the highest love can lie, was stirred and vivified, and moved strangely to yearn for some fresh sign of recognition. "Let me go," was her desire. "Let me go to him; let me hear him speak; let me see his eyes looking into mine; let me feel once more the strength and the sufficiency of that tie which is between us, and which can never be broken. . . . Let me go!"

The vision had shown the past, it had brought life down to the present, and now inevitably it passed on to the future, finding nothing but perplexities there, and widely-yawning contradictions. Was it always so? Did it often happen that a woman's heart drew her whole being one way, while inexplicable desire for some other, some less definite, and in all probability less satisfactory life, drew her whole soul another way? Was this other way a higher way? Beyond all doubt it seemed so to her, then and always, and she was one who might never undisturbed, unarrested, turn deliberately into a broader or lower road, while any certain signpost stood at the entrance to a narrower one. She might deviate, but she would suffer for

it; her suffering would be at least as certain as her sin.

It might have been thought that temptation was far enough away at that moment, but in truth it was never very far away, and just now it came with all the force with which we sometimes anticipate a trouble that seems certain to come sooner or later. If such a trouble in the distance has haunted us for long we are sure to have known moments wherein the desire to go out and hasten it, and have done with it at any cost, has come upon us with an almost overmastering power. In one sense such a moment had come to Dorigen now, confusing her with confusions that might never arrive, making instant decisions seem imperative on points she might never have to decide. Darker the future grew, and darker, wider the contradictions yawned, sadder seemed the probabilities, the negations, the losses, the contentions. . . . Then again the vision changed, and swiftly.

Dorigen had hardly noticed that the hall was full again, that the orchestra were in their places, the bâton in the hand of the conductor, who waited only for a sign from the royal gallery. The sign was promptly given: a piercing, exulting soprano voice broke thrillingly across the silence with words of hope, and comfort, and assurance. Then, after a moment's pause, the whole of the mighty chorus took up the strain, and burst as it were upon the ear with the rushing, impetuous, triumphant cry—

"Be not afraid, saith God the Lord. Be not afraid; thy help is near. God—the Lord thy God—saith unto thee, Be not afraid."

It was as if you heard the shout and song of those whose singing goes up between the seven lamps of fire that are before the throne of God.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE UNEXPECTED.

"WELL?" said Mrs. Stanmere interrogatingly, looking with her kind eyes into the girl's bright yet tranquil face. "I see you have been happy. I think you look better now than you did in the morning."

"I am better," Dorigen replied, and Lady Anna uttered a dry little, "Glad to hear it," which a bystander might have thought was not meant to be taken literally. There were a good many bystanders in the dark crimson shade of the vestibule. Some waited there for their carriages, as Mrs. Stanmere was doing; others had their friends to meet, and greet and exchange satisfactions with. Everybody was glad, radiant, genial; almost every-

body was well-dressed; a few looked like poems in colour.

"There is a young girl there whom I know," said Mrs. Stanmere. "Linda St. Maur. Isn't she beautiful? I always call her the Greuze. She is so like a picture in the Pinakothek at Munich. . . . And who is the gentleman near her, I wonder? He seems to be staring very earnestly at Miss Gower. Surely I have seen his face somewhere before? . . . Of course I have. . . . Why, Anna, do you see?"

"Yes, my dear, I see," said Lady Anna slowly. She was looking intently and with greatly surprised eyes in the same direction as Mrs. Stanmere, and her colour was gathering and deepening on her face in a way that it very seldom did. What was it all about? Dorigen wondered. And who was the tall, slight, elegantly-impressive young man who was coming forward with such studied yet careless grace, restraining a smile as he came, holding out a long arm with something dramatic in the gesture? He was the first to speak. "How do you do, Anna?" he said in clear, languid, cultivated tones, and speaking as if he had parted from Lady Anna but last week. There was no surprise in his manner, no particular satisfaction was evident.

"I am quite well," Lady Anna replied, speaking in a tone that was very obviously meant to be a satire upon his own. "You have met Mrs. Stanmere before, I think? Dorna, allow me to introduce my husband's brother, Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe, Miss Gower. . . . And now favour us with an explanation, my good sir."

"There is nothing to be explained, Anna dear."

"Not when I meet you at Kirk-Leighton, expecting that you are receiving the ovations of an operatic audience at Milan?"

"Ah! If I am to answer your expectations, that is another matter. At least give me time."

"If Anna will give you time, I will give you opportunity," said Mrs. Stanmere readily. "Will you come with us to the Grange, and have some dinner?—five o'clock dinner, let me say; nothing else is possible during the festival week. If you will come, perhaps we may have the privilege of your escort for the evening."

"You are coming into Kirk-Leighton again this evening?"

"Certainly, and every evening and every morning this week. Think of it!—of our unprotectedness! And then in charity accept a bed at the Grange till the festival is over."

"You see Mrs. Stanmere is asking you out of pure selfishness," interposed Lady Anna.

"Yes, I see. But I like people to be candid. Candour is the most impressive thing going. I am trying to cultivate it; you would hardly believe how much cultivation it requires, if it is to be finished and artistic, rather than crude—if it is to be attractively effective rather than brutal. There is a crudeness about some people's candour that makes you shiver like an east wind."

"I hope mine was not of that kind," said Mrs. Stanmere.

"It was not," replied the young man gravely. Then he turned to look into the face of the tall pale girl, who had arrested his attention even before he had seen that she was with his sister and her friend. But perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that in the first instance it was her dress that had caught his artistic eye, which was a little wearied by so much positive colour. There was something refreshing to him in the soft pearl-grey cashmere costume, with its trimmings of velvet of a darker grey, and relieved only by a group of small pale coral-tinted feathers on the side of the grey velvet hat.

"And her things are not only the right colour, they are the right tones," he had said to himself with a sense of unusual satisfaction; for though the days of acknowledged æstheticism had not arrived, the Renaissance of the nineteenth century had certainly its prophets, and Lancelot Wilderslowe was one of them. He had been heard to avow unblushingly that he always felt an admiring friendliness toward any woman whose dress gave him pleasure.

Was it this admiring friendliness only that was in his intent look? Surely there was some surprise also, some perplexity!

Lady Anna saw it all; and she saw, too, that in all probability Dorigen had never in her life come so near to the possession of that which we call beauty as she did at that moment. Yet what is the indefinable, evasive, inapprehensible thing? Surely we might call it by half-a-dozen other names, and yet leave it undescribed, and indescribable. There are some women who are only beautiful once for a brief hour in their whole long lifetime. You see it like a flash of sudden light, and then it disappears, and you wonder if any event will ever light up that dull and heavy face again. Others there are who are beautiful, and plain, and

full of charm, and utterly uninteresting; in a word, everything by turns and nothing certain, and these are not the least fascinating. There is interest in only wondering, and waiting for the next phase.

On Dorigen Gower's face that day, and for many days, there was visible in unmistakable signs the influence of the exaltation wrought by the music—an influence effective for the dispelling of the natural and habitual taint of care. It seemed as if the life in her veins were moving more quickly, more gladly. A word, a glance, brought the swift pink colour to a cheek that seemed to Lady Anna to be growing even rounder and fuller as she watched it, and a new expression dawned about the curved mouth, a new smile parted the coral lips. In that first moment Lancelot Wilderslowe turned to study the new face as he would have turned to study a new picture; but he did not arrive at a decision with his ordinary critical rapidity. It seemed to him as if he saw only a pair of dark blue-black eyes looking into his with a certain seriousness, a certain wistfulness. "They are sea-blue eyes," he said to himself; "not sky-blue, but the deep, dark blue of the sea when the sun is down, and when one is drawn to watch it for the mystery that is there."

Quite to himself he said all this, and more. To Lady Anna, as they moved toward the carriage, he said, in that impressively languid manner of his which seemed so much like affectation—

"What a lovely toilette that is of Miss Gower's! I shall remember those tones as long as I remember anything."

"Oh! haven't you yet got beyond that sort of thing?" said Lady Anna with a delicately derisive smile and some impatience in her tone.

"Let me cease to exist before I get beyond it," was the almost irritating reply.

Mrs. Stanmere's invitation had been graciously accepted, and the arrangement was convenient and satisfactory to all concerned. The mistress of Stanmere Grange was really glad to have the young man staying in the house. It was some three or four years since she had seen him, but she discerned at once that he was the same courteous, cultured, ready-witted, half-incomprehensible young man he had always been; but she knew well enough that his character was not one to be summed up in any half-dozen epithets. He perplexed her, as he did most people; but he also amused her, and she willingly accepted Lady Anna's assurance that he "was less of a fool than he tried to

seem." Indeed, her own insight served her sufficiently well on this head.

He was in truth very much what he had been four years before; and yet there were changes. Lady Anna perceived to her satisfaction that her brother-in-law was handsomer, more impressive than he had been. She had always felt toward him a certain amount of sisterly affection; she had taken a deep interest in him, and in his doings, as he knew; and therefore she had no motive

for restraining her very natural pride in the somewhat distinguished-looking young man who took Mrs. Stanmere's place at the dinner-table with as much grace and ease as if he had presided there daily for years past.

Yes, certainly he was handsomer. There was more colour in the abundant yellow-red hair, which curved thickly on either side of the broad and high brow; his hazel-grey eyes seemed softer and deeper; the outline of the face was finer, more expressive of



"At Dulwich."

thought, even of capacity for suffering if you cared to see it so. It was a face not without its contradictions, not without its sudden surprises, its suggestions of capability for higher things than had yet been made manifest.

A small dinner party in a house where everything seems to go right of itself is a good opportunity for improving an acquaintance. It is usually a genial moment; and there are men whose brain seems to free itself as instinctively under the lamplight of the dinner-table, as under the sunlight that is by the sea, or among the hill-top heather.

The faculties undergo a thawing process; and you discern through the medium of his own speech that your friend has more of human affinity than you had credited him with possessing.

It was a pretty room, prettier than such rooms were apt to be in those days. Who cared to invest a dining-room with charm? Yet there was certainly a charm about Mrs. Stanmere's dining-room that evening. It was lighted only with candles, wax candles in pairs on carved oak brackets all about the room, and each one was shaded with a pale

rose-pink shade, which softened and beautified a light that yet has nothing equal to it. The very flowers on the tables seemed lovelier for the mingled gleam and shadow in which they stood; and to make the hour pleasanter some strains of music came from the lawn so soft and subdued as not to interfere with the conversation. It was only one of those small travelling bands, composed of harp and voice and violin; but the sound of it broke across the lights and the flowers and the friendly human faces and voices like the delicate and unobtrusive background which affords relief to a picture without claiming attention for itself. Yet the picture is better for the background always.

It was only "Home, Sweet Home," the voice was singing. How tired we all are of it! How we affect to despise its banalities! And yet, how we listen and linger, and sometimes keep silence, though it be only a band on the lawn in the twilight.

"That is for you, Lance," said Lady Anna. "It is an attempt to make you confess that you are glad to be at Stanmere Grange rather than at Milan."

"I am very glad to be at Stanmere Grange," said the young man, looking up suddenly, and almost unintentionally at Dorigen as he spoke. She was looking better than ever, he thought, in her evening dress of white cashmere, with a double band of pale pink velvet in Greek fashion across her dark head. She blushed as she caught the glance; and Lady Anna, who was sitting opposite, saw the blush, and shrugged her shoulders in the pretty French way she had; and murmured something between the ferns and geraniums which sounded curiously like "*éprise*." How wicked she could be when she liked! and how often she did like! And most of all she liked to be a little mischievous when things went her way, and satisfied her. This evening she was more than satisfied.

"I am very glad indeed that you are at Stanmere," said the hostess to Mr. Wilderslowe, not seeing, or not seeming to see more than was meant for her vision. "But you have not yet told us what brought you so unexpectedly to Kirk-Leighton?"

"The same attraction which has brought half the world here," said Lancelot. "I came on account of the music. I was in the North of France; and a friend was coming over, it is true; but it is quite possible that I should have come on alone."

"I think you will not repent of having come," Lady Anna said.

"I shall not repent if I hear no more than

I have heard already. This morning's performance was worth all the trouble. . . . I need not ask you if you enjoyed it, Miss Gower?"

"I should hardly know what answer to make to the question if you did," said Dorigen gravely. "It had not occurred to me to call it enjoyment. And yet I suppose it was."

"Enjoyment, and something more."

"Much more. I think music makes one feel as if one lived one's ordinary life mutely; as if common speech was no more than speech with the tips of one's fingers. It says so little; it leaves so much unsaid."

"Ah, I agree with you there," said Lancelot, putting aside his languid, half-affected manner almost for the first time. "I agree with you there. Music makes one feel as nothing else does, the *inaccessibleness* of a human soul. So far from reaching your thought, I cannot reach my own. There is more in it than I know till music reaches it for me; and expresses it for me, as I shall never express it for myself in this world."

"But the music makes you know and feel afresh that *it is there*, that inner and higher self which you know so little about. It gives one as it were a something within one's self, and yet above one's self, to aim at."

"Yes," said Lancelot, "and there is no saying what new side or phase of that higher self the next chorus or aria you hear shall touch and unfold. It is that unlocking and unfolding power which makes music so valuable to the poet, the artist, the man of thought."

"Ah! now I understand," Lady Anna broke in mockingly. "Another poetical wave is rolling over you, or about to roll. You are feeling the premonitory symptoms; and you think the music will help in its development. What is to become of the poor art-wave? What does become of all those great waves that sweep over you? I suppose they go back to the sea from whence they came. . . . What is the new poem to be called? What is it to be about? And who is to be your publisher? And when precisely may we begin to hope for an early copy? Oh, do, Lance dear, exhibit some of that candour you spoke of so admiringly this morning!"

Serious conversation was done with for that hour; but though so little of it had passed, that little had served to withdraw one corner of the veil that was between two of the people who had spoken.

Dorigen felt that another thread had been interwoven with that manifold, and already

somewhat complex life of hers; and the evening seemed fuller than the full morning had been. Her appreciation of the music was keener for the fact that another, an equally keen and more understanding sympathy, was flowing and running over by the side of her own. Lancelot's comments half-surprised her, they were so full of technical and critical knowledge, and there was nothing of display in his manner of talking. He had the instinct which makes it a matter of pleasure to impart any special information to a receptive listener; and Dorigen was at least receptive.

The first part of the evening's performance was Beethoven's Mass in D; a composition that in all its massive grandeur would have been but little intelligible to her but for the side-lights with which Lancelot illuminated the music when he had the chance.

"And think of it," he said when the interval came, and people began pouring out of the hall into the cooler vestibule. The scene had been prettier than ever this evening, the lights brighter, the dresses gayer. The chorus-singers looked charming in their costumes—cream and scarlet for the contraltos, cream and pale blue for the sopranos. They, too, were going out from the orchestra as Lancelot began again to speak.

"Think of it," he said, "of a colossal genius like Beethoven composing such a work as that, and all the while being worried to death by the smallest and pettiest of domestic worries! He spent about two years in the composition of the Mass, intending it to be performed when his friend, the Archduke Rudolf, was installed Archbishop of Olmütz; but, in spite of his efforts, he could not finish it in time. 'Never before or since,' said his biographer, Schindler, 'have I seen Beethoven in such a state of absolute abstraction from the world.' Yet all the while he was storming the heavens, so to speak, earth was pulling him downward in the most miserable manner. His journal of the time is pitiful.

"April 17th. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day.

"May 16th. Gave warning to the kitchen-maid.

"May 19th. The kitchen-maid left.

"May 30th. The woman came.

"July 1st. The kitchen-maid arrived.

"July 28th. At night the kitchen-maid ran away."

"And so it goes on, giving even more painful details of wrangling and haggling and storming at servant-maids, until one wonders that it should ever have been possible to him

to keep his mind in the solemnness and exaltation needful for such work even for one hour."

"Think of it," Lancelot had said, and Dorigen did think of it, then and long after, when she was far enough away from the Town Hall at Kirk-Leighton.

That evening passed on, and the week passed on, in delight, in acquirement, in rapid growth of outlook. There was no day but was a memorable day, and held enough for a year of slower living.

The hours went swiftly, and it seemed as if their mere swiftness of movement drew events into the atmosphere of them.

There are periods of life when every glance is an event, when every word compels depth of listening and admiration as by influence of magic; the commonest experience of life is passed through with an earnestness that might become passionate with a little more development.

And the "little more" waits ready—always ready—and the least of circumstances shall compel its aid while life is being lived at its flood-tide. The smallest movement, the least accession of rapidity shall produce results you have not calculated upon, and the very next day that shall break upon you shall astonish you with its power for evil or for good.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—"MEANTIME WORSE FATES THAN A LOVER'S FATE."

It is the mark of the one true love of a life, that it abides permanently.

It does not touch you only now when the music sounds, now when the flowers come, now when the children laugh; it is with you always, and underlies the meanest event as the greatest.

That a woman should prefer to wear this dress rather than that, is a perception and a concession; though there be no one present to appreciate the fineness. No one *present* we say, knowing that bodily presence is so little in a true human love. It is the spiritual presence that suffices.

It was thought of Michael Salvain that was in Dorigen's mind when she put on her evening dress of pale primrose-coloured cashmere, and fastened the knot of pansies in her purple velvet girdle. It was not so long ago—no time or event that concerned *him* seemed far off in her mind—since she had wished, one evening, that her face had been such that he might have found it fair. She had been a child then; she was a woman now, and yet the old wish came, and lingered,

and half-saddened her with the sadness of unsatisfied affection. It was not admiration she needed; mere admiration vexed her, and made her feel uncomfortable. This Lancelot Wilderslowe had been quick to perceive, and he kept his perception in mind for the most part; only now and then he trespassed a little. Yet they were good friends—wonderfully good, considering the recent date of their friendship.

A few days of gloom and sadness had fallen upon St. Dunstan's immediately after the Kirk-Leighton festival. Mr. Fairfax's frail health had given way suddenly one night; his wife's nerve and presence of mind had given way at the same time; and Lady Anna had tried to be as helpful as she could in a time of such great calamity. She had stayed with the Fairfaxes night and day till the end; and she was still greatly concerned for the prostrate widow and the two fatherless children.

So far as Lady Anna could perceive, Ermengarde Fairfax was utterly helpless and hopeless with regard to the future. During the two or three years they had been at Grancester they had managed to incur an appalling amount of debt; and Mr. Fairfax's friends had declared themselves either unable or unwilling to pay it. And yet Mrs. Fairfax's orders for mourning, both for herself and her children, were extensive and given without regard to cost. Certain things were necessary to her, to her own ideas of her position, and they must be had. Lady Anna was amazed, and compassionate, and perplexed, and indignant. And the mourning was good, and unspeakably becoming to Mrs. Fairfax. There were people who declared that she had never looked younger, more beautiful, more gracefully dignified than now.

This Lancelot Wilderslowe would not concede. "Black is hateful," he said with authority in his languid speech. "A woman may in this unhappy country be *compelled* to wear black dresses; but surely no woman would ever do so of her own free will. . . . Miss Gower, I hope you don't like black?"

This was said with such an absurd earnestness that Dorigen could not refrain from laughing.

"No, I don't like it," she said. "I used to care most for dark, quiet colours, but my taste is changing—it has changed. I like lightness and brightness. . . . But I think if I were unhappy I should instantly feel a wish for a black gown."

"Then I hope you will find primrose cashmere permanently contenting," he replied.

"I trust I shall never see you wearing black."

These things were said with a meaning in his tone which did not escape Lady Anna; nor did a certain obtuseness on Dorigen's part escape her either. She wondered over the latter.

One evening—it was the last evening at Stanmere Grange—Mrs. Stanmere had thought it wise and right to utter a word of warning to her friend.

"Don't be alarmed," she had said. "I *may* be mistaken. But if ever I have seen a case of love at first sight, I am strongly under the impression that I have seen it this week."

"I agree with your conclusions," Lady Anna said quietly. "But I am not sure that the love is mutual. I am greatly afraid it isn't."

"Afraid!" ejaculated Mrs. Stanmere in amazement.

"Yes, afraid," said Lady Anna. "I know what you mean. I know what you are thinking. There is certainly the possibility that Lance might do better; but the truth is, every friend he has is afraid that he may do immeasurably worse. I am surprised that he should have escaped so far. A beautiful face if it belonged to a ballet-girl would be as beautiful to him as if it belonged to a countess, and might lead him quite as far."

"Then how do you account for the attraction in this instance? You don't consider Miss Gower beautiful?"

"No; she is not beautiful—she is not always pretty, but she is very often something more. Lance can see that something. I hope it will influence him."

"And Dr. Wilderslowe?"

"Dr. Wilderslowe would be as glad as I should be. He has the highest opinion of Dorna; it has gone on growing ever since she came. She would soon be as a daughter to him. Indeed, she is almost that now."

"Then success to your hope, my dear. I confess it has startled me."

So far Mrs. Stanmere's good wish had certainly seemed to be in the way of fulfilment. The fact that Lady Anna had spent so much of her time at the Fairfaxes had inevitably had the result of throwing Dorigen and Lance very much more together than they might otherwise have been; and juxtaposition is potent, argue as we may.

It was more potent than Dorigen knew. She was not alarmed for herself, nor greatly concerned in this instance. She was glad for the presence of the bright, absurd, cultured man, who had travelled half over Europe,

who seemed to have read every book worth the reading, and to know something of almost every noted man worth the knowing. His power of description was very great indeed; his discernment not of the shallowest; and if, in his appreciations he chose to assume a certain affected air of eccentricity, it was easily seen to be an assumption. Already Dorigen had learnt to smile at his half-foolish, half-feminine dissertations. They were not himself.

No, he had a truer self, a better self, a deeper self; and Dorigen was not slow to perceive it, not slow to appreciate it. It was a kind of tie between them, that each had depths only to be discerned by the other.

And each knew of the tie—one appraised it at its full value, the other gave it more than its value. This he did to his later sorrow.

But the time for sorrow had not come yet. Lancelot Wilderslowe had of late taken some pains to hide from the quick sight of his sister-in-law his belief that he had touched the crisis of his existence. He guarded the feeling as if he would guard it from himself. And yet he knew he must betray it. He was anxious for the moment of betrayal with all the anxiety of utter uncertainty. He had not one look, not one word, to make him certain. And yet he hoped. Love is always hopeful. All best feelings are illuminated by hope.

This evening after dinner—a mild, moonlit October evening—he had no difficulty in persuading Dorigen to put on her cloak and hat, and walk for awhile in the garden. There was nothing she enjoyed more than a saunter in the garden by moonlight; and Lady Anna was willing enough to accompany them. Lady Anna's foresight seldom failed her in small emergencies.

Have growing flowers ever quite the grace, the beauty, the mystery that they have when the moon is up? The shadowy outlines blend and are lost in the grey-green mystery of the foliage. The vague loveliness that is everywhere is full of promise, of suggestion. The leafy lines and curves and hollows seem as pictures, which you cannot discern clearly for the veil of night which is between you and them. Everywhere your eye rests upon some perfect but unattainable scene. If the night be still and the place silent, a sense of rest, of something beyond rest, comes upon the soul and stays with it; and for that hour at least you believe that this painful earth may have some foretaste of the painless peace beyond. It is pitiful that

these foretastes should be for some of us so few.

Dorigen's one desire at that moment was to be alone with all the strange, mystic beauty that was about her everywhere. Late autumn though it was, some pale roses lingered on the sprays; the luxuriant clematis had still its silver-white tufts among the fading green; the air was scented with the drooping mignonette. Hollyhocks—pale pink, creamy white, and golden yellow—stood tall and still, and full of a quaint grace all their own. Here and there was a late poppy; here and there a sunflower stood with its wide, bent head, drooping because the sun had gone, and taking no delight in the presence of the wan, white moon.

There were always sunflowers at St. Dunstan's in those days, with many other flowers not fashionable, or noticeable in any special way. North, the old gardener, sowed them with the poppies, because all his life he had sowed some "flowers o' the sun." And the small, dainty French poppies were Lady Anna's own flowers. She liked to watch them coming into bloom in early June, and going on blooming till October. Every morning she went out to see what new variety had displayed itself since dawn. Here there would be a tender, delicate, white, crumpled, gauzy thing, with a black Maltese cross at the very heart of it; there another, with pale, lilac-tinted petals and dark, green-tipped anthers clustering in the bottom of it, making as fine a contrast as you would see. The tints of red were innumerable—rose-red, coral-red, ruby-red, carnation-red; pink, with edges of white; white with edges of pink; and others shot, and charged, and veined with tints indescribable. There was no end to the perpetual newness of them; and in Lady Anna's eyes no flower had a greater grace and beauty. The soft downiness of the foliage, the delicate green of it, the fine form of it, were smaller attractions, but they had their weight. And then she liked to watch the life of them—the first unfolding, the throwing off of the outer shell, the shaking free of the petals, the dancing in the breezy sunshine, the swaying in the ruder wind. And how they bowed their heads and wept in the rain, and seemed as if they could never smile or dance again. And yet, when the rain was over, they would rise and rejoice as if no storm had ever beaten off a single petal, or bowed a single stalk. For Lady Anna's sake Dorigen learned to love the dainty French poppies.

A few yet lingered, and Lady Anna stopped near them for a moment.

"Are you in a poetical mood to-night, Lance?" she asked, with less of mockery in her tone than might have been expected from the question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because if you are I want you to write me a poem with my own flower for a text. An intelligible poem, if you please; not like your favourite Browning's poem to the sun-flower."

"You mean 'Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli'?" asked Lancelot.

"Yes."

"And is it not intelligible?"

"Not to so mean a capacity as mine. Do you understand it, Dorna?"

As usual, Dorigen did not answer immediately.

"I think I do," she said presently. "That is, I think I understand the meaning of the poem, but not the history there is in it. One could not know that unless one had heard it, or read it."

"Precisely," said Lancelot. "That is where the difficulty of understanding half of Browning's poetry lies. To understand it as it ought to be understood, one should be as well read as Browning himself, and in the same direction. . . . Have you ever come across the story of Rudel?"

"No," said Dorigen, wondering why and where Lady Anna had gone. "No, I have never met with it. Please tell it to me if you know it."

"I feel as if I had always known it," said Lancelot, stopping near the woven boughs of a tall weeping ash-tree. Before them there was a small flower-filled lawn, and beyond that a great expanse of tree-studded pasture-land. The distance was still and white in the misty moonlight; white and straight as the boundary of the sea.

"I feel as if I had always known the story," he said. "And yet I only came across it awhile ago in a little old French book which I picked up on one of the quays of Paris."

"I hope Rudel was a real person."

"Why, may I ask, do you hope that?"

"Because reality is so much more interesting than fiction."

"It is often much more startling, much more difficult to believe. This story of Rudel's, for instance, must make infinite demands upon the credulity of the matter-of-fact. And yet to me it is as easy of belief as my own experience."

"Are you trying to make me impatient?"

"No, I should not attempt anything so difficult. And I hope it won't detract from your interest to know that the story happened a long while ago; in the twelfth century it was. The hero of it, Geoffroi Rudel, was a prince of the house of Blaye, and also a troubadour; and the heroine, the Lady Melisanth, of Tripoli, was the wife of Bertrand of Toulouse, created Earl of Tripoli when Palestine was taken by the Crusaders. The old French historian says that Rudel's interest in the Lady Melisanth was first awakened by the glowing accounts which the pilgrims to the Holy Land brought back with them of the Countess's goodness and loveliness. He had never seen her. That is the wonder of the story, and the beauty of it, to my thinking. Rudel's imagination wrought the whole of the tragedy from beginning to end. He wrote songs to her; he delighted to hear of her; he spent his days in dreaming of her. No one who knows the story could think the words that Browning has put into Rudel's mouth an exaggerated expression of his feeling. One might fancy one heard the man's passionate cry:—

"Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook,
The far sad waters. Angel, to this nook!"

"But this was only the beginning of things. Rudel could endure to worship in silence and in absence no longer. He put on a pilgrim's habit, and sailed for the Holy Land; his passion growing on the voyage to such an intensity that, just as he was about to disembark, he fell down to all appearance dead, utterly overcome by the strength of his emotion. The old chronicler tells the tale very simply, and leaves you to infer that the object of Rudel's voyage was known to his fellow-travellers, who sympathised with it so far that they ran to tell the Lady Melisanth how the troubadour had died of his great love for her; and then they induced her to come and see the man whom love had slain. She consented; discovered that Rudel yet breathed; but her very kindness was to be fatal. The man came to himself, saw, and understood that at last he was in the presence of his Angel of the East, and then immediately died at her very feet, less of love than of love's too great joy, it would seem. . . . That is the story of 'Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli.'"

There was a long silence when the tale was done. Some light cloudlets swept across the moon, making, by moments at a time, the dim, sweet mystery of the garden to seem

more mysterious still, as if in accord with the mystery of life and love that was moving in the hearts of these two.

Was love really like that—a thing so intense, so faithful, and so fateful?

Was it like that now in this nineteenth century? Did not such depth, and greatness, and fervidness belong rather to the days of Romeo and Juliet, of Heloise and Abelard, of Rudel and Melisanth?

Dorigen asked the question only of herself, and she answered it to herself in that wordless way in which we do our swiftest and most emotional thinking.

It was a face that passed before her by way of answer—a strong, true, thought-worn, rugged face, stamped with faithfulness and truth for evermore.

Love and love's passionate fervour of love belong to no century, let the conditions change as they may. Romeo and Heloise advertise in the agony column of the morning papers. Rudel has his poems nicely printed, and artistically illustrated, and you may buy them at the station-bookstall for three-and-sixpence. Yet there is no need to decry the age for its lack of force:—

"This live, throbbing age
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
Between the mirrors of its drawing-rooms
Than Roland with his knights at Roncesvalles."

It was characteristic of Lancelot, as well as indicative of the emotion that possessed him, that he divined, almost unerringly, what was passing through Dorigen's brain in that full still silence.

"Are you wondering over Rudel's love?" he asked in low earnest tones. "Are you thinking that men do not love like that in these days? . . . Don't be too sure," he added after a brief pause, and with just a touch of tremulousness in his voice. "Don't judge till you know—till you have given some one who loves you a chance of proving his love."

Dorigen felt herself start as with a sudden shock of surprise. Did he know of her love for Michael Salvain? That was her first agitating and absorbing thought. But Lancelot was taking her hand in his, and drawing nearer to her; and he was speaking again in the same moving, tremulous way.

"Don't think that because we only met the other day, so to speak, that therefore I cannot know either my own mind or my own heart. Remember how much I had heard of you from Anna during the past two years. I had almost as much desire to see you latterly as Rudel had to see Melisanth; and the instant I did see you I felt something that

was almost remorse for not having come home sooner. . . . No, don't interrupt me yet awhile. I think I know what you would say. You are taken by surprise. I feel it; and love is never won that way. Your love will never be easily won in any way; I feel that also. But give me the chance of trying to win it—that is all I ask. I will wait, I will be patient; I will try, and it will take all the strength I have, but I will try ceaselessly to deserve your love—to be worthy of you. I have never in my whole life before felt my unworthiness as you have made me feel it. Give me a motive—the strongest earthly motive I can ever have for beginning at once to live my life at the highest level I may live it. You cannot refuse me this! I ask for no promise, no privilege, only for a permission—permission to hope. You will say that I may hope for the one good life can give me?"

Dorigen had had no chance of interrupting him. Her first impulse had been to confess openly and instantly that she loved another, but second thoughts closed her lips from confessing a love that would certainly be misunderstood. No word of it had passed the girl's lips, even to one who was so true and intimate a friend as Lady Anna. Instinctively she had felt that it would be disapproved, ridiculed, condemned. No, her lips had been sealed concerning her love for Michael Salvain before; and they were sealed now. Yet she would not part from Lancelot leaving him under a wrong impression.

"I must not do that," she said, speaking as agitatedly as Lancelot himself had spoken. "I must not let you make a mistake. . . . I cannot let you think that I might some time care for you in that way. It would be wrong. It is impossible."

She spoke briefly and brokenly; but her words carried a certain conviction with them. Lancelot stood very silently looking out over the shining, misty, moonlit distance.

"Impossible!" he said at last. "At least tell me why you use so harsh a word as that?"

"I did not mean it to be harsh," she said, feeling that there were a thousand things in her brain at that moment that must be left unsaid. Her safety was in utter silence. "I did not mean to pain you in any way," she added. "Please believe that! Tell me you believe it!"

"I believe that you did not mean it," he said slowly. "But the pain remains. It is inadequate to speak of it as mere pain."

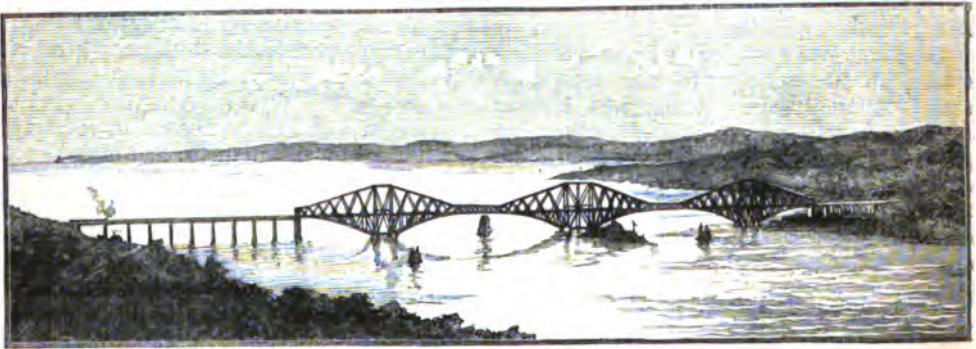
He stood silent awhile, but not a long

while. Suddenly, as it seemed, he roused himself from the despondency that had fallen upon him.

"I shall forget what you have said," he began with quick resoluteness. "I shall altogether forget it. All shall be as if I had never spoken, and you had never answered. . . . Let us go. . . . I will trust the future."

So he spoke aloud. As they went up by the garden pathway he spoke otherwise to himself. "You shall yet answer me in another and a tenderer way than this," he said. And late that night, when he spoke of his unsuc-

cess to Lady Anna, she encouraged his determination. "She likes you now," said his sister; "that is, the earnest side of you. Don't let her see so much of the other; and, above all, neither worry her nor weary her. And don't, on the other hand, fall into the mistake of affecting indifference. Be simply quiet as a brother would be, and kind, and strong, and helpful. She will grow to need you in her life; and the need will grow to love. She is not of the sort that chooses willingly to stand up against the world alone."



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

"**A**S a Grenadier Guardsman is to a new-born infant, so is the Forth Bridge to the largest railway bridge yet built in this country."

That is the graphic comparison by which Mr. Benjamin Baker, C.E., illustrated the extraordinary character of the structure now in progress at Queensferry, of which Sir John Fowler and he are the engineers. But he did not confine the comparison to bridges in this country only; for in the paper (read to the British Association) from which that description is taken, Mr. Baker added: "Bridges a few feet larger in span than the Britannia have been built elsewhere, but they are baby bridges after all." There is thus a deliberate claim made on behalf of the Forth Bridge, by one of its designers, that it is the most wonderful bridge in the world: that the greatest of existing bridges are but child's play in comparison with it.

What is it that gives the Forth Bridge this pre-eminence?

It is certainly not its length. In that

respect it is far excelled by the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, and also by the unfortunate Tay Bridge at Dundee, which is now being rebuilt. The Victoria Bridge is 10,380 feet long, or within 180 feet of two miles. The Tay Bridge is, or will be, 10,612 feet long, or 52 feet over two miles. The length of the Forth Bridge is only 8,091 feet, or 2,289 feet less than the Victoria, and 2,521 less than the Tay Bridge.

Neither is the height of its roadway its distinguishing feature. In this respect, though nearly twice the height of the Newcastle High-level Bridge, it is excelled by many others abroad.

The striking and unprecedented feature in the Forth Bridge is the length of its greatest spans. The two longest spans of the Britannia Bridge, over Menai Strait, measure 465 feet each. The Forth Bridge has two spans of 1,710 feet each, which is not far short of being four times as great.

This is a fair comparison, because the Britannia and the Forth Bridge are both

fixed or stable bridges. Other bridges exist which have longer spans than the Britannia can boast of, but they are suspension bridges, and are therefore swinging and unstable. The Niagara Suspension Bridge has a single span of 820 feet. The central span of the Brooklyn Bridge, at New York, measures 1,600 feet, which is the nearest approach to the giant strides of the Forth Bridge. But these, as I have said, are suspension bridges, which have a certain mobility and elasticity. The Forth Bridge will be as solid and as stable as the Britannia Bridge, or as Waterloo Bridge in London, or as the North Bridge in Edinburgh: and yet its great spans will be greater than those of any bridge in existence. Well, therefore, may Mr. Baker boast that the greatest of existing bridges will be but as a baby in comparison with his giant.

The building of such a bridge is a daring exploit. What, it may be asked, has led the engineers to attempt it? Is it the love of adventure—the mere desire to surpass their predecessors, and to “lick creation,” as the Americans say, by the production of the biggest bridge on record? Considering the enormous capital involved in the venture, in the cost of material and labour, and considering still more the risk to human life which it entails, the engineers would not have been warranted in entering on any merely heroic or ambitious enterprise. The simple answer to the question of motive is, that the engineers had really no choice in the matter. They had either to accept the conditions imposed on them by nature and circumstance, or to decline the task altogether. They were required to prepare plans for a bridge on a site including two spans of 1,710 feet each, over a depth of water so great as to preclude the construction of intermediate piers; and they were bound either to face and grapple with these difficulties, or to declare them to be insuperable. They preferred the former alternative; and the Forth Bridge is the result.

Yet another preliminary question may be asked, namely, why was a site involving such stupendous difficulties chosen for the structure? The answer is, that the object with which the bridge is to be constructed made it necessary that it should be built as near as possible to the east coast. If that site had been deemed impracticable, it would have been necessary to go many miles westward, and in that case the advantages of a direct through line would have been sacrificed, or greatly curtailed.

The selection of the site that has been

chosen, which is only $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles above Leith pier, was evidently determined by the nature of the coast-lines. It will be seen from the

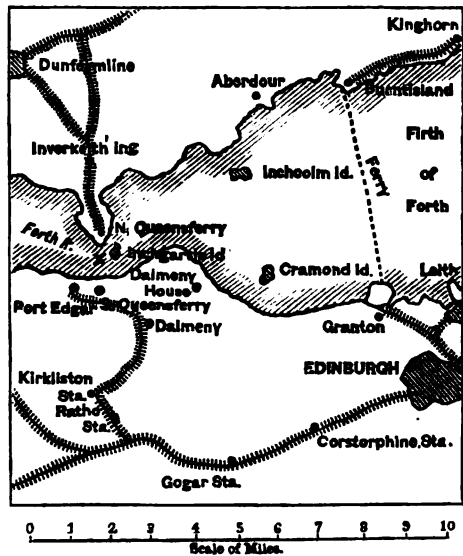


Fig. 2.

accompanying sketch map of the district (Fig. 2) that by reason of the intrusion of a peninsula at North Queensferry the two shores of the Forth here approach within less than a mile of each other, while immediately above, and also immediately below it, they diverge again to a distance of two miles apart.

It will further be noticed that at this point the channel of the Forth is intersected by the island rock of Inchgarvie, which has appealed to many engineers as a tempting base for their operations. The island, it is true, is much nearer to the northern shore than to the southern, but it stands almost exactly in the middle of the deep water channel referred to above, dividing it into two stretches of 1,710 feet each. On the north side of the island the bed of the Forth, consisting of hard trap rock, sinks to a depth of 218 feet below high-water. On the south side, where the bed is partly rock and partly stiff boulder-clay, the greatest depth is 197 feet. But for the intervention of the island, the building of any bridge on the site would have been beyond the present resources of engineering science. Even with the island as a half-way rest, the difficulties are such as could not be overcome by ordinary appliances. At depths of 200 feet, according to Mr. Baker, both coffer-dams and the pneumatic apparatus, by

which alone piers can be founded and the sea-bottom can be tested, are wholly inapplicable. There was no alternative, therefore, but to devise some means by which each of the wide spans in the Forth could be bridged over at a single bound.

In the interesting paper already referred to, Mr. Baker says that the adoption of the Queensferry site was rendered necessary by the habits of the population, meaning thereby that the travelling public has a natural preference for the shortest and the most direct routes. It is possible to admit this, and yet to believe at the same time that railway competition has had a good deal to do with the matter. At present there are two great rival lines of traffic between England and the North of Scotland, the one on the western side of the island, the other on the eastern. The western companies enjoy the benefit of a continuous iron road all through the island, from south to north. In the case of the eastern companies the continuity is broken by the intrusion of the great estuaries of the Forth and the Tay. Undoubtedly this places these companies at an enormous disadvantage, and their desire to abolish the Firths by bridging them over is both natural and reasonable. At present they can carry on through traffic only by obtaining "running powers" over the lines of their rivals, an arrangement which does not permit that free play of competition between independent companies by which the public benefits.

It was on that ground, doubtless, that Parliament sanctioned the building of the great Tay Bridge in 1870. When that bridge was opened for traffic on May 31st, 1878, it was believed that one-half of the difficulty had been overcome. But on December 28th, 1879, the central and highest portion of it was swept away by a terrific gale, while a train containing a living freight of some seventy-five souls was dashing across it from south to north. Girders, piers, and train were suddenly engulfed in the boiling sea. Not a single life was saved.*

It was my sad fortune, not many hours afterwards, to visit the scene of the catastrophe in company, among others, with Sir Thomas Bouch, the engineer who had built the bridge. No one who was present is likely soon to forget the distraught and careworn countenance of the great engineer as he gazed on the wreck of the stupendous

work which he had regarded as the crown of his fame.

It is hardly possible to doubt that Sir Thomas Bouch was thinking at that moment, not merely of the Tay Bridge, but also of the effect which its disastrous failure was likely to have on the Forth Bridge at Queensferry, of which also he was the engineer, and with the preliminary works of which some progress had then been made.* That bridge, like the present one, proposed to cross the deep channels of the Forth with two spans, each upwards of 1,600 feet wide. To Sir Thomas Bouch, therefore, the credit of having first entertained this bold idea must be given. But the principle he adopted was that of the suspension bridge. The design, in fact, included two suspension bridges placed side by side 100 feet apart, and tightly braced together, each carrying a line of rail. The great architectural features of the design were to be four pairs of lofty towers, from which the steel chains supporting the bridge were to be suspended. The four central towers on Inchgarvie were to be 596 feet high, and the other four, two at each extremity, were to rise to 584 feet.

If that design had been executed, there can be little doubt that the completed bridge would have been a structure unprecedentedly grand and imposing. But the collapse of the Tay Bridge had shown in a painful way that there is something much more important in bridges than boldness of conception and grandeur of appearance—namely, stability. In particular, the question was raised of the power of such structures to resist lateral wind pressure under the unusual conditions to which the estuaries in a mountainous country are liable.

The first impulsive result of the Tay Bridge accident was a kind of panic, under the influence of which the directors of the Forth Bridge Company promoted an Abandonment Bill in the session of 1881. By-and-by, however, more reasonable counsels prevailed. The directors were advised that a bridge over the Forth which would meet the requirements of the Board of Trade and of public safety was quite practicable, and the Abandonment Bill was withdrawn. In the first instance, modifications of Bouch's suspension bridge were considered; but in the end an entirely new design, by Messrs. Fowler and Baker, on the continuous girder principle, with cantilever supports, was recommended to the directors, and was adopted by them.

* A new railway bridge over the Tay is now in course of construction. It is a girder bridge with 41 piers; and the central spans are 246 feet in width.

* The first Forth Bridge Act was obtained in 1873.

The novel and marvellous feature of the design of Messrs. Fowler and Baker is the adoption on an unprecedented scale of cantilevers—those skeleton-like structures which, resting on a broad base, stretch out their huge, bracket-like arms over the deep water. It must be remembered, however, that the cantilever principle is applied only to that part of the bridge which crosses the two broad deep-water channels. The approach viaducts, on both sides of the estuary, are girder bridges of the ordinary type, and presenting no very striking feature, if we except the great height of the piers, and the fact that the girders are made, not of iron, but entirely of rolled Siemen's steel.

There are ten piers on the south side—two on land and eight in shallow water—including the lofty cantilever pier at the junction of the viaduct with the southern cantilever; and there are six on the north side, including a second great cantilever pier—all on land. These piers are masses of solid masonry and concrete, each 150 feet above low-water, faced with handsome blocks of Aberdeen granite. On the summit of the piers rest the steel girders, 20 feet high, on the top of which the rails are laid. Thus the requirement of the Board of Trade is fully met, that in mid-stream the bridge should allow a "fair-way" of at least 150 feet above high-water, so as to enable large ships to pass under it to and from the river ports above Queensferry.

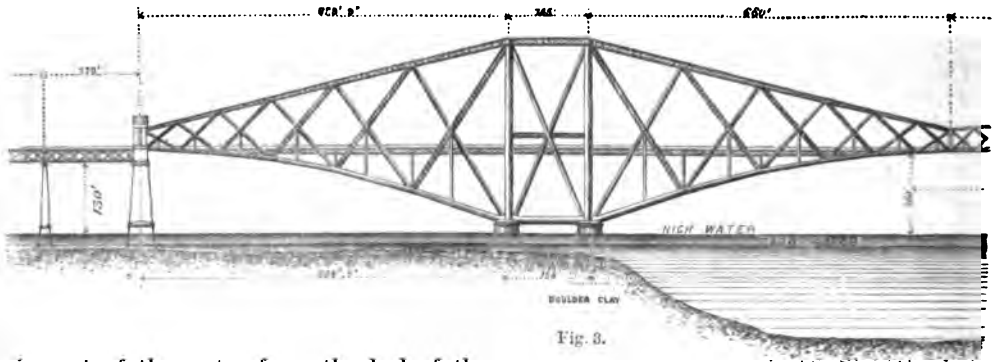
Perhaps the most striking feature of this part of the work, at least to the non-professional mind, is the circumstance that the completed steel girders are placed on the granite piers when the latter are only 20 feet above low-water mark, and that the solid masonry with the girders a-top is carried up 130 feet higher before the high level of the bridge is reached. The girders are raised by means of hydraulic jacks, and as they rise foot by foot the masonry of the piers grows up to overtake them.

This part of the work, however, is mere child's play, in comparison with the task of spanning the two deep-water channels by means of cantilevers. The picture of the Forth Bridge at the head of this article shows three huge, cage-like, diamond-shaped structures, stretching from the high-level viaduct on the south side of the Forth to the high-level viaduct on the north side. Each of these curious structures is what is called a cantilever. It will be noticed that the central cantilever rests on the island of Inchgarvie, that a second one rests on the

edge of the deep-water channel on the south side of the estuary, and a third on the edge of that on the north. The central cantilever stretches forth its arms to meet the arms of the northern and southern cantilevers. But these do not actually meet. Between each pair there is a horizontal girder bridge 350 feet long, to which more particular reference will be made by-and-by.

Enough has been said, in the meantime, to show that a cantilever is merely a mechanical contrivance for carrying a roadway over an unusually wide span. Since the designs of the Forth Bridge were published, five cantilever bridges have been built in America, and one of 800 feet span is under construction for the Government of India. The old-fashioned device for this purpose was the suspension bridge; but that is liable to the objection of want of stability, with consequent liability to oscillation, and with weakness in resisting wind-pressure. The cantilever bridge, on the other hand, gives a maximum of stability with a minimum of oscillation. Its power to resist wind-pressure is shown in the fact that, while Bouch's Forth Suspension Bridge was estimated to withstand a pressure of only 10 lbs. on the square foot, the cantilever bridge of Messrs. Fowler and Baker—owing chiefly to the straddling out of the uprights—is estimated to resist a possible pressure of at least 56 lbs. on the square foot. It is not likely ever to be required to bear such a strain, as the highest pressure recorded by the great wind-gauge on the island of Inchgarvie—namely, in the great storm of January 26th, 1884—was only 35 lbs. on the square foot.

The appearance and structure of a cantilever are very clearly shown in the accompanying elevation (Fig. 3). It may be seen at a glance that the essential principle of the structure is that of the balance, in which the one arm extended in one direction is counterweighed by the other arm extended in the opposite direction. It is not, however, a balance in the sense of a horizontal beam resting on an upright shaft. In place of the shaft, there are two pairs of legs, each pair leaning against and supporting the other; and instead of the horizontal beam, there are two pairs of skeleton brackets—one pair, braced together, extending southward, and another pair, also braced together, extending northward. As already said, the cantilever may be roughly described as a diamond-shaped cage, elongated, and poised on its shorter axis, its four-footed base resting on four granite piers which



rise out of the water from the bed of the estuary.

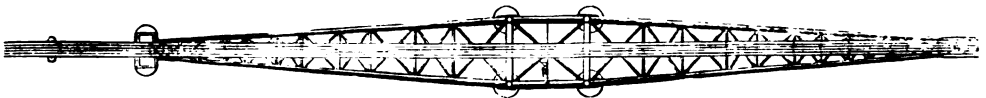
A few particulars as to the dimensions of the cantilevers may be interesting. The height of each cantilever above the piers is 350 feet. The breadth of the base at the piers, from east to west, is in all cases 120 feet. But the length of the base, from north to south, varies; that of the central pier (on Inchgarvie) is 270 feet, while that of the other two is only 150 feet. It thus appears that the four-sided base of the Inchgarvie cantilever would almost exactly fill the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, and that each of the others would fill more than half of it.

The total length of the cantilevers, from point to point, also varies. That of the central pier is 1,620 feet; that of the other two is 1,514 feet 9 inches. The upright shafts are 120 feet apart at the base, as has been said; but they are not perpendicular: they slope inwards, like the legs of a trestle bridge, until at the top, where they support each other, they are only 33 feet apart. The structure owes much of its stability to the fact that these uprights, like the legs of a trestle, "straddle" out at the base.

This "straddling" out is continued in the bracket on each side of the upright shafts.

The bracket, in fact, tapers both upwards and outwards. At the base above the piers it is 120 feet broad; at the top it is 33 feet broad; at the extremity it is $31\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad. While the upper members of the bracket are straight lines, the under members are curves extending at once inwards and upwards, so that a sectional or bird's-eye view of the cantilever at the rail-level has the appearance shown in the diagram below (Fig. 4).

These curves give to the span of the bridge somewhat of the appearance of an arch. But the span is not a true arch. Its stability does not depend on lateral thrust, and there is nothing in the whole structure corresponding to a key-stone. The place of the keystone in a normal arch is taken by the girder bridge 350 feet long, already referred to as joining the extremities of each pair of cantilevers. This is shown in the next diagram (Fig. 5), which is an elevation of the space between Inchgarvie and the Fife shore—a stretch half as wide again as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. The girder-bridge, which forms the middle part of the stretch, does not bind the two half-arches together, so as to enable each of them to support the other. On the contrary, it forms



a very considerable addition to the weight which each side has to carry—an addition which has to be counterweighted by loading the shoreward ends of the two outer cantilevers.

If we look now, for a moment, at the structure of the cantilever in detail, we shall find it to consist of two distinct sets of members—the one set adapted to resist compression

or "thrust;" the other, to resist "tension," or pulling force. The former are technically called "struts;" the latter are known as "ties." The struts are steel cylinders, which have a maximum diameter of 12 feet, tapering to 5 feet at the ends, the thickness of the metal at the base being $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The ties are box or lattice girders, formed of plates of steel. The difference

between the "struts" and the "ties" is clearly shown in the diagram.

The difference in their use may be made plain by a familiar illustration. Every one has seen an acrobat carry a boy, by firmly gripping his waist-belt, while the boy rests a foot on the acrobat's knee. The boy is held aloft, not by the acrobat's arm alone, and not by the boy's leg alone, but by the two forces working against each other, the one pulling, and the other pushing or thrusting. Now, in this case, the acrobat's arm is a "tie:" it resists tension or pulling force; and the boy's leg is a "strut:" its force lies in downward thrust or compression. Equilibrium consists in the counteraction of the two forces—the pull and the thrust; and the counteraction of the "tie" and the "strut" in the cantilever produces exactly the same result.

Some notion may be formed of the labour

which the construction of these cantilevers involves, from the fact that each of them is built up piece by piece, and plate by plate, on the open ground beside the workshops at South Queensferry. This done, it is taken to pieces again, and is then transported plate by plate to its position in the bridge, where the parts are finally fitted together.

The workshops and workyards cover many acres; they are surrounded and intersected by lines of railway, which serve to carry material to and from every point; while an inclined railway, worked by a stationary engine, connects the workshops with the temporary staging that extends alongside of the bridge as far as to the first cantilever pier. The whole is illuminated with the electric light, so that the operations are carried on by night as well as by day.

In the workshops and yards all the most approved appliances of modern engineering

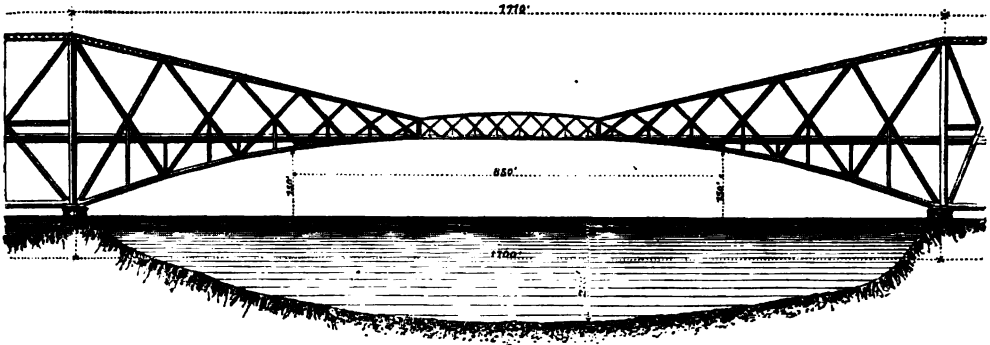


Fig. 5.

may be seen in active operation—machines for moulding steel plates, cutting machines, planing machines, drilling machines, punching machines, machines for bending plates into the required curve. Huge plates of solid steel, weighing several tons, are moved about and turned over with as much ease as a baby is shifted from the arms of its mother to the arms of its nurse.

Most wonderful of all, perhaps, are the multiple steam drills used in making the bolt-holes in the plates of the cantilevers as they are built up in the yard. Each of these machines, worked by its own engine, and tended by its own workmen, is employed in piercing five points in the circumference at once, casting forth in doing so yard upon yard of spiral steel shavings, amid streams of cooling water. The number of holes to be drilled in this way is five million; but as they are pierced at the rate of thirty-two per hour

by each machine, as many machines are used at once, and as they go on by a double shift both night and day, the work makes rapid progress. The extensive workshops present the appearance of a continuous bee-hive of industry, and the noises of all sorts proceeding from them are simply deafening.

While the cantilevers are being built up on land, the stone piers on which they are to rest are being prepared in the sea. The foundations of most of these piers—which are twelve in number, four for each cantilever—are laid deep down in the bed of the sea. In the case of half of them the water is so deep that the bottom cannot be reached, even at low tide, by means of coffer-dams; and therefore the pneumatic principle—that of the diving-bell—was resorted to. But how is a diving-bell to be constructed large enough to cover an area equal to that of a pier seventy feet in diameter at the base,

and secure enough to allow men to work freely within it?

The engineering contrivance by means of which these conditions are fulfilled is the *caisson*—a huge circular tank built up with iron plates, and resembling somewhat an inverted gasometer. Those used in the construction of the Forth Bridge are 70 feet in diameter at the base, and vary in height from 70 to 120 feet according to the depth of the water at each site.

The part of this structure which corresponds with the diving-bell is its lower chamber. At a height of 7 feet from the lower rim of the cylinder there is a horizontal floor made of iron plates, air-tight and water-tight. Under this floor we have thus a vast air-tight chamber, 70 feet in diameter, and 7 feet in height, which is to all practical intents a great diving-bell, within which the work of excavation is carried on by means of hydraulic cutters, drill engines, and blasting with dynamite.

This chamber is kept constantly full of compressed air, pumped in from above, which serves at once to exclude the water, and to enable the workmen to breathe. It is lighted with the electric light, and the work is carried on continuously, by night as well as by day. As the bottom is excavated, the caisson sinks by its own weight, aided by the weight of concrete resting on its floor. When the required depth has been attained, the chamber itself is filled with concrete; and on this foundation the whole superstructure rests securely.

A most ingenious contrivance is employed for enabling the workmen to pass to and from the air-tight chamber, without allowing the compressed air to escape. Two air-tight shafts reach from the roof of the chamber to the top of the caisson—the one for the use of the men, the other for removing the material. At the head of the men's shaft there is an "air-lock," formed on the same principle as the "water-lock" of a canal (Fig. 7), substituting density of air for depth of water. By one pair of doors, *a* and *b*, the

lock is connected with the outer air; by another pair of doors, *c* and *d*, it is connected with the shaft, which is constantly filled with compressed air. The lock itself is divided into two independent chambers by the partition walls *e* and *f*. We enter the lock by opening the door *a*. The air in the chamber *g* is then of the same density as the air outside. The door *a* is then closed hermetically, and by turn-

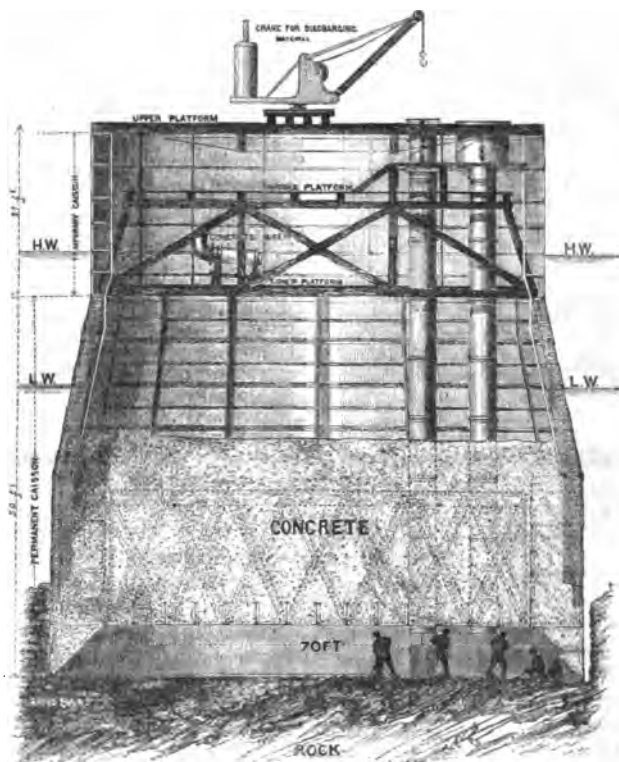


Fig. 6.

ing a tap the chamber is filled with compressed air of the same density as that within the shaft. This corresponds with bringing the water in two adjacent canal locks to the same level. We must take care, at the same time, to fill our lungs with the compressed air around us, else its pressure on the drums of our ears will be disagreeable, and even painful. The air on both sides of the door *c* being now of the same density, we have no difficulty in opening it, and we then descend by the perpendicular ladder to the bottom of the shaft.

In leaving the shaft we reverse the pro-

cess. Having emerged by the door *c*, we close it after us. The door *a* cannot be opened until the compressed air in the chamber has been allowed to escape. This is readily effected by opening a second tap; and another peculiar sensation is experienced

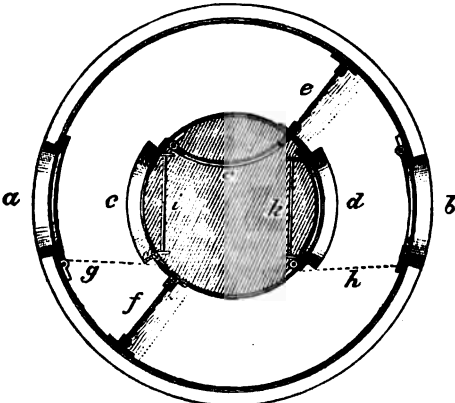


Fig. 7.

when the density of the air is reduced. This done, the door *a* is opened, and we emerge into the normal air ocean. It should be mentioned that most of the men engaged in this part of the work are Italians, who have been trained to it in the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel and of the Antwerp docks.

The air-lock for material, which forms the summit of the other shaft, is a more complicated contrivance for effecting a similar purpose.

Each caisson was built on shore, within high-water mark, and when completed it was launched and floated out to its proper position. The launching of a caisson is an event of nearly as much interest, and involving nearly as much anxiety, as the launching of a great ship. The floating out of one of these colossal tubes, with a ring of workmen peering over its rim, cheering and waving, is an exciting and memorable scene.

When the foundations of a pier have been laid, in the manner described above, the work of building the pier itself, with granite blocks on the outside and freestone and concrete within, goes on apace within the caisson, as it would do within a coffer-dam under the open sky. The granite piers are carried up to a height of 18 feet above the high-water level. The average weight of masonry in each of the South Queensferry piers is 18,000 tons. There are, therefore, 72,000 tons of stone and concrete in the group of four piers, which is reckoned to be sufficient to sustain its share of the total weight of metal in the bridge, estimated at 42,000 tons.

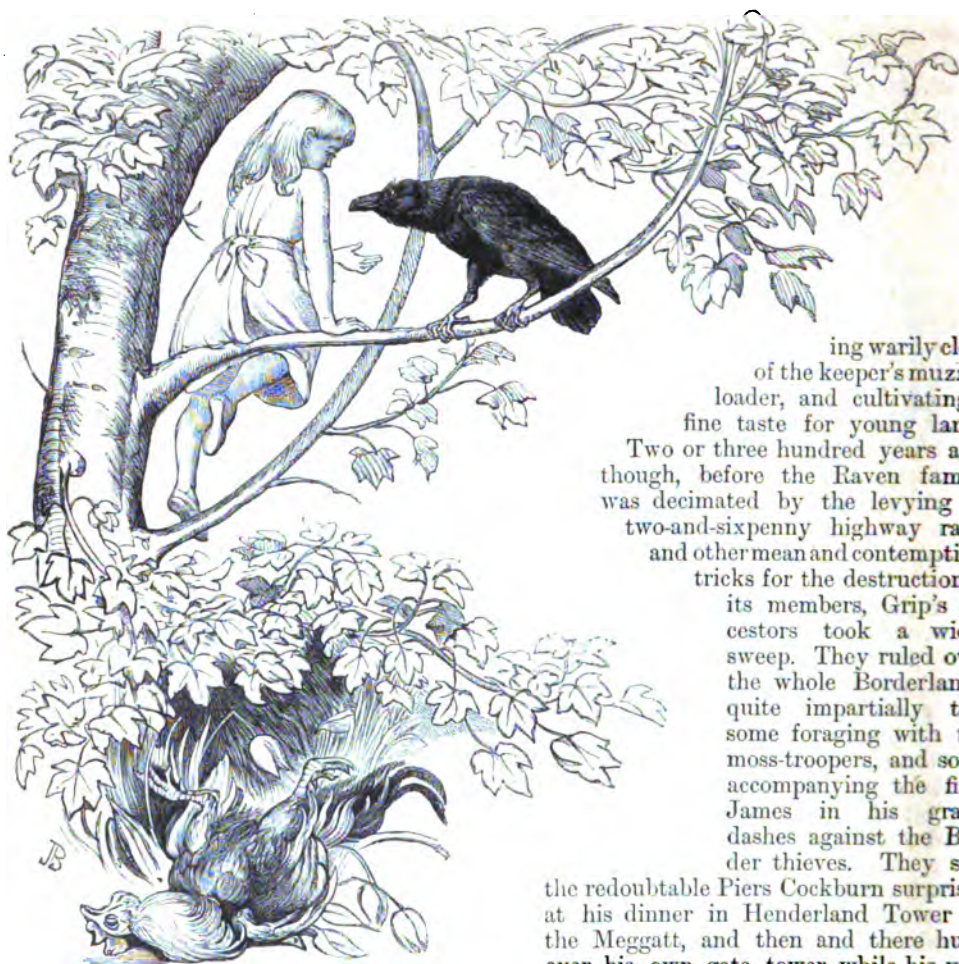
All the six caissons required for the foundations of the Forth Bridge were successfully floated out and lowered into position, with one exception, that for the north-western pier in the Queensferry group. A few days after it had been got into position, it suddenly tilted over at the turn of the tide, on January 1st, 1885. The mishap caused great trouble and expense to the contractors, and also distressing delay. Fully seven months elapsed, and thousands of pounds were spent, ere the great cauldron was righted and turned to its proper use. Now the foundations of the last pier have been securely laid, and the masonry is making rapid progress towards completion.

It only remains for me to advert to the means by which the piers and the cantilevers are connected with each other. Each pier is surmounted by a bed-plate, consisting of layers of steel plates, and held down by no fewer than forty-eight heavy steel bolts built into the solid masonry of the pier to a depth of 24 feet. On this bed-plate there rests the skewback, from which the superstructure of the cantilever directly springs, and the purpose of which is to transmit to the piers the strain of the cantilever and the weight of metal in it.

To allow for changes of temperature and the play of elasticity in the cantilever, the skewbacks are not bolted rigidly to the bed-plates, but room is left for a certain movement under pressure. This is effected by making the bolt-holes not circular but elliptical, most of them being 9 inches by 4 inches. The effect of this is to allow the skewback to slide a few inches along the bed-plate, just as the ends of a spring slide along a resisting plane when subjected to pressure.

The contract price of the bridge is £1,600,000, of which upwards of £200,000 has been expended on plant. The number of workmen employed in the various departments is two thousand. The work has now been going on for three years, and other three at least must elapse before it is completed.

It can scarcely be said, perhaps, that the Forth Bridge which has been described in this paper will be a beautiful object. To those who look for lines of beauty in such structures it will appear eccentric, extravagant, odd, perhaps outrageous. But to those whose sense of the beautiful depends on the realisation of the useful, the daring grandeur of the design, and its manifest adaptation of means to ends, will appear to be a marvellous triumph of engineering skill, of patient labour, and of commercial enterprise.



OUR RAVEN.

By CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

"G R I P" by acclamation. You see my young people happened to be deep in poor Barnaby's troubles, so when the mysterious hamper was opened in the hall and our friend appeared mournfully huddled up in the bottom, there was a simultaneous cry of "Here's Grip." Grip replied with an affirmative croak and the ceremony was complete.

He came from the wilds of Peeblesshire. For many and many a year his parents have careered over the watershed of the Tweed. Not a stone or crevice between Moll's Cleuch and Broad Law but they know. There have they brought up their young, looking down with contempt on the little ways of man, keep-

ing warily clear of the keeper's muzzle-loader, and cultivating a fine taste for young lamb. Two or three hundred years ago, though, before the Raven family was decimated by the levying of two-and-sixpenny highway rates and other mean and contemptible tricks for the destruction of its members, Grip's ancestors took a wider sweep. They ruled over the whole Borderland; quite impartially too, some foraging with the moss-troopers, and some accompanying the fifth James in his grand dashes against the Border thieves. They saw

the redoubtable Piers Cockburn surprised at his dinner in Henderland Tower on the Meggatt, and then and there hung over his own gate tower while his wife hid in the barn; Adam Scott, the king of thieves, hung at Tushielaw; and Johnnie Armstrong, with thirty-six other Armstrongs and Elliots, strung up all of a row at Carlingford chapel.

Who can wonder then if they forthwith proceeded to emulate these blood-thirsty deeds? And yet, forsooth, man must needs exterminate them, waylaying them with double barrels, harrying their nests, and tearing poor Grip from his snug home among the rocks of Talla Linn.

It was in an old game basket at the keeper's cottage, near the Crook Inn, that I first saw him. There he was with two other unfortunates, a confused palpitating mass of black feathers surmounted by three gaping red mouths. Into these—while he dilated on the rapacity of ravens in general—the robber of fledgelings chucked little bits of meat at haphazard. A momentary closing of the

membrana oculi, an ecstatic wriggle of the tail, and the red chasms opened again like clockwork for more. Raw liver swallowed, put away for digestion, and a second helping wanted in three seconds! Think of it, ye dyspeptics!

Like the rest of young people, Grip's manners were not perfect at first. He was uncouth, uncleanly, but not unhappy. There was no fretting, and could he have spoken then as well as he can now, I don't believe he would have told us that he shared the sentiments of his fellow-countryman who declared that for real enjoyment there was no place like Peebles.

He was healthy, throve wonderfully, and soon became observant. He would ponder wisely, his head comically awry over a hole or loose stitch, and then enlarge it to the best of his ability. He would forage the drawing-rooms, hop off with an attractive nick-nack, and dissect it thoroughly—all in the pure spirit of inquiry. "Bad," you say; but what about some of us who sharpen our beaks on Mrs. Grundy's best tea-cups, and pick a reputation to pieces during an afternoon tea?

What if he killed the cock? Was there not enough in that flaunting plumage, in that aggressive strut and crow, to irritate a less sober person than he? Was not that fat red comb wobbling about in the air enough to provoke a saint? Was it not a tempting dish to set before a king? We had no suspicion of his fell intent when we saw him standing so quietly and meekly outside the poultry house day after day. But he was

biding his time with a persistency worthy of a better cause. The catastrophe came. The objectionable top-knot got the wrong side of the bars one morning, and suffered so severely from Grip's beak that poor Chanticleer sickened and died.

There was wisdom, though, in many of his delinquencies. What was the picking at a visitor's heels as they left the gardens but speeding the parting guest? the clearing away of loose bricks and mortar but showing

ing that the house wanted repair? the enlarging of a chance rent but calling for a needle and thread? and the tugging away at the tent ropes but calling attention to its insecurity? He picked the flowers' tistruie, but did not his bosom friend Trixie herself set him the example? Did he not see her every morning cutting the brightest and freshest for the table? Trixie and he met on the common ground of youth and mischief. It was she who taught him the luxury of a



bath, and now he will hop into the tub and wriggle with delight as she pours the water over him. She taught him to speak, too, and he practises a trifle too assiduously before we are up in the morning, calling us at cock-crow, as if remorse bade him take up the rôle of his victim. Occasionally she brings him a grand luxury—a little sand-eel. This is his *bonne-bouche*, and in return he presents her with a treasure-trove in the shape of a stray button or trinket, and on two occasions veritable coins of the realm. But even poor Grip has his enemies. There are some base-minded enough to say that he first stole these things; some who vilify him for

a bird of bad omen, lay all dirt and damage in the garden to him, and insist on his banishment. Once the dire decree actually went forth. The fatal hamper was dragged out and kept under the tree ready for his capture. But he saw through the device, hopped to the topmost branch, and wouldn't budge night or day. Little faces turned pale at the moot sound of starvation, when lo and behold, one fine morning there was Trixie,

perched high up, comforting her friend with sundry bits from her pocket! She was as unhappy as he. What had he done that he should be sent away! Her mind, thank heaven! was too open to understand the stupid prejudices of the old, and her heart too full of love for all God's creatures to permit Grip being hurt. The child's love saved him; and there he is now calling Trixie from the holly-tree.

THE TEMPLARS.

By J. A. FROUDE.

SECOND PAPER.

AS time went on, and the first enthusiasm passed away, the Templars became a political and spiritual force in the European system. The Grand Master took rank among the peers in the councils of princes, and in ordinary times he had the command of the military defence of Palestine. The kingdom of Jerusalem was never the stablest of monarchies; but even the Saracens were sometimes exhausted. There were intervals of truce, intervals of peace; negotiations and treaties had to pass between the Christian and Moslem powers. The conduct of these negotiations fell to the Templars, and between them and the Saracens there grew up some kind of acquaintance. Having their home in the East they got to know the Eastern character. It was alleged afterwards that in this way their faith became corrupted. Scott has taken this view in his character of Sir Brian. Whether it was so or not I shall consider by-and-by. Nothing to their discredit can be concluded from the fact of the intercourse, because it was inevitable. Nor was any suspicion of the kind ever breathed till the eve of their fall. All that appears for certain is that, being soldiers, they became statesmen as well, and the general experience is that soldiers make very good statesmen. Only this is to be observed, that they became more closely connected with the popes, and the popes with them. For the first thirty years they were subject to the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, and secular priests, under the patriarchs' authority, heard their confessions and said mass for them. As a reward for their services the popes relieved them from the patriarchs' jurisdiction, and took them specially to themselves. They were exempted from all authority except that of Rome. No bishop anywhere was allowed to interfere

with them. Instead of secular priests they were permitted to have chaplains of their own, ordained by bishops, but subject, after their introduction, to the rule of the Temple only. They were entirely isolated from all the other regulars. No brother of the Temple might leave it and become a Benedictine; and the more separate they became the ampler the privileges which the popes seemed delighted to heap upon them. Many thousands of them by this time were spread over Europe. Their lands were released from tithe; no priest or bishop's officers could levy tax or rate on a Templar's manor, while the Templars on their side might take the tithe which the priests looked on as their own. No prelate, no prince even, might put a Templar on his oath, or call on him for any feudal service. Popular as they had been at the beginning, the extraordinary favour with which the popes honoured them began to be looked on with jealousy and resentment. And they had another privilege of an extraordinary kind, peculiarly irritating to the bishops, and even to the Benedictines and Cistercians, who thought that if conferred on one order it should have been conferred on all. Those who are acquainted with the state of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries know generally what an interdict meant. When any country or province was under an interdict the churches were closed, the church services were suspended; the young could not get married, the sick could not be absolved, the dead could not be buried in consecrated ground, but lay in ditches like dogs; human life stood suspended as if under a horrible curse. You may think so frightful a sentence was only issued on extraordinary occasions. On the contrary, it was the bishop's universal weapon, the instrument

of his power, the unfailing fountain of his revenue, for an interdict once issued was not easily raised till every person in the province had bled for it. When bishops and nobles quarrelled, when archbishops quarrelled with bishops, or quarrelled with their flocks, they launched their interdicts like thunderbolts, striking whole districts without discrimination. To the astonishment and rage of these great persons the manors of the Templars were made a land of Goshen, which the plague could not touch. Nor was this all; but wherever any Templar went on business of the order—once a year, at any rate—the interdict was suspended, the church bells rung out, the sacraments were dispensed to the flocks, the bodies of the dead could be laid peacefully in hallowed graves. It was even believed, so bitter was the animosity, that individuals who were excommunicated were allowed to confess and receive absolution in the Templars' chapels.

Thus protected, thus curtained round with exemptions and securities, it is not to be wondered at that if their rival clergy looked askance at the Templars, they came to think considerably of themselves. They were dangerous from their military strength; they owed allegiance to no earthly power, secular or spiritual, except the Pope's. To the popes they owed their position, and in those long conflicts between the See of Rome and the kings and emperors they repaid the Papacy by standing by it in all its quarrels. Princes feared them, bishops hated them for their independence, the clergy envied their liberties. They cared little; they were rich, they were strong; their persons were sacred. Being regarded so doubtfully, it is very remarkable that for the two centuries during which they were in their vigour, and down to the moment of their fall, you rarely find anywhere in the contemporary monastic writers any moral scandals reported of them. Giraldus Cambrensis and others are never weary of drawing pictures of the gluttony and sensuality in the monasteries. Abbots and priors, if you can believe what is told by them, were wrapped often in the seven deadly sins, and bishops were often not much better. But there is a curious silence about the Templars. They are credited invariably with desperate courage in the field. They are hardly ever, that I remember, accused of being false to their vows, and, undoubtedly, if there had been notorious ground for scandal we should have heard enough of it. For we do hear complaints of them of another kind, complaints of them as laymen, encroaching on

churchmen's functions, and of their overbearing ways. Now and then they were rebuked, even by the popes, for overstraining their privileges. Very generally, indeed, you find remarks upon their haughty bearing. They had the double loftiness in them of churchmen and warriors, loftiness too great when single, when double past endurance. You see it in all their actions, you see it in the lines of those recumbent figures in the Temple Church, lines fashioned by the habitual tone of their thoughts, and perpetuated in stone by the artist who had seen and known them.

King Richard (our Cœur de Lion) being sick once was attended by a French priest. The father spoke to him especially of three questionable daughters that he had, called Avarice, Sensuality, and Pride. Richard said, "I have disposed of those three you speak of. I have given my avarice to the Cistercians; I have given my sensuality—" (It is a well-known story, but the authors differ on the recipient of this quality. Some say to the Black Friars, some to the bishops, some to the clergy. I fear the variety implies that it fitted with each of them); but all agree on the last, that he gave his pride to the Templars.

Proud they were, but with the pride of a soldier. Always on the testimony of their worst enemies, wherever there was fighting to be done with the infidel the Templars were in the thickest of it. No man ever knew a Templar a coward. Again and again in Palestine, when their ranks were thin and the Saracens hemmed them round in thousands, the Templars stood till the last man of them fell on the field, or fell afterwards for his faith if carried off a wounded prisoner. Such fighting was rarely or never seen among the bravest men that ever lived.

In 1187, when Saladin destroyed the Christian army near the Lake of Gennesareth, the wood of the true cross which they had with them fell into Saladin's hands, and the Grand Master of the day and a number of the knights were taken prisoners. Saladin admired their daring. He would have made them princes of his own empire if they would have changed their creed; they all refused, and were all slain.

Yet the kings did not like them: they were always too true to the popes. The Templars were a thorn in the side of Cœur de Lion. They were a thorn in the side of the great Frederic the Second of Germany. I need not go through the details of their history. The kingdom of Jerusalem lasted but

eighty-seven years ; Saladin then took it, and the Templars built themselves a great feudal castle in a pass through the mountains near Acre, where they continued to protect the pilgrims. Pilgrim's Castle was the name of it—a palatial fortress like old Windsor, vast, stern, and splendid. Here henceforth were the head-quarters of the order. Here the Grand Master held his chapters and ruled as a sovereign ; hither came the fresh draughts of knights from the European preceptories. Rich as they were, the austere severity of their habits never seems to have been relaxed. Their wealth was all expended upon the wars ; they were powerful, but they stood apart from all other men, loved by few and feared by all. They had no personal ties ; they had no national ties : their nation was the Catholic Church : their chief was the Holy Father, and his enemies were theirs. They were in France, in England, in Scotland, in Spain, but they were not French, or English, or Scots, or Spaniards. They rarely mixed in any national struggles, and only when the Pope's interests were concerned—as, for instance, when they supported the legate, Pandulf, against King John. From the nature of the case, therefore, they could take no root in the national life anywhere. They were maintained only by the surviving enthusiasm for the Crusades, and the unquestioned constancy with which they upheld the Cross against the Crescent. Yet even in Palestine they were watched with jealousy. They knew the country. From long experience they knew the Arab nature ; and they had become prudent. If left to themselves, they would have made peace with the Soldans ; they could have secured the neutralisation of Jerusalem, and a peaceful access to it for the pilgrims. But when they advised anything of this kind they were accused of treacherous correspondence with the enemy, and had to wipe the charge out by fresh acts of desperate gallantry. They would have saved the army of St. Louis in Egypt in the last fatal Crusade, but their advice was not taken. They were suspected of bad faith. Sir William of Sonnac, the Grand Master, when he could not be listened to in the council of war (one of his eyes had been dashed out in battle the day before, and the socket was still bleeding), cried out, "Beaucéant to the front ! The army is lost. Beaucéant and death !" He and all his comrades fell sword in hand.

Surely those Templars were an extraordinary form of human beings ; loved they could not be ; they were anomalous, suited only to

an anomalous state of things, yet somehow admirable too, for, whatever else they were, they could never have entered such an institution for their own pleasure. Dangers were gathering about them towards the end of the thirteenth century. Their lands were sometimes plundered, and the law was slow to help them. Bishops, in spite of Rome and its orders, now and then excommunicated individual Templars, and a pope had to issue another angry bull to protect them. Kings began to think that they were too rich and to covet some of their treasures. Our Henry III. told the Grand Preceptor of England that they had been indulged too much, and that he must have money out of them. The Templars answered coldly that the King spoke as one that was not wise, and that it might cost him his throne. It was their own existence that was in peril, not the crown's, if they had known the truth of their position.

The meaning of them was as a garrison for Palestine. Their strength was the service which they were rendering in the cause of the Crusades ; and the Crusades and all that they had accomplished were now coming to an end.

The campaign of St. Louis in Egypt was the last serious effort. After the defeat of St. Louis on the Nile, the Crusading spirit died away. The fortresses which the Christians held in the Holy Land fell one by one, and at last, after two hundred years of fighting, nothing was left of their conquests except the town of Acre and the country for a few miles round. The management of the defence rested on the Templars. The European princes had professed to maintain a garrison in Acre independent of them, but in 1289 the Templars had to report that the garrison was a mere company of vagabonds, ill fed and unpaid, and a universal nuisance. There had been a peace of several years with the Saracens, but the Acre soldiers plundered the country indiscriminately. The Saracens could get no redress. They declared war again, and this time they meant to rally all their strength and drive the Christians finally out. They came down on Acre with 150,000 men. The Grand Master took the command of the miserable troops there, but against such a force he could do nothing. Pilgrim's Castle was evacuated and destroyed ; Acre was taken by storm : out of his own five hundred Templars ten only escaped : the garrison was destroyed, and the Holy Land from one end to the other was once more in the hands of

the successors of Mahomet. The ten surviving Templars, with a few of the Hospitalers, escaped to Cyprus, which our Richard had taken one hundred years before. They chose a new Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, who was to prove their last. They refilled their ranks; they had saved their treasury, and they renewed the war in Syria. But it was the feeble flicker of a dying flame. The mission of the Templars in the East was over. They held their vast estates for a purpose which was no longer a reality, and it became a question what was to be done with them.

In Europe they were still strong and formidable, and to one of the great parties into which Europe was divided they could still be extremely serviceable. The popes and the great powers of Europe had not yet settled their long differences. The successor of St. Peter still pretended to be the universal sovereign. Boniface VIII. was as firm a champion of the pretensions of the Roman See to universal sovereignty as the boldest of his predecessors. As the military orders were no longer required in Palestine, Boniface perhaps conceived that they could be employed no better than as soldiers of the Church at home. He proposed, as Innocent III. had proposed before, to unite the three military orders—Templars, Hospitalers, and the Teutonic Knights—into a single body. Could he succeed, he might then keep them as a sword in his own hand, to bring princes to order, who, like Frederick II. of Germany, were not afraid of excommunication.

It was a daring scheme, and worthy of the head which designed it. If carried out, it might have changed the face of Europe. The smaller orders must have been absorbed in the stronger, and the new organization would have been simply the Templars enlarged. The Holy See could count with certainty on their allegiance. Like the Jesuits, they had renounced all natural ties; they had no nation but the Church, and, like the Jesuits also, they had been trained in habits of unquestioning obedience. Their exceptional privileges were a retaining fee. They could keep these privileges only by the Pope's favour and in virtue of the fear which the Pope still inspired in the bishops and clergy of the National Churches. No temptation could be offered them which could induce them to waver in their dependence, and it is quite possible that if the popes could have secured to themselves the service of so strong an arm the theocratic despotism of the

Gregories and the Innocents might have been fixed for some centuries longer on the kingdoms of Western Christendom.

Whether such a despotism would have been good for mankind is another question. If the popes were infallibly wise, or infallibly good, or if they were wiser and better than the civil authorities; if, under their rule, with the Templars to help them, the poor man would have found more justice and the wrong-doer have been made to smart more surely for his sins, I, for one, am not so much in love with liberty but that I could have wished the popes better success than they found. We ought to welcome, all of us, the rule and authority of those who have more knowledge of what is right and good than ourselves.

If it was so; but the "if" is the difficulty. We cannot be sure of this supreme excellence of the popes—at least some of us cannot. The intellectual revolt was only beginning, but wherever Albigenses or other speculative people were thinking for themselves, the popes had betaken themselves already to sword and faggot. As to morals, princes might be wilful and ambitious, and barons harsh, and law courts venal; but prelates, too, could be overbearing, and the Church courts were no purer than the civil courts. And every mediæval chronicler, every monastic annalist is for ever declaiming at the avarice and rapacity of Rome.

If the popes had reason for wishing to keep the military orders for their Janissaries, the French and English kings and the German Emperor might reasonably enough also regard such an arrangement with alarm.

I have the greatest admiration for the poor brothers of the Temple. The fate which overtook them was as undeserved as it was cruel. But Nature, or Providence, or the tendencies of things, do as a fact sweep away obstacles which stand in the way of human development. Institutions may long survive their usefulness; but they are taken away when they become actively mischievous. One could only wish that the process of taking them away was not so often tainted with a violent injustice which blinds us to the necessity of their removal.

Their proper work was gone. If work was to be found for them in the future it was to be as the armed hand of the Papacy. But the Hildebrand theory of things was near its close also. The struggle between the popes and the temporal princes was to end in a compromise. The popes were to have the shadow, or the spiritual supremacy; the

civil powers were to have the substance, and thus for such a body as the Templars there was no place left. The kings in Europe intended to be sovereign, each in his own dominions. The Templars were, or might be, in the way. They had vast revenues, which, now that the war in the East was over, they would be free to use for other aims and ambitions. The national bishops and clergy resented their arrogance, and were jealous of their immunities. In some way or other the kings would find it necessary to suppress them. But it was no easy task. They were brave, they were noble; as soldiers they were the best organized in Europe. They were careless of death, and as long as they had the popes at their back it was quite certain that they would not fall without a struggle, while the popes could not in honour consent to the abolition of an order whose only crime was too great fidelity to the Holy See. It was accomplished by making the Templars the victims of an extraordinary accusation, which was intended to render them odious to mankind, and the story is one of the most curious in mediæval history.

As a rule I think it unwise to attempt to go behind the legal verdicts of distant ages. As a rule those who have been convicted of great crimes were probably guilty of them. Men have different ways of arriving at truth, but it is generally truth which they aim at, and so many circumstances are known to contemporaries of which posterity is absolutely ignorant, that it argues some presumption in posterity when it reviews confidently contemporary judgments. But the process of the Templars was peculiar. It was considered violent even in a violent age. The details are preserved almost to the smallest particulars, and are worth examining, if only as a picture of the manners of the time.

The French king at that time was Philip le Bel—Philip the Beautiful—one of the most remarkable sovereigns that France ever had. His daughter we know of as Edward II.'s queen—*She Wolf*, as the poet Gray calls her. The parent wolf was born in 1268. He became king at sixteen. He fell early into wars with England and Burgundy, extended his frontiers, drilled into subjection his own vassals. He then quarrelled, on the old grounds of the Papal pretensions, with Pope Boniface VIII. He had required a subsidy from his clergy. The Pope forbade them to pay. Philip answered with calling the Pope a fool, changing your "Holiness" into your "fatuity." Boniface excommunicated Philip.

Philip burnt the bull as boldly as Luther. He denounced Boniface as a heretic, made war upon him, and took him prisoner. The poor Pope died three days after, it was said of rage and mortification. Philip had been swift; Napoleon was not quicker in his movements. The Templars had supplied Boniface with money. They had not time to help him with arms. Boniface's successor, Benedict X., made peace on Philip's own terms. The French clergy were made to give him all that he wanted. The Templars appealed to their privileges; but they, too, had to submit under protest. The King was master of the situation, and meant to make the most of his victory. Benedict X. reigned only for a year. The majority in the College of Cardinals was French. They chose after him the French Archbishop of Bordeaux, who was to reside in France, and could be made to do the King's bidding. Archbishop Bertrand became Pope at the beginning of 1305, under the name of Clement V.

So much for the position, which I have merely sketched in outline.

The Templars had no suspicion of their danger, and that no hint of it reached them is a proof how few friends they could have had. In outward respect they stood high as ever. No scandal had been breathed against them. Their churches were the admiration of Europe. Faithful as they were to their salt, they had never so much as dreamed that the master whom they had served so loyally could betray them. What could they have to fear? And yet it got abroad somehow that the King would be well pleased if evidence could be found of the Templars' misconduct, and when evidence is wanted, especially if it will be well paid for, sooner or later it will be forthcoming.

In the Temple, as in other bodies, there were black sheep. Knights or servants of the order now and then broke the rules, and had to be punished, and, if incorrigible, to be expelled. At the accession of Clement V. there were two knights thus degraded, in prison, at Toulouse; one of them, Esquin von Florian, who had been prior of Montfaucon, and the other with the unusual name of Noffodei. These men, after their expulsion, had been engaged in some conspiracy at Paris, and were under sentence of death. They informed the governor of the gaol that they could possess the King of a secret which would be worth another realm to him, and that if their lives were spared they would reveal it. They were sent up to the court;

Philip examined them himself, and they made the following singular statement :—

1. Every Templar on his admission to the order swore to defend it for his life long, in all causes, just or unjust without exception.

2. The chiefs of the order corresponded with the Saracens, and were more like Mahometans than Christians. The Novices were required to spit upon the cross, and trample on it, and deny Christ.

3. Any one suspected of intending to betray the secrets of the order was murdered and secretly buried.

4. The Templars despised the sacraments. They worshipped idols, and were heretics.

5. They committed unnatural crimes. Their houses were nests of vice and profligacy.

6. They betrayed the Holy Land, and lived without fear of God.

These were the chief articles of a long list. There were many others ; such as incest, worship of the devil under various forms, &c., &c.

It is certainly strange that if the Templars were so horribly depraved no whisper of their enormities should hitherto have gone abroad. It is strange that, as all the members knew of these things, they should have ventured to expel any member who could so easily betray them. If they killed every one that they suspected of letting out their secrets, it is strange that they should have allowed the knights to confess to secular priests outside the order, as it is certain that in the absence of their own chaplains they habitually did.

The King took down the depositions, and, without going into the particulars of them, wrote privately to the Pope. On the 24th of August, 1305—the dates are important—the Pope replied that it was a singular story. The King's letter was so positive, however, and the persons who had brought the letter to him were so positive, also, that he supposed it must be true. It seemed, however, that some rumour of the matter had by this time reached the Templars themselves. The Pope added that the Grand Master and the preceptors had also written to him, alluding to the accusations, and begging him to examine into them. This he would do, and would inform the King of the result.

This would have been fair enough, but for some reason it did not suit Philip's purpose. He sent the Pope the depositions themselves. The inquiry was not proceeded with. The whole matter was allowed to drop for a year ; and the next thing which we find is a confidential and affectionate letter from the Pope to the Grand Master, who was in Cyprus,

written in the following summer. Not a word was said in it about the accusations. The Pope seemed to have forgotten them. He merely told the Grand Master that he wished to consult him about various subjects of great consequence—the condition of the East, the prospects of the Crusades, and the general state of Christendom. He therefore begged De Molay to come to him in France as soon as he could, and to bring with him such of the knights as he had most dependence on.

De Molay clearly had no suspicion. He was under the impression that the headquarters of the Templars were to be transferred from Cyprus to France. They had a grand palace in Paris. The site of it still bears the old name, and the palace itself was the prison of the royal family in the Revolution. Thither came De Molay, and he brought with him the chest, or chests, of the order—twelve mules' load of gold and silver. The King received him with the proper courtesies. There was no sign of displeasure. The treasure was put away in the Templars' vaults. The Pope was at Poitiers. De Molay and the preceptors went to him, and had a long friendly conversation with him. The union of the orders was certainly the subject of part of it, and De Molay was less cordial about the union than perhaps Clement wished. This was at the end of 1306, nearly two years after the two knights had told their story. All was outwardly smooth. The winter went by. In the spring there were once more rumours in the air which made De Molay uneasy. In April, 1307, he went again to the Pope, taking the four French preceptors with him, and spoke very earnestly about it. The Pope listened with apparent satisfaction, and dismissed them as if perfectly assured that the accusations were baseless.

Again one asks, was all this treachery ?—was it a plan agreed upon between the Pope and the King to put the Templars off their guard, to seize the treasure, and get into their power the persons of the Grand Master and the leading knights ? That certainly was the effect. Such a plot, supposing it real, might be defended if the charges against the Templars were true. They were most formidable. Had they been alarmed, and had their chief been at large, they could perhaps have set the King at defiance. At least they could not have been suppressed without desperate bloodshed. But all turns on the truth of the charges, or the King's sincere belief in them.

Even kings and popes are seldom delibe-

rately and consciously wicked. But they have a power of convincing themselves of what they wish to believe. The Pope was afraid of Philip, and wished to please him. The Templars had really become an anomaly. They were a danger to the State. Philip might legitimately wish to bring the order to an end. From a wish to end them to a conviction of their crimes the step would be short in a politic ruler's mind. Politics are a corrupting trade.

Any way, the Templars were lulled into

(To be concluded next month.)

absolute security. They were spread all over France in their various houses. At the beginning of October this same year, 1307, the King sent a secret order round the provinces for their universal and simultaneous arrest. Not a whisper was allowed to reach them. They had lived in friendless and haughty isolation. They had relied on the Pope, and the Pope had failed them. The only support which never fails—some legitimate place among the useful agencies of the time—this was wanting.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL SERMON.

A SUMMER day, "most calm, most bright,"

The very air seems holy :
The week's swift hours have run apace,
To-day they move more slowly.

The very singing of the birds
Seems different on Sunday,
As though they praised the Lord to-day,
But whistled on the Monday.

Across the meadows, hot and still,
Comes, with the scent of hay,
The music of the distant bells—
Let's go to church to-day.

* * * *

From out the ivy-covered porch,
Rolling in waves along,
Swell forth the organ's mellow tones,
Mingled with holy song.

While resting on this moss-grown tomb
Come sounds of soothing rest :
Whispering to heart, and mind, and ear,
Of what is only guessed.

The lesson of the Father's eye
And all-protecting arm
Speaks to us from the azure sky,
With its all-circling calm.

The daisies, flowering in the grass,
Warning the trustless craven,
Suggest the lilies of the field ;
The passing rook, the raven.

The sparrows, chattering in the hedge,
Recall the Master's words
That, though not worth a farthing,
The Father counts His birds.

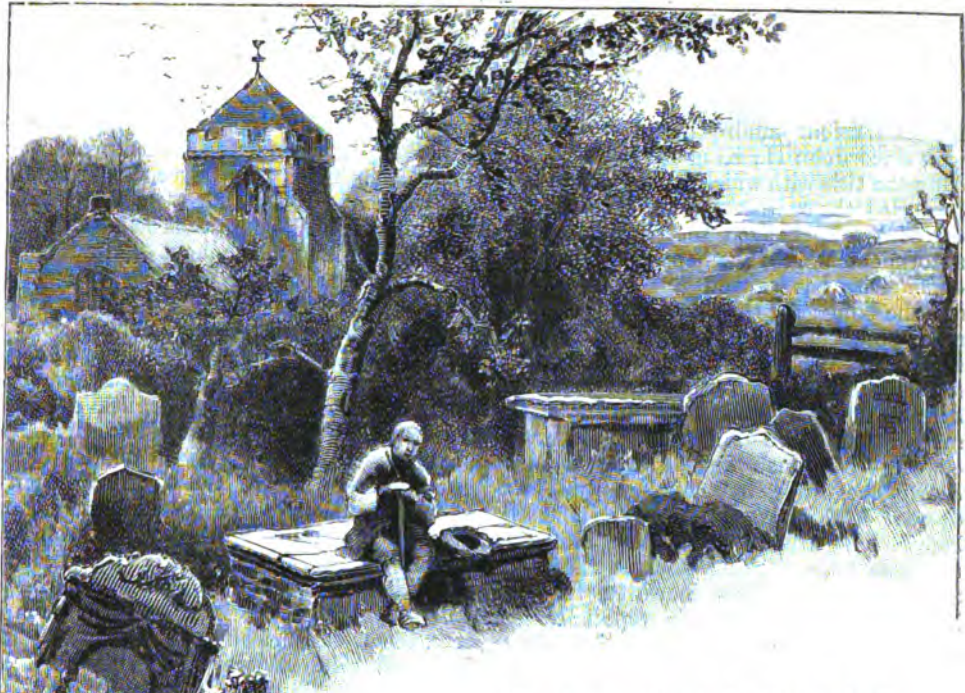
The robin,* singing on the cross,
The tall reeds near the thorn,
All point to Him who suffered death,
Mid mocking, pain, and scorn.

On yonder tower St. Peter's bird
Turns to each wind that blows :
Tho' firmly resting on the church,
Firmness he never knows ;

A kindly warning this of him
Who, though the Church's Rock,
Went out and wept most bitterly
At crowing of the cock.

The butterfly that flits above
The dial's time-stained plate
Tells of the spirits clothed upon,
When freed from time's dull state ;

* There is an ancient legend that the robin, in trying to release the Saviour from the cross by pecking at the nails in His hands, tinged his breast, and has borne the mark of his devotion ever since.



Cheering our hearts for those who lie
Beneath these mounds, and brings
To mind the thought that they, one day,
Will rise on new-found wings.

We lift our eyes with thankfulness
To where the swallows skim,
As rises from the ancient church
The benediction hymn :

The mounting lark takes up the strain
And, making it his own,
In raptured language of the skies
Bears it towards the Throne.

* * * *

Now swells again the organ's voice,
And from the porch's cover
Come forth the rustic worshippers—
The service must be over.

Here, lost in contemplation's dream,
We've let the morning glide,
And missed the parson's sermon, but—
We've heard the one outside.

ELLIOT STOCK,

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"GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN."

By ARNOLD WHITE.

NEARLY four hundred years have passed since John II, King of Portugal, disliking the title with which Bartolommeo Dias had styled the southerly point of the Continent of Africa, changed the "Cabo de todos los tormentos" into the happier title it still bears. Dias has proven a better prophet than the King; for the Cape Colony and its surroundings have been more remarkable for physical, political, and military storms, than for the fulfilment of the hopes of early settlers, or of later statesmen. Wars of defence which have for forty years raged between white man and black, and more latterly, the bitter, but now happily subsiding race feud between the Dutch and the English, have averted the eyes of intending emigrants from looking towards the south for a new home. Now, however, that the choicer lands of Australasia, especially near the sea-coast, are firmly held in private hands; and since the rush of emigration to Canada has for the time being satisfied the needs of British North America, attention is necessarily directed to South Africa as a field for the unemployed, because there is no other place on the earth's surface where a temperate climate and fertile land are available for some of our surplus thousands.

The conditions peculiar to South Africa as a field for colonisation should be clearly understood by the intending emigrant before he addresses himself to the difficulties he may expect to encounter in any change of sky and home. The method brought into vogue by Robinson Crusoe, of setting down, in a book-keeper's fashion, the good and evil of his lot in life, may be adopted with advantage. Taking the good side of South African life first, we may start with the boon of a good climate. If a man rests on Sunday, he can work in the open air for three hundred and thirteen days in the year—more especially when his farm is situated some distance from the sea-coast. In the next place the health of South Africans, or Afrianders—an awkward title, which sooner or later must be replaced by one less charged with political association—is proverbially good. No colony can ever spring into large and healthy national life where physical deterioration is the inevitable consequence of existence. Boer manhood in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State presents as fine examples of strength, size, and activity as

any to be found in California or in Colorado—the two states of the Union which are generally believed to produce the finest men and women in the world. Chubby German children and healthy Scottish lads and lasses are to be found throughout Kaffraria and the Eastern province. Whatever objections, therefore, may be urged against the Cape Colony with regard to other matters, no one can truthfully say that the general climatic and sanitary conditions are not as good as any to be found in other English colonies. Sand-storms, thunder-storms, and droughts are not uncommon, but so far as their effect on the health and on the working capacity of an industrious colonist is concerned, they may be practically ignored. Next on the list of the advantages of the Cape Colony comes its accessibility. Half the distance to Australia, the voyage is made over tranquil seas, nineteen times out of twenty. The six thousand miles separating Plymouth from Cape Town is often done in a little more than eighteen days' steaming; but were the same class of vessel employed, and the passage made at the same speed as that habitually attained on the North Atlantic Ocean, the time occupied on the voyage would be reduced from eighteen or nineteen to twelve or thirteen days. When this comes to pass, it will be possible for the busy man, with his month or five weeks of summer holiday, to spend a few days of the Cape spring in plucking glorious ericas and everlastings on Table Mountain, instead of buying poached edelweiss at Zermatt or the Riffel, or scattering *krone* and *ore* among the fiords of Norway.

The important question to the settler, of the character of the soil, can be satisfactorily answered. All the vegetable products of the temperate zone and many of the sub-tropical fruits, trees, and plants, grow luxuriantly, and mature with success. Cape wheat is proverbial for its excellence among the biscuit bakers of London; and if many of the other Cape products do not enjoy a similar reputation, the reason is that, owing to the facility with which existence is maintained, the stress of want has never created competition at home, nor has the producer sought to enter the markets of Europe in rivalry with the other food-raising countries of the world.

Turning now to the other side of the shield, the great blot on the shield of South Africa is the want of water within and

without. Incessant droughts for the last nine years have indeed turned men's minds to the subject of irrigation, with the force of necessity. As a result it is found that, whereas eighteen months since there were not more than eighty water-raising wind-mills in the colony, there are now more than eight hundred busily at work, impelled by the motive force of the wind, and raising water from wells which are rarely more than forty or fifty feet deep. The number of these mills increases every month. Droughts appear to run in cycles, and if the recent copious rains may be taken as marking the close of a decade of thirst, a good time is in store for South Africa during the next ten years; provided always, as the lawyers say, that the lessons of the great drought are not entirely forgotten. Although the high undulating tableland which runs up the centre of the Continent, like a backbone, preserves the inhabitants from the effects of undue heat, neither the terraces of this tableland, nor the parallel chains of mountains, are sufficient to retain during the summer the snow that falls during the winter. An American engineer has been heard to recommend a spirited policy of public works for the Cape Colony, by which a permanent water supply from the winter snows would be obtained. It should be added that the snows themselves were to be created by adding a sufficient number of courses of masonry to the highest mountains to carry their artificial summits into the region of eternal frost. The majority of the mountainous ranges rarely exceed 6,000 feet, the highest points being Cattekin Peak, 10,300 feet, in the extreme north-east corner of the colony; Compass Berg, in the Snuuw Berg, 8,300 feet; and Bulbhonders Bank in the Nieweveld range, which is 7,300 feet above the sea. An arid plateau known as the Great Karroo, 300 miles in length and 60 miles in width, north to south, and at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the sea, consists of the richest soil, and after the rare fall of rain, is known far and wide as the best stock fattening country in South Africa. The Kloofs of the Karroo are the channels by which the periodical torrents of coastal rainfall rushes to the sea. Salt Lake City on the sage and alkali plain of Central Utah, was once the scene of desolation even more profound than that of the Great Karroo. To-day the once arid plain bordering on the Great Salt Lake is one of the loveliest gardens in the world. Water from the Ophir and the Wassatch snow ranges has wrought

this change; and there is no reason, other than indolence or want of capital, why a change of a similar nature should not be wrought on the rich lands lying idle at the Cape. The fact must not be ignored that immigration and irrigation are inseparable, if success in the former is seriously desired. All or nearly all the irrigation in the colony has been carried out by private enterprise, and generally by individual resource. The names of Mr. Burgers and of Mr. J. J. Irvine are indelibly associated with the subject of irrigation; and it is gratifying to know that the latter has now on his property in Kaffria agricultural tenants of experience, who are paying him as much as £1 per acre per annum for irrigated land, and who expressed themselves to the present writer as perfectly satisfied with their position and hopeful of the future. From this it is clear that notwithstanding the lack of rain, streams may be dammed and rainfall stored with results satisfactory to landlords and tenants. Indian and Singhalese experience and practice on matters relating to irrigation are wanting in South Africa, and it behoves every colonist in the country to urge on the Government the paramount necessity for arresting the waste of rain pouring idly to the sea. In the meantime the immigrant must take heed and establish himself where water is obtainable, or he must be provided with a windmill, a pump, and a well.

A windmill and a well are as essential to a South African cultivator as the porch and the tank were, in Lord Beaconsfield's opinion, necessary to the well-being of his Bucks tenantry.

The art of raising water from below the surface of the ground has been exercised in India, in Persia, and in Egypt from time immemorial. Since, however, English and American mechanicians have addressed themselves to the simplification of the means employed, and the multiplication of power developed by the force of the wind, a marked improvement has taken place in the means of thus raising water, with the advantage of considerable diminution both in regard to labour required and to the cost of raising the water. It may be assumed that water requires as a rule to be raised from thirty to forty feet in order to be available for purposes of irrigation.

After allowing interest on money at seven per cent. and setting aside a fund for repairs and wear and tear to the extent of seventeen per cent. and allowing for the purchase of oil for lubricating purposes, it is now possible to

pump water at a cost of about three farthings per thousand gallons. The larger the mill the less the cost per thousand gallons for pumping.

The price of these water mills ranges from £45 to £275. If, as is often the case, the water has only to be raised ten or twenty feet, the cost will be reduced to a half-penny and even to a farthing per thousand gallons according to the size of the mill employed. These figures, which may be relied on, are intended to apply to mills erected and the wells excavated within a couple of hundred miles of the coast, as the cost referred to will otherwise be augmented by the cost of inland transport. Any intending emigrants desiring practical information on this subject cannot do better than apply to Messrs. Howard, Farrar & Co., Water Engineers, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

The price of beef, bacon, eggs, and bread stuffs forms an essential feature in the circumstances which determine the intending emigrant to take up his home in South Africa. The following table is extracted from a return of the King William's Town market prices ruling during the last ten years. The mayor of King William's Town, recognising the importance of being able to place trustworthy information before intending emigrants from England and Scotland, who would be not only consumers but producers, was good enough to obtain the figures quoted; beef has averaged for ten years 3d. a pound, while in 1885 it was as low as 1d.

1885 Average.

Beef, per lb., from 1d. to 4d.	Turkeys, each, from 4s. to 8s. 6d.
Mutton, per lb., from 2d. to 4½d.	Oranges, per 100, from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Pork, per lb., from 3d. to 6d.	Bran, per bag, from 4s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Bacon, per lb., from 6d. to 10d.	Pimpkin, per doz., from 2s. 6d. to 8s.
Butter, per lb., from 2s. to 3s. 6d.	Meal, per 100 lbs., from 12s. to 18s.
Eggs, per doz., from 9d. to 1s. 6d.	Onions, per 100 lbs., from 5s. to 15s.
Green Barley, per 100 lbs., from 1s. 6d. to 3s.	Firewood, per load, from 5s. to 30s.
Oat-hay, per 100 lbs., from 3s. to 8s.	Geese, each, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.
Potatoes, per 100 lbs., from 4s. to 9s.	Boer Tobacco, per lb., from 3d. to 6d.
Mealies, per 100 lbs., from 10s. to 13s.	Wheat, per 100 lbs., from 8s. 6d. to 13s.
Kaffir Corn, per 100 lbs., from 12s. to 15s.	Oats, per 100 lbs., from 8s. 6d. to 16s.
Barley, per 100 lbs., from 8s. to 10s. 6d.	Birdseed, per lb., from 2d. to 3d.
Fowls, each, from 1s. to 1s. 6d.	Beans, per 100 lbs., from 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ducks, each, from 1s. 6d. to 2s.	Timber, per foot, from 1d. to 1½d.

At Port Alfred the following are the "on contract" prices of articles supplied to the convict station, and which may be taken as a fair example of the cost of food throughout the Eastern Province of the Colony.

Beef, per 100 lbs., 23s. 5d.	Needles, per 100 lbs., 1s. 3d.
Beans, Dry, per 100 lbs., 15s.	Rice, Brown, per lb., 2½d.
Bread, Wheaten Meal, per 100 lbs., 10s. 5d.	Ditto, White, per lb., 2½d.
Bread, Fine Flour, per 100 lbs., 16s. 6d.	Sago, per lb., 4½d.
Candles, Composite, per lb., 11½d.	Straw, per 100 lbs. 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Paraffin, per lb., 1s.	Sugar, Yellow, per lb., 3½d.
Coffee, Raw, per lb., 8d.	Tea, per lb., 2s.
Ditto, Ground, per lb., 11½d.	Thread, per lb., 2s. 4d.
Firewood, per 2,000 lbs., 8s.	Tobacco, Boer, per lb., 8d.
Lime, per 100 lbs., 1s. 9d.	Vinegar, per bottle, 6d.
Meal, Unsifted, per lb., 1½d.	Paraffin Oil, per gallon, 2s. 6d.
Mealie, Meal, per 100 lbs., 11s. 11½d.	Sheep Tail Fat, per lb., 9d.
Milk, per bottle, 4½d.	Oatmeal, per 100 lbs., 50s.
Mutton, per 100 lbs., 38s. 7d.	Soap, per 100 lbs., 26s. 6d.
	Peas, Dry, per 100 lbs., 17s. 6d.

The good climate, the fertile soil of the Colony, together with the delicious flavour of the fruits and vegetables produced, enable the careful housewife to provide a variety of comestibles impossible in most countries, and especially in colonies producing but a single staple. During rough travel extending over thousands of miles, the fact may be mentioned that the quality of the mutton (which more often appears on the table than any other dish) was uniformly delicious. Whether it be that the Cape grasses are more succulent, or the soil is better suited to the constitution of sheep and lambs than is the case in England, I do not know; but the fact is, that, with the exception of Scotch grass-fed four-year-old mutton, I have never tasted anything more delicious than the variety of dishes in which the Cape mutton appears.

From the price lists given above it will be clear that while low prices are given for food, and the cost of living is consequently trifling when compared with the necessary expenditure in England or in the United States, there is the distinct drawback of the producer being unable to obtain large prices for results of his labour. This inability to appeal to any but local markets is being rapidly removed by means of the extension of Cape railways. A remarkable instance of the effect of insufficient means of distribution was presented on the 28th August last, when the price of cabbages in

Kimberley was 2s. a-piece, while the same vegetables were being sold in the Port Elizabeth market at a farthing a-head; the recent completion of the railway to Kimberley has insured the supply of that important town from the south, by which means the Cape colonists will have a considerable market thrown open to them, which has hitherto been partially provided by the farmers of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal. The lumbering buck waggon, loaded with mealies, oat-hay, Kaffir corn and wood, raising a column of dust like the smoke from an ocean steamer—visible when the waggon itself is below the horizon—is now being replaced by the locomotive, the hygienic cars, as the adapted Pullman carriages are designated in the Cape Colony. Even with the addition of the wants of Kimberley and the markets of the Cape Colony proper, it is still clear that the small proprietor needs some ready means by which he can obtain, over and above the food required by himself and his family, a supply of ready money annually, to obtain boots, pay for schooling, and purchase the indispensable odds and ends which are now considered essential in every family; if the seasons are propitious and the rains fall at the right time, every one is blessed with the advantage of a fine crop. As, however, the absorptive capacity of the limited markets of the Colony is not increased by the occurrence of a good crop, prices tumble to an extraordinary extent, and the emigrant is embarrassed by his own and his neighbours' prosperity. It is evident, then, that some staple must be grown by the settler which shall find a ready sale in a larger market than those provided within the Colony itself; that this commodity shall not be bulky, so as to enable it to be transported to the sea-coast; that it shall be so valuable as to obtain considerable prices for the product of a limited acreage; and in the last place it must be a commodity which is not largely produced by the cheap labour of India and China.

The tobacco plant complies with all these conditions, and it is estimated by competent authorities that from three acres £30 a year could be netted by the grower. Tobacco is unlike wheat, inasmuch as if the price of wheat were lowered to a farthing a quarter no man could eat more bread than sufficient to gratify his wants in consequence of such a reduction. The lowering of the price of tobacco, however, is immediately followed by increase of consumption, and not only is the practice of smoking on the in-

crease, but the original sources of supply are becoming deteriorated or worked out. The Cape Government have recently taken measures to obtain the services of experienced tobacco-growers from Cuba, and already the growth of the weed, conducted under European supervision, with the employment of proper seed and the selection of the right kind of soil, have been attended with success. Tobacco grown in this manner has fetched 4s. 6d. per pound in London, and there is every reason to hope that intending settlers will find in the growth of tobacco such supplement to their normal production of food-stuffs as to enable them to live with comfort.

The following estimate of what can be produced annually from fifty acres of fair land in the Albany district was prepared by the chairman of the Farmers' Association; the figures given have not been adversely criticised in a country remarkable for freedom, and for the incisiveness of its critical faculty. They may, therefore, be accepted as approximately accurate.

		£	s.	d.
2 acres	Cotton	5	0	0
3 "	Tobacco	30	0	0
10 "	Wheat	30	0	0
20 "	Mealies and Pimpkins	60	0	0
5 "	Barley	15	0	0
5 "	Potatoes	50	0	0
5 "	Food for 10 Cows, Pigs, and Poultry	50	0	0
		£240	0	0

The intending emigrant to South Africa should either be an agricultural labourer or a small farmer. For men of the latter description there is ample room, and a few hundred pounds of capital may be well and remuneratively invested. Artisans, carpenters, and tradesmen should avoid the Cape Colony, as the supply of those craftsmen is largely in excess of the demand. No doubt when the supply of agricultural labour has increased, a new demand will arise for artisan labour; but until specific information reaches England that operatives and artisans are required, they will only incur the certainty of privation and disappointment by increasing the numbers of the unemployed now thronging the streets of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Nor let the intending Cape Colonist forget that if he means to be successful he must abjure liquor. The temptations to drink are so great that abstinence is the only safeguard. I should bitterly regret if one word I have written should lead those townsmen

whose self-indulgence and indolence have prevented success in this country, to expect that a change to the new heaven and the new earth of the Cape of Good Hope will charm away the causes of failure. So far from this being the case, a man who drinks in England will spell ruin for himself in South Africa. The colonists need no addition to the number of "dead beats" and loafers in their midst,

who attribute to the fatality of climate and seasons that which is the direct consequence of their own resolute self-indulgence. If the right man goes in the right spirit he will not only succeed himself, but his success will provide work for those left behind, by setting in motion the shuttle and the loom, which but for him would have remained idle and unproductive.

THE INFIRM CHILDREN OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE GLASGOW SCHOOL BOARD.

IN midst of the darkest cloud of poverty and distress there is generally a streak of light flowing from the buoyancy and light-heartedness of the children. There are times no doubt when, under the pressure of cold or hunger, they are miserable enough, but give them a meal or any little tag of worn-out clothing, send them into the playground, and see how quickly they brighten up.

At the Day Industrial School I have seen half-a-dozen ragged, barefooted boys taking as hearty a share in a game at football as the best shod among them—bare toes and ankles notwithstanding. I heard of a little fellow who thought sliding on the ice with his bare feet one of the nicest things he knew.

This want of shoes and stockings is not always so distressing as might at first sight appear. One of our most intelligent teachers tells me that worn-out shoes and tattered stockings are far worse for the children than bare feet. He says that bare feet in a nice warm school-room soon get quite comfortable, while the plashy, damp condition of the badly shod keeps them cold and miserable. This holds true in the playground also, where the bare feet are soon, with the exercise, in a warm glow, which the others rarely feel.

The irrepressible gaiety of childhood is universally acknowledged. I happened when last in London to hear from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, an appeal on behalf of the poor, and the preacher told of a little ragged girl on a door-step nursing an empty bottle which she had dressed as a doll, and which probably yielded her as much delight as the waxen favourites so often seen in youthful arms.

While, however, this feature of child-life is true in the main, it is my purpose in the present paper to call attention to a numerous class of children in our great cities for whom there is little or no joy.

In prosecuting inquiry by means of the

School Board officers in regard to neglected children in Glasgow, a large number of infirm children have been found, many of them in circumstances distressing and painful in the highest degree: little ones who have scarcely ever seen the pure light of day, upon whom the sun has never shone, nor the balmy air ever fanned the fevered cheek—weary days and weary nights of pain and languishing their portion, loving words never heard, and kindly ministrations altogether unknown. From dwellings of squalor and misery troops of healthy children pour every day into the air and sunlight and companionship of their fellows, and enjoy the comforts of the school and the games of the playground, but for these infirm ones the new morning has no relief. The noise, and the shouting, and the play of other children only deepen the gloom.

Infirm children are not all, of course, confined to bed or even to the house. The blind, the deaf and dumb, the imbecile, the deformed may be found about the doors, or in the courtyard, or in the streets adjoining their residence, but most of them are sadly neglected, especially as regards their training, education, and general condition.

It will be evident that a variety of different agencies are required to meet these various degrees and kinds of infirmity. Happily for Glasgow such do exist, and are all under excellent management. It only needed representations by the School Board regarding the circumstances of such children to call forth active and sympathetic co-operation on the part of the managers of Institutions, and the most pressing cases were at once admitted to those suitable to their circumstances. The Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, for the Blind, and the home at Larbert for Imbecile Children, all received such an accession to their numbers as soon made a very perceptible inroad on the numerous band of the

infirm and suffering scattered through the city.

It will easily be understood, however, that many difficulties intervened. There were blind children, and deaf mutes, and imbeciles, who were so diseased as to be unfitted for public institutions. Then, again, some parents objected to institutions altogether. In the case of blind children otherwise healthy, a certain number were admitted into the ordinary Board Schools. There is not much difficulty with them when the teacher, to whose care they are confided, is sympathetic and studies their special requirements. But such children must belong to families willing to take extra trouble in getting them daily conveyed to and from school. In the families of the poor where this superintendence is difficult, the Blind Asylum affords the unspeakable relief to the over-burdened mother of keeping her blind child for a season, and having it trained in some suitable industrial employment.

Very much perplexity has arisen in recent years as to the best mode of educating deaf mutes. The celebrated Institution at Langside has done valuable service not only for Glasgow but for all Scotland. No fewer than forty inmates from within School Board limits, besides about ninety from other quarters, are there receiving education of the most efficient, the most approved, and most modern kind. It is quite a treat to walk over the building and grounds and witness the admirable arrangements made for the comfort, education, and general welfare of the children. Owing to the difficulty of grouping sufficient numbers in any one ordinary school, and of the strongly pronounced opinion of the directors at Langside, that a better education is imparted where the children reside in the premises, the School Board have not seen their way to take up this branch of education. No suitable case brought under notice has ever been refused by the Langside authorities. The Board as well as the whole community have the utmost confidence in the judicious and excellent management which prevails.

As regards the poor imbeciles, it is well for Scotland that there exists such an Institution as that at Larbert, specially founded for the welfare of such children. A whole paper might well be devoted to its history, and in illustration of how much may be done to interest and awaken the slumbering intellect of many hapless children. It may be sad to witness so many of this class gathered together, but it is most gratifying to find that

so much can be done and is being done to gladden and brighten lives which would, probably, otherwise be only shrouded in hopeless gloom.

In spite, however, of all such benevolent and philanthropic agencies, it was still found that a numerous class of infirm children remained for whom no suitable or adequate provision existed. Chief among these were paralytics, cripples, and those afflicted with hip-joint disease. I do not speak of ordinary cripples, many of whom, when provided with crutches, could move about, and even attend ordinary schools, but those whose weak and attenuated limbs could not with any appliances carry their little bodies. There were also found a large number of otherwise healthy children, but with legs so misshapen and soft from what is usually known as "rickets," that they were as helpless as babies, so far as locomotion was concerned. Probably the most painful cases were those found covered with sores from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, more especially when lying in the midst of surroundings which only aggravated their sad condition. By far the greater number of such infirm children dwell in houses and belong to families where the most abject poverty reigns: the dwellings are dirty, the beds—if such they can be called—most wretched, and everything miserable in the extreme.

No sooner was it made painfully evident, from the reports received, that such a state of things prevailed, and that no remedy existed, than steps were immediately taken to look out for and establish a Home to which such infirm, helpless children might be removed. An appeal was issued, of which I quote an extract:—

"If I could summon to plead before you these little suffering children who have none to plead for them—if I could set before you these little patient faces, on many of which pain and sorrow have already stamped such care and sadness—if I could tell you, on their behalf, that in addition to their poignant bodily sufferings they suffer for want of proper food, for want of wholesome air, for want of a soft pillow, for want of medical advice, for want of kind gentle words—if I could tell you these things as they might be told, I know not how many willing hands and willing hearts would volunteer for their relief."

Such an appeal to the wives and daughters of the merchant City could not be in vain, and in a brief period the East Park Home was acquired, and fitted, in the first instance, for the reception of thirty children. I have before me the record of twelve years' work carried on there. Before adverting to its present condition let me recall the memory

of its earlier days. To the first chairman of the board, Alex. Whitelaw, Esq., M.P., of Gartsherrie—cut off in the prime of life from over-devotion to his country's good—the success of the Home is owing from its very first inception. Arrangements having been completed, female superintendent appointed, visiting medical officer and all other requirements seen to, the first arrivals were welcomed in September, 1874.

It would be an easy task to cull from the reports numerous tales of sadness and strange episodes of child-life—beautiful pictures of patient suffering, striking recoveries, and sudden deaths. At the very outset the necessity and value of the Home was recognised, and the little cribs almost immediately occupied.

Some of the children lay constantly in bed. For others, who could move about, a class-room was fitted up and a teacher appointed. A pleasant garden lies in front of the Home, and there is a playroom inside.

When the visitor approaches, he will probably find, if the day is fine, little groups of children outside, some on crutches, some on little invalid-chairs, some creeping on hands and knees on the grass or gravel, and a good many others with weak or rickety legs moving about as best they may. Here is one little fellow squatted on the ground. You ask him, "What's wrong with you, my boy?" and he will tell you, "I've nae banes in ma legs." Soon the good porridge and milk and other generous diet begin to tell, and Jamie's legs get like other boys'. Another strong little fellow runs on his knees, and there is no keeping him in knee-caps; his legs are malformed, but otherwise he is strong and healthy, and as fond of games as the greatest romps outside. Robert got on capitally at his lessons, grew in esteem of all about him. He ultimately had an operation performed, gained some use of his limbs, learned the art of

sign-writing, and is now creditably employed in that way on his own account.

Blind Johnnie was another of the first comers, and excited much interest. He was diseased and helpless as well as blind, and could not put a foot to the ground. His mind was intensely active, he seemed to be always thinking, and was of a very impressible nature. He was slow to learn the raised alphabet, but on being spoken to a little sharply he took it so to heart that he quickly mastered it, after which it was his delight to read from the raised-letter Bible, and to

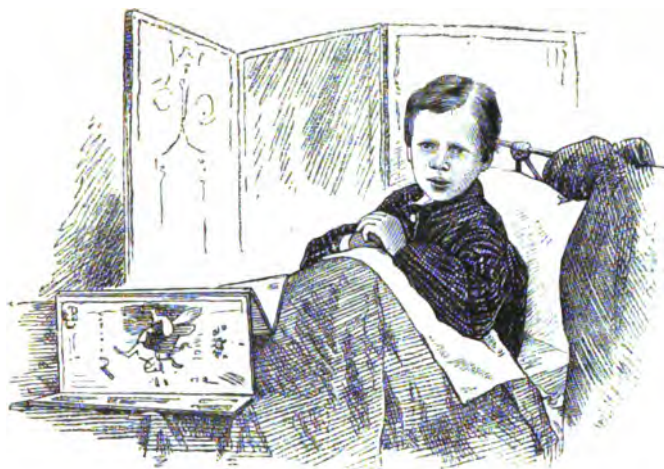


Little Tommie.

get hold of all the books he could. On being asked one day by a visitor, "Is there anything nice you would like brought, Johnnie?" "I like nothing better than my porridge," said the

blind boy. For many years Johnnie lived at the Home, and not very long after being taken away he went to the "Home above."

Alice was a fair child of eleven years, and for a long period enlivened the Home with her cheerful, happy disposition. Her limbs were paralysed, but her arms and hands were healthy and free, and, although constantly reclining or lying on her little basket couch, she learned to knit and sew. She read beautifully. Her voice was very musical, and it was delightful to sit by her as she sang her plaintive melodies and hymns, accompanying them with her concertina. She had listened with interest to the story of the glorious company clothed in white who stood before the Lamb, and on one occasion, when asked for a message to a Sabbath class interested in the Home, she said, "Tell them about the white robes." Her name is on the head-stone in the Necropolis, where forty dear children lie buried "till the day break and the shadows flee away." Many a time have these once-suffering little ones heard of the Home of life where "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more



David.

pain, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It is one of the joys peculiar to the lady visitors that to them belongs the unspeakable privilege of sitting by the cribs of the dear children, interesting them in tales and stories, so captivating to youthful minds, telling them of Him who loved little children, took them in His arms when on earth, and left them a special blessing. Many even of the older children, when brought to the Home, had never heard of the dear Name. Not a few who have "fallen asleep" expressed the same desire as Robert, who said from his suffering bed, "I wish Jesus would take me home."

I have made prominent reference to certain of those whose sufferings could only be alleviated, not removed. I need scarcely say that the greater number have been restored to better health, and very many sent home quite fit for the ordinary school.

Not many years passed before it was found that thirty beds were too few; a long list of those waiting for admission was always in the directors' hands. So, looking for the support which had been so freely granted on a former occasion, an adjoining cottage and garden were secured, in which twenty additional cribs were placed, and this was

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appropriated entirely to girls, leaving the original Home for boys. The confidence of the directors was not misplaced, and they have now the pleasure of finding themselves free from debt, with a valuable institution and grounds specially devoted to the welfare of infirm Children.

Why are there so many such children? Not long ago I visited a humble dwelling to see a suffering child for whom application was made. The bright little fellow, about

eight years old, had never walked, and his mother related how a drunken lodger had fallen upon him in infancy, and now, with a numerous family, she found it impossible to give him the care he required. Hugh was another fine little fellow brought to the Home suffering from spine disease, the result, it was said, of a kick from a drunken father.

Is there a sight on earth more sad, is there a sound on earth more pitiful, than the wail of a tender infant in the arms of an intoxicated mother? One can scarcely bear the thought, and yet it is a sight which may be seen and a cry which may be heard—alas! how often—in every great city!

There is no doubt that the greater number of the diseases and physical infirmities of



Alice.

these poor children arise from careless treatment, from bad or insufficient food, from insanitary and squalid surroundings, and in a great many cases from the intemperate habits and misconduct of the parents. Frequently have we seen sick and infirm little ones brought to the Home in such a state of filth that no ordinary cleansing was sufficient to restore them even to a state of nature. So apparent in many such cases is the cause of the disease that, in a very few weeks, the fresh clothing, the wholesome diet, and the pleasant atmosphere have wrought a change that could scarcely be believed.

Little Tommie, of whom we give a picture, was brought in this disgraceful condition. What an intelligent head and how pleasing and beautiful the features of the little boy! but see that emaciated body and these shrunken limbs, all in consequence of sheer neglect.

Above four hundred children have been received and treated since 1874. Of these many further illustrations might have been given had space permitted, full of the deepest interest, both as regards their previous history—often quite tragic in detail—and also as regards the benefits and blessings derived from their happy change to these comfortable quarters. “Ah!” said one little fellow, after looking about him. “Is this the King’s house?”

There is much may be done in certain cases where infirm children are well-housed and have kind and attentive mothers, in the way of sending them medical, and surgical, and nutritive aid; and it is well to know that other ex-

cellent societies and agencies are engaged in this admirable work. There is one ground for satisfaction in believing that not much now can remain hidden. The blind, the deaf mute, the lame, the diseased, the infirm children are being sought out. Much, it is true, still remains to be done, and that chiefly as regards the dwellings of the poor, which may form the subject of another paper. Still much is being done: may it only be the harbinger of a brighter, better day for poor children, whose lot hitherto has been hard and often pitiful in the extreme.

The present seems an epoch when wrongs and grievances are being stirred on all sides with a view to having them redressed. Glasgow is awake in some degree to the claims of neglected children. “Sought out and not forsaken,” is the motto she has adopted in respect to them. No child who is blind, deaf, dumb, or grievously afflicted, so far as can be ascertained, is left to pine in hopeless neglect and misery. Other cities are also at work, and what has been accomplished may be an incentive to the rest of the Empire: “Seek out the infirm neglected children within your bounds; remember their innocence, their sufferings, their helplessness.” “See to it that the requisite agencies are established, if not already ample, and that sufficient means are provided for carrying them on prosperously and successfully.”

When this charitable and indispensable work shall have been accomplished, one dark blot will be wiped from our country’s escutcheon, and another new trophy raised to the genius and spirit of Christianity.

THIS MAN’S WIFE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III.—AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

CHAPTER I.—BACK FROM A VOYAGE.

“WHY, my dear Sir Gordon, I am glad to see you back again. You look brown and hearty, and not a day older.”

“Don’t—don’t shake quite so hard, my dear Bayle. I like it, but it hurts. Little gouty in that hand, you see.”

“Well, I’ll be careful. I am glad you came.”

“That’s right, that’s right. Come down to my club and dine, and we’ll have a long talk; and—er—don’t take any notice of the jokes if you hear any.”

“Jokes?”

“Ye—es. The men have a way there—the old fellows—of calling me ‘Laurel,’ and ‘Yew,’ and the ‘Evergreen.’ You see, I look well and robust for my age.”

“Not a bit, Sir Gordon. You certainly seem younger, though, than ever.”

“So do you, Bayle; so do you. Why, you must be—”

“Forty-two, Sir Gordon. Getting an old man, you see.”

“Forty! Pooh! what’s that, Mr. Bayle! Why, sir, I’m— Never mind. I’m not so young as I used to be. And so you think I look well, eh, Bayle?”

"Indeed you do, Sir Gordon; remarkably well."

"Hah! That confounded Scott! Colonel Scott at the club set it about that I'd been away for two years so as to get myself cut down and have time to sprout up again, I looked so young. Bah! what does it matter? It's the sea life, Bayle, keeps a man healthy and strong. I wish I could persuade you to come with me on one of my trips."

"No, no! Keep away with your temptations. Too busy."

"Nonsense, man! Fellow with your income grinding day after day as you do. But how young you do look! How is Mrs. Hallam?"

"Remarkably well. I saw her yesterday."

"And little Julie?"

"Little!" said Christie Bayle, laughing frankly, and justifying Sir Gordon's remarks about his youthful looks. "Really, I should like to be there when you call. You will be astonished."

"What, has the child grown?"

"Child? Grown? Why, my dear sir, you will have to be presented to a beautiful young lady of eighteen, wonderfully like her mother in the old days."

"Indeed! Hah! yes. Old days, Bayle. Yes, old days, indeed. The thought of them makes me feel how time has gone. Look young, eh? Bah! I'm an old fool, Bayle. Deal better if I had been born poor. You should see me when Tom Porter takes me to pieces, and puts me to bed of a night. Why, Bayle, I don't mind telling you. Always were a good lad, and I liked you. I'm one of the most frightful impositions of my time. Wig, sir; confound it! sham teeth, sir, and they are horribly uncomfortable. Whiskers dyed, sir. The rest's all tailor's work. Feel ashamed of myself sometimes. At others I say to myself that it's showing a bold front to the enemy. No, sir, not a bit of truth in me anywhere."

"Except your heart," said Bayle, smiling.

"Tchut! man, hold your tongue. Now about yourself. Why don't you get a comfortable rectory somewhere, instead of plodding on in this hole?"

"Because I am more useful here."

"Nonsense! Get a good West-end lectureship."

"I prefer the north here."

"My dear Christie Bayle, you are throwing yourself away. There, I can't keep it back. Old Doctor Thomson is dead, and if you will come, I have sufficient interest with the bishop, providing I bring forward a good

man, to get him the living at King's Castor."

Christie Bayle shook his head sadly.

"No, Sir Gordon," he said, with a curious wistful look coming into his eyes. "That would be too painful—too full of sad memories."

"Pooh! nonsense, man! You can't be a curate all your life."

"Why not? I do not want the payment of a better post in the Church."

"Of course not; but come, say 'Yes.' As to memories, fudge! man, you have your memories everywhere. If you were out in Australia you'd have them, same as I dare say a friend of ours has. Let the past go."

Bayle shook his head.

"I'm thinking of settling down there myself. Getting too old for sea trips. If you'd come down that would decide me."

"No, no. It would never do. I could not leave town."

"Ah, so you pretend, sir. I'll be bound that, if you had a good motive, you'd be off anywhere, in spite of what you say."

"Perhaps. Your motive is not strong enough."

"What, not your own interest, man?"

"My dear Sir Gordon, no. What interest have I in myself? Why, I have been blessed by Providence with a good income and few wants, and for the past eighteen years I've been so busy thinking about other people, that I should feel guilty of a crime if I began to be selfish now."

"You're a queer fellow, Bayle, but you may alter your mind. I've made up mine that you shall have the old living at King's Castor. I shan't marry now, so I don't want you for that; but, please God I don't go down in some squall, I should like you to say, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' over the remains of a very selfish old man, for I sometimes think that it can't be long first now."

"My dear old friend," said Bayle, shaking his hand warmly, "I pray that the day may be very far distant. When it does come, as it comes to us all, I shall be able to think that the selfishness of which you speak was mere outside show. Gordon Bourne, I seem to be a simple kind of man, but I think I have learned to read men's hearts."

The old man's lip quivered a little, and he tried vainly to speak. Then, giving his stout ebony cane a stamp on the floor, he raised it, and shook it threateningly.

"Confound you, Bayle! I wish you were as poor as Job."

"Why?"

"So that I might leave you all I've got. Perhaps I shall."

"No, no, don't do that," said Bayle seriously, and his frank, handsome face turned anxious; "I have more than I want. But come, tell me; you have been down to Castor, then?"

"Yes, I was there a week."

"And how are they all?"

"Older, of course, but things seem about the same. Place like that does not change much."

"But the people do."

"Not they. By George! sir, one of the first men I saw as I limped down the street in a pair of confoundedly tight Hessians Hobby made for me—punish my poor corns horribly. What with them and the stiff cravats a gentleman is forced to wear, life is unendurable. Ah! you don't study appearances at sea. Wish I could wear boots like those, Bayle."

"You were saying that you saw somebody."

"Ah, yes; to be sure I trailed off about my boots. Why I am getting into—lose leeway, sir. But I remember now. First man I saw was old Gemp, sitting like a figure-head, outside his cottage. Regular old mummy; but he seemed to come to life as soon as he heard a step, and turned his eyes towards me, looking as inquisitive as a monkey. Poor old boy: almost paralysed, and has to be lifted in and out. I often wonder what was the use of such men as he."

Christie Bayle's broad shoulders gave a twitch, and he looked up in an amused manner.

"Ah, well, what was the use of me, if you like. Doctor looked well, so does the old lady. Said they were up here three months ago, and enjoyed their visit. I say, Bayle, you'd better have the living. Mrs. Hallam might be disposed to go down to the old home again, eh?"

A quiet, stern look that made Christie Bayle appear ten years older, and changed him in aspect from one of thirty-five to nearer fifty, came over his face.

"No," he said, "I am sure Mrs. Hallam would never go back to Castor to live."

"Humph! Well, you know best. I say, Bayle, does she want help? It is such a delicate matter to offer it to her, especially in our relative positions."

"No, I am sure she does not," said Bayle quickly; "you would hurt her feelings by the offer."

Sir Gordon nodded, and sat gazing at one

particular flower in the carpet of his host's simply-furnished room, which he poked and scraped with his stick.

"How was Thickens?"

"Just the same; not altered a bit, unless it is to look more drab. Mrs. Thickens—that woman's an impostor, sir. She has grown younger since she married."

"Yes, she astonished me," said Bayle, smiling with satisfaction that his visitor had gone off dangerously painful ground, "plump, pleasant little body."

"With fat filling up her creases and covering up her holes and corners!" cried Sir Gordon, interrupting. "Confound it all, sir, I could never get the fat to come and fill up my creases and furrows. I saw her standing there, feeding Thickens's fish, smiling at them, and as happy as the day was long. Deal happier than when she was Miss Heathery. Everybody seems to be happy but me. I never am."

"See the Trampleasures?" said Bayle.

"Oh, yes, saw them, and heard them, too. Regular ornament to the bank, Trampleasure. People believe in him, though. Talks to them, and asks the farmers in to lunch. If he were not there, they'd think Dixons' was going. Poor old Dixon, how cut up he was over that Hallam business! It killed him, Bayle."

"Think so?" said Bayle, with his brow wrinkling.

"Sure of it, sir. It was not the money he cared for; it was the principle of the thing. Dixons' name had stood so high in the town and neighbourhood. There was a mystery, too, about the matter that was never cleared up."

"Hadn't we better change the subject, Sir Gordon?"

"No, sir," said Bayle's visitor curtly. "Garrulity is one of the privileges of old age. We old men don't get many privileges; let me enjoy that. I like to gossip about old times to some one who understands them as you do. If you don't like to hear me, say so, and I will go."

"No, no, pray stay, and I'll go down with you to the club."

"Hah! That's right. Well, as I was saying, there was a bit of mystery about that which worried poor old Dixon terribly. We never could make out what that scoundrel had done with the money. He and that other fellow, Crellock, could easily get rid of a good deal; but there was a large sum unaccounted for, I'm sure."

There was a pause here, and Sir Gordon

seemed to be hesitating about saying something that was on his mind.

"You wanted to say something," said Bayle at last.

"Well, yes, I was going to say you see a deal of the widow, don't you?"

"Widow? What widow? Oh, Mrs. Richardson. Poor thing, yes; but how did you know I took an interest in her? Hah! there, you may give me ten pounds for her."

"Mrs. Richardson! Pooh! I mean Mrs. Hallam."

"Widow?"

"Well, yes; what else is she? Husband transported for life. The man is socially dead."

"You do not know Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle gravely.

"Do you think she believes in him still?"

"With her whole heart. He is to her the injured man, a victim to a legal error, and she lives in the belief which she has taught her child, that some day her martyr's reputation will be cleared, and that he will take his place among his fellow-men once more."

"I wish I could think so too, for her sake," said Sir Gordon, after a pause.

"Amen!"

"But, Bayle, you—you don't ever think there was any mistake?"

"It is always painful to me to speak of a man whom I never could esteem."

"But to me, man—to me."

"For twelve years, Sir Gordon, I have had the face of that loving, trusting woman before me, steadfast in her faith in the husband she loves."

"Loves?"

"As truly as on the day she took him first to her heart."

"But do you think that she really still believes him innocent—I mean in her heart of hearts?"

"In her heart of hearts; and so does her child. And I say that this is the one painful part of our intimacy. It has been the cause of coldness and even distant treatment at times."

"But she seemed to have exonerated you from all credit in his arrest."

"Oh, yes, long ago. She attributes all to the accident of chance and the treachery of the man Crellock."

"Who was only Hallam's tool."

"Exactly. But she forgives me, believing me her truest friend."

"And rightly. The man who saved the wreck of her husband's property at the time of the—er—well, accident, Bayle, eh?"

"Shall we change the subject?" said Bayle coldly.

"No; I like to talk about poor Mrs. Hallam, and I will call and see her soon."

"But you will be careful," said Bayle earnestly. "Of course your presence will bring back sad memories. Do not pain her by any allusion to Hallam."

"I will take care. But look here, Bayle; you did come up here to be near them?"

"Certainly I did. Why, Sir Gordon, that child seemed to be part of my life, and when Mrs. Hallam had that long illness the little thing came to me as if I were her father. She had always liked me, and that liking has grown."

"You educated her?"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose so," said Bayle, looking up with a frank, ingenuous smile. "We have always read together, and painted, and then there was the music of an evening. You must hear her sing!"

"Hah! I should like to, Bayle. Perhaps I shall. Don't think me impertinent, but you see I am so much away in my yacht. Selfish old fellow, you know; want to live as long as I can, and I think I shall live longer if I go to sea than if I stroll idling about Castor or in London at my club. I've asked you a lot of questions. I suppose you have done all the teaching?"

"Oh dear no; her mother has had a large share in the child's education."

"Humph! when I called her child, I was snubbed."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bayle frankly. "Well, I've grown to think of her as my child, and she looks upon me almost as she might upon her father."

"Humph!" said Sir Gordon rather gruffly. "I half expected, every time I came back, to find you married, Bayle."

"Find me married?" said Bayle, laughing. "My dear sir, I am less likely to marry than you. Confirmed old bachelor, and I am very happy—happier than I deserve to be."

"Don't cant, Bayle," cried Sir Gordon peevishly. "I've always liked you because you never threw sentiments of that kind at me. Don't begin now. Well, there, I must trot. You are going to dine with me?"

"Yes; I've promised."

"Ah," said Sir Gordon, looking at Bayle almost enviously, "you always were quite a boy. What a physique you have! Why, man, you don't look thirty-five."

"I'm very sorry."

"Sorry, man?"

"Well, then, I'm very glad."

"Bah! There, put on your hat, and come down at once. I hate this part of London."

"And I have grown to love it. 'The mind is its own place'—You know the rest."

"Oh, yes, I know the rest," said Sir Gordon gruffly. "Come along. Where can we get a coach?"

"I'll show you," said Bayle, taking his arm and leading him through two or three streets, to stop at last in a quiet, new-looking square close by St. John Street.

"Well, what's the matter?" said Sir Gordon testily.

"Nothing, I hope, only I must make a call here before I go down with you."

"For goodness' sake, make haste, then, man! My boots are torturing me!"

"Come in, then, and sit down," said Bayle, smiling, as a stern-looking woman opened the door, and curtsied familiarly.

"I must either do that or sit upon the step," said the old gentleman peevishly; and he followed Bayle into the passage, and then into the parlour, for he seemed quite at home.

Then a change came over Sir Gordon's face, for Bayle said quietly—

"My dear Mrs. Hallam, I have brought an old friend."

CHAPTER II.—A PEEP BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

THE meeting was painful, for Millicent Hallam and Sir Gordon had never stood face to face since that day when he had himself opened the door for her on the occasion of her appeal to him on her husband's behalf.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Sir Gordon. "I did not know this."

"It is a surprise, too, for me," said Mrs. Hallam, as she coloured slightly, and then turned pale; but in a moment or two she was calm and composed—a handsome, grave-looking lady, with unlined face, but with silvery streaks running through her abundant hair.

"You—you should have told me, Bayle," said Sir Gordon testily.

"And spoil my surprise," said Bayle.

"I am very, very glad to see you, Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Hallam in a grave, sweet way, once more thoroughly mistress of her emotions. "Julie, my dear, you hardly recollect our visitor?"

"Yes, oh yes!" said a tall, graceful girl, coming forward to place her hand in Sir Gordon's. "I seem to see you back as if through a mist; but—oh, yes, I remember!" She hesitated and blushed and laughed. "You one day—you brought me a great doll."

Sir Gordon had taken both her hands, letting fall hat and stick. He tried to speak, but the words would not come. His lip quivered, his face twitched, and Julia felt his hands tremble, as she looked at him with naïve wonder, unable to comprehend his emotion.

He raised her hand as if to press it to his lips, but let it fall, and, drawing her towards him, kissed her tenderly on the brow, ending by retaining her hand in both of his.

"An old man's kiss, my child," he said, gazing at her wistfully. "You remind me so of one I loved—twenty years ago, my dear, and before you were born." He looked round from one to the other, as if apologising for his emotion. "My dear Bayle," he said at last, recovering himself, and speaking with chivalrous courtesy, "I am in your debt for introducing me to our young friend. Mrs. Hallam, you will let me come and see you?"

Millicent hesitated, and there was a curious haughty, defiant look in her eyes as she gazed at her visitor, as if at bay.

"I am sure Mrs. Hallam will be glad to see a very dear old friend of mine," said Bayle quietly; and as he spoke Mrs. Hallam glanced at him. Her eyes softened, and she held out her hand to her visitor.

"Always glad to see you," she said.

Sir Gordon smiled and looked pleased, as he glanced round the pretty, simply-furnished room, with tokens of the busy hands that adorned it on every side. Here was Julia's drawing, there her embroidery; they were her flowers in the window; the bird that twittered so sweetly from its cage hung on the shutter, and the piano, were hers too. There was only one jarring note in the whole interior, and that was the portrait in oils of the handsome man, in the most prominent place in the room—a picture that at one corner was a little blistered, as if by fire, and whose eyes seemed to be watching the visitor wherever he turned.

There were many painful memories revived during that visit, but on the whole it was pleasant, and with the agony of the past softened by time, Millicent Hallam found herself speaking half reproachfully to Sir Gordon for not visiting her during all these years.

"Don't blame me," he said in reply; "I have always felt that there was a wish implied on your part that our acquaintance should cease as being too painful for both."

"Perhaps it was," she said with a sigh; "and I am to blame."

"Let us share it if there be any blame," said Sir Gordon, smiling, "and amend our ways. You must remember, though, that I have always kept up my friendship with the doctor whenever I have been at home, and I have always heard of your well-being, or——"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Hallam hastily, as if to check any allusion to assistance. "When I recovered from my serious illness I was anxious to leave Castor. I thought perhaps that my child's education—in London—and Mr. Bayle was very kind in helping me."

"He is a good friend," said Sir Gordon gravely.

"Friend!" cried Mrs. Hallam, with her face full of animation, "he has been to me a brother. When I was in utter distress at that terrible time, he extricated my poor husband's money affairs from the miserable tangle in which they were left, and by a wise management of the little remainder so invested it that there was a sufficiency for Julia and me to live on in this simple manner."

"He did all this for you," said Sir Gordon drily.

"Yes, and would have placed his purse at my disposal, but that he saw how painful such an offer would have been."

"Of course," said Sir Gordon, "most painful."

"I often fear that I did wrong in allowing him to leave Castor; but he has done so much good here that I tell myself all was for the best."

And so the conversation rippled on, Julia sometimes being drawn in, and now and then Bayle throwing in a word; but on the whole simply looking on, an interested spectator, who was appealed to now and then as if he had been the brother of one, the uncle of the other.

At last Sir Gordon rose to go, taking quite a lingering farewell of Julia, at whom he gazed again in the same wistful manner.

"Good-bye," he said, smiling tenderly at her, while holding her little hand in his. "I shall come again—soon—yes, soon; but not to bring you a doll."

There was a jingle of a tiny bell as they closed the door, and the hard-faced woman had to squeeze by the visitors to get to the door, the passage was so small.

Sir Gordon stared hard, and then placed his large square glass to his eye.

"To be sure—yes. It's you," he said. "The old maid, Thisbe——"

"Some people can't help being old maids," said that lady tartly, "and some wants to be, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Gordon with grave politeness. "You mistake me. I meant the maid who used to be with Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell in the old times. To be sure, yes, and with Mrs. Hallam afterwards."

"Yes, Sir Gordon."

"So you've kept to your mistress all through—I mean you have stayed."

"Yes, sir, of course I have."

"And been one of the truest and best of friends," said Bayle, smiling.

Thisbe gave herself a jerk and glanced over her shoulder, as though to see if the way was clear for her escape, should she have to run and avoid this praise.

"Ah, yes," said Sir Gordon, looking at her still very thoughtfully. "To be sure," he continued, in quite dreamy tones, "I had almost forgotten. Tom Porter wants to marry you."

"Then Tom Porter must——"

"Tchut! tchut! tchut! woman; don't talk like that. Make your hay while the sun shines. Good fellow, Tom. Obstinate, but solid, and careful. Come, Bayle."

"Ah," he sighed, as they walked slowly down the street.

"Gather your rosebuds while you may
Old Time is still a-flying."

"You and I have never been rosebud-gatherers, Christie Bayle. It will give us the better opportunity for watching those who are. Bayle, old friend, we must look out: there must be no handsome, plausible scoundrel to come and win that fragrant little bloom—we must not have another sweet young life wrecked—like hers."

He made a backward motion with his head towards the house they had left.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Bayle anxiously; and his countenance was full of wonder and dismay.

"You must look out, sir, look out," said Sir Gordon, thumping his cane.

"But she is a mere girl yet."

"Bah! man; tush! man. It is your mere girls who form these fancies. What have you been about?"

"About?" said Bayle. "About? I don't know. I have thought of such a thing as my little pupil forming an attachment, but it seemed to be a thing of the far-distant future."

Sir Gordon shook his head.

"There is nothing then now?"

"Oh, absurd! Why, she is only eighteen."

"Eighteen!" said Sir Gordon sharply; "and at eighteen girls are only cutting their teeth and wearing pinafores, eh? Go to, blind mole of a parson! why, millions of them lose their names long before that. Come, come, man, wake up! A pretty watchman of that fair sweet tower you are, to have never so much as thought of the enemy when already he may be making his approach."

Bayle turned to him, looking half-bewildered, but the look passed off.

"No," he said firmly; "the enemy is not in sight yet, and you shall not have cause to speak to me again like that."

"That's right, Bayle; that's right. Dear, dear," he sighed as they walked slowly on towards the city, "how time does gallop on! It seems just one step from Millicent Luttrell's girlhood to that of her child. Yes, yes, yes: these young people increase, and grow so rapidly that they fill up the world and shoulder us old folk over the edge."

"Unless they have yachts," said Bayle, smiling. "Plenty of room at sea."

"Ah, to be sure; that reminds me. I have been at sea. Man, man, what an impostor you are."

"I!" exclaimed Bayle, looking round at his companion in a startled manner.

"To be sure. Poor lady! She has been confiding to me while you were chatting with little Julia about the piano."

Bayle gave an angry stamp.

"And your careful management of the remains of her husband's property."

Bayle knit his brow and increased his pace.

"No, no," cried Sir Gordon, snatching at and taking his arm. "No running away from unpleasant truths, Christie Bayle. You paid the counsel for Hallam's defence, did you not?"

Bayle nodded shortly, and uttered an angry ejaculation.

"And there was not a shilling left when Hallam was gone?"

No answer.

"Come, come, speak. I am going to have the truth, my friend: priesthood and deception must not go hand in hand. Now then, did Hallam have any money?"

"If he had it would have been handed over to Dixons' bank," said Bayle sharply. "I should have seen it done."

"Hah! I thought so. Then look here, sir, you have been investing your money for

the benefit of that poor woman and her child."

No answer.

"Christie Bayle: do you love that woman still?"

"Sir Gordon! No; I will not be angry. Yes; as a man might love a dear sister smitten by affliction; and her child as if she were my own."

"Hah! and you have had invested so much money—your own, for their benefit. Why have you done this?"

"I thought it was my duty towards the widow and fatherless in their affliction," said Bayle simply; and Sir Gordon turned and peered round in the brave, honest face at his side to find it slightly flushed, but ready to meet his gaze with fearless frankness.

"Ah," sighed Sir Gordon at last, "it was not fair."

"Not fair?" said Bayle wonderingly.

"No, sir. You might have let me do half."

CHAPTER III.—BY THE FIRE'S GLOW.

"WON'T you have the lamp lit, Miss Millicent?"

"No, Thisbe, not yet," said Mrs. Hallam, in a low, dreamy voice, and without a word the faithful follower of her mistress in trouble went softly out, closing the door, and leaving mother and daughter alone.

"She's got one of her fits on," mused Thisbe. "Ah, how it does come over me sometimes like a temptation—just about once a month ever since—to have one good go at her and tell her I told her so: that it was all what might be expected of wedding a handsome man. 'Didn't I warn you?' I could say. 'Didn't I tell you how it would be!' But no: I couldn't say a word to the poor dear, and her going on believing in the bad scamp as she does all these years. She's different to me. It's just for all the world like a temptation that comes over me, driving me like to speak, but I've kept my mouth shut all these years and I'm going to do it still."

Thisbe had reached her little brightly-kept kitchen, where she stood thoughtfully gazing at the fire, with one hand upon her hip, for some minutes.

Then a peculiar change came upon Thisbe's hard face. It seemed as if it had been washed over with something sweet, which softened it; then it suggested the idea that she was about to sneeze, and ended by a violent spasmodic twitch, quite a convulsion. Thisbe's body remained motionless, though her face was altered, and by degrees her

eyes, after brightening and sparkling, grew suffused and dreamy, as she gazed straight before her and seemed to be thinking very deeply. Her countenance was free from the spasm now, and as the candle shone upon it, it brought prominently into notice the fact that in her love of cleanliness Thisbe was not so particular as she might have been in the process of rinsing; for the fact was patent that she rubbed herself profusely with soap, and left enough upon her face after her ablutions to produce the effect of an elastic varnish or glaze.

Everything was very still, the only sounds being the dull wooden tick of the Dutch clock, and the drowsy chirp of an asthmatic cricket, which seemed to have wedged itself somewhere in a crack behind the grate, and to be bemoaning its inability to get out; while the clock ticked hoarsely, as if its life were a burden, and it were heartily sick of having that existence renewed by a nightly pulling up of the two black iron sausages that hung some distance below its fallow face.

Suddenly Thisbe walked sharply to the fire, seized the poker, and cleared the bottom bar. This done she replaced the poker, and planted one foot upon the fender to warm, and one hand upon the mantel-piece with so much inadvertence that she knocked down the tinder-box, and had to pick the flint and steel from out of the ashes with the brightly polished tongs.

"I don't know what's come to me," she said sharply, as soon as the tinder-box was replaced. "Think of her holding fast to him all these years, and training up my bairn to believe in him as if he was a noble martyr! My word, it's a curious thing for a woman to be taken like that with a man, and no matter what he does to be always believing him!"

Thisbe pursed up her lips, and twitched her toes up and down as they rested upon the fender, while she directed her conversation at the golden caverns of the fire.

"They say Gorringe the tailor used to beat his wife, but that woman always looked happy, and I've seen her smile on him as if there wasn't such another man in the world."

Just then the clock gave such a wheeze that Thisbe started and stared at it.

"Quite makes me nervous," she said, turning back to the fire. "What with the thinking and worry, and her keeping always in the same mind; oh my!"

She took her hand from the mantel-piece

to clap it upon its fellow as a sudden thought struck her, which made her look aghast.

"If he did!" she said after a pause. "And yet she expects it some day. Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! what weak, foolish trusting things women are! They take a fancy to a man, and then because you don't believe in him too, it's hoity-toity and never forgive me. Well, poor soul! perhaps it's all for the best. It may comfort her in her troubles. I wonder what Tom Porter looks like now," she said suddenly, and then looked sharply and guiltily round to see if her words had been heard. "I declare I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said, and rushing at some work, she plumped herself down and began to stitch with all her might.

In the little parlour all was very quiet, save the occasional footstep in the street. The blind was not drawn down, and the faint light from outside mingled with the glow from the fire, which threw up the face of Julia Hallam, where she sat dreamily gazing at the embers, against the dark transparency, giving her the look of a painting by one of the Italian masters of the past.

At the old-fashioned square piano her mother was seated with her hands resting upon the keys, which were silent. Farther distant from the fire her figure, graceful still, seemed melting into a deeper transparency, one which grew deeper and deeper till in the corner of the room and right and left of the fireplace the shadows seemed to be almost solid, till the accustomed eye detected the various objects that furnished the room, melting as it were away.

Only on one spot did there seem a discordant note in the general harmony of the softly glowing scene, and that was where the rays from a newly-lighted street-lamp shone straight upon the wall and across the picture of Robert Hallam, cutting it strangely asunder, and giving to the upper portion of the face a weird and almost ghastly look.

Thisbe's steps had died out and her kitchen door had closed, but the musings of the two women had been interrupted and did not go back to their former current.

All at once, soft as a memory of the by-gone, the notes of the piano began to sound, and Julia changed her position, resting one arm upon the chair by her side and listening intently to a dreamy old melody that brought back to her the drawing-room in the old house at Castor—a handsomely-furnished low-ceiled room with deep window-seat, on whose cushion she had often knelt to watch

the passing vehicles while her mother played that very tune in the half light.

So dreamy, so softened, as if mingled there with a strange sadness. Now just as it was then, one of the vivid memories of childhood, "Weber's last waltz," an air so sweet, so full of melancholy, that it seems wondrous that our parents could have danced to its strains, till we recall the doleful minor music of minuet, coranto, and saraband. Dancing must have been a serious matter in those days.

Soft and sweet, chord after chord, each laden with its memory to Julia Hallam.

Her mother was playing that when her father came in hastily that night, and was so angry because there were no lights; that night when she stole away to Thisbe.

She was playing it too that afternoon when grandmamma Luttrell came and was in such low spirits, and would not tell the reason why. Again, that night when she shrank away from her father, and he flung her hands from him, and said that angry word.

Memory after memory came back from the past as Millicent Hallam played softly on, making her child's face lustrous, eyes grow more dreamy, the curved neck bend lower, and the tears begin to gather, till, with quite a start, the young girl raised her head and saw the rays from the gas-lamp shining across the picture beyond her mother's dimly-seen profile.

Julia rose to cross to her mother's side, and knelt down to pass her arms round the shapely waist and there rest.

"Go on playing," she said softly. "Now tell me about poor papa."

The notes of the old melody seemed to have an additional strain of melancholy as they floated softly through the room, sometimes almost dying away, while after waiting a few minutes they formed the accompaniment to the sad story of Millicent Hallam's love and faith, told for the hundredth time to her daughter.

For Millicent talked on without a tremor in her voice, every word distinct and firm, and yet softly sweet and full of tenderness, as it seemed to her that she was telling the story of a martyr's sufferings to his child.

"And all these years, and we have heard so little," sighed Julia. "Poor papa! Poor father!"

The music ceased as she spoke, but went on again as she paused.

"Waiting, my child; waiting as I wait, and as my child waits, for the time when he will be declared free, and will take his place again among honourable men."

"But, mother," said Julia, "could not Mr. Bayle or Sir Gordon have done more; petitioned the king, and pointed out this grievous wrong?"

"I could not ask Sir Gordon, my child. There were reasons why he could not act, but I did all that was possible year after year till, in my despair, I found that I must wait."

"How glad he must be of your letters!" said Julia suddenly.

Millicent Hallam sighed.

"I suppose he cannot write to us. Perhaps he feels that it would pain us. Mother, darling, was I an ill-conditioned, perverse child?"

"My Julia," said Mrs. Hallam, turning to her and drawing her closely to her breast, "what a question! No. Why do you ask?"

"Because I seem just to recollect myself shrinking away from papa as if I were sulky or obstinate. It was as if I was afraid of him."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Mrs. Hallam anxiously, "you were very young then, and your poor father was constrained, and troubled with many anxieties, which made him seem cold and distant. It was his great love for us, my child."

"Yes, dear mother, his great love for us—his misfortune."

"His misfortune," sighed Mrs. Hallam.

"But some day—when he returns—oh, mother! how we will love him, and make him happy! How we will force him to forget the troubles of the past!"

"My darling!" whispered Mrs. Hallam, pressing her fondly to her heart.

"Do you think papa had many enemies, then?"

"I used to think so, my child, but that feeling has passed away. I seem to see more clearly now that those who caused his condemnation were but the creatures of circumstances. It was the villain who seemed to be your father's evil genius caused all our woe. He made me shiver on the morning of our wedding, coming suddenly upon us as he did, as if he were angry with your father for being so happy."

"But could we not do something?" said Julia earnestly. "It seems to be so sad—year after year goes by, and we sit idle."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam with a sob; "but that is all we can do, my child—sit and wait, sit and wait, but keeping the home ready for our darling when he comes—the home here—and in our hearts."

"He is always there, mother," said Julia

in a low, sweet voice, "always. How I remember him, with his soft dark hair, and his dark eyes! I think I used to be a little afraid of him."

"Because he seemed stern, my child, that was all. You loved him very dearly."

"He shall see how I will love him when he returns, mother," she added after a pause. "Do you think he gives much thought to us?"

"Think, my darling! I know he prays day by day for the time when he may return. Ah!" she sighed to herself, "he reproached me once with teaching his child not to love him. He could not say so now."

"I wonder how long it will be?" said Julia thoughtfully. "Do you think he will be much changed?"

She glanced up at the picture.

"Changed, Julia?" said her mother, taking the sweet, earnest face between her hands, to shower down kisses upon it, kisses mingled with tears, "no, not in the least. It is twelve long years since, now; Heaven only knows how long to me! Years when, but for you, my darling, I should have sunk beneath my burden. I think I should have gone mad. In all those years you have been the link to bind me to life—to make me hope and strive and wait, and now I feel sometimes as if the reward were coming, as if this long penance were at an end. My love! my husband! come to me! oh, come!"

She uttered these last words with so wild and hysterical a cry that Julia was alarmed.

"Mother!" she whispered, "you are ill!"

"No, no, my child; it is only sometimes that I feel so deeply stirred. Your words about his being changed seemed to move me to the quick. He will not be changed; his hair will be grey, his face lined with the furrows of increasing age and care; but he himself—my dear husband, your loving father—will be at heart the same, and we shall welcome him back to a life of rest and peace."

"Yes, yes!" cried Julia, catching the infection of her mother's enthusiasm; "and it will be soon, will it not, mother—it will be soon?"

"Let us pray that it may, my child."

"But, mother, why do we not go to him?" Mrs. Hallam shivered slightly. "We should have been near him all these years, and we might have seen him. Oh, mother! if it had been only once! Why did you not go?" She rose from her knees, as if moved by her excitement. "Why, I would have gone a hundred times as far!" she said excitedly.

"No distance should have kept me from the husband that I loved."

"Julie! Julie! are you reproaching me?"

"Mother!" cried the girl, flinging herself upon her neck, "as if I could reproach you!"

"It would not be just, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, caressing the soft dark head, "for I have tried so hard."

"Yes, yes, I know, dear; and I have known ever since I have been old enough to think."

"In every letter I have sent I have prayed for his leave to come out and join him—that I might be near him, for I dared not take the responsibility upon myself with you."

"Mother!"

"If I had been alone in the world, Julia, I should have gone years upon years ago; but I felt that I should be committing a breach of trust to take his young, tender child all those thousands of miles across the sea, to a land whose society is wild, and often lawless."

"And so you asked papa to give his consent?"

"Every time I wrote to him, Julia—letters full of trust in the future, letters filled with the hope I did not feel. I begged him to give me his consent that I might come."

"And he has not replied, mother?"

"Not yet, my child. Innocent and guilty alike have a long probation to pass through."

"But he might have written, dear."

"How do we know that, Julia?" said Mrs. Hallam, with a shade of sternness in her voice. "I have studied the matter deeply from the reports and dispatches, and often the poor prisoners are sent far up the country as servants—almost slaves—to the settlers. In places sometimes where there are no fellow-creatures save the blacks for miles upon miles. No roads, Julie; no post, no means of communication."

"My poor father!" sighed Julia, sinking upon the carpet, half sitting, half kneeling, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her gaze directed up at the dimly seen picture on the wall.

"Yes, my child, I know all," said Mrs. Hallam. "I know him and his pride. Think of a man like him, innocent, and yet condemned; dragged from his home like a common felon, and forced to herd with criminals of the lowest class. Is it not natural that his heart should rebel against society, and that he should proudly make his stand upon his innocence, and wait in silent suffering for the day when the law shall say, 'Innocent

and injured man, come back from the desert. You have been deeply wronged'?"

"Yes, dear mother. Poor father! but not one letter in all these years!"

"Julia, my child, you pain me," cried Mrs. Hallam excitedly. "When you speak like that, your words seem to imply that he has had the power to send letter or message. He is your father—my husband. Child, you must learn to think of him with the same faith as I."

"Indeed I will, dear," cried Julia passionately; and then she started to her feet, for there was a quick, decided knock at the front door.

Mrs. Hallam hurriedly tried to compose her features; and as Thisbe's step was heard in the passage she drew in her breath, gazed wildly at the picture, just as Julia drew down the blind, and blotted it from her sight. Then the door was opened, and their visitor came in the centre of the glow shed by the passage light.

"Aha! in the dark?" cried Bayle, in his cheery voice, as Thisbe opened the door. "How I wish I had been born a lady! I always envy you that pleasant hour you spend in the half-light gazing into the fire."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Julia, in a pleasant silvery trill, as she hastily lit the lamp, Bayle watching her as the argand wick gradually burned round, and she put on the glass chimney, the light throwing up her handsome young face against the gloom till she lifted the great dome-shaped globe, which emitted a musical sound before being placed over the lamp, and throwing Julia's countenance once more into the shade.

"What are you laughing at?" said Bayle.

"At the idea of our Mr. Bayle being idle for an hour, sitting and thinking over the fire," said Julia playfully, to draw his attention from her mother's disturbed countenance.

The attempt was a failure, for Bayle saw clearly that something was wrong; that pain and suffering had been there before him; and he sighed as he asked himself what he could do more, in his unselfish way, to chase earthly cares from that quiet home.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DREADED MESSAGE.

THERE was quite a change in the little house in the Clerkenwell Square. Life had been very calm and peaceful there for Julia, though she made no friends. Any advances made by neighbours were gravely and coldly repelled by Mrs. Hallam.

Once, when she had felt injured by her

mother's refusal of an invitation for her to some young people's party, and had raised her eyes reproachfully to her face, Mrs. Hallam had taken her in her arms, kissing her tenderly.

"Not yet, my child; not yet," she whispered. "We must wait."

Julia coloured, and then turned pale, for she understood her mother's meaning. They stood aloof from ordinary society, and they possessed a secret.

But now, since Sir Gordon had been brought to the house by Christie Bayle, their life appeared to Julia to be changed. Her mother seemed less oppressed and sad during the evenings when Sir Gordon came, as he did now frequently. There was so much to listen to in the animated discussions between the banker and the clergyman; and as they discussed some political question with great animation, Julia leaned forward smiling and slightly flushed as Bayle, with all the force of a powerful orator, delivered his opinions, that were, as a rule, more sentimental than sound, more full of heart than logic.

He would always end with a fine peroration, from the force of habit; and Julia would clap her hands while Mrs. Hallam smiled.

"Wait a bit, my dear," Sir Gordon would say, nodding his head, "one story is good till the other is told."

Then, in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way, he would proceed to demolish Bayle's arguments one by one, battering them down till the structure crumbled into nothingness.

All this, too, was without effort. He simply drew logical conclusions, pointed out errors, showed what would be the consequences of following the clergyman's line of argument, and ended by giving Julia a little nod.

At the beginning the latter would feel annoyed, for her sympathies had all been with Bayle's plans; then some clever point would take her attention; her young reason would yield to the ingenuity of the highly-cultivated old man's attack; and finally she would mentally range herself upon his side, and reward him with plaudits from her white little hands, darting a triumphant look now at Bayle, as if saying, "There, we have won!"

Highly good-tempered were all these encounters; and they were always followed by another harmony, that of music, Bayle playing, as of old, to Millicent's accompaniment; more often to that of her child.

It was a calm and peaceful little English

home, that every day grew more attractive to the old club-lounger and lover of the sea.

He coloured slightly the first time Bayle came and found him there. The next time he nodded, as much as to say, "I thought I would run up." The next it seemed a matter of course that an easy-chair should be ready for him in one corner, where he took his place after pressing Mrs. Hallam's hand warmly, and drawing Julia to him to kiss her as if she were his child.

There was a delicacy, a display of tender reverence, that disarmed all suspicion of there being an undercurrent at work. "He is one of my oldest friends," Mrs. Hallam had said to herself; "he feels sympathy for me in my trouble, and he seems to love Julie with a father's love. Why should I estrange him? Why keep Julie from his society?"

It never entered into her mind that by the sentence of the law she was a divorced woman, free to marry again; a woman in the position of a widow, for her husband was socially dead. The seed of such an idea would have fallen upon utterly barren ground, and never have put forth germinating shoots.

No; there was the one thought ever present in her heart, that sooner or later her husband's innocence would be proclaimed, and then this terrible present would glide away, to be forgotten in the happiness to come.

Sir Gordon, with all his frank openness of manner, saw everything. The slightest word was weighed; each action was watched; and when he returned to his chambers in St. James's—a tiny suite of very close and dark rooms, which Tom Porter treated as if they were the cabins of a yacht—he would cast up the observations he had made.

"Bayle means the widow," he said to himself, as he sat alone; "yes, he means the widow. She is a widow. Well, he is a young man, and I am—well, an old fool."

Another night he was off upon the other tack.

"It's an insult to her," he said indignantly. "Bless her grand, true, sweet, innocent heart! she never thinks of him but as the good friend he is. She will never think of any one but that rascal. Good heavens! what a fate for her! What a woman to have won!"

The thought so moved him that he paced his little bedroom for some time uneasily.

"As for that fellow Bayle," he cried, "I see through him. He means to marry my sweet little flower Julie. Hah!"

He sat down smiling, as if there was a pleasant fragrance in the very thought of the

fair young girl that refreshed him, and sent him into a dreamy state full of visions of youth and innocence.

"I don't blame him," he said, after a pause. "I should do the same if I were his age. Yes," he said firmly, and as if to crush down some offered opposition, "even if she be a convict's daughter. It is not her fault. We do not mark out our own paths."

Again, another night, and Sir Gordon arrested himself several times over in the act of spoiling his carefully-trimmed nails by nibbling them—a somewhat painful operation—with his false teeth.

"It's time I died; I honestly believe it's time I died," he said testily. "When a man has grown to an age in which he spends his days suspecting the motives of his fellow-creatures—hah! of his best friends—it's time he died, for every year he lives makes him worse—gives him more to answer for."

"Poor Bayle!" he continued, shaking hands with himself; "he looks upon each of those two women as something holy."

"No," he mused, "that does not express it; there's something too fatherly, too brotherly. No, that's not it. Too friendly; I suppose that's it; but friendship seems such a weak, pitiful word to express his feelings towards them."

"Christie Bayle, my dear friend," he said aloud, as he rose and gazed straight before him, "I ask your pardon; and—Heaven helping me—I'll never suspect you again."

Sir Gordon seemed to feel better after this; and throwing himself into an easy-chair, he smiled, and looked wrinkled—as he had a way of looking in his dressing-room—and happy.

At first Sir Gordon had gone to the little house at Clerkenwell feeling out of his element, and with an uncomfortable sensation upon him that the neighbours—poor souls who were too much occupied with the solution of the problem of how to get a sufficiency of bread and meat to preserve life—were watching him.

After a second and third visit, this uneasiness wore off, and he found himself walking proudly up to the house, smiling at Thisbe, who only gave him a hard look in return, consequent upon his remark concerning Tom Porter.

Sometimes Christie Bayle would be there. As often not. But the chair was always ready for him, and Julia took his hat and stick.

It was generally after his dinner at the club that he found his way up there; and on these occasions Thisbe asked no questions. The

moment she had closed the door and shown the visitor into the little parlour she went down-stairs and put on the kettle.

As a rule, precisely at nine, Thisbe took up the supper-tray with its simple contents ; but on these evenings the supper-tray gave place to the tea-tray, and Sir Gordon sat for quite an hour sipping his tea and talking, Julia crossing now and then to fetch his cup.

One pleasant evening, when the chill of winter had passed away, and the few ragged trees in the square garden, washed less sooty than usual by the cold rains, were asserting that there was truth in the genial, soft breaths of air that came floating from the west and that it really was spring, Mrs. Hallam, Julia, and Sir Gordon were seated at tea in the little parlour with the window open, and the sound of the footsteps without coming in regular beats. From time to time Julia walked to the window to look out, turning her head aside to lay her cheek against the pane and gaze as far up the side of the square as she could, giving Sir Gordon a picture to watch, of which he seemed never to tire, as he sat with half-closed eyes. Then the girl returned to seat herself at the piano and softly play a few notes.

"That must be he," she said suddenly, and Sir Gordon's face twitched.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Hallam quietly ; "that is not his step."

Sir Gordon's hair seemed to move suddenly down towards his eyebrows, and his lips tightened, so did his eyelids, as he gave a sharp glance at mother and daughter. Then his conscience gave him a twinge, and he made a brave effort to master his unpleasant thoughts.

"Bayle is uncommonly late to-night, is he not ?" he said.

"He is late like this sometimes," said Mrs. Hallam. "He works very hard amongst the people, and attends parish meetings, where there may be long discussions."

"Humph, yes, so I suppose. I hope he does some good."

"Some good ?" cried Julia excitedly. "Oh, you don't know how much !"

"And you do, I suppose," said Sir Gordon in rather a constrained tone of voice.

"Oh, not a hundredth part," cried Julia naively ! "Oh, Sir Gordon, I wish you were half so good a man !"

"Julia !" exclaimed Mrs. Hallam.

"Upon my word, young—bless my soul ! I!—tut, tut!—hush ! hush ! Mrs. Hallam."

Sir Gordon began angrily, but his testiness was of a few moments' duration, and he

laughed at first in a forced, half-irritable manner, then more heartily, and ended by becoming quite overcome with mirth, and wiping the tears from his eyes while mother and daughter exchanged glances.

"And here have I been deferential, and treating you, Miss Julie, like a grown-up young lady, while all the time you are only one of those innocent little maidens who say unpleasant truths before elderly people."

"Oh, Sir Gordon," cried Julia, colouring deeply, "I am so sorry !"

"Oh, sorrow is no good after such a charge as that !" said Sir Gordon with mock severity. "So you and your mamma have determined that I am a very wicked old man, eh ?"

"Sir Gordon !" cried Julia, taking his hand. "Indeed, indeed, I only meant that Mr. Bayle was the best and kindest of friends."

"While I was the most testy, exacting, and——"

"Indeed, no," cried Julia with spirit ; "and I will not have you condemn yourself. Next to Mr. Bayle, mamma and I like you better than any one we know."

"Ah ! well, here is Bayle," said Sir Gordon, as a knock was heard ; and the curate appeared next minute in the doorway.

The lamp had been lit, and his face looked so serious and pale that Sir Gordon noticed the fact on the instant.

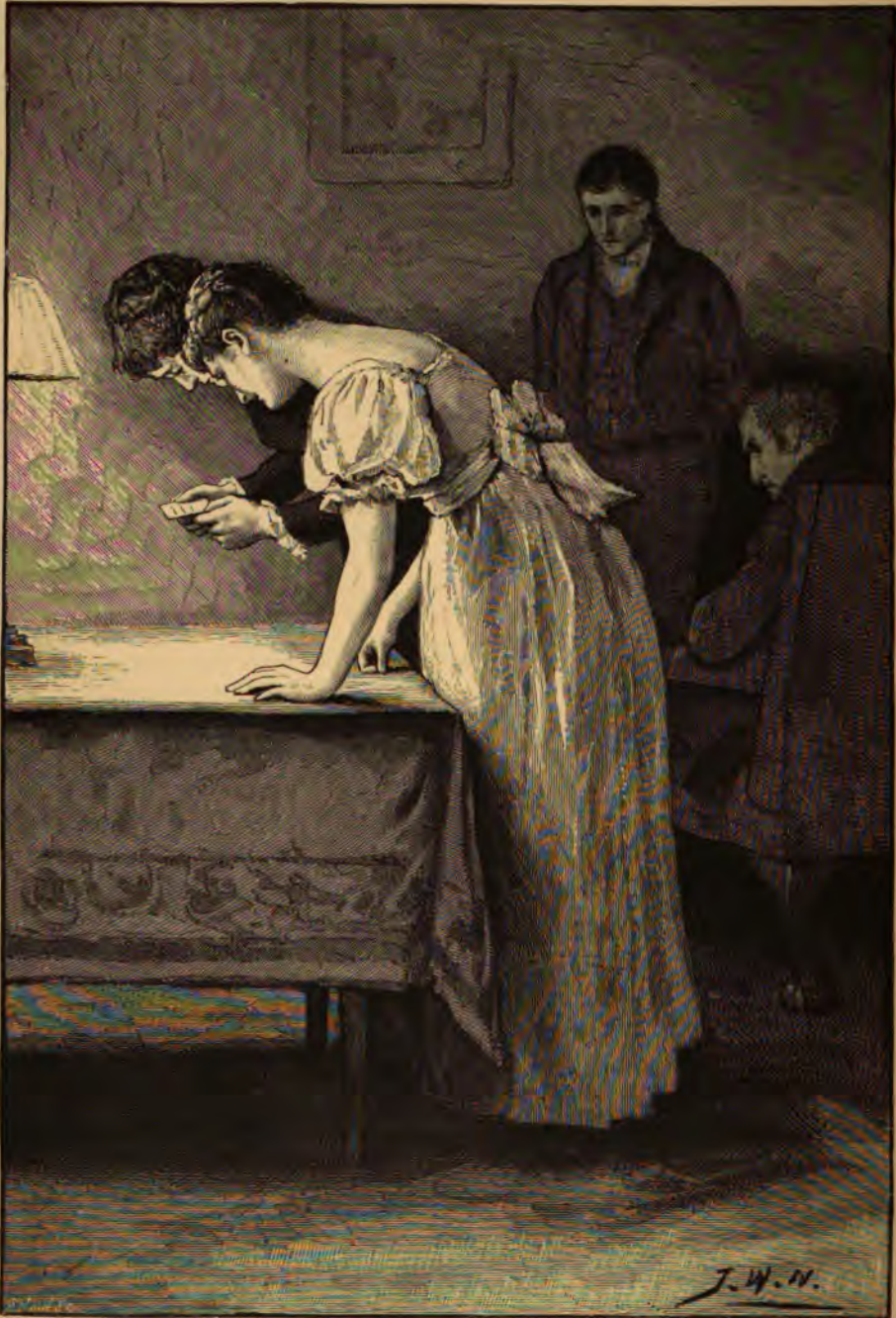
"Why, Bayle," he cried warmly, "how bad you look ! Not ill ?"

"Ill ? No ; oh, no !" he said quietly. "I have been detained by business."

Mrs. Hallam looked at him anxiously, for beneath the calm there was ever a strange state of excitement waiting to break forth. For years she had been living in the expectation that the next day some important news would come from her husband. Letters she had very few, but the postman's knock made her turn pale and place her hand to her heart, to check its wild beatings, while the coming of a stranger to the house had before now completely unnerved her. It was but natural, then, that she should become agitated by Bayle's manner. A thousand—ten thousand things might have happened to disturb her old friend, but in her half-hysterical state she could find but one cause—her own troubles ; and starting up with her hand on her breast she exclaimed,

"You have news for me !"

Christie Bayle had no more diplomatic power than a child, perhaps less than some ; and he sank back in his chair, with his cup half-raised to his lips, gazing at her in a



"Holding it tightly with both hands."

pained, appealing manner that excited her further.

"Yes," she cried, "you are keeping something back. You think I cannot bear it, but I can. Yes, I am strong. Have I not borne all this pain these twelve years? And do you think me a child that you treat me so? Speak, I say—speak!"

"My dear Mrs. Hallam," began Sir Gordon soothingly.

"Hush, sir!" cried the trembling woman. "Let him speak. Mr. Bayle, why do you torture me—you, my best friend? What have I done that you—ah! I see now. I—Julie—my child—he is dead!—he is dead!"

Julia had started to her side and caught her in her arms as she burst into a passionate wail, the first display of the wild despair in her heart that Bayle had seen for many years.

"No, no!" he cried, starting up and speaking with energy. "Mrs. Hallam, you are wrong. He is alive and well."

Millicent Hallam threw up her hands, clasped them together, reeled, and would have fallen but for her child's sustaining arms. It was as if a sudden vertigo had seized her, but it passed as quickly as it came. Years of suffering had strengthened as well as weakened, and the suffering woman's power of will was tremendous.

"I am better," she said in a hoarse, strangely altered voice. "Hush, Julie—I *can* bear it," she cried imperiously. "Tell me all. You have heard of my husband?"

"Yes, dear friend, yes; but be calm and you shall know all."

"I am calm."

Christie Bayle felt the cold dew stand upon his brow as he faced the pale, stern face before him. It did not seem the Millicent Hallam he knew, but one at enmity with him for holding back from her that which was her very life.

"Why do you not speak?" she said angrily; and she took a step towards him.

In a flash, as it were, Christie Bayle seemed to see into the future, and in that future he saw, as it were, the simple happy little home he had made for the woman he had once loved crumbling away into nothingness, the years of peace gone for ever, and a dark future of pain and misery usurping their place. The dew upon his brow grew heavier; and as Sir Gordon's eyes ranged from one to the other he could read that the anguish in the countenance of the man he had made his friend was as great as that suffered by the woman to whom, in the happy past, they had talked of love. He started as Bayle spoke;

his voice sounded so calm and emotionless; at times it was slightly husky, but it gained strength as he went on, its effect being, as he took Mrs. Hallam's hands, holding them as he spoke, to make her sink upon her knees at his feet, her anger gone, and the calm of his spirit seeming to influence her own.

"I hesitated to speak," he said, "until I had prepared you for what I had to say."

"Prepared?" she cried. "What have all these terrible years been but my probation?"

"Yes, I know," said Bayle, "but still I hesitated. Yes," he said quickly, "I have heard from Mr. Hallam. He has written to me—enclosing a letter for his wife."

As he spoke he took the letter from his breast, and Mrs. Hallam caught it, read the direction with swimming eyes.

"Julie!" she panted, starting to her feet, "read—read it—quickly—whisper, my child!"

She turned her back to the men, and held the letter beneath the lamp.

Julia stretched out her hand to take the letter, but her mother drew it quickly back, with an alarmed look at her child, holding it tightly with both hands the next moment to the lamp; and Julia read through her tears in a low quick voice:—

"Private and confidential.

"To Mrs. Robert Hallam, formerly Miss Millicent Luttrell, of King's Castor, in the county of Lincoln.

"N.B. If the lady to whom this letter is addressed be dead, it is to be returned unopened to

"Robert Hallam,

"9749, Nulla Nulla Prison,
"Port Jackson."

"Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle in his calm, clear voice, "Sir Gordon and I are going. You would like to be alone. Could you bear to see us again—say to-night, in an hour or two?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, catching his hand; "you will come back. There! you see I am calm now. Dear friends, make some excuse for me if I seem half mad."

Sir Gordon took the hand that Bayle dropped, and kissed it respectfully.

Bayle was holding Julia's.

"God help you both, and give you counsel," he whispered, half speaking to himself. "Julie, you will help her now."

"Help her!" panted Julia. "Why, it is a time of joy, Mr. Bayle; and you don't seem glad."

"Glad!" he said in a low voice, looking

at her wistfully. "Heaven knows how I should rejoice if there were good news for both."

The next minute he and Sir Gordon were arm-in-arm walking about the square; for though Bayle had left the place intending to go to his own rooms, Mrs. Hallam's house seemed to possess an attraction for them both, and they stayed within sight of the quiet, modest little home.

CHAPTER V.—THE WIFE SPEAKS.

SIR GORDON was the first to break the silence, and his voice trembled with passion and excitement.

"The villain!" he said in an angry whisper. "How dare he write to her! She suffered, but it was a calm and patient suffering, softened by time. Now he has torn open the wound to make it bleed afresh, and it will never heal again."

"I have lived in an agonising dread of this night for the past ten years," said Bayle hoarsely.

"You?"

"Yes; I. Does it seem strange? I have seen her gradually growing more restful and happy in the love of her child. I have gone on loving that child as if she were my own. Was it not reasonable that I should dread the hour when that man might come and claim them once again?"

"But they are not his own," cried Sir Gordon. "The man is socially dead."

"To us and to the land," said Bayle; "but is the husband of her young love dead to the heart of such a woman as Millicent Hallam?"

"Luttrell, man; Luttrell," cried Sir Gordon excitedly; "don't utter his accursed name!"

"As Millicent Hallam," said Bayle gravely. "She is his wife. She will never change."

"She must be made to change," cried Sir Gordon, whose excitement and anger were in strong contrast to the calm, patient suffering of the man upon whose arm he hung heavily as they tramped on round and round the circular railings within the square. "It is monstrous that he should be allowed to disturb her peace, Bayle. Look here! Did you say that letter came enclosed to you?"

"Yes."

"Then—then you were a fool, man—a fool! You call yourself her friend—the friend of that sweet girl?"

"Their truest, best friend, I hope."

"You call yourself my friend," continued Sir Gordon, in the same angry unreasoning

way, "and yet you give them that letter! You should have sent it back to the scoundrel, marked dead. They are dead to him. Bayle, you were a fool."

"Do you think so?" he said, smiling and looking round at his companion. "My dear sir, is your Christianity at so low an ebb that you speak those words?"

"Now you are beginning to preach to excuse yourself."

"No," replied Bayle quietly. "I was only about to say, suppose these long years of suffering for his crime have changed that man; are we to say there is to be no ray of hope in his darkened life?"

"I can't argue with you, Bayle," cried Sir Gordon. "Forgive me. I grow old and easily excited. I called you a fool: I was the fool. It was misplaced. You are not very angry with me?"

"My dear old friend!"

"My dear boy!"

Sir Gordon's voice sounded strange, and something wonderfully like a sob was heard. Then for some time they paced on round and round the square, glancing at the illuminated window-blind, both longing to be back in the pleasant little room.

And now the same feeling that had troubled Bayle seemed to have made its way into Sir Gordon's breast. The little home, with its tokens of feminine taste and traces of mother and daughter everywhere, had grown to be so delightful an oasis in his desert life that he looked with dismay at the chance of losing it for ever.

He knew nothing yet, but that home seemed to be gliding away. He had not heard the letter read, but a strange horror of what it might contain made him shudder for what he knew; and as the future began to paint terrors without end, he suddenly nipped the arm of his silent, thoughtful companion.

"There! there!" he said, "we are thinking about ourselves, man."

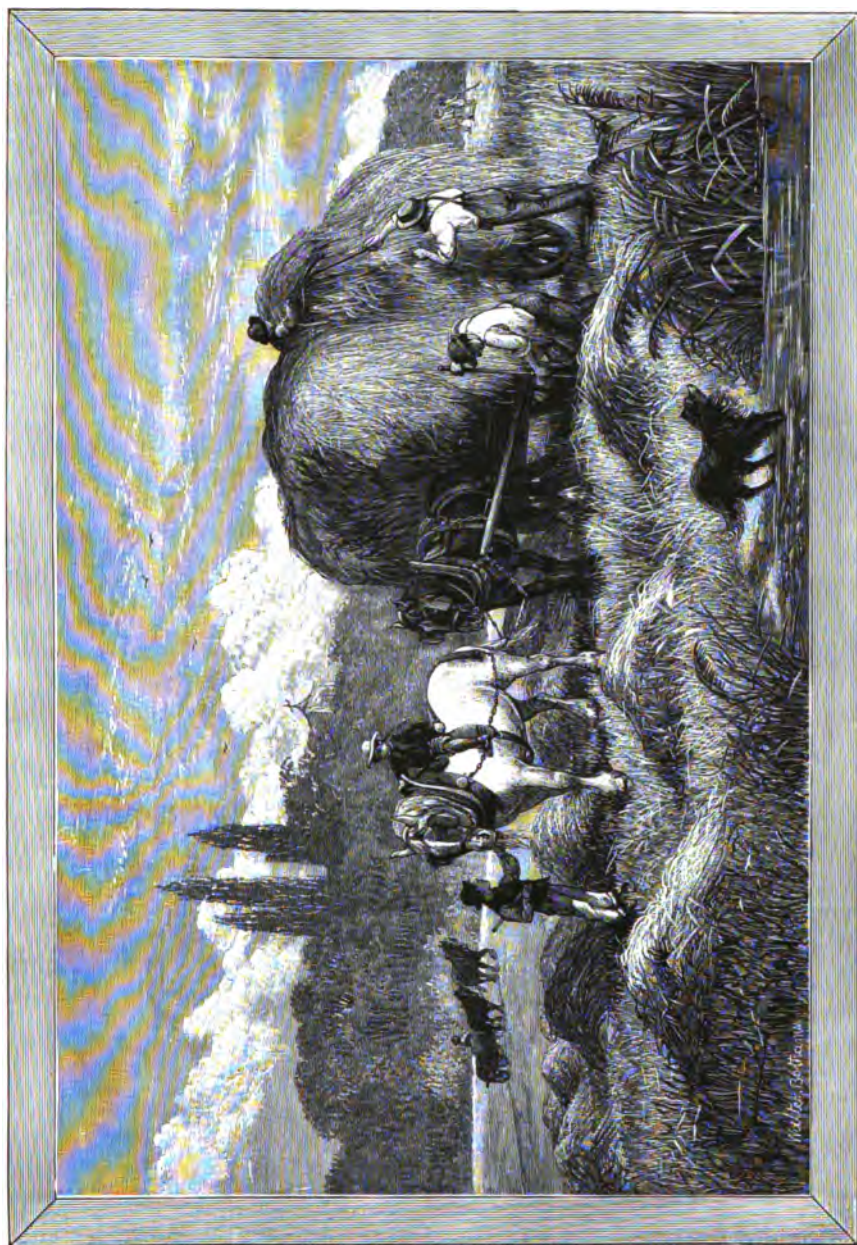
"No," said Bayle in a deep, sad voice, "I was thinking about them."

"It's my belief," said Sir Gordon half angrily, "that you have gone on all these years past thinking about them. But come! we must act. Tell me about the letter. Do you say he wrote to you?"

"Yes."

"But why to you? He must have hated you with all his heart."

"I believe he did," replied Bayle. "Even my love for his child was a grievance to him."



HAYMAKING. BY WALTER BOTHERS.

"And yet he wrote to you, enclosing the letter to his wife."

"I suppose he felt that I should not forsake them in their distress; and that whatever changes might have taken place, my whereabouts would be known—a clergyman being easily traced. See?"

He took another letter from his pocket, and stopped beneath a gas-lamp.

"No, no, I cannot read it by this light; tell me what he says," exclaimed Sir Gordon.

"The letter is directed to me at King's Castor, and above the direction Hallam has written, 'If Mr. Christie Bayle has left King's Castor the postal authorities are requested to find his address from the Clerical Directory.' The people at Castor of course knew my address, and sent it on."

"Yes, I see. Well, well, what does he say?"

Bayle read in a calm, clear voice the following letter:—

"Prison, Nulla Nulla,
"Port Jackson, Australia,
"Dec. 9, 18—

"SIR,—You and I were never friends, and in my trouble perhaps you were harder on me than you need have been. But I always believed you to be a true gentleman, and that you liked my wife and child. I can trust no one else but a clergyman, being a convict; but your profession must make you ready, like our chaplain here, to hear all our troubles, so I write to ask you to help me by placing the letter enclosed in my wife's hands, and in none other's. It is for her sight alone.

"I cannot offer to reward you for doing me this service, but I ask you to do a good turn to a suffering man, who has gone through a deal since you saw him.

"Please mark: the letter is to be given to my wife alone, or to my child. If they are both dead the letter is to be sent back to me unopened, as I tell you it contains private matters, only relating to my wife and me.

"I am, Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"ROBERT HALLAM, 9749.

"To the Rev. Christie Bayle,

"Curate of King's Castor."

"Why, the fellow seems to have grown vulgarised and coarse in style. That is not the sort of letter our old manager would have written."

"The handwriting is greatly changed too."

"Of course it is his?"

"Oh, yes; there is no doubt about it. The
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change is natural, if the life the poor wretches lead out there be as bad as I have heard."

"Hah! I don't suppose they find them feather beds, Bayle."

"If half I know be true," said Bayle indignantly, "the place is a horror. It is a scandal to our country and our boasted Christianity!"

"What, Botany Bay?"

"The whole region of the penal settlement."

"There, there, Bayle! you are too easy, man! You infect me. I shall begin to repent of my share in sending that fellow out of the country. Let's get back. We must have been out here an hour."

"An hour and a half," said Bayle, looking at his watch. "Yes; we will ask if they can see us to-night. We will not press it if they prefer to be alone."

This must have been in the passage, the door was opened so quickly. Her face was harder than ever, and the moustache, by the light of the candle upon the bracket, looked like a dark line drawn by a smutty finger. There was a defiant look, too, in her eyes; but it was evident that she had been crying, as she ushered the friends into the room where Mrs. Hallam was sitting, with Julia kneeling at her feet, and resting her arms upon her mother's knees.

Both rose as Bayle and Sir Gordon entered.

"We only wish to say good-night," said the latter apologetically.

"I have been expecting you both for some time," said Mrs. Hallam calmly; but it was plain to her friends that she was fighting hard to master her emotion.

Sir Gordon signed to Bayle to speak, but the latter remained closed of lip, and the silence became most painful.

Julia looked wistfully at her mother, whose face was transfigured by the joy that illumined it once more, though it had no reflection in her child's face, which was rendered sad by the traces of the tears that she had lately shed.

"Your husband is well?" said Bayle at last, for Mrs. Hallam was looking at him reproachfully.

"Yes, oh, yes, he is quite well," she said proudly; and something of her old feeling seemed to come back, for the eyes that looked from Sir Gordon to Bayle gave a defiant flash.

"Well?" she said impatiently, as if weary of waiting to be questioned.

"Do you wish your friends to know the contents of your husband's letter?"

"Yes!" she cried; "all that is not of a private nature."

Bayle paused again. Then his lips parted, but no words came; and Sir Gordon saw that there was a tender, yearning look in his eyes, a pitying expression in his face.

Then he seemed to recover himself. He moistened his feverish lips, and said in a low, pained voice—

"Then the term of his imprisonment is over? He is coming back?"

"My poor husband was sentenced to exile for life," said Mrs. Hallam, with her head erect, as if she were defending the reputation of a patriot.

"But he has received pardon?"

"No. The world is still unjust."

Sir Gordon met her eyes full of reproach; but as she gazed at him her features softened, and she took a step forward, and caught his hand.

"Forgive my bitterness," she said quickly. "It was all a grievous error. Only, now that this message has come from beyond the seas"—she unconsciously adopted the language used a short time before—"the old wound seems to be opened, and to bleed afresh."

Bayle had uttered a sigh of relief at her words respecting the injustice of the world, and he waited till Mrs. Hallam turned to him again.

"I wish to be plain—to speak as I should at another time, but I am too agitated, too much overcome with the great joy that has fallen to me at last—the joy for which I have prayed so long. At times it seems a dream—as if I were mocked by one of the visions that have haunted my nights; but I know it is true. I have his words here—here!"

She snatched the letter from her breast, her eyes sparkling and a feverish flush coming into her face, while, as she stood there in the softened light shed by the lamp, her lips apart, and a glint of her white teeth just seen, it seemed to both Bayle and Sir Gordon that the Millicent Luttrell of the old days was before them. Even the tones of her voice had lost their harshness, and sounded mellow and round.

They stood wondering and rapt, noticing the transformation, the animated way; the eager excitement, as of one longing to take action, after an enforced sealing up of every energy; and as they stood before her half-stunned in thought, she seemed to gather the force they lost, and mentally towered above them in her words.

"You ask me of his letter," she said at

last, half bitterly, but again fighting this bitterness down. "I will tell you what he says to me and to his child."

"Yes," said Bayle, almost mechanically; and in the same half-stunned way he looked from her to Julia, who stood with her hands clasped and hanging before her, wistful, troubled, and evidently in pain.

"Yes, Mrs. Hallam," said Sir Gordon, for she had sought his eyes as she released those of Bayle, "tell me what he says."

She paused with the letter in her hands, holding it pressed against her bosom. Then raising it slowly, she placed it against her lips, and remained silent for what seemed an interminable time.

At last she spoke, and there was a strange solemnity in her words as she said in less deep tones—

"It is the voice of the husband and father away beyond the wild seas, and there on the other side of the wide world, speaking to the wife and child he loves, and its essence is, 'I am weary of waiting—wife—child—I bid you come.'"

As she spoke, Bayle felt his legs tremble, and he involuntarily caught at a chair, tilting it forward and resting upon its back till, as she spoke the last words, he spasmodically snatched his hands from the chair, which fell with a heavy crash into the grate.

It was not noticed by any there, only by Thisbe, who ran to the door in alarm, as Bayle was speaking excitedly.

"No, no. It is impossible. You could not go!"

"My husband tells me," continued Mrs. Hallam, gazing now at Sir Gordon, who seemed to shrink and grow older of aspect than before—"that after such a long probation as his the Government have some compassion towards the poor exiles in their charge; that they extend certain privileges to them, and ameliorate their sufferings. That his wife and child would be allowed to see him, and that under certain restrictions he would be free so long as he did not attempt to leave the colony."

"It is too horrible!" groaned Sir Gordon to himself, as in imagination he saw the horrors of the penal settlement and this gently nurtured woman and her child landed there.

"I say it is impossible," said Bayle, again; and there was firmness and anger combined in his tones. "Mrs. Hallam, you must not think of it."

"Not think of it?" she said sternly.

"For your own sake: no."

"You say this to me, Christie Bayle?"

"Yes, to you; and if I must bring forward a stronger argument—for your child's sake you must not go."

A look that was half joy, half grief, flashed from Julia's eyes; and Mrs. Hallam looked to her, and took her hand firmly in her own.

"Will you tell me why, Mr. Bayle," she said sternly.

"I could not. I dare not," he said firmly. "Believe me though, when I tell you this. As your friend—as Julia's protector, almost foster-father—knowing what I do, I have mastered everything possible, from the Government minutes and dispatches, respecting the penal settlement out there. It is no place for two tender women. Mrs. Hallam, it is impossible for you to go."

"Again I ask you why?" said Mrs. Hallam sternly.

"I cannot—I dare not paint to you what you would have to go through," said Bayle almost fiercely.

"Mrs. Hallam," said Sir Gordon, coming to his aid; "what he says is right. Believe me too. You cannot, you must not go."

There was a pause for a few moments, and then Mrs. Hallam drew her child more closely to her side.

"You dare not paint the horrors that await us there, Christie Bayle," she then said in a softened tone. "There is no need. The recital would fall on barren ground.

The horrors suffered by the husband and father, his wife and child will gladly dare."

"You cannot. You shall not. For Heaven's sake pause!"

"When my husband bids me come? Dear friend, you do not know me yet," she said softly.

"But Mrs. Hallam, Millicent, my child!" cried Sir Gordon imploringly.

"I cannot listen to your appeals," she said in a grieved tone, and with the tears at last gushing from her aching eyes.

"Ah," cried Bayle excitedly, "she is giving way. Millicent Luttrell, for your own, for your child's sake, you will stay."

She rose up proudly once more.

"Millicent Hallam and her child will go."

Sir Gordon made an imploring movement.

"It is to obtain his release, Julie, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, in a tender voice, "the release of our long-suffering martyr. What say you? He calls to us from beyond the seas to come and help him, what must we do?"

Again there was a painful silence in that room, every breath seemed to be held till Julia said, in a low dreamy voice:

"Mother, we must go."

As she ended, a faint sigh escaped her lips, and she sank as if insensible upon her mother's breast.

"Yes," cried Millicent Hallam, gazing straight before her, "were the world a hundred times as wide."

THE HOPES, WISHES, AND NEEDS OF MANKIND A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.

JULY 4TH.

THE HOPES OF MANKIND A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

Read Isaiah xi. Heb. xi. 1—16.

THERE is a general, if indeed it is not a universal, unwillingness to believe that death is the end of life. It may be questioned whether any man can honestly interrogate his own being as to the prospect of existing after death, and not receive back the answer that the instinct is too strong to be set aside. There is something that rises up within us and refuses to submit to the sentence of death, and doggedly replies in the words of Horace: "Non omnis moriar"—I shall not altogether die. There is, and must

be, that which will survive. Now as this feeling, if it exists at all, exists in utter defiance of all visible experience and the assured knowledge of the certain, if slow, approach of death, it is the more remarkable as a fact, and as a fact demands to be accounted for and explained. Moreover, the instinct of existence after death receives some confirmation in the dread of death and the unwillingness to die, which are frequently found to accompany it. The verdict of Hamlet is the verdict of mankind, that "the dread of something after death puzzles the will and makes us rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Oftentimes death would be hailed as the messenger of relief, were it not for this dim misgiving that

there may be something worse than death behind it. There is no reason why we should shrink from death, if death were merely the termination of the ills of life, and not itself the introduction to a novel and unknown condition of existence. We may hesitate to class the instinct of life after death among the *hopes* of mankind, but there can be no doubt that that instinct is a very deep one, and sufficient to supply a firm and solid foundation for the offer of eternal life with which the Gospel of Christ comes to man. The race as a whole assuredly hopes for and believes in an existence after this life. So far as this hope is natural and inseparable from our very being, it certainly points us to something designed to satisfy it. An instinct so general may well be accepted as proof that there is that to vindicate and fulfil it, and if Christ comes with offers and promises that more than do so, His offers and promises derive some show of reality from the felt condition to which they are adapted.

But, again, it is, perhaps, not unfair to reckon among the hopes of mankind the attainment of perfection. The idea of perfection varies with the individual and the age, but the desire for change and reformation loses all its point and meaning if it may not be accepted as evidence of a yearning and struggle after perfection. The race is always congratulating itself on the advancement and progress it is continually able to register from one century to another, and from one generation to another. It feels profoundly conscious that this is the law of its existence, and it indulges the ardent hope that in times to come, however remote, it will be able to realise the dream of its ambition, a nearer approach to perfection in its moral, social, and political existence. But what is the meaning of these ardent desires, ever indulged and ever unfulfilled, if there is not something to justify and vindicate them? Are they doomed to ultimate and hopeless failure, or is there anything that can at once vindicate and satisfy them? Undoubtedly the noblest impulse that has ever been given to these innate aspirations of mankind, together with the highest promise of their eventual attainment, is in the kingdom of God that Christ proclaimed. The conception was an entirely new one, though the germ of the idea is to be found in the Old Testament, and it holds out at once the highest hopes to man, together with the surest guarantee of their ultimate and complete fulfilment. But undoubtedly if the kingdom of heaven as proclaimed by Christ is a delusion, then all the efforts and aspira-

tions of mankind after perfection are destined recurrently to disappointment and to failure.

JULY 11TH.

THE WISHES OF MANKIND A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

Read *Psalm* xc. *John* iv. 4-26.

If we regard the *wishes* of mankind as distinguished from its hopes, there can be no doubt that all men wish for happiness. One regards this thing as essential to happiness and another that, but all alike desire and wish for it. Whether or not, therefore, man has any right to expect to be happy, he has a natural and instinctive wish to be so, which it is vain to repress and useless to deride. Now Christ never spoke of happiness any more than He talked of glory, but he often spoke of life and of the promise of life; and in so doing the Lord showed His divine wisdom, for life in its fullest and highest condition must be life apart from all those defects and drawbacks which make men sigh for happiness, and it points us to the great truth that happiness does not consist in the things that are without us, but in the inward condition of the heart and mind. Consequently men are oftentimes quite wrong in seeking for happiness in some change of circumstances, and can only find it in possessing more of that inward condition which Christ calls life. In thus wishing for happiness men would wish for that which would be at once a cause as well as an effect, and consequently the pursuit of it would invariably be attended with success, and in seeking for life as a fixed and ideal condition they would find that happiness which is inseparable from and dependent on it. But surely if in endeavouring to withdraw men's minds from the vulgar pursuit of happiness Christ offered them that which contains the certain promise of it, we can only regard this as a proof both that He knew what was in man, and also knew how to deal with it. As life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, so life also is more than happiness, albeit the fullest life must also be the truest happiness. Consequently Christ's offer of life must be treated according to His power of fulfilling it, and not according to the intrinsic value of the offer itself, about which it is impossible that there should be any doubt. Life must be the highest gift, if only He who promises to give it can really do so. At all events, the high conception of the offer is no slight guarantee for the moral elevation of Him who made it.

Once more, absurd as it may seem to be, mankind is ever secretly wishing for the un-

attainable. If it is children only who cry for the moon, there are large numbers of grown-up children who indulge themselves in wishing for the impossible and the unattainable. Now, what does this tendency show but that there is a great chasm in man's nature which needs filling in some way? The tendency is undeniable, and even the repeated experience of its folly and inutility is insufficient wholly to extinguish the habit. When the actual is sombre and dull the imagination delights to dwell on the ideally possible, and to expatiate in its fairy labyrinths. What does this mean, and to what does it point us? Clearly to a capacity in man which the infinite only can fill, and which has the same right to demand to be satisfied as any other natural yearning or passion. Now, as far as I know, there is One, and One only, who has ever whispered to this yearning in language to which it could feel justified in listening; and He said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." We all know what it is to thirst, and we all know that we never drank of any earthly water which did not leave the thirst unslaked, and after which it did not return as fiercely as before; but Christ has told us of a thirst which shall simply be commensurate with the power to slake it, and that the power to slake it shall be co-ordinate with the desire to have it slaked. Instead, then, of violent contrast and inequality, of a gasping, feverish thirst, with nothing but a barren and arid expanse of sand all around, there shall be an equable and harmonious balance of desire and satisfaction, at once a deep longing for peace, and coupled therewith a peace as deep as the longing for it. To us, in our mixed and imperfect condition, this may seem synonymous only with monotony, but it is at least ideally preferable to the gnawing pain of infinite and unsatisfied desire. There are wishes of this nature the more painful because persistent, clamorous, and irrepressible. These must either be regarded as evidences of the imperfection of our nature, symptoms of moral disease, in which case they demand a remedy; or else they are tokens of something in that nature which requires to be dealt with and provided for; and there is nothing in the universe calculated to deal with or provide for them, unless it is to be found in the word of Christ. If that word is true the mystery is explained and the problem

solved, but if not it remains not only unexplained, but inexplicable—not only unsolved, but insoluble.

JULY 18TH.

THE WANTS OF MANKIND A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

Read Numbers xxi. 1-9. Matt. ix. 18-28.

There is something more considerable and urgent than even the wishes of mankind, namely, its *wants*. Now, the first and most pressing, I do not say the greatest, want of mankind is the victory over physical and material evil. Pain, sickness, accident, death are universally felt to be essentially evil; there may be elements of good under certain conditions mixed with them, but no one doubts that they are evils. It is impossible not to desire their alleviation, removal, extinction, but there is not the smallest ground for supposing they will ever be removed. Let the strides of science be never so continuous, never so gigantic, it is hopeless to eliminate disease. Cholera and scarlet fever still reign supreme in their terror-stricken and disastrous domains, even if small-pox has found an antagonist to dispute its sovereignty, but the most sanguine of the votaries of medical skill must decline to predict the time when disease shall have vanished at his touch, or at least must fail to gain any credence in doing so; and great and beneficent as are the triumphs of mechanical invention and its victories over material drawbacks, it is obviously impossible to banish accident from the category of physical evils. These things must always leave a vast area of unsupplied want in human nature, nor is it conceivable that human nature will ever be otherwise, for in that case it would cease to be human nature. The want, then, is not less permanent than real; it is inherent and characteristic. Is there any hope capable of dealing with this want? Christ when he was on earth was largely occupied with works of healing, which undoubtedly in individual cases adequately met the want, and those who accept His works in their literal significance cannot doubt that they were typical instances fraught with infinite promise for the race. But if so, then there is reasonable and valid hope that in the kingdom of God this want shall be fully dealt with.

But there is a greater want in mankind than that of the removal of physical and material evil, and that is the want of a remedy for moral evil. Great as are the physical wants and miseries of our race, there can be no question that they are largely due

to, and incalculably increased by, the presence and prevalence of moral evil. Think of the annals of crime and the terrible witness they bear to the existence of some radical defect in our nature that it is impossible to get rid of or to mend! And crime is but the index that points to the motion of the unseen works and mechanism within, and registers its character and its degree. The cause of crime is the taint of the nature. And in all ages this has been felt, and in every nation. The conscience of mankind pleads guilty to the charge of sin, as is evidenced by the ten thousand ways in which men have endeavoured to deal with sin, but always without adequate effect. I believe it to be characteristic of the Gospel alone as a system of religion, that it comes with the distinct promise and proclamation of the remission of sin; not framing a network of prescriptions whereby the forgiveness of sin may with difficulty be secured, but boldly declaring and venturing to affirm that sin is forgiven. Now if this is the distinctive mark of the Gospel among the religions of mankind, it presents, at all events, a very significant feature, and offers to supply a most pertinacious and oppressive want as nothing else has ever promised to do. It challenges, therefore, our approval, not upon its own merits, as a proposed remedy about which there can be no doubt, but rather upon its credentials and the degree of authority with which it appears to come. At least it is only too plain that human nature is defective and sinful, and stands in need of the kind of remedy which the Gospel of Christ offers to give.

Doubtless this fact alone is no proof that the Gospel of Christ is able to give it; but there are these two points to be borne in mind. First, that confessedly there is nothing else capable of dealing with this matter of sin, if the Gospel be not; for to say that sin is a necessary evil, or that it is part of the entire constitution of things, is simply to give up the contest, and not to conquer; and, secondly, not only is there a large body of persons who persist in maintaining that the Gospel has done everything for them, but also it is surely self-evident that after all there is a vast amount of good in action, effort and influence that is legitimately and directly traceable to the Gospel, and to nothing else. And if the professed triumph of the Gospel is its power over sin, we may thereby discern in the fitness of its adaptation to the felt wants of man in the matter of sin a very sufficient indication of its real and in-

trinsic character; and so the wants of mankind in this respect become a source of very strong testimony to the character of that which professes to deal with and supply them.

JULY 25TH.

MAN'S WANT OF A LEADER A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

Read Psalm lxxx. Heb. ii.

Mankind is in urgent need of a head, a leader and guide. It wants a living centre. Every effort of mankind at discovering such a head has repeatedly failed. The most recent attempt recalling the world-empires of ancient date was that of Napoleon, of whom it may be truly said that

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

The greatness of his rise was to be equalled only by the suddenness and completeness of his desperate fall. But his was only one of the many efforts that have been made from time to time towards universal dominion and the recognition of a common head. The effort was foredoomed to failure, because it was based upon conquest. The throne was to be founded in tyranny and blood. But none the less was the very effort only one indication more of the want which there is in humanity to rally round a recognised head. The same thing is partially seen when the world pays homage to its greatest minds—Shakespeare, Bacon, Dante, and the like. The admiration which the mere mention of these names calls forth is a proof of the tendency there is in mankind to idolise and adore the great—of the want there is of such greatness to bow down before and acknowledge.

But yet more is the want of a recognised leader, the universal want of mankind. At the present moment no feature is more fraught with perplexity and sadness than the sharp and desperate antagonism of opinions which subsists upon all topics alike, religious, social, moral, and political. Men are rootedly opposed to one another upon questions on which one would think there could not be room for any divergence of sentiment. And yet on opposite sides men of the most competent judgment are found eagerly ranging themselves with all the violence of partisans, with all the narrowness and bitterness of fanatics. What does this show but the felt want of a centre and bond of union? And the point of union which men want is one that shall be equally near and dear to those who are the most essentially opposite. The triumph of a majority, however great, cannot

fail to be irksome and galling to a minority, however large or however small, because what is victory to one is defeat to another; and defeat must ever be bitter and humiliating in all cases. What is wanted is a leader and guide, who shall command the suffrages of all, and in order to be this he must be sufficiently central to unite the interests and elicit the sympathies of all. But this is a want that, except on very rare occasions, is never realised, and then but partially as regards the entire race. There can, however, be no doubt that the conscience of the race bears witness to this want, and it is one which, over and over again, individuals have tried, but tried in vain, to satisfy. And as the want is universally felt we may infer it is one which is intended to be satisfied. But where shall we find a centre equally near to, and equally remote from, every man, unless it be in the Gospel idea of the Son of Man? and where shall we find a bond of union capable of binding together elements the most incoherent, the most volatile, and the most diverse, except that which is supplied by the kingdom of God, as sketched for us in the Old and New Testaments?

Nor is there any religion which has proposed this idea to man or offered to meet his wants in this respect except the religion of Jesus Christ. It has often been remarked that the Christ of the Gospels was of no nationality. By birth a Jew, He had none of the personal idiosyncrasies of the Jew, but was essentially the Son of Man, and in His death He was one with the criminals of Rome. In His nature then He laid His hand on the two most divergent and antagonistic types of men and touched humanity in its two extremes. In this way He became by faculty and qualification the meeting point of men the most opposite and dissimilar, and this because he supplied an antidote to the tainted element of self in every man. He lifted every man out of the self, and thus became a bond of union between man and his fellow-man, because each man felt that in the Son of Man he had acquired a brother, a deliverer, and a guide. But as no one has ever professed thus to meet man in his defect and need, there is no one who can compete with Christ in this endeavour, and, therefore, man's great want of a leader and guide when confronted with the person of Christ, is found to bear witness to Him, because He, in the universality of His character, has shown that He contemplated this defect and aspired to fill it. Again, there can be no question but that man wants that which the present

life and the present world cannot supply. Let a man's hold on the material advantages and appliances of life be never so complete, he feels by manifold and manifest experience that they fail to satisfy him. They serve rather to awake the cry of yearning hunger and to sharpen the pangs of inanition than to give the satisfaction which they seem to promise, and at all events the recollection of death cannot fail to dash with bitterness the sweetest and fullest cup of pleasure. The want of that which shall counteract this detriment and enable the heart to be proof against and indifferent to the prospect of dissolution, may truly be said to be the chiefest requisite of man's life, nor can it be regarded in any sense as a special or partial want. It is a want as universal as humanity itself. Is there anything to supply this want? I know of nothing outside the promises of Christ and His Gospel. Given the validity of those promises and the want is met, but take away those promises and nothing remains but the most hopeless blank—life in a very few cases made easy and comfortable for those who may be called to leave it suddenly at any moment, and certainly before long; and in the vast majority of cases a jaded, wearisome race, an unequal conflict with overwhelming forces, a hazardous game played at ruinous odds, with toil, misery, and want here, and at the last death without hope and without reward. No one can say that under such conditions life does not lack some terrible want, is not rendered worthless by some great defect. Was it intended to be so, or is there anything to turn the scale, to redress the balance, to throw some gleam of sunshine on the dreary future? Again, if the Gospel is true, there is Christ with His promise of the kingdom. "Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It is the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven. It is sown like a grain of mustard seed upon earth, it is destined to fill the world with its restful shade, its fragrant flowers, its luscious and life-giving fruit, so that the beasts of the field may dwell under its boughs and the birds of the air may lodge in its branches. To be sure, the hope is one which has been long deferred, and the knowledge of it still more restricted, and there is everything in human nature to belie, resist, neglect it, and its achievements are so insignificant compared with its failures, that too often it seems to be itself a failure; and yet we may safely say that there is no one, and never has been any one, who has fairly tried it, who has not

found it all and more than all that it claims to be. In every single separate case it has been found to be no failure, but the grandest and most complete fulfilment of the noblest hopes: it has turned the parched and burning desert of life into a garden of the Lord, it has carried the sweet waters of its life-giving streams into the dry recesses of the heart, and replaced the blank and awful waste of the future with the sunlit hills and purple valleys of the blest, already resonant with the hallelujahs of the redeemed and the triumphant shouts of a victorious army ransomed from the grave, and forgetful of the fear of death. If there were but one for whom it had done this, and done it in sober truth, it were well, because that one could not but be the earnest of many more, the first-fruits of a vast ingathering, an abundant harvest; but when those to whom it has brought life from the dead and hope out of the abyss of despair are to be counted by thousands and tens of thousands, yea, even by hundreds of thousands and by millions, it may fairly claim to be estimated not by its failures but by its success.

And to enhance the value of *this*, two points must be borne in mind. First, that in the case of the Christian hope its numbers and masses are to be computed, not as masses, but as a simple aggregate of individuals. You cannot make the mass Christian, but the spiritual edifice of the Lord's house must be reared up stone by stone; but when so regarded, its vast and magnificent proportions are such as to fill the mind with admiration and with awe. And secondly, it must ever be borne in mind that those only are competent judges of this hope who are themselves partakers of it. The richest variety of colours is spread in vain before the eyes of the blind, and the strong consolations of Christ can hardly be experienced, or therefore duly estimated, by those who reject Him. It were absurd to expect it otherwise.

The hopes, wishes, and needs of mankind then are a witness for Christ. They are not the only witnesses, but they are one. They distinctly bear witness to the room there is in humanity for such a person as Christ, shall I say for such a thing as the Christian hope. No one can say from what he knows of himself and his own needs and the needs of the race, that the provision made by Christ and offered in the Gospel is a thing superfluous—that it gives too much light or offers a hope which is not welcome, or proposes a remedy which is not wanted.

The conscience of mankind will rise up and deny it. The cry of bewilderment and agony from a thousand generations and a hundred lands, east, west, north, and south, emphatically proclaims the contrary. With one voice they say it is life, and fuller life, we want. Now Christ comes with the offer of life—life real, life essential, life eternal. How far He can fulfil His offer and make good His claims must depend upon other considerations and be established upon other proof. But there can be no question that the wants of humanity are a witness, if I may so say, to the opportuneness of His promise of life.

And there are just two remarks about it with which I will conclude. One is the method and nature of the promise. It is the promise of life through death. It goes down as deep as the defect of man's nature, and meets him there. It cannot go lower, but it goes as low; and in all the vast ocean of humanity there is no one drop of bitterness which it does not offer to sweeten. It is the *dying* Christ who says, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise," and it is the dying malefactor to whom He says it. He who offers life does not scorn to die nor shrink from dying. With His latest breath He gives away, as though it were His own by right, the kingdom of heaven, for a place in which the dying thief had asked. It is on His cross as from a throne that He stretches out His hands and gathers in the kingdoms of the whole world. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." It is His *method* of salvation that is so mighty to save. But, secondly, there is the condition of the promise, which is one of faith. The root-evil of man's estate is that he has lost faith in God, faith in his Father, faith in righteousness and truth, and faith in Heaven. It was the endeavour of Christ to awaken faith, to elicit faith, to encourage faith, to educate faith, to reward faith. This faith He endeavoured to centre in Himself. When He succeeded, the result was salvation. "Thy faith hath saved thee." When He failed, and He confessedly did fail at times, it was because the indispensable condition was not complied with. "He could do no mighty work because of their unbelief;" not because of any arbitrary limitation of power or will on His part, but because the individual refused to have supplied that essential defect of his nature which more than anything else bore witness to the need, and justified the wisdom, of Him who offered salvation upon faith.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—"THAT FAST FRIEND SLEEPS."

"Surely when light of Heaven makes all things plain
Love will grow plain with all its mysteries."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

TO have learnt to dread a long, fair time of peace is a sufficient sign that the iron has entered into your soul and deeply.

But the dread is not learnt easily, nor soon. Through long pain and disappointment there is amazement, with an underlying belief that this sad experience is exceptional, and must pass, leaving you with a life yet to be lived on favourable terms. But the years change all that; and you come to welcome the little fair spaces and times of peace with a trembling in your gratitude. After so much storm the calm seems unnatural; and you learn to pray that there be nothing ominous in its brooding.

Dorigen was far from having learnt this sad lesson when that last winter's peace fell upon her at St. Dunstan's; falling so softly, so sweetly, so brightly, that the days passed as if each one were a graceful idyllic poem, or brief drama to be acted and spoken with all leisurely touches of beauty, all fair accessories that art or music might supply. The poetry that was in the atmosphere made the outer world seem crude and cold and undesirable. That Lancelot Wilderslowe was there, living out his love-poem rather than speaking it, or writing it, contributed greatly to the grace and depth of the time.

He was following Lady Anna's advice, and waiting with a faithful and emphatic patience. All he did or said had emphasis in it, love's own unmistakable emphasis; a thing to lift the commonest life above its commonness, and to lend a new beauty to a life not common at all. It is the loveless life that is low and mean. Having nothing to rise by, it falls inevitably.

Human love holds out its hands, and lifts you a little way, nay, a long way. Then, often it leaves you, and the Love that passes human love comes down and finds you in the dark.

Though Dorigen was thus living in an environment of love and friendship, and the finest kindness, her own deeper emotions were lying very still. Lancelot did not touch them, or move them. The one who

alone might have touched them was not there.

But of late Dorigen had heard more of Thorsgrif and of Michael Salvain than she had done before. A strange thing had come to pass in the ending of the year, at least it seemed strange to the few who could comprehend the details lying behind.

It had all been brought about very suddenly. Some three months after Mr. Fairfax's death, Ermengarde Fairfax had found herself with her two young children in an absolute strait for the means of life; and in an agony of reluctance and distress she had accepted Mrs. Salvain's offer of a home for herself and her little ones. To go back to her aunt's house in the ravine at Thorsgrif was to go down with Fortune's wheel indeed! But there was no alternative; and the wheel might go up again, even though it revolved about the homestead of her cousin, the Alum Master.

It was not possible that a woman still so young, so clever, so beautiful, should lose faith in her destiny. She still clung to the skirt of every chance to which she might cling by means of pen-and-ink and the daily post. She wrote bright, full, one might almost say fascinating letters; always seeming to know exactly the kind of thing you would care to have said to you in every event of life that might come in your way. She never wearied you. To see her delicate, facile handwriting was to be able to make sure of a gratification.

She wrote regularly to Lady Anna Wilderslowe, though it must be confessed that her reward was often meagre; letter-writing was not among Lady Anna's gifts. But Mrs. Fairfax had a pretty and touching way of professing gratitude, and never even hinted at disappointment. The sole delight left her in life, she said, was to receive a letter from a friend, and at once sit down to answer it out of that fuller heart and brain we all of us possess in the first fresh moment after reading a letter that has given either pain or pleasure.

So it was that all manner of little scraps of news concerning Thorsgrif and Hild's Haven came to St. Dunstan's. Many of these were purposely intended for Dorigen, and brought back the old life, the old place, the old hopes and thoughts and wishes in a

way that seemed wonderful at times ; and now and then wrought a passionate longing in the girl's heart to stand once more on the Abbey cliff with her hand in her father's, as she had stood when she was a little child, and when she had wept because of her straitened vision, the result of an unregenerate heart and life. Ah, how it all came back again, with the sunshine, and the sound of the bells in the old church tower, and the flight of the gulls, and the sparkling of the sapphire sea ! But she kept the vision and the longing in silence. Instinctively she feared to give any sign of being disturbed by aught in Mrs. Fairfax's letters.

Yet one morning a piece of news came that caused a sadness too great to be hidden. "My cousin Michael says that Miss Gower will feel it greatly," Mrs. Fairfax wrote ; going on to tell how the Rector of Hild's Haven had gone somewhat suddenly to his rest. She wrote kindly, feelingly, with touching allusions to her own bereavement ; and Lady Anna read the letter aloud to the end ; not quite perceiving how her one listener had grown pale, being moved and grieved, but less deeply far than she would have been if she could have foreseen all that the loss of that one friend should come to mean for her in later days. None ever took his place so far as she was concerned ; for none could have his early knowledge of her, his far-seeing insight, his unstinted faith, his power of generous encouragement. Michael Salvain was right, the loss was a great one.

It is trite, but certainly true, that misfortunes seldom come singly. Only a few days after Mrs. Fairfax's letter there came one from John Gower that was quite as saddening, and infinitely more surprising. Dorigen was in the conservatory when it came, making up a little sweet-scented bouquet of heliotrope and sweet verberna for Lady Anna, and the latter never knew what instinct prompted her to put Dorigen's letter into the pocket of her apron and keep it there until half the day was done, keeping it with a strong and certain feeling that she was sparing the girl. But so it was, and later Dorigen was not ungrateful. "I wish you had kept it for ever," she said with pallid lips, and eyes dim with bitter tears.

Letters from her father had always come fitfully, as was natural, considering the life he lived. There had been some improvement in his position. Of late he had been steward on board a large screw steamer sailing to Bombay, and his letters had been fuller and brighter in consequence. At least his daughter

thought it was in consequence, not dreaming that there might be another reason for change in him. She understood the change better now, and her heart sank swiftly, realising all that it might mean. It was some time before she could speak of it, even to Lady Anna, though the latter was as anxiously sympathetic as a friend could be, knowing that the sorrow must be deep that could move one so little demonstrative as Dorigen to grief like this. By-and-by the words came ; low, broken words uttered with evident effort and pain.

"It is my father—he is going to be married again," she said, looking into her friend's face with eyes blinded by tears. "And it is to be so soon, so very soon. The wedding is to be to-morrow."

In that first moment Lady Anna was relieved.

"Is that the worst ?" she asked, and Dorigen replied quickly—

"No, it is not the worst. He is going to marry a widow—a person named Mrs. Clem-inshaw—with three daughters. . . . I shall be nothing to him now. . . . He was all to me ; but I shall be nothing to him—nothing ever again to my father. How shall I bear it ?"

And again the words were broken and ended by tears ; tears of distress that Lady Anna did her best to comfort.

"Don't say that even your father was everything to you," she said. "Surely I am something ; surely after all these years we are all of us at St. Dunstan's something to you, my darling. . . . And we may be more than we have been, if you will."

And then it occurred to the little lady that this impending catastrophe might work largely toward bringing about the fulfilment of that wish of hers which seemed to grow with every day that went by. If Lady Anna knew nothing of the love that was in Dorigen's heart for Michael Salvain, she knew something of certain visions that the girl had had of the far-off future, a future wherein she had dreamed of living her own life of thought with no one to share it or interrupt it, save an elderly and somewhat silent father, who would be a comfort, and a stay, and no hindrance. It was strange how the two diverse dreams went on side by side, seldom clashing with each other, seldom interfering with each other. Would the time of actual contradiction, actual opposition, ever come ?

Lady Anna, understanding only in part, set herself to wait for the development of new dreams—new plans. It should not be her fault if Lancelot did not take his desired place in those visions that Dorigen would be

sure to reconstruct as soon as her imagination should have recovered its spring ; yet there should be no haste—no pressure. From the first Lady Anna had felt intuitively that in a matter like this Dorigen's nature was one that could only be wrought upon by time and patience, and a great and constant kindness. Now here was greater opportunity ; and certainly Lancelot's kindness was unfailing, as unfailing as it was gentle and beautiful. It was not possible that so womanly a woman as Dorigen Gower should remain untouched, unmoved. So Lady Anna thought.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ERMENGARDE.

"Dear, the pang is brief,
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure ! How perplexed
Grows belief."

ROBERT BROWNING.

MRS. SALVAIN had always had a strong affection for her only sister's only child ; and it need hardly be said that she had received the young widow and her two little ones with wide open arms of welcome.

Before a month was over Ermine had slipped back with all the ease and grace imaginable into the place she had occupied eleven years before. She had become, so to speak, a child again—a delicate, spoiled, petted child, for whom nothing was too good, no trouble or expense too great. "I might have done worse than come back to Thorsgrif," she said to herself as she arranged her dainty possessions about the big best room, which had been given up to her as a matter of course. In a few hours she wrought a wonderful transformation.

Mrs. Fairfax was not slow to perceive that life at Thorsgrif was an easier and smoother thing than it had been in times gone by. The small daily and hourly renunciations were forgotten ; the rooms, without being refurnished, had been refreshed and retouched in various little ways, possibly without great expenditure, yet giving proof enough that stray shillings were no longer objects of that reverence which has been termed "superstitious," and which may certainly come to have an effect upon the mind as untoward as that of any other superstition.

The changes were slight, so slight as in no wise to interfere with the pleasant quaintness that was about the old house, and in the old rooms everywhere. Ermengarde's appreciation of the place was greater than it had once been, when everything had seemed old-fashioned and dingy, and wanting in that "style" for which she had so keen a sense. Now she saw with other eyes, and was not

ill-content with the fate that had driven her back to Thorsgrif.

"It is delightful to find everything just as I left it, Aunt Mercy," she said on one of the wild winter evenings just after her arrival. Rizpah had taken away the tea-tray ; Mrs. Salvain was knitting a little stocking in the lamplight ; Joanna was showing some ancient picture books to Zaré and Valerie, who sat near the table with their little black frocks and dainty white muslin aprons, making the homely old room look more homelike than it had done for many a long year. Every one was glad for the brightness that the children's presence made in the house ; and Michael, who had seemed to take less notice of them than any one else at first, soon found himself thinking of their comfort and their pleasure with all imaginable solicitude. Long before the summer came he had decided that if things continued to go well with him it should be good for the two pretty, soft-voiced children, who called him "Cousin Michael," and made him laugh or smile a dozen times a day.

But it was yet winter. Christmastide was but just past, and Ermengarde was not so used to the new, still, untroubled life as to feel either quite settled or quite secure. But the various sorrows and anxieties through which she had passed had had curiously little effect upon her great beauty. It was not only that her shining golden hair still shone, and was still abundant—not only that her pure complexion, pure and soft as a pink-toned sea-shell, still kept its purity and its look of youth. If you had known sorrow yourself in any way, you saw with even more surprise that her troubles seemed to have left not one trace on the expression of her features, nor to have dimmed in the slightest degree the lustre of her large, liquid, grey-blue eyes. The face of her who sat there in her easy-chair by the fire seemed to look outward with precisely the same disengaged, untroubled glance that looked down upon you from the picture in the drawing-room. The tiny widow's cap and the heavy black dress seemed to add to her youthfulness rather than to take away from it. "If it were not for the children I could forget you'd ever been away," Mrs. Salvain said. And Mrs. Fairfax replied that she herself could easily forget at times.

"And it is delightful to find nothing changed," she said in her clear, rare, musical tones. "You don't look a day older yourself, Aunt Mercy, neither does Nanna. And as for Michael, the only change that has come to him is a most curious and unex-

pected change. I never saw any one so altered—excuse me for saying it—so improved. He seems younger; his very features seem less rugged, more clearly cut, and more finely and openly expressive. He looks as if some—well, some refining influence had passed over him; lending to him the aspect that a man might have who had been studying closely, or fasting unduly, or writing a long beautiful poem. I can see the possibility of artistic instinct in him now as I never could see it before. I used to think that craze of his the most incomprehensible of crazes. Now I can easily see that the root of the matter is in him. . . . Is it that, I wonder, that has changed him? Do you think he is reviving that old dream, and keeping the matter secret?"

"No, it is nothing of that kind," said Mrs. Salvain, with a smile. She liked nothing better than that any one should sit and talk by the hour of her son, who was so good a son, and so kind always, and was making the end of her life even smoother and fairer than the beginning had been. "No, it is nothing of that kind that has changed my Michael," she said.

"But you admit that he has changed?" Mrs. Fairfax went on, pursuing the subject, and not solely for her aunt's gratification.

"Of course I do, my dear. Why shouldn't I? For three or four years past I have noticed that that old troubled look was gradually growing out of his face; it seemed as if the very lines were being smoothed away by some invisible hand; and now he looks so quiet, and so strong, and so peaceful that I should think it was a pleasure to look at him if I wasn't his mother."

"I suppose it's partly owing to the fact that things are going better at the works?" Mrs. Fairfax said, speaking in tones perfectly free from curiosity. She was a woman who had too fine a tact to misuse even the intimacy of relationship by an undue familiarity, especially by the vulgar familiarity which takes the form of unreserved interrogation. Even Michael, who saw less of her than any one else in the house, approved of her fine reticence, and respect for the smaller and rarer courtesies of life. These things were part, a large part, it seemed to him, of her general power of fascination.

As a matter of course Mrs. Salvain had no hope, or knowledge, or conjecture, that she did not share with her niece, sooner or later. It was so pleasant to have some one to speak to who could understand and sympathize, and who had such a high opinion of Michael,

and knew all about Dorigen Gower too. Mrs. Salvain liked to hear of Dorigen, and constantly sent messages to the effect that she was to look upon Thorsgrif as her home, since she could hardly look upon the house where her new step-mother lived as home in any real sense. And perhaps Michael might like to hear something of St. Dunstan's also; but he never said so, and never asked any question concerning Dorigen—this Ermengarde perceived, as she perceived other things, which she understood perhaps even too clearly for the peace of that strange mind of hers, which had always a curious trick of fixing its thoughts and wishes upon the unattainable, finding, not seldom, that the unattainable became attainable enough if your will was strong enough.

*"My desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfilled itself,"*

wrote the poet, putting the prose finding of many a strong-willed human being into poetic phrase. But for how many of us does the fulfilled desire break in the tasting with the bitterness of a Dead-Sea apple? And, on the other hand, how often does a conquered wish prove to be the beginning of a conquest over Fate itself?

Ermengarde Fairfax was not a woman to attempt a conquest of this kind. The days went on, winter days yielding to a glorious spring, spring passing on into a yet more glorious summer, and life at Thorsgrif was found to be very good.

Michael did his best to make it good, having pity for a woman left penniless, and beautiful and unprotected, save for such protection as he could give. Then, too, he admired infinitely the power that Ermengarde had of adapting herself to circumstance. No word of complaint fell from her lips, though she seldom left Thorsgrif Gill from Sunday till Sunday again. And she was not only content, but to all appearance happy in her contentment; happy and grateful, and tried always, in her own gracious and graceful way, to show how conscious she was that she owed all to the goodness and kindness of her cousin.

"Assuredly you will have your reward," she said to him one summer evening. She was out on the terrace, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her soft cashmere dress, and on her head a pretty wide-brimmed, feather-laden hat. Michael had found her there when he came back from Hild's Haven, bringing with him three or four monthly magazines, some weekly papers, and a parcel of books from the library. Ermine was

really grateful. It was so much to her to have news of that outer world, the world of which she had had such an intimate knowledge, and of which she had had such a wide experience, considering her age and position. And she had always had real pleasure in trying to keep abreast of the general literature of the day. This it was not possible to do at Thorsgrif; but Michael did his best to prevent her feeling the distance there was between her and greater facilities. It was the least he could do, he told himself.

"You will have your reward, Michael," Ermine said, being moved to freer expression by various causes. She had been standing there alone while the sun went down. The tree-tops on the opposite side of the gill were moving against the clear light of the sky; the still, pale sea stretched away beyond the dark mouth of the ravine. There was a kind of solemnity in the peacefulness, a depth in the utter stillness that made for human yearning as music does, or the greatest and divinest poetry. Michael's mere foot-step had made her heart beat with a new sudden warmth, and the glow of the warmth was on her face; there was a new gentleness in her eyes and in her voice, and her word of thanks came with a strange tremulousness from so self-sufficient a woman as Ermen-garde Fairfax had always seemed to be.

"I often think I don't thank you for things as I ought to do," she went on. "But when you owe so much to any one, and are always owing something fresh, the repetition of gratitude seems to grow hollow and meaningless, and therefore I accept things in silence often when my heart is too full for commonplace words. . . . But I think you understand me, Michael?"

"Of course I understand you. And since language is limited there must be monotony in the repeated expression of even the finest emotions. So let us conclude, once for all, that you are grateful, and that I am glad to earn your gratitude. . . . How is Zaré?"

"Zaré is all right, thanks to Aunt Mercy. . . . How you do think of those children, Michael, and care for them! It is wonderful in a man so——"

"So what?" asked Michael, turning, with a smile on his lips, to look into the beautiful face beside him.

"Well, I was going to say so stern," Ermine replied laughingly. "But that is my old opinion of you. Do you know I used to be dreadfully afraid of you before—before I went away from Thorsgrif. . . . You were stern then, Michael. But you

are changed; even Aunt Mercy admits that you are changed."

"For the better?"

"Certainly for the better."

"Tell me in what way."

"Shall I?" said Ermine, the look on her face suddenly growing graver, more perplexed. "Shall I tell you what I think of the change, and what I believe to be the cause of it? . . . And then—then would you let me speak of something I have wanted to speak about a long time, but have never had courage for? . . . Don't let me, if you think you wouldn't like it, Michael; I wouldn't offend or annoy you for the world."

Her voice was growing tremulous again, and was burdened with an intensity which at once struck Michael Salvain as having behind it some dread, some charge of evil tidings. He hesitated, and change came upon his face also.

His thought had sped swiftly, as human thought will speed always, to the one who holds life's key. This word concerned *her*. It were better to hear it.

The silence was full. Emotion as a flood was rushing into it as the waters below were rushing to the sea.

"Have you any special reason for wishing to speak of this matter, whatever it may be, to-night?" Michael asked presently.

"Yes," said Ermine with marked effort and hesitation. "Yes; I had not decided to speak of it now; I did not know that I should have opportunity. But my thoughts have been full of you all day, or at least ever since the post came in."

"You had letters?"

"I had one from St. Dunstan's."

"From Lady Anna Wilderslowe?"

"Yes, from her."

There was another pause, full of thought, perplexity, suspense. Mrs. Fairfax was not a woman to make a mistake from want of consideration; but she was hardly in the mood for aught that could duly be called consideration now. It was long since she had been so completely at the mercy of any feeling or emotion as she was to-night.

For a long while she had been drifting toward the hour—not always passively.

If any one had told her during that wearisome journey from Grancester to Thorsgrif that she would ever come to contemplate the possibility of remaining for all the rest of her days at Thorsgrif Gill, as the wife of her cousin, Michael Salvain, she would have held the prophecy as below contempt. But by slow and sure degrees change had come.

She had been wearied, more wearied than she knew, of fighting with the difficulties of such a life as she had made hers to be. The effort to "keep up appearances" on means not sufficient for the actual needs of life had gone on too long to leave her untouched by dislike and dread of a return to the same experience. The peace of Thorsgrif had been as the peace of Eden to her so far, and her quiet, pleasurable, irresponsible life left her nothing to desire but its continuance. If there were any wish unfulfilled, it was some small matter that Michael would arrange for her at a word. She would be glad, for instance, to have a new piano; and the children's lesson-hour being distasteful, it would be a relief to have a governess; and the old-fashioned trap, which was still in existence, was really too old-fashioned to be tolerated any longer. Pony carriages were to be had for almost any price you liked to give, if you knew how to buy, and where to go for your purchase. But these were all trifles, the merest nothings, which had passed through her brain during the long, bright summer days, as such nothings will, if you happen to be unoccupied and to have no responsibilities, and no taint of them was in Ermengarde Fairfax's thought as she stood on the seaward end of the terrace after the sun had gone down that August night.

Michael Salvain was thinking also, thinking, recalling, almost suffering; for to love is to have always the elements of suffering at hand, and Michael loved. There could be no doubt of it. And his love was not as the love of men in general. Ermine might be forgiven for saying to herself that, in spite of her aunt's assertions, there could be no love worthy of the name between her cousin and Dorigen Gower. Had they not been contented apart for well-nigh four years—contented with absence, contented with silence? And was there not absurdity in the very nature of such an affection if you considered the wide disparity of age? So she had said to herself many a time, while yet conscious in her own heart of fear and doubt, and at times of something that was almost conviction. Michael was not as other men, and she had long ago discovered that Dorigen Gower was not quite as other girls of the same age and condition.

No, he was not as other men; he differed from them more widely than Ermengarde was ever likely to perceive. And yet she was not slow of perception. She saw now that she had struck the chords of pain and

apprehensiveness in his soul, and she did not like the sight.

"You do not wish me to tell you, to speak of this to-night?" she said. "It will be better. Believe me, I am not anxious to speak of anything likely to grieve you. It was only that I thought . . ."

"It is something concerning Dorigen Gower?" interrupted Michael rather brusquely, and turning a pale set face so that he could look into his cousin's eyes.

She met the look with one of large pity and tenderness, and while she met it she felt afresh her own power.

"Yes, it concerns her," she said. "It concerns her—and another: that other is Lady Anna's brother-in-law, Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe."

Michael had turned his face away. He was looking out to where the last silver ray was upon the sea. A star or two had come into the pale heavens. The trees in the gill were rustling with that quiet surging sound which seems always in such perfect consonance with the sadder mysteries of human life, and the wavelets that were plashing and falling upon the sands took up the burden and carried it onward and outward as far as the ear could discern. The whole wide earth and sea seemed set to the sound of sorrow.

But Michael Salvain was conscious of none of these sounds or sights in that first moment. His strength was turned to such self-mastery as he needed. Several minutes elapsed before he spoke again.

"You have had this news from Lady Anna herself?" he asked.

"Yes; she tells me that it has been Miss Gower's own fault that the engagement did not take place sooner. Mr. Wilderslowe proposed to her last October, and she refused him. I heard a little of it at the time."

"And now she has definitely accepted him?"

The answer came with a touch as of sadness. Michael accepted it as certainly the sadness of sympathy.

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairfax, looking steadily toward the pale, rigid, half-averted face before her.

That was the reply she made in answer to that question which had cost him so much more than she could either believe or understand.

"Yes," she said simply; and if the letter in her possession would have given no such definite answer, it gave her every reason for believing that such an answer was only a question of a few days at most.

Lancelot Wilderslowe had broken the long silence he had kept, perceiving for himself that his silence and his patient devotedness were not unappreciated. But again the question had been left, as he considered, almost as unsettled as before. Almost, but not quite; and Lancelot being more hopeful, Lady Anna had written less dubiously than she should have done, so that certainly there was excuse for Mrs. Fairfax. And, indeed, her first intention had been to show the letter to Michael, and let him see and judge for himself. . . . She could not show it to him now.

He did not wish to see it; the thought did not occur to him. He turned away, moving as a man suddenly blinded might have moved, not knowing which way he turned, not caring. He went downward through the gill, and away out over the sands by the slowly-receding tide. Darkness was gathering; out of the north the clouds were rising. He had to pass the spot by the wrack-fringed stones, where once he had seen a small white upturned face lying, shrouded in dark hair that moved with the lapping tide as the seaweed moves. A moment he stopped now, and bowed his head upon his hands; then again he went onward, always onward by the falling tide.

Nothing shall so minister to your worst anguish as a quick and keen memory—a memory that can not only reproduce for you the face you have lost, but can show you with all the vividness of reality every expression that face has ever worn for you; that can bring back every glance with all the love it had and all the faith it had. The possession of such a memory is sorrow's last and deepest secret, for its working is not under your control. You shall not refuse to look upon the visions it prepares you; you shall not refuse to listen to the words it repeats in your ear with such cruciating exactness of tone and inflection. No faculty that you have is less at your bidding than your too ready and perfect memory, and if you have known a great grief you shall cease to wonder at that wise man of old who prayed rather to be taught the art of forgetting.

To Michael Salvain, as he walked in the shadow of the night that was under the dark rocks by Thorsgrif, there came as in one unbroken vision the days that he had lived since that day when he had gone down into Wharram's Yard, and coming out again had felt that sure, if sudden, sense of a new and sweet influence which his soul should no

more lose utterly, though that pale, wistful, weary face, with the trouble about the mouth of it and in the depths of the sea-blue eyes of it, should no more be lifted to look sadly or gladly into his eyes again.

In that hour compensation had begun for him; the darkness and loss of his previous life had instantly seemed as but fitting preparation for it, and from that first day till this the days had grown in hope, in beauty, in goodness, and greatness of living.

The night deepened, the clouds gathered and blackened, the tide fell to its lowest ebb, and yet Michael Salvain went on over the rocky beach. He had left the stones he knew and the wide pools of water that were familiar to him, and though he was aware when he passed the point of the great dark nab beyond Hunswyke, no thought of turning back came to him. As one unknowing what he did, and uncaring, he obeyed that impulse which drove him onward, always onward, by the sad falling tide.

By-and-by the wind rose, and came in the wild fitful gusts that herald rain and storm, and a little later the rain came down, dashing madly and impetuously upon the lone figure that walked there. He was aware of it, but it was as nothing to him, being so much less cruel and pitiless than the storm that had come down upon his soul. So he still went onward, always onward, by the drear falling tide. Only once in the stress and strain of his agony did his lips part for the utterance of words. He spoke as men speak in the delirium of the onset of fever, half-knowing that they speak, but wholly regardless of the thing spoken. So they may but utter something out of the brain's many wild wanderings there is always a sense of relief.

"I cannot put it away from me—that day, that face, that voice," he said, still going onward in the darkness and the pitiless rain. "Oh, child, child! why did I meet you? Why did you look into my face with those wistful, troubled eyes of yours? Why did you grow to me, cling to me, and look to me for friendship?—nay, I thought, I thought certainly for more than that! And I fought with my love, with my passionate love, and I fought against yours, and all for your own sake, till my heart was wearied and wounded within me. And at last I yielded, and that also I thought I did for your sake, thinking that you should know that whatever happened to you in that outer world there was human love awaiting your return. And I spoke; out of the great pain and passion of

my heart I said a word, and I heard your answer—I hear it now as plainly. ‘*I will not forget*,’ you said, with drooping eyes, and pale face, and firm, pale lips that were truth itself. ‘*I will not forget*,’ you said, and though it is so little to repeat, it was as strong as an oath to me, since it was you who said it, and I thought it was as binding. Though I said it was not to be binding at all—not upon you—I felt certain you would hold it so, as certain for you, my darling, as I was for myself. And all the while I have lived on that word, and grown on it, hoping to grow so as to reach that height on which you live always, and so be worthier of you. And I have waited patiently, thinking of late that the end of my waiting was near, that I would seek to make an ending with the coming of another spring. . . . And now—now it is over. Your heart has turned to another love, and what good will my life be? Oh, what good will this weary life be now? . . . I cannot live it! . . . I can never live it! . . . How should I live a life so broken as this of mine?”

And nought made answer. The tide had turned, and was coming in with a fuller, wilder sound in its rising and falling; the wind rushed round about the masses of fallen rock with a sad, dull moan; the rain went on beating as if with a great and bitter despatchfulness.

Still he went onward, but silently, as one who stayed from his sorrow to listen. But there was none to make him any answer.

CHAPTER XL.—“FROM THAT DAY MY HEART IS WEARY.”

“Just when we’re safest there’s a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one’s death,
A chorus ending from Euripides,—
And that’s enough for fifty hopes and fears.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

JOHN GOWER’S marriage had taken place in the spring of the year. He had stayed at home a few weeks—not the old home by Wiggoner’s Wharf, he could not have borne to begin a new life there. He had taken an odd, out-of-the-way cottage in a corner of Tenter’s Close; it was old and ill-built, and inconvenient in the extreme; but the new Mrs. Gower had professed herself very well satisfied with it. Poor woman! she was doubtless glad to have a home of any kind, and this was at least as good as any to which she had been accustomed of late.

That was the beginning of it all, her friendlessness and helplessness, and John Gower’s sympathy. Coming home from a long voyage, he had had to find her out, and

give her the last messages of her husband and her only son, both of whom had suffered shipwreck, and had been picked up in an open boat at sea after many hours of exposure. They were in a dying state when they were taken on board the vessel in which John Gower was sailing, and hearing that they came from the neighbourhood of Hild’s Haven, he had offered to convey any message they might wish to send, and, moreover, he had promised William Cleminshaw that he would look to his widow and his three fatherless children. . . . That was how it had all happened; and those who blamed John Gower most yet admitted the kindness of heart which had doubtless influenced him.

Still there was everywhere among the few who knew him surprise and wonder. What would his own daughter say? people asked; and old Than and Miss Rountree hoped that Dorigen might never have to come back from St. Dunstan’s Rectory to live under the same roof with Lyddy and Thomasin Cleminshaw.

“It ’ud kill her,” old Than said, “to ha’ to live among all that noise an’ untidiness an’ low-lived gossip. Crainie Cleminshaw ’ud be the death of her in a week.”

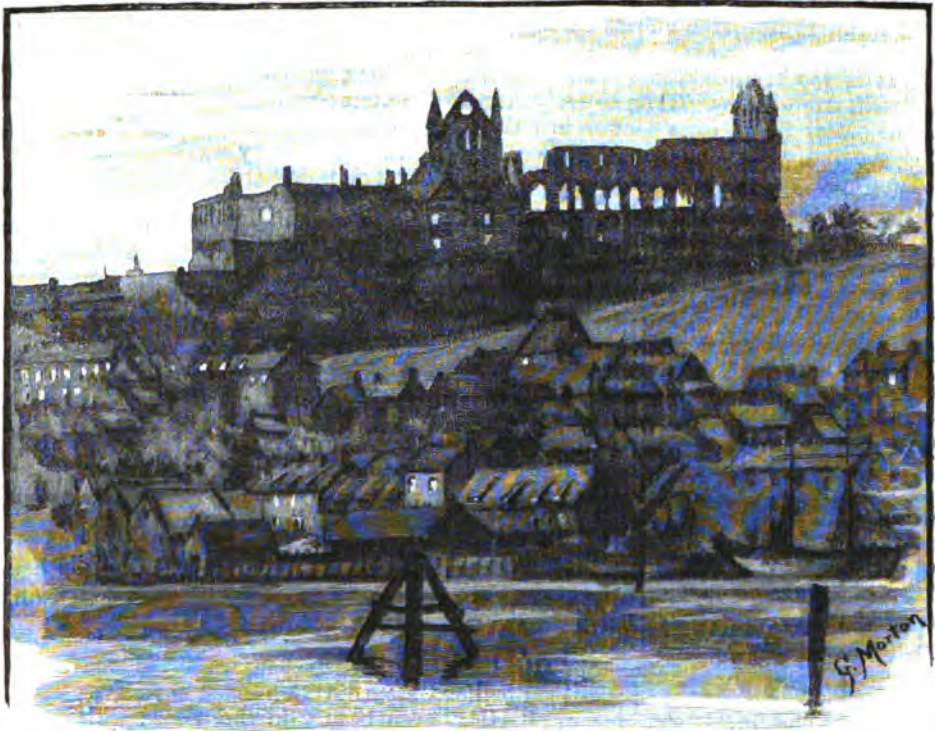
But, of course, Dorigen knew nothing of the Cleminshaws. She had written to her father a brief letter, difficult to write, and very unsatisfactory when it was written; it was more unsatisfactory still when it was gone beyond recall. And since that time there had been pain at her heart whenever she thought of him, and the kind of yearning that people have for the dead.

As the days went on, the pain and the yearning seemed to grow rather than to fade or to change in any other way.

“I shall take her to Malvern for a month,” Lady Anna said to Lancelot one August morning, “and you can follow us a few days later.”

And Lancelot seemed quietly to agree; but even as he spoke he was making up his mind to try once more to win some word of assurance before there should be any other change. And that same evening he spoke again, so gently, so tenderly, and with such deep change visible in him and in his humility, that the girl’s aching heart was for a moment touched, touched not to yielding, but to a less emphatic and decided refusing. And later Lady Anna had rejoiced with him over the significance that was in this. It was on the following day that she had written that unwise letter to Ermengarde Fairfax.

They went, as Lady Anna had decided, to



"And towering above all, the Abbey on the hill-top."

the Malvern Hills for a month; and she had the satisfaction of seeing Dorigen grow stronger and brighter day by day.

"She is quite herself again," Dr. Wilderslowe said to his daughter when they came back. "She is quite herself, and I am glad of it, for I am wanting her help greatly. I want her to arrange some manuscripts for me, and I am going to try to persuade her to re-write some portions of the work I did last year."

"Is she equal to that?"

"Quite equal, my dear. She has a style of her own, which is not usual at her age, and, moreover, it is one of great promise."

"Then I suppose you have quite a winter's work prepared for her?" said the little lady, feeling rather proud and pleased, and also grateful to Dr. Wilderslowe for his kindly discernment. "Well, I'm not sorry. She is happier when she has plenty of work, especially work of that kind. It will make another winter pleasant to look forward to."

Another winter! How peaceful it looked, looking upon it in the light of the winters gone by at St. Dunstan's! And what pleasantness there was in it, with beauty of many kinds, and much love and tenderest solicitude. No

fancy that Dorigen had—and she had acquired not a few—was forgotten or ignored. Favourite dishes made their appearance with undue frequency; favourite chairs were kept for her; favourite walks and drives were taken. The books she best liked were read aloud; the music for which she most cared was played again and again.

"Aren't you afraid of spoiling her?" asked an old neighbour one day.

"No," said Lady Anna. "I think there are a few natures that are the better for a little spoiling, if only it doesn't come too early in life, or too late. I have a fancy that I am making my experiment at exactly the right moment."

Dear Lady Anna! If you could have had but one glimpse into the future of your spoilt child! And that future was nearer than anyone knew. Even as she spoke these words a letter was on its way to St. Dunstan's, a letter that changed utterly the prospect of that winter that was to have been so full of peace, so full of beauty, so full of all good.

Mrs. Salvain had written the letter, perceiving for herself, in the light of recent events at Thorsgrif, that her son could not do it without more pain than she would have

him feel. Ernengarde Fairfax shrank from the task utterly.

"It is too terrible!" she said. "Write yourself, Aunt Mercy. Write to Lady Anna, as the oldest friend Miss Gower has there. Never mind your tremulous handwriting; mine would be tremulous if I had to write a letter like that."

"It is too terrible!" Mrs. Fairfax had said. And yet, was it terrible at all, that euthanasia on the harbour bar at Hild's Haven?

It was not a storm—that was part of the pathos of the scene. The sun had risen that October morning with a vivid and beautiful brightness, and before he was fairly risen upon the earth a little fleet of some nineteen fishing-boats had gone out into the roads, with two men in each, or three at most, whose work was to win their own bread and the bread of their wives and children from the great watery waste that seemed now so bountiful, and now so cruel and stern. Some of the older men there had doubts of that glorious morning.

And at noon, or a little past, the town lying in the hollow between the cliffs, bathed in the glow of the blue, breezy sunshine, was startled by hearing the signal-gun fired at the coast-guard station. For very curiosity the people flew down the piers, to find to their astonishment that the life-boat was being launched, and ropes with life-belts suspended to them hung across the bar from the one lighthouse to the other.

"What does it all mean?" asked a lady who was a stranger to the place, and who stood near one of the capstans, holding a wide-brimmed hat, which the rising wind would have carried away. And another lady, who was not a stranger, tried to explain what was happening.

"The wind has risen suddenly," she said, "and, as you may perceive, the sea is beginning to make rather rapidly, and they are afraid that the fishing-boats may not get in. There is a strong 'fresh,' as we call it, running out—the result of the week's heavy rains—and that, meeting the incoming tide, causes a heavy swell on the bar. I fear that the boats will have a bad half-hour."

It did not look very bad to many in the crowd assembled on the piers. The life-boat hovered about just outside; the fishing-boats came valiantly on, dropping their sails when they touched the broken water. Then began the tug of war, for the boats were heavy, and the men few; yet they threw off their jackets, set themselves to their oars, and

came onward splendidly. It was a thrilling moment when the first boat shot in between the piers, and encountered that meeting strife of waters; and a murmur of relief mingled with the admiration that was expressed when the difficulty was surmounted and the boat safe in the shelter of the harbour. Then instantly all eyes were turned toward the others. They were coming on—small boats, large boats, shabby boats, gay boats, but all of them with men on board; and few could resist the stir of satisfaction which spread on the pier as each one passed safely under the rope and the suspended life-belts. . . . So thirteen came in, without accident or special threatening of any.

And still the life-boat remained outside, waiting and watching for the others. Four or five were coming in together. One was far away—so far that only the rough red sail could be seen with the naked eye. But the weather was not growing worse in any way; perhaps the breeze was even slackening a little; and the sun shone on as brightly as an October sun could shine, and the blue sky that gleamed over the blue, turbulent waters did not awaken any fears. There was even beauty in the scene; with brightness, and just enough excitement to keep the crowd oblivious of its dinner-hour. The last boat was rushing swiftly for the bar.

And the others were coming in. One man shouted a word to his little son on the East Pier as he passed under the rope. That boat was safe. Another came with more difficulty, one of the men being very old and frail. Then came a little, black, dirty-looking boat, that was evidently not a fishing-boat at all, being short and wide, and having an odd, misshapen look even to eyes not critical of such craft. There was only one man in the little tub, and he was as unlike a fisherman as his boat was unlike a fisher's boat. Yet he came on, and bravely up to a certain point. Once he half-turned to glance at the sympathetic faces that watched him. None of the fishermen had done this.

He was coming on all alone in the small boat, and a great white wave was sweeping round the angle of the pier. The water of the river met it, and dashed, and the spray flew upward as it had not done before that day. . . . And under the spray was seen plainly the upturned bottom of the small black boat.

As the white foam of the wave spread with a soft, seething creaminess upon the blue-grey water of the harbour-bar, you could see the figure of the lonely rower, far enough

away from the life-belts had he been capable of reaching out for one. But he was making no effort.

Another second, and effort was made for him. Life-belts with ropes were flung from both piers, but it was soon seen that he made no attempt to seize them.

The life-boat was dashing onward to the harbour-mouth with the speed of a winged thing; but the man had disappeared when a sailor dropped down the ladder that was in the side of the East Pier, and swam out strongly, and reached him as he came to the surface. He held him there till the life-boat came up, and some of the crew leaned over and drew him on board.

And just as they would have drawn out the brave sailor, he dropped from their sight and went down like a stone. By-and-by he rose to the surface again; but the thing was like a stone that they drew out of the water.

The life-boat came in swiftly.

There was a crowd at the landing-place, men and boys who knew the name of everyone in the boat. "It is Aaron Gilderoy," they said, speaking of the dirty-looking little man who had been so nearly drowned, but was now sitting up in the boat, and looking very wretched. "It is Aaron Gilderoy, the jet-worker, who failed, and ruined John Gower in his failure."

And a moment later, when the sailor who had saved him was lifted out from the life-boat—lifted and carried tenderly to the nearest house, as men carry the dead—there was a strange look in the face of some who stood by; a look as of surprise, and wonder, and great pity.

They had seen the drowned, pallid face of him who lay there in the arms of some of the crew of the lifeboat. It was the face of him they had just spoken of.

"It is John Gower himself!" they said, whispering, as of some mystery too full of awe to be understood.

And a little later it was told everywhere that a man had laid down his life, not for a friend, but for one who had done the deed of a bitter enemy. Quite consciously that weary, much-tried life had been lain down for this man.

Those who stood on the pier by John Gower (who had only come home after a perilous voyage on the previous evening) testified to his recognition of the one man in the small, frail boat. He had both pitied him and blamed him for his rashness as he watched him coming in over such a sea alone.

It was his pity that had delivered him to peace.

And this was what Mrs. Salvain had to tell to John Gower's daughter—telling it with tears, and ill-spelt words, and infinite compassion.

"If you come home for the funeral you must come to us," she said. "Michael will meet you at the station and bring you here; and I will have your room ready for you, dear. Send a telegram to say by which train you will come."

* * * *

Only a few months before Dorigen Gower had shed tears—tears of the bitterest—over her father's second marriage. But no tears came now. She sat still, and pale, and stricken.

But three weeks ago she had received a letter from her father—not a bright or hopeful letter, such as she had expected to receive from one beginning life afresh, as it were. It had touched her as being written out of great weariness and much depression.

"I am going home for a month or so," he had said. "And I would have been glad if you could have come home for awhile at the same time; but I will not ask you till I see how things go. It is my first home-coming since the spring."

Nowhere on the page was there any cheerfulness, any confidence, or hope. And the conclusion of that last letter from her father ran thus:—"If anything should happen to me, do not forget my wife or her children. I have told them that, though you are so young, you may be depended on in an emergency. I do not forget what you were to me when you were little more than a child. Be as helpful to them, if they should ever need your help."

And now, before a month was over he had left them, leaving them suddenly, and they would be alone.

There was no time, none, in which Dorigen might ponder over the probable change in her own life—the beautiful, peaceful, unvexed life she had lived so long; none in which to conjecture what the new life would be. Her world was suddenly upheaving beneath her feet.

It is that that so often makes death terrible, the way in which it changes all the conditions of life for the living. Not only the missing face and voice, but the broken-up home, the altered circumstances—these gather about your thoughts of that new-made grave.

"I don't see at all why you should go,"

Lady Anna said, holding the girl's hand in hers, and speaking with kind and gentle seriousness, yet with a touch of vexation underneath. She hated that anybody about her should be troubled, distressed. "I see no need for your going; no use in it. What good can you do? You will certainly make yourself ill. I know you will come back a mere shadow."

"Come back!" the girl said, speaking as one in a dream; "I shall never come back. . . . They will need me, as he said. I must never leave them. . . . I shall not come back."

Lady Anna kept sad silence awhile. She would not argue, or urge any plea at this moment; it would be like arguing with a sick person. But later, when they spoke of the matter again, she found that Dorigen was stronger, that her outlook had more of reason in it.

"I must go," she said, speaking quite calmly. "I must certainly go now. If you can arrange it for me, I should like to start in the morning; and I shall go to my father's house, not to Thorsgrif. I will write to tell—to tell Mrs. Gower to expect me."

"And you will come back again before Sunday?"

"I cannot promise. . . . Do you think I would stay away from St. Dunstan's one hour that I might be here?"

"You are happy here, child?"

Then it was that tears came—hot, blinding tears. It seemed as if only now could she see the happiness, the peacefulness, the good of a life that had had all of life's best in it without care, or thought, or responsibility of hers. And then there was the kindness, the love, the solicitude, the protection, the human warmth that had wrapped her about from the very first unto this very last, without lessening or change of any kind. It had been but four years of her life that she had passed here; yet the eighteen that had gone before seemed always the smaller, and fainter, and less impressive half. Here her soul had grown, her faculties had been awakened and developed, her knowledge of life widened. It seemed as if the atmosphere of the place had penetrated through every fibre of her being. Nowhere else would the sun shine as it had shone at St. Dunstan's; nowhere else would the flowers grow in such rich profusion; nowhere else would the church bells sound through the quiet of a summer's Sunday as they sounded there. Life had been all Sunday. . . . What would it be now?

CHAPTER XLI.—"MUCH IS TO LEARN, MUCH TO FORGET."

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see!
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree!"

COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

It could not but be a sad, strange home-coming. Dorigen had neither eye nor heart for the October glories of the vale through which you must wind and turn before you reach Hild's Haven. The bracken was red and gold among the faded heather; the trees in the hollows below the moor were "burning themselves away" in colours of flame and fire; there was a soft, sunny mist upon the hills. But to look upon nature's beauty when your heart is sick, is like looking upon a friend who offers you an affection which you cannot return. The glance that should move you is a weariness; the word that should win your soul leaves you wishing for silence.

It was the first journey she had ever taken alone, and the sense of her wider loneliness struck her whole soul through with its unaccustomed pain.

One was taken, many were left; but upon him who had gone alone had she any claim. The last strong and binding human tie had been broken. Others might offer kindness, shelter, protection, but there must always be consciousness in the acceptance. Even that kindness upon which she could most certainly count was not hers by natural right; and it could hardly be that after an absence so prolonged, a silence so complete, she should think of meeting Michael Salvain without something that was almost trepidation. Yet she scarcely understood the stir that was in her heart, underlying all the sorrow and the pain of her loss. The very sense of that loss caused her to feel that it was good to have one rest, one human stay upon whom she might lean through the darkness that had come upon her. It was rest to think of him, and comfort, and satisfaction, and yet—yet that unaccountable tremulousness stirred and grew as her journey came to its end.

He would be there, at the station—of course he would be there, and he would go with her to that house of sorrow which she hardly knew; and he would be with her when she had to pass through the ordeal of meeting the stranger who was her father's widow; and the unknown girls to whom she would have to be as a sister. . . . Ah, the pain of it all; and Lady Anna's late roses drooping on her lap seemed in some unaccountable way to deepen the pain.

Twilight was coming down quickly. The

clatter of the ship-builders' hammers had ceased ; but there was the craft in the river, and the old red-roofed houses on the other side, and towering above all, the Abbey on the hill-top. It was an emotion too keen to be joy, even had there been no great grief underlying her presence there. All the old life rushed back. St. Dunstan's was a dream. The stress and effort of a painful awakening had come.

There was a face on the platform that was no dream-face.

"It is you, Uncle Than!" the girl said, half-sobbing, and putting her two hands into the old man's with agitation. She hardly recollected that the throbbing fervour of the moment was not for him. "It is you," she repeated, hardly knowing what she said, and the old man turned with the tears running down his face and a look of perplexity in his eyes. He recognised the voice, though the tones of it seemed changed, and the tall, slight, elegantly-dressed woman who stood before him, with her pale face on a level with his, was strange to him for a moment. But it was only for a moment. He saw and understood.

"Ay, it's me," he said. "An', eh! but I'd never ha' known you if you hadn't spoke! I'd never ha' known you for Little Peace! . . . Yet, bless her, the face is the same—ay, it's the same bonny face. Bless her then!"

It was old Than who took her home to the house in Tenter's Close ; going with her in the cab, and speaking by the way of the sad event which had brought her back to Hild's Haven ; telling her details that had not been told in Mrs. Salvain's letter. She could better bear to hear them from Than Rountree than from any one else.

He talked a good deal, and said many things, but there were many that he refrained from saying, more especially after he had failed in his endeavour to persuade Dorigen to go home with him to Salthouse Garth, where his cousin was half expecting her.

"Well, well!" he said. "It'll only be for a day or two. The time 'll get over'd somehow. I doubt it'll be a bad time. . . . But, there! I'll say no more. . . . For his sake 'at's gone, I'll say no more."

Dorigen's heart did not sink at hearing this as at another time it might have done. They were going up the narrow lane toward the cottages which stood in those days at the corner of Tenter's Close. "It's the one nearest this end wi' the lights i' the winda'," old Than said ; and then the cab stopped by a little gate in a low stone wall ; a door was

opened, and in the light that fell across the darkness two figures stood.

"It's her—yes, it's her," said a girl's voice, speaking in an excited, chirping way. And then a quieter, but more sullen voice said :—

"Hold yer tongue, Crainie ; and don't be such a fool, if you can help it! . . . Fetch another candle!"

"Fetch it yourself!" said the chirping voice ; and the owner of it, a short, clumsily-made girl of seventeen, came forward as she spoke, and held the door of the cab while old Than stepped out, and turned to help the tall, silent, trembling figure behind him.

"How d'ya do, Dorigen," said the girl, offering her hand, and speaking in a tone that made even Than Rountree feel as if his heart stood still in sheer surprise. "How d'ya do, Dorigen? Come in! Mother's got tea all ready for ya'. An' we've the dress-makers, makin' black, you know. The funeral's the day after to-morrow. . . . Come in!"

The scene in the narrow room was not one to be taken in at a glance. The place seemed full of people, dimly to be discerned through the smoke of paraffin lamps. A tall, thin woman came forward : she was wearing a dark dress, her face was sallow, her small, keen eyes were sunken ; perhaps with weeping, Dorigen thought, as she held out her hand, which Mrs. Gower took with a certain diffidence, a certain surprise in her quick glance, a certain deference in her manner.

"How d'ya do, ma'am?" she said timidly ; and to Dorigen, the greeting of her father's wife was at least as painful as the greeting of his step-daughters. The girls were all three of them there.

"This is Thomasin, my eldest daughter," Mrs. Gower said, indicating the girl with the pert tone and manner, who had been addressed by her sister as "Crainie," a sobriquet given to her in her childhood because of her voice, which at that time had been supposed to resemble the cry of the sea-bird known on the north coast as the "crainie," or "lintycock." The resemblance no longer existed, but "Crainie Cleminshaw" was a name to which people were too well accustomed to admit of its being discarded for the more respectable Thomasin. The girl had been considered even as a child of seven to be a popular character in the fishing village where she had been born, and in the neighbourhood of Tenter's Close she had already acquired a notoriety for which it might have been difficult to account in accurate language.

Of all this Dorigen knew nothing as yet. She was only conscious of a feeling that was more akin to dread than anything else, as she looked at the girl's countenance, which was audacious rather than bold; vain and weak rather than bad. Her sister Lydia was a contrast to her in all points, or nearly all.

"This is my second daughter," Mrs. Gower said, looking at a pretty blushing girl of sixteen, with sullen curves about a handsome mouth, and large grey eyes that looked anywhere but in your face.

"An' this is Matty, the youngest," she said, drawing forward a little dark-haired, brightly-smiling girl of eleven, who had carried Dorigen's bonnet-box and umbrella up-stairs, and now was timidly waiting for the handbag she carried. "She's a useful little thing is Matty," Mrs. Gower added; bursting into tears as she spoke. "Your father was fond on her, an' good to her; he was good to them all. . . . But come up-stairs, come away up-stairs, you'll be tired. An' I'm forgetful, it's no wonder I should be forgetful. . . . But I'll try to do the best I can for you, ma'am, for *his* sake. I know he thought there was no one i' th' world like you. . . . Things is rough, not like what you've been used to; but I'll do the best I can."

They went up the narrow enclosed stairs. There were apparently two or three rooms on the landing.

"We will wait," Mrs. Gower said through her tears, and pointing to a closed door as she spoke, "we will wait till the dressmakers is gone, and the children in bed; and then I will go in with you when all's quite quiet. You'd like that best, I know. . . . An' oh! but you do look white an' wan! Sit down, ma'am, sit down here by the table; an' I'll send you a cup o' tea up-stairs. It'll be better than goin' down where there's so many; an' neighbours dropping in every few minutes. An' will ya have a bit o' fire? Matty'll soon light it if ya will."

It was not, however, Matty, but the irrepressible Crainie who came chirping into the room with wood and coal.

"Let me help you off with yer cloak, Dorigen," she said, with quickest readiness. "It is a beauty; why it's lined with quilted satin all through! It's cost some money now, has that cloak. An' your dress is nicely made; more stylish than any I've seen here. You can have your black one made like it, with crape instead of silk for the trimmings. An' I should like mine just the

same. It would be nice to be alike, bein' sisters. An' we're the two eldest you know; an' the two younger ones could have theirs made alike; only I expect Lyddy would want something better than Matty. She's awfully selfish, is Lyddy."

Dorigen's silence, or rather her speechlessness, was not much noticed. Her head was aching, her heart was aching, her whole soul seemed to sink as the moments went by.

The one great sorrow and loss was for the moment overlaid by all this confusion, and strangeness, and unexpectedness; and it was an additional grief and weight upon her brain that it was so overlaid. At any time her too keen sensitiveness would have suffered under such an experience as this; the sudden intimacy forced upon her; the painful servilities mingled with real kindness, the equally painful over-familiarity mingled with most evident good-will. The very furniture of the shabby untidy little room struck upon her with a sharp sense of incongruity. It had been brought from the house by Wiggoner's Wharf; most of it had been in her own room; and yet she was not glad to see it in this new and very different atmosphere. All the old life came back at the sight of the ancient oaken drawers with their handles of wrought brass, the old life that had been so formal, so decorous, that had been lived so straitly by unwritten rule. It seemed as if the very chairs and tables knew, and regretted, and refused any longer to look their best. They looked dull and changed; the whole house seemed full of a strange dejection, a strange loneliness. It was an hour of desolation, the first of many, if not the worst. Dorigen seemed to feel certainly that the note struck in that hour was the dominant of the days to be.

And yet presently she became keenly conscious of self-reproach. Crainie had lighted as big a fire as the tiny grate would hold; it was blazing and crackling up the chimney. And the small table where the tea was set looked sufficiently tempting; though she saw with a sudden pang that the china was part of what her mother had been wont to term her "wedding set," and that it seemed to have seen hard service.

"I've had *my* tea hours since," said Miss Clemenishaw, pouring out a cup for Dorigen. "But if you like, I'll stay here while you get yours, then I can bring you anything you want, you know; and I can be unpacking your things for you if you'll give me your keys."

Just then there was a tap at the door, and

Matty would have come in with Lady Anna's roses in a tumbler of water, but Miss Clemminshaw prevented her entrance.

"You can't come in here," she said hastily. "I'm going to do everything for Dorigen myself; so you can go an' get the boots cleaned to be ready for to-morrow. An' you can take Dorigen's too if you like, only don't do them so badly as you do mine sometimes. Now then, go along, an' get them done."

"She isn't a bad little thing, isn't Matty," said Miss Clemminshaw, coming back to the fire, and sitting down cosily upon the rug. Dorigen had not seen the girl's face so plainly before. The round blue-grey eyes looked up in the lamplight with a curious mingling of defiance and desire for friendliness in them, the features were unformed, and not pleasing; but the fine, soft, pale brown hair was abundant, and would have been beautiful if it had been well-kept. Altogether she was a perplexing personage; restless and vivacious to a degree that might become trying in the extreme.

"Matty isn't a bad little thing," she repeated. "She does nearly all the work of the house, and she likes it. Now I don't. I don't like housework of any kind; an' mother says I ought to marry a gentleman. She would like both Lyddy an' me to marry gentlemen; an' she says that perhaps you'll stay at home now, an' keep a school, an' educate us, an' then we can help you till we get married. We haven't anything to live on now, you know; but mother says she's sure you'll never let us want for anything. An' if I was to marry a gentleman I'd never let you want. . . I do like you, Dorigen! I'd do anything for you! You are nice!"

There was no reply on the lips of the pale silent woman who listened. What reply would have been possible in that moment? Not the quickest imagination could have pre-conceived the pain and stun of all this unprecedented misery.

The unpacking was a long process, and apparently an enjoyable one to Crainie. Every article was commented upon, inquired about, and for the most part admired. But Dorigen was very weary, and her longing for rest and relief was growing too evident to be ignored.

"You sit down, an' I'll finish," said Crainie. "I'm very handy—don't you think I'm handy? An' isn't it kind of me to help you like this? But I've a lot of kind ways about me—don't you think I've a lot of kind ways?"

Oh, the sense of deliverance when that chirping voice was silenced for the night! Not

that it could be forgotten; neither the tones nor the words that Thomasin Clemminshaw had uttered that evening were to be forgotten.

But two days had passed since he who lay in the next room had gone out from his home with words of kindness on his lips, and in his tired much-worn heart the kindest of kind intentions.

There was, so it seemed, a lifetime of thought, of experience, of emotion, between this sad night and that sad morning on which his daughter had parted from him, yet it was all obliterated now that she sat alone and thought.

She had seen him. The beauty, the majesty of the dead face had moved her to tears, wild and bitter, and, for a time, inconsolable tears. But there was a strange intermingling of pride in her grief. To be descended from one who in death could look so noble was, even in that moment, a cause of gratitude. She had remained alone while in the room; and had placed beside his folded hands the roses that had grown in the garden at St. Dunstan's Rectory. By-and-by, when the household was asleep, she would go back there and watch through the night. He should not be alone. She could return to her own room with the first ray of dawn, so that there might be neither comment nor surprise.

He was hers, and she was his, though thrice three step-daughters with their widowed mother had come between.

She could not understand; here even her sympathy was perplexed and deadened, yet she would believe. She would believe that he had cared for them, thought for them, worked for them. And she would take up his caring where he had so suddenly left it off. His own expressed wish was with her now, it should remain with her. It should be her life's law till her life's ending, if need were.

* * * * *

The day of the funeral went by; it was even as that night of her arrival had been, a time of keen pain, of keen shame, of confusions, sympathies, yearnings, perplexities. Later they told her that Michael Salvain had been there, that was the sole alleviation that she had.

And the days that followed went by in sadness, in loneliness, in anxiety, in ceaseless wondering as to life's next step. It seemed to Dorigen that when Michael came all would be made plain on the instant. He would advise her, restrain her, urge her to all that was right and wise. But the days went on, and Michael Salvain did not come, and the

heavy autumn hours remained heavy. What new grief was this that threatened a life already so overburdened with new griefs? Were sorrow and disappointment in the very air of Hild's Haven?

CHAPTER XLII.—“AND HENCEFORTH IT IS NIGHT WITH ME.”

“I did love you once.”
“Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.”
Hamlet.

A MONTH went by—a whole long month of perplexity and dark pain. Lady Anna's

letters coming daily, and filled with affection, solicitude, longing for Dorigen's return, were not altogether the alleviations they might have been. St. Dunstan's Rectory, with all its peaceful beauties and refinements of life, was brought too sharply into contrast with life in Tenter's Close, a life that was daily growing more unendurable as the first novelty of Dorigen's presence there wore away. The strain of keeping up to that first evening's height was too great. As soon as conscious effort was needed, the need was fatal. The descent had been gradual, but was very complete.

And yet all this was as nothing to the heavier troubles that were beginning to weigh so ceaselessly upon the girl's brain; for she was yet not more than a girl; and the experience of her two-and-twenty years had not been such as to prepare her for taking upon herself the burden of a whole household, as day by day she became more certainly aware that she was expected to do. She said nothing of this to Lady Anna, and there was no one to whom she might turn in such a matter. Old Than and Miss Rountree shook

their heads gravely, and spoke sympathetically, but they were powerless to help, or even to advise. The Laverocks had left Hild's Haven, and had gone to Lodbrok Bay. Mr. Kenningham, and other people she had known, were dead; others were estranged by absence. Daily the sense of loneliness grew to be more and more an oppression.

And still Michael Salvain came not. She had waited for his coming with the sense of sureness with which she had waited for the coming of a brother if she had had one. But

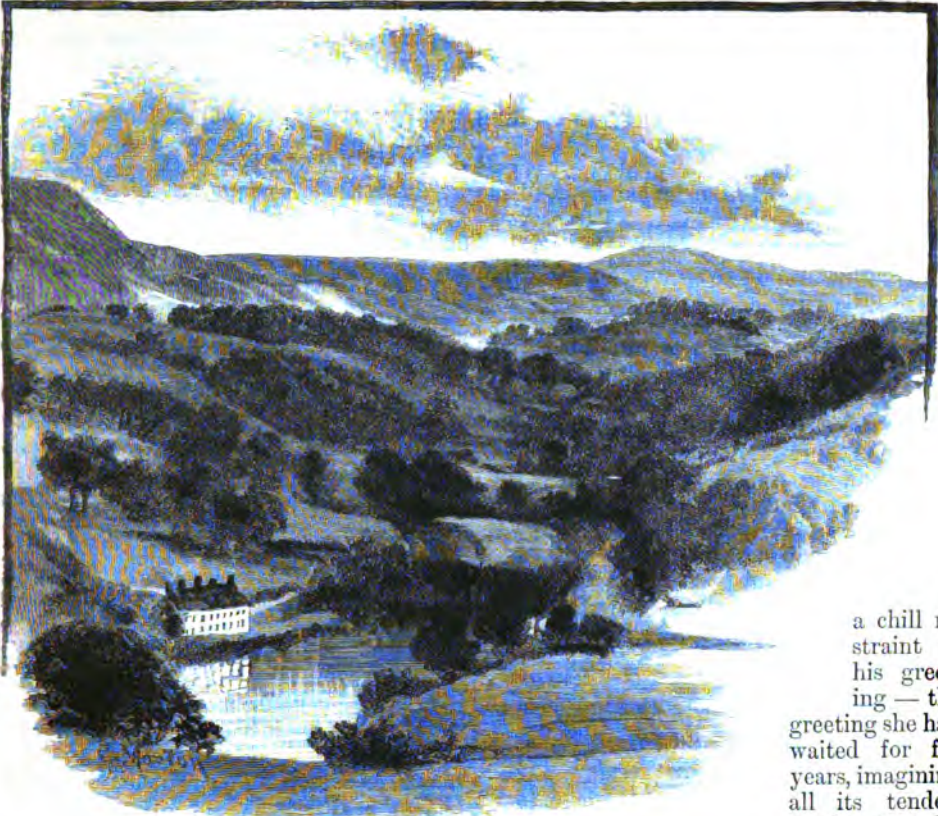
by degrees the sureness had given way to fear; and the fear had turned to a great aching and yearning. . . . What if he were changed, and could not bear to show her the change? But surely he must know that she could endure even that better than she could endure this strange silence that grew and pained her by night and by day, and was fast breaking down the spirit within her by the unutterable weight of misery it wrought. She could make no plans for her own life, or the lives of others; she could set herself to no work, she could see not even one step before her till she knew



“With some flowers . . . from a gardener at the Abbey.”

the worst. It was the worst that suspense was preparing her for.

She seldom went out of doors, not wishing to be out if any one should come from Thorsgrif; but one mild November afternoon she went with some flowers which old Than had begged from a gardener at the Abbey to the grave where so much of her life's best love was lying. . . . That was the one peaceful spot on earth, the one bitter spot, the one sweet spot. Gladly then and after would she have shared its perfect peace.



"The quiet of the scene was unbroken."

A little later she wandered on over the winding road in the deepening afternoon. The last red leaves were quivering in the rays of the golden sunset; the river below was running slowly onward to the sea; before her the great purple hills and hollows stretched outward and upward to the distant horizon. The quiet of the scene was unbroken. It was good to be there.

But by-and-by, as she went down into the hollow of the wood, she became aware that the solitude was not solitary. A gentleman on horseback was passing the little red-tiled cottage by the bridge. She perceived him, and her colour came quickly, and as quickly fled. She was white as the whitest snow-flower that ever grew when Michael Salvain stopped his horse and dismounted. She discerned quickly that he, too, was paler than she had known him of old.

Their eyes met and spoke such truths as eyes alone may speak at times, and Michael took the girl's trembling hand with a gentleness he could not change. Yet there was

fu. outpouring of assurance for all the days of their future life; and in his manner there was a certain strong quiet resolution that seemed to strike her through with its hard impassiveness; and whatever fear she had had was at once turned to a dark certainty. Her eyes drooped from his changed countenance, and her heart throbbed on as if each beating might be its last effort.

She stood there, tall, and frail, and tremulous, in her heavy black dress and mantle. Her lips had no smile, her dark blue eyes looked darker and more full of life's deeper shadows than when Michael had seen her last. This was but natural; his few words of condolence were charged with most earnest sincerity. But there was no tenderness in them; his grey eyes seemed to look down upon her with something that was almost disdain replacing his kindness. It was as if he were using an effort so great that an unconscious sternness grew out of it.

"My mother has been sorry to be unable to call upon you," he said. "One of Mrs.

a chill restraint in his greeting — the greeting she had waited for for years, imagining all its tender, passionate details, lingering in thought over his coming, his love, his

Fairfax's children has been ill, and she could not easily leave her. But she would wish me to say all that she would have said herself. And having offered her condolence with my own, I will offer her congratulations also. It is not often that one has to do both in a breath, so to speak. But let me do it, Miss Gower, for old sake's sake . . . I trust you will be as happy as you deserve to be . . . Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe should consider himself fortunate."

It was the outcome of the natural limitations of Dorigen Gower's temperament that in this strong crisis of her life she should be struck as by a sudden paralysis to utter helplessness. A hot tide of colour poured over his face and neck; she could feel it to the very tips of her fingers as a smarting of the nerves of the hands. This subsided, and she made an effort to speak, but the effort was vain. She stood in utter silence.

"And since we are speaking of such matters," Michael Salvain continued, with a calm voice and carefully-chosen words, but with a strange expression of pain on his broad white forehead. "Perhaps, since we are speaking of these things, I had better make a confession that concerns myself—myself and Mrs. Fairfax. We are not keeping the matter secret in any way, but we are too obscure to make any sensation in the neighbourhood, so you may not have heard of it. . . . We are not to be married just yet, perhaps not till the spring."

That was how Michael Salvain spoke. The story might have been told another way.

Is there not some proverb or aphorism about catching a heart in the rebound? . . . Is it the heart that is so caught? or the whole jarred, broken being whose heart seems dead for ever within him?

Michael Salvain had not offered his heart to his cousin, nor his heart's highest regard. And he had done wisely.

There had been no deliberate forethought with him. One evening—it was but a few days after that night he had spent among the rain-swept and wind-swept rocks at Thorsgrif—he had been standing by the little gate that led outward from his own terrace to the furzy common beyond. His cousin and her children were there, and Ermine was speaking touchingly of her own loneliness and their probable future unprotectedness. Her beautiful eyes were filled with unfallen tears, her whole expression and attitude were full of a strange beseechingness. Had the children caught some sympathetic touch of it all? A farmer was passing by, sauntering homeward

in the warm pink afterglow that was upon the land, with rake and fork over his shoulder.

"Good night! good night, sir!" he shouted heartily; and as he went out of sight little Valerie looked up into Michael Salvain's face with her pale, wistful eyes, and with wistful words on her imperfect little tongue.

"Dat's Lizzie Burnett's father," she said, putting her tiny hand into Michael's. "We haven't dot a father."

And at the child's words, Ermine had burst into a wild passion of tears, such tears as Michael had never witnessed in his whole long life.

And what was left to him but the service of comforting one who so evidently cared for his comfort, and was so greatly in need of it?

"You know something of what I have suffered," he said, when he had succeeded in soothing her grief a little. "And it may be that my own suffering makes me more keenly alive to yours; it may be also that in trying to make life a little brighter for you, it will come to be less dark for myself. . . . I cannot tell. . . . I give you all I have to give. Will you take it? Will you trust to time for its growth to something more?"

That was how it had been brought about; and though Dorigen knew nothing of all this she knew something—much more than she knew that she knew—of Ermengarde Fairfax. And she had known Michael Salvain; she had trusted him, and she had loved him. She might not understand, but a thought, swift and sure as an instinct, struck her brain. Mrs. Fairfax had misinterpreted, or rather mistranslated some word that Lady Anna had said. And she had done this for reasons of her own. The idea became instantly as a settled truth.

Michael Salvain had never offered his hand to his cousin had he not done so in the belief that that summer's day in Thorsgrif Gill had been utterly forgotten or ignored. Of this Dorigen was certain as she stood there in the hollow of the little wood by the river's edge. Naturally, very naturally, her first impulse was to tell to him simply and plainly the real facts of the case. It seemed impossible that she could let him go back to Thorsgrif believing her to be engaged to marry Lancelot Wilderslowe. And yet a great, an infinite pity swept through her, coming swiftly as the suspicion of the truth had come, but with twice the overmastering force of that. That was but an idea, this an emotion.

It was not only pity; the reluctance to give pain that had been hers always was

mingled with it, and here, if she spoke, she must cause so much more than mere pain. It seemed as if a woman—a lady of such presence and power as Mrs. Fairfax—might hardly bear such shame as detection would bring, and live.

And yet another thought came with rapid weight. Was it not very conceivable that a man should choose to marry a woman of such beauty, such grace, such fascination as Emmengarde had, in preference to one so plain, so insignificant, so slenderly endowed with attractions as she herself was? Years ago she had wondered that Michael had not cared for his beautiful cousin. Doubtless he cared enough to make compensation now.

She would not disturb his love, or spoil it, or mar it for an hour. Her own love was strong enough and pure enough for love's highest and holiest use of sacrifice. Her first lesson in renunciation had come from his lips. She had never forgotten it. She would not forget it now.

All this had passed in a very brief silence. Her resolution was made even as she lifted her face, and looking steadfastly into Michael Salvain's face.

"I congratulate you," she said, speaking in a voice as firm and calm as his own. "I congratulate you, and I wish you every happiness. I will write my congratulations to Mrs. Fairfax."

"Thank you," he said, with the same chilling courtesy of manner as before. "Perhaps we may have the pleasure of seeing you at Thorsgrif. Do you remain at Hild's Haven long?"

"My plans are hardly formed with any definiteness yet," she said, speaking as people speak to strangers whose curiosity is stronger than their good-breeding. This she said, and thus she said it, though her heart sank and faltered at his mere reference to that future which lay before her, lying as the desert lies at sunset before the traveller who faints for the need of human help, human nearness.

Michael Salvain was beginning to recover from that scattering of the perceptive faculties which so often happens to a sensitive man under the influence of any sudden shock or surprise. His insight was returning. He saw that this woman before him was not the happy and assured woman he had expected some day to meet. He remembered her recent sorrow, and he did not undergauge it; yet he was convinced that there was more behind. Was it poverty? Was it perplexity? Was it care for those who had certainly a right to look to her caring? His

nature was of too nobly human a cast to permit of his putting these thronging questions aside.

Though Dorigen Gower had been all but a stranger to him, though love for her, or even admiration for her had never entered his heart, he could not have passed by on the other side without effort to discern whether she might have need of any help of his. Though a thousand emotions and distastes and expedencies had bewildered him with their crossing threads there was yet in him a chivalrous grandeur of sufficient force to lift him above them, and above all difficulties connected with them. He could no more have left a woman to the chances of war with a cold and unseeing world without inquiry than he could have stood by to watch the slaying of a human being in the street without remonstrance.

"I will not ask you to confide the nature of your plans to me," he said, answering her last coldly-restrained remark, and speaking with a certain unconquerable emotion which she could not but perceive. "But although many changes have taken place since I offered my friendship and you accepted it, I do not see that that old bond need be quite broken unless you wish it. Friendship of any helpful kind is not so common as it might be, and friends are not always at hand just when one may need them. . . . Thorsgrif is near enough to Hild's Haven to permit of my being of service to you if you should need my services at any time."

She would have thanked him, but the word failed on her lip, and he saw that it did. He saw more than that in the wondering, appealing glance she lifted to his face. If she might have spoken—spoken out of the truth and understanding that was in her she would have said—

"I perceive, and I accept your friendship; I accept it for this world and for that which is to come. I know you now, and here I discern the largeness that is in your nature and its rare nobility; but you will not know me, nor understand until the hidden things of this world are made plain in another. . . . You would help me, though your faith in me is dead; you will watch over me, though you believe that I am unworthy of your care; you will be my friend, though you feel I am too slight and frail a thing for friendship. . . . I can wait, I shall wait the better for having the crumbs from the table of your human, loving, kindness. . . . Yes, give me, by all means give whatever you can give; but not now—not just now. . . . For a little

leave me; leave me to regain my own strength; to recover my own vision. . . . For a little, leave me!"

These things she might not say—not then; but she made reply to his words.

"You are very kind," she said calmly enough, yet with a restraint that was all too evident. "You are very kind, and there is no one else; now that Mr. Kenningham is not here, there is no one else. If I need help, if any one can help me, I will ask it of you."

"Thank you," he said, taking her offered hand in his gently. Then he said "good-bye," saying it with a new depth in his gravity, a new wonder, a new fear, a new agitation. All these strove with the yearning, passionate tenderness that had awakened within him by no fault of his own, no concession. He was still strong to fight. There should be no concession.

CHAPTER XLIII.—IN AN UPPER ROOM.

"THE inspiration which God vouchsafes to a soul which He visits," writes Pascal, "is an extraordinary view and perception, by means of which that soul sees both itself and all else from a wholly fresh point of view."

It is almost always sorrow, some new, keen, freshly-wounding and blinding sorrow, that sets wide open the gates of the soul for this high influence to enter in.

Not till the heart is emptied of all it held dear, disappointed of its last cherished hope, left desolate and alone, burdened and humiliated to the uttermost, can one clearly perceive that there is yet something remaining, something to be desired, something to hold with a gratitude which is an ecstasy, if it be given.

This perception did not come all at once to Dorigen Gower. That night, when the house was still, and the clock ticked loudly on the stair, and all the world that she knew of was silent and asleep, she sat alone in the small attic at the back of the house, which was the one room she cared to have. From the window she could see the south side of the abbey, where the great arches stood in the pale grandeur that the moonlight heightens; and she could hear the wind that was wailing plaintively across the green upland fields that were between the abbey and Tenter's Close. She was glad for that—that nought save the grey-green, treeless pasture land was there.

That first hour had been an hour of voiceless, stirless agony—the agony of knowing that the one love her life had ever had, or ever could have, had been betrayed. No tear came; no moan; her heart had no cry. She

blamed no one. No movement of scorn or hatred stained her soul. The power to think, to realise came slowly. The first conscious thought she had was a perception that this thing that had happened was not for her wholly an evil. It was her destiny, and could not have happened otherwise. She had had to taste of love, to know its sweetness, its highest capacity for faith and trust. Now she had to drink to the dregs its last bitterness. And yet even this might be well. There was strength enough and light enough left within her to perceive that this inevitable negation of her one warm human hope might be well. It *might* be; and yet the pity of it! Ah, the pity of it!

The hour that followed after was strange, and the conflict of it strong. Her heart stirred rebelliously, demanding the human good that a human life may have; yearning for its rest, and peace, and sweetness; and refusing to perceive that life could be lived at all in such utter loneliness as remains to a woman who has been denied the power of forgetting. She might never forget—this she knew. Time would not even bring alleviation. In every hour of solitude or depression—and they would be many—the keenness, the sharpness of this stroke would come back upon her with its full power to pain, to crush, to break the spirit within her.

"And yet," said some voice that seemed to speak from some colder and sterner height, and still to speak constrainingly, "and yet you can acknowledge now, and shall acknowledge with infinitely more emphasis in the days to be, that this dividing of your life was needful for that life's highest good. There is nothing new in your experience," the voice continued. "Remember that poem over which you pondered to find its true meaning. You are living that meaning now."

"High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river."

"He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river."

"'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
'The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed;'
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed
He blew in power by the river."

Yes; she was beginning to understand the poem. Full understanding might not come till later, not till the slow passing of the years should prove the completeness of the sacrifice.

The reed should be proud, say the people, being chosen and fashioned for a musical instrument. But being a reed it remembers the river, and the white and golden water-lilies that float on its deep, cool bed; and the dragon-fly that pauses to dream above the limpid waters; and the murmur and stirring of the other reeds that were so near. The river is the reed's one home.

"The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain," says the poet. Yes; and they know that the sacrifice that is in a human life is the measure of that life's height, and depth, and breadth, and intensity.

She remembered as she sat there that years ago, standing on the cliff top in the twilight, Michael Salvain had been the first to strike within her that chord which lies somewhere in every human heart, the chord that resolves the mystery of human pain. She had not comprehended then, nor later, the response that her soul had made so readily. She had had as it were a prevision of the spiritual strength and the spiritual beauty to be won out of suffering—to be learnt through renunciation. The influence of the vision had never departed wholly.

Later, the strain and the stress had been lifted from her life by no wish or will of her own. Every natural human desire that she had had been gratified; her instinct for things beautiful and refined had grown by what was provided for it to feed upon. Her higher tastes and pleasures, her intellectual leanings and yearnings had been satisfied to the uttermost. She had seen the good of life, enjoyed it, appreciated it; and yet all the while there had remained within her the spirit to ask, "To what purpose?"

Now, to-night, looking back over her life from that "wholly fresh point of view," she saw that the seemingly scattered years, the seemingly purposeless changes, events, joys, sorrows, negations had all tended to this one hour. They had been parts of a design that was perfect in its unity. That design was the teaching of renunciation—of an absolute, and solitary, and sorrowful renunciation.

How renounce
a joy never

tasted? How sacrifice a good never enjoyed or desired?

She had not only tasted, she had drunk deeply of the cup of the wine of human joy, and her appreciation had been keen above the ordinary measure of human keenness.

And what remained? What might remain to a woman, the penniless daughter of a drowned man whose life had been a failure, and who in dying had inevitably laid upon her a burden that would surely be greater than she could bear? No touch of blame entered her thought—none of querulousness. Her poverty, her burden, her loneliness, her heart's wild yearning sorrow—these things were the conditions of her life, to be accepted, endured, fought against with what strength she had. No yielding was possible. One life was ended. Even to-night, another life must be begun.

Dark as it looked, she must face it faithfully; she must look into it, not "to fancy what were fair," but to find out what might be. Yet at every step her musing took, the prospect seemed to grow more blank, more bewildering, more appalling. For a time her heart sank within her; and whilst it was low she knelt, and as she knelt there came a Presence to that upper room.

It was not a strange Presence. Once before in a time of sorrow it had come upon her, and a Voice had spoken with her openly. In the time of her heart's wealth she had not known it.

All her life she had waited, pondering in her heart the visitation of her childhood, and the call she had heard later on the wind-swept height had deepened the reverent assurance of a fuller message to be delivered. Now, a third time, she was aware of the nearness of some crisis in her spiritual life.

"While I was thus musing the fire kindled," said the psalmist; and it was grief that had led him to muse. There was no conscious

preparation. The sweet singer of Israel sat or walked alone, brooding in his own heart quietly, silently, dumb with silence; but his emotion was stirred, and his heart grew hot within him, and at the last he spake with his tongue.



"Where the great arches stood."

Here, if anywhere on written pages, we have a genuine history of a genuine inspiration. There are others in that same Book.

Isaiah, the seer, when the visions were unfolded to him, was dismayed; "fearfulness affrighted him." Daniel under the same circumstances, "fainted; and was sick certain days."

David saw no vision, save such as his own thought presented to his own imagination; stirring his grief, awakening his strongest and saddest emotion. But within him fire was kindled, fire that brings light and heat, fire that dispels coldness and darkness, fire that purifies whatever atmosphere it burns in. These changes wrought, his emotion became audible; song became not only possible to him, but a necessity of the hour. He sang his great prayerful pleading psalm because he could not have spoken it, or written it in the common speech of daily use. His sorrow being deep, his need urgent, his aspiration high, his longing to speak to God intense, it was inevitable to him that his speech should be poetic. So we touch the very soul of poetry. So we have glimpses of the very source and fountain of inspiration.

Even thus was Dante's "mystic unfathomable song" produced. "The very essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic," it has been said. "Its depth and rapt passion, and sincerity make it musical—*go deep enough* and you will find music everywhere." Yes, it is always "out of the depths" that poetry comes, if it be true, and living, and of any permanent value. Is not "In Memoriam" itself a proof that sorrowful, passionate prayer is the deepest poetry left to us? Yes, "out of the depths," the depths of sorrow fused in the kindling fire of the Spirit till the flame sweeps upward with that rhythmical beating which becomes musical before we know it. This it is to write a true poem—to feel that it is uttered in your soul's hearing, and that you do but reverently listen.

There was reverence in Dorigen Gower's listening. When she rose from her knees she took her pen and wrote; and when she had ended she knew that there was a poem written. Later, she entitled it,

"A SOUL'S RENUNCIATION."

A LUCIFER-MATCH.

By PROFESSOR T. E. THORPE, F.R.S.



THE costermonger in Leech's clever drawing who stops the respectable old lady to ask if she had "such a thing as a lucifer about her" was doubtless but dimly

conscious of the element of comedy which pervaded his request. For of all things in the world, what is commoner than a match? And yet what an epic is locked up in the little red-tipped splint! What a legend Hans Christian Andersen—dear to children of all growths—might have woven out of the life-history of a lucifer! The valiant tin-soldier would indeed have had to look to his laurels. The little splint would have many a tale of long and dreary winters which the big tree of which it was once a part had braved in the wilds of Upper Canada before the ruthless axe of the lumberman laid it low, and it was swept with hundreds of its fellows down the rapids of the mighty St. Lawrence.

And the paraffin also which lines the end of the splint—what a story it could tell! How that it was born of the strange vegetation of a primeval world, and how it lay buried and bound, waiting for the genius and energy of a Scotchman to set it free.

And all the other substances which combine to make up the wonderful "composition" which tips the splint. We might have had from them tales of travel and sport: of big bulls caught scampering across the vast plains of Uruguay and Brazil. Stories too

of another kind—of geologic changes; of oceans long since rolled away, full of strange little beings, whose habitations were to form the floors of new seas, destined in their turn to be also swept away.

And what story more thrilling than that of the phosphorus—the vital element, which seems to animate at a stroke the whole—the quickening agency of matches as of men! It might have conjured up for us a vision of a grimy Hamburg cellar, with a grimy alchemist, weary with the search for the

magical agent which was to restore to him his scattered riches, amidst his alembics and furnaces, gazing with awe upon the strange uncanny glow which lighted up his mattresses, as he for the first time beheld the little wax-like particles of the new element slowly forming in his receivers. It might indeed have carried us back some six hundred years, and told us something of the

old Arabian philosopher Alchid Bechil and his wonderful "carbuncle" which shone in the dark, and which he prepared in manner very similar to that of the Hamburg alchemist. Or it might have sketched for us a scene in Gresham College, with the fine ladies of Charles the Second's court clinging in fear to the staid *virtuosi* of the Royal Society, as Kraft showed them the extraordinary properties of this *phosphorus mirabilis* which Brandt, the Hamburg alchemist, had taught him how to make. "Ohne phosphor, kein gedanke," said Moleschott. Perhaps that phosphorus, in its

course of cycling change, might have been part of the brain of some great sage who lived a thousand years ago. And who can say what thoughts it may have manufactured for us?

Even the very word match has its biography. We get it, we are told, indirectly from the Greek—from a term originally used to designate the nozzle of a lamp. Afterwards it came to be applied to the bundle of fibre or wick which filled the nozzle, and gradually it passed into the

French *meiche* or *mèche*, which was the little piece of rope or twine steeped in nitre and ignited with which the soldier of the seventeenth century "touched" the powder on the pan of his harquebuss or match-lock. Who has forgotten the grim old musketeers in Mr. Ernest Croft's fine picture of "Cromwell at Marston Moor," blowing up their smouldering matches in readiness for the word



Filling "Monkeya."

which the sturdy Oliver seems about to utter? Later on in its history the word match was used for the wooden splints or chips tipped with sulphur, which were necessary adjuncts to the tinder-box of our grandmother's time. That somehow or other the inflammability of these sulphur-matches might be very advantageously quickened must have been painfully borne in upon many a hapless wight striving, on a January morning, to educe, as Virgil says, "the fire hidden in the veins of flint." We, in these later times of "the

prompt and responsive lucifer," can but faintly realise the trials of temper occasioned by damp tinder, worn flints and badly made "spunks," as these sulphur-tipped matches were termed.

Virgil's expression would seem to imply that the Romans had knowledge of the flint and steel. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that during Titus's reign the common method of obtaining fire was by rubbing decayed wood with a thin roll of sulphur between two stones. The tinder-box with its *fyr-stan* and steel was known to the Saxons, and was in common use during the fourteenth century: one of the chief devices in the collar of the

order of the Golden Fleece, founded in 1429, was a flint and steel.

Among the many ingenious processes for obtaining fire which have been proposed at various times, none is more beautiful in principle than that suggested by Móllet, based upon the disengagement of heat which attends the sudden compression of a gas, as, for example, air. A bit of tinder, and best of the kind known as German tinder or *amadou*—a porous leather-like preparation from the fungus *Polyphorus formentarius*—is placed at the bottom of a small brass cylinder fitted with an accurately turned piston. On dexterously driving down the piston the



Paraffining Splints.

heat evolved by the sudden condensation of the air ignites the tinder—the heat being, in fact, the equivalent of the work done in the act of compression.

Exactly one hundred years ago the great French chemist Berthollet discovered the saline substance which every schoolboy who invests his shillings in the pursuit of practical chemistry knows as chlorate of potash. The budding Faraday, indeed, regards this chlorate of potash with a special interest, for of all the bodies contained in his chemical cabinet, there are probably few which admit of so great a variety of that peculiar kind of illustration which the embryonic "experimen-

tarian philosopher" delights in. He knows that a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphur explodes with a tremendous "crack" by friction, and that the result of bringing a drop of oil of vitriol upon a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar is singularly impressive. These facts were once utilised in the manufacture of matches. About the year 1805, the French chemist Chancel contrived an apparatus for readily obtaining a light, based on the ready ignition of a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar by means of sulphuric acid. The wooden splints coated with sulphur were tipped with a mixture in equal proportions of chlorate and sugar made



The Mixing House.

into a paste with gum-water: on drawing the match between the fibres of asbestos moistened with oil of vitriol, and contained in a bottle, the "composition" ignited and set fire to the sulphur, and this in its turn set fire to the cedar-wood. These matches were sold at a shilling a box, and were in pretty general use during the first quarter of the century under the name of Eupyrions. About the year 1830, a modification of this match was introduced and called the Promethean; it consisted of a short roll of paper tipped with a mixture of the chlorate and sugar, and to the end was attached a glass bead containing oil of vitriol. On pinching the little glass globule with a pair of pliers, the oil of vitriol moistened the chlorate and so determined the ignition of the splint. Oil of vitriol, however, is not a pleasant article for household use; moreover, as used in Chancel's method, it gradually loses its action from the rapidity with which it takes up moisture from the air. Accordingly many attempts were made to utilise the effect of friction or of a sudden blow upon a mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphur. The first friction match of which we have any certain record was made in April, 1827, by John Walker, a druggist at Stockton-on-Tees, and sold under the name of the "Congreve," after Sir William Congreve the inventor of the Congreve Rocket. Congreves were wooden splints, or bits of stout

cardboard about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, coated to about one-third of their length with sul-

phur, and tipped with a mixture of antimony sulphide, chlorate of potash, and gum. According to the *London Atlas* of January 10th, 1830, they were sold in tin boxes, each containing 50 matches, for half-a-crown a box. With each box was supplied a folded piece of glass-paper; on drawing the match between the folds, tightly pressed together, the composition ignited and set fire to the sulphur-coated splint.

This match had several disadvantages; its action was very uncertain, and not unfrequently a too violent pull wrenched off the head. Moreover, the preparation of the igniting composition was attended with some danger; indeed, so much odium came to be attached to chlorate of potash that its employment in match-making was prohibited by law in Germany and France.

About the year 1833, the "Congreve," characterized by the sharp explosive "crack" of its ignition, gave place to the "lucifer"—of which the essential feature was that it contained phosphorus.

Phosphorus, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, was so rare a substance and so difficult of preparation that, as manufactured by old Godfrey Hanckwitz at his laboratory in Southampton Street, Strand, it cost from 12 to 15 ducats an ounce. At the time

of its introduction into the match-making world it was sold at four guineas a pound. It is now made near Birmingham and at Lyons by the hundreds of tons, principally for the manufacture of lucifers and can be bought retail for about half-a-crown a pound. Who first suggested the use of phosphorus as an inflammable agent in matches is not certainly known. Many people in England have claimed the credit; from an apothecary in the Strand, up to a member of the present House of Commons. It is said that Derosne, who is known in the history of technical chemistry for his application of the decolorising properties of animal charcoal to sugar-refining, made a friction-match with a phosphorus tip so far back as 1816. In Germany the invention of the phosphorus match is attributed to Kämmerer, but the name which is most prominent in connection with the early stages of the manufacture is that of Preshel, of Vienna, who in 1833 had a large factory in operation for the making of lucifers; indeed, it was mainly through his exertions and those of Moldenhauer of Darmstadt, that Austria and South Germany became for many years the chief sources of the supply of matches. To-day Sweden is rapidly coming to the front among the match-making countries of the world. Altogether in Scandinavia there are some four-score factories, the famous one at Jönköping, with its 6,000 workpeople, being probably the largest in the world: in 1880, Sweden exported some 50,000,000,000 matches to all parts of the world. In Germany and Austria the number of manufactories is much larger. Altogether there are upwards of 450 factories in the two countries—but the total output of each country is probably less than that of Sweden, although enormous quantities are sent from Central Europe into Russia, Turkey, and various other parts of Western Asia.

In France the manufacture of matches is a government monopoly, farmed for an annual payment of 16 millions of francs to the *Compagnie Générale des Allumettes Chimiques*. In the United States the operations of the Diamond Match Company of New York—a combination of large manufacturers—have also tended to the creation of a monopoly, the effect of which, together with the heavy *ad valorem* duty of 35 per cent. on all imported matches, is to make them, as in France, relatively very expensive.

It is difficult to state exactly the position of Great Britain among match-producing countries, but it is estimated that the annual value of matches made in the United King-

dom is not less than £1,500,000, and that the makers, chief among whom is the Company known as Bryant & May, Limited—a combination of some of the largest manufacturers in England—turn out about 300 million matches daily.

The lucifer of to-day goes through almost as many processes in its manufacture as the proverbial pin. We have first the cutting of the splints. These, in this country, are usually of Quebec deal, and many of them are cut by water-power in Canada. On the Continent, white or grey poplar is frequently used, whilst the Swedish matches are generally made of aspen. In Austria, the splints are usually round; with us and in Sweden they are square in section. A great variety of splint-cutting machines are in use, and the rapidity of their production is something enormous. The splints in England, are almost invariably twice the length of an ordinary match, which is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick. The splints, at the larger works, are received in large cases and are transferred in batches of 20,000 or so on to trays, technically known as "monkeys." The dexterity with which a clever "filler" will gather up her huge armful of splints wherewith to feed her "monkey" is admirable.

The splints are next fitted either into "frames" or "clamps," or into "coils," and are so placed that each splint is separated from its neighbour by a space sufficiently large to prevent the tipping composition cementing the whole together at the ends. The mode of filling the frames varies in different works. The illustration on opposite page shows one of the commonest of these methods. The rectangular box at the top of the machine is charged with splints lying parallel to each other and at right angles to the face of the machine. The box or "hopper" has given to it a joggling motion, whereby a row of splints is dropped from the box, and by pulling the lever these are pushed over by wires into notches cut in a thin lath placed in the frame; a second lath, the bottom of which is coated with a strip of felt or woollen list, is placed over the row of splints, and another row of splints is immediately brought into the notches by the action of the lever; the operation being repeated until the clamp, or frame, has received its complement of 2,200 splints, destined to make twice that number of matches. A skilful hand will fill a frame in four or five minutes, and will deliver to the "dipper" as many as a million and a quarter of splints



Filling the Frames.

daily to be coated at each end with the igniting composition. In other works, a machine of entirely different construction is employed, the splints being placed at regular intervals between coils of webbing and felt. Each cheese-shaped bundle so formed containing some 3,000 splints. One girl with an assistant can attend to three of these machines, and can fill about 300 coils per diem.

Occasionally the splints are slightly charred at the end by being pressed upon a heated iron plate. They are next dipped into a thin layer of melted paraffin wax, or crude paraffin scales, when they are ready to be tipped with the inflammable mixture. The paraffin is necessary to insure the ignition of the wood, as probably not one match in fifty would take fire without its intervention. Formerly, sulphur was exclusively employed for this purpose, but to-day the brimstone matches are only preferred by sailors, lamplighters, and cabmen, as, from the low igniting point of sulphur, they are not so readily extinguished by the wind as the ordinary lucifer.

The exact nature of the "compo," as the igniting mixture is termed in the language of the factory, is among the special arcana of

a modern match manufacturer. Each maker considers that he has his particular "blend," but at bottom they consist, at all events in this country, of varying proportions of phosphorus, chlorate of potash, powdered glass, sand, chalk or whiting, coloured with magenta paste, red-lead, smalt, or prussian-blue, the whole being suspended or dissolved in an emulsion of glue. On the Continent, nitre is almost exclusively used in place of chlorate of potash; hence the continental matches lack the sharp detonation which accompanies the ignition of the British lucifer, and which seems to be so dear to the ears of the British workman but so very distasteful to the more sensitive organs of the British burglar. Nitrate of lead, bichrome, and manganese oxide are also employed as oxidants, more especially in Continental matches. The character of the composition also varies with the destination of the match; that is, whether it has to stand a long sea-voyage, or is to be used in damp or dry climates. A proper order must be observed in the commingling of materials of this nature, otherwise the "compo mixer" becomes a terror to the neighbourhood in which he works. The chief risk which the mixer runs to-day, and which he shares with the dippers and the boxers, arises from the action of the fumes of phosphorus upon the teeth and bones, and especially upon the jaw-bone. Phosphorus, more particularly among the scrofulous and unclean, tends to set up necrosis of the bone until, in some cases, the lower jaw entirely disappears. This evil may be greatly minimised by attention to cleanliness and ventilation, and in the larger works where proper precautions are taken, cases of "lucifer disease" are now comparatively rare.

The composition, in a pasty state, is poured, a ladleful or so at a time, onto a horizontal slab of stone or metal, kept at a regulated temperature by means of a steam or water-jacket, and is spread out to a layer of uniform depth by a gauge or "doctor." The dipper then immerses the ends of the splints on one side of the frame in the viscid mass, and immediately transfers the clamp to an iron frame, arranged something like a wine-bin, with the dipped ends downwards, so that the composition gradually sets forming a well-rounded head. He then dips a second clamp and transfers it in like manner to the frame, until he has in this way dipped the whole batch on one side only. By the time he has finished, the heads first dipped are usually hard enough to allow of the clamp being reversed



Dipping Splints.

and the other ends dipped; each splint, it being remembered, forming two matches. The dipped clamps are allowed to remain in the drying chamber for some hours, the time varying with the humidity and temperature of the air, until the heads are sufficiently set to allow of the splints being cut and the matches boxed. A clever dipper has been known to dip 4,000 frames in a day, that is, in round numbers, some 8,000,000 matches.

The next operation consists in dividing the splints and boxing the matches. When sufficiently dry the dipped splints are released from the clamps and taken to benches at which stand a number of girls, each provided with a hinged lever-knife and a supply of empty boxes. The boxer throws back the knife, seizes a number of the splints lying beside her—her sense of touch tells her to a match or two whether she has the required number—places them on the wooden support carrying the knife, slings a weighted cord across them to keep them in position, and with a downward stroke of the knife cuts through the 70, 80, or 100 splints. As she again throws back the knife, she seizes one of the half-opened boxes before her, and drives into it, with a single stroke of the hand, its complement of matches. A very consider-

able number of matches are necessarily lost in this operation; if the matches are at all "quick" or "tender," the friction of the heads against each other in the cutting and boxing not unfrequently causes the ignition of the whole batch. As the girls are paid by the number boxed, their tempers are occasionally sorely tried, particularly on a hot summer's afternoon; "boxers," as a class, being especially sensitive on the subject of thermal atmospheric disturbance. The dexterous rapidity and courage with which they will tackle a conflagration on their bench would extort the admiration of Captain Shaw's smartest hands. Although it occasionally happens that the whole of a half-day's make will ignite in the drying-chamber, fires are by no means so common in match-making works as might be imagined; a plentiful supply of sawdust in which to bury the inflamed splints will promptly stop the spread of the burning.

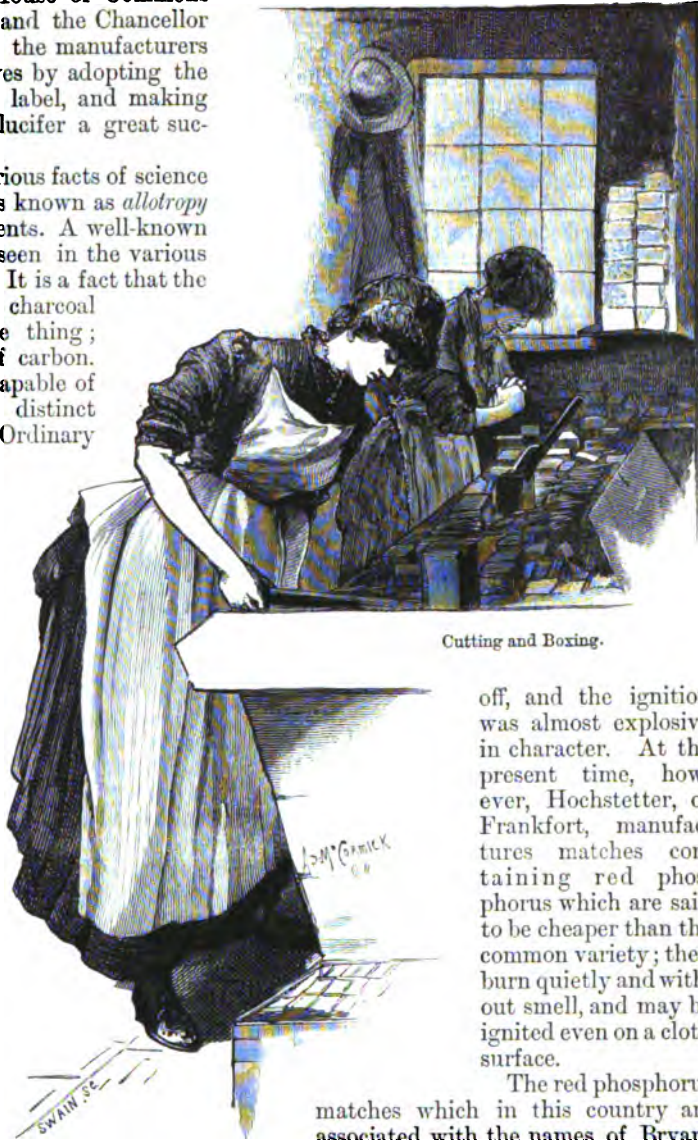
The making of match-boxes is usually, at least in the case of the larger works, carried on outside the factories and at the homes of the operatives. The manufacturer supplies a middle-man with the required number of "skillets," labels, and "sands," to distribute to the women and children who are mainly employed in the work. Enormous quantities of these boxes are made in the poorer districts of Bethnal Green and in the neighbourhood of Bow, and large numbers are imported, case within case, from Norway and Sweden.

No account of the lucifer-match industry would be complete without some reference to the labels which ornament—or otherwise—the boxes. Everybody knows how a happy title helps the sale of a book or a picture; the commercial success of a particular make of match is in no less degree dependent on the label. The history of popular movement in England during the last thirty years might, indeed, be written from match-box labels. Manufacturers vie with each other in catching the popular eye, humouring the popular fancy, or tickling the popular taste. One manufacturer scores a success with the "Proverb" match; another with the "Run-away-match;" a third with "A match which is a match for any other match;" and a fourth with "A match which will light anywhere." A certain Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to replenish the National Purse by a halfpenny tax upon matches and devised a beautiful revenue-stamp with an appropriate Latin motto. The machinations of the match-makers were, however,

too much for him, the House of Commons laughed at the proposal, and the Chancellor had to withdraw it; and the manufacturers neatly revenged themselves by adopting the design of the stamp as a label, and making the "Ex luce lucellum" lucifer a great success.

One of the most mysterious facts of science is the existence of what is known as *allotropy* among the chemical elements. A well-known instance of allotropy is seen in the various modifications of carbon. It is a fact that the diamond, black-lead, and charcoal are essentially the same thing; each is composed only of carbon. Now phosphorus is also capable of existing in at least two distinct allotropic modifications. Ordinary phosphorus, as discovered by Brandt, is, when quite pure, a perfectly transparent crystalline substance with a sparkling lustre hardly less brilliant than that of the diamond. This form is readily fusible, and is so very inflammable in the air that it is usually kept under water; moreover it is intensely poisonous. The Austrian chemist Schröter discovered, in 1847, that if this form of phosphorus be simply heated to a sufficiently high temperature out of contact with the air, it rapidly darkens in colour until it eventually becomes a deep red or purplish-red powder, absolutely different in all physical properties from the transparent variety. It is, however, still phosphorus, but it has lost the ready inflammability of the colourless modification, has become specifically heavier, is no longer poisonous, and may be handled with impunity and without risk of the "jaw disease."

The first attempts to introduce red phosphorus into the tipping composition of lucifers were not very successful; the matches were difficult to strike, requiring a special friction surface; the heads frequently broke



Cutting and Boxing.

off, and the ignition was almost explosive in character. At the present time, however, Hochstetter, of Frankfort, manufactures matches containing red phosphorus which are said to be cheaper than the common variety; they burn quietly and without smell, and may be ignited even on a cloth surface.

The red phosphorus matches which in this country are associated with the names of Bryant and May were first suggested by the German chemist Böttger, and their manufacture first undertaken by the Swedish maker Lundstrom under a patent secured in 1855. Their mode of ignition is quite different from that of the common lucifer, and depends upon the ease with which chlorate of potash is decomposed when triturated or rubbed with red phosphorus. The chlorate of potash lozenge of pharmacy ignites with almost explosive violence when rubbed against one of Bryant and May's "safety" boxes. The composition on the splint varies with different makers; it always contains

chlorate of potash, and usually also bichrome or oxides of lead, iron, or manganese, with burnt umber, powdered glass or sand, held together with gum or glue. The rubbing surface consists of red phosphorus mixed with manganese, or iron pyrites, or antimony sulphide, and powdered glass or sand, with sufficient glue to make the whole adhere to the label. The amount of phosphorus needed to ignite the lucifer is extremely minute, less than one five-thousandth part of a grain being sufficient. Indeed, many such matches will ignite by friction

against a smooth surface of paper or glass. Phosphorus, in fact, is not absolutely required to make a lucifer, and to-day considerable quantities of matches are manufactured without it, especially in France. Whether these will become general is mainly a question of price; still there is good reason to hope that in time phosphorus will be entirely dispensed with, and that the twelve or fifteen hundred tons of it which are yearly made for matches may find their way more directly to the soil as food for plants.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS.

By PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

IV.—SCHOOL-DAY RECOLLECTIONS.

WHEN speaking of the traces of the nursery which without much effort can still be discovered in words now used to convey the highest abstractions of philosophy, I remarked that the school-days also had left their impression on the Aryan vocabulary, and that I hoped to point out some of them on a future occasion.

Who were our schoolmasters? I speak, of course, of European nations only, and of those who employ Aryan languages, whether Celtic, Teutonic, Romanic, Slavonic, or Greek. The ancestors of these people, nations, and languages spent their nursery-days, together with such apparently heterogeneous races as Hindus, Persians, Armenians, and others, far away from their present abodes; according to some, on the high plateau of Asia, according to others, in more northern latitudes. But wherever their cradle stood, certain it is that they all carried away from their long-forgotten home their words for father and mother, sister and brother, dog, cow, and horse, food and drink, nay, even for that unknown Being to whom they addressed their simple prayers. These words are so little changed that even now, if carefully cleaned and placed under the microscope of the scholar, they appear almost identical.

But when the time came to go to school, and to learn the A B C, and other rudiments of knowledge and faith, the Aryan people, nations, and languages had separated. Some had gone towards the south-east, the ancestors of Hindus and Persians, others had proceeded towards the north-west, and we know little about their wild school-days except what has

remained imbedded in some of the layers of their language.

In Europe every nation has, directly or indirectly, received its first training from the Greeks. The Greeks taught the Romans, and the Romans, alone or assisted by the Greeks, taught the rest of Europe. We know very little about the early relations between Greeks and Romans, and what the Greeks and Romans themselves have told us about the doings of their ancestors is generally very fabulous. But there are historical documents which cannot be falsified, though they may be often difficult to interpret, I mean the words of a language. If we wished to know, for instance, who has taught us the game of *chess*, the name of chess would tell us better than anything else that it came to the West from Persia. In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, *chess* was originally the game of Kings, the game of Shaha. This word *Shah* became in Old French *eschac*, It. *scacco*, Germ. *Schach*; while the Old French *eschecs* was further corrupted into *chess*. The more original form *chec* has likewise been preserved, though we little think of it when we draw a *cheque*, or when we suffer a *check*, or when we speak of the Chancellor of the *Exchequer*. The great object of the chess-player is to protect the king, and when the king is in danger, the opponent is obliged to say *check*, i.e. *Shah*, the king! In the Book of the Duchesse, 658, as quoted by Professor Skeat, we read: "Therewith Fortune seyde, '*chek* here!' and '*mate*' in the myd point of the *chekker*;" i.e. Thereupon Fortune said "check! here!" and "mate" in the middle of the chessboard. After this the various

meanings of *check*, *cheque*, or *exchequer* become easily intelligible, though it is quite true that if similar changes of meaning, which in our case we can watch by the light of history, had taken place in the dimness of prehistoric ages, it would be difficult to convince the sceptic that *exchequer* or *scaccarium*, the name of the chess-board, was afterwards used for the checkered cloth on which accounts were calculated by means of counters, and that a checkered career was a life with many cross-lines, which might end with *check mate*, literally, "the king is dead."

If therefore the Romans had foreign schoolmasters, if they learnt their letters from Greek pedagogues, we should expect to find traces of that early training in their language. And so we do, though not always so clearly as we should wish. The name of the alphabet is clear enough. It was the Greek ἀλφάβητος. Juvenal, xiv. 209, says, *hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae*, "all girls learn this before they learn the alphabet." That word is, in fact, worth more than many chapters of Herodotus, for it teaches us that, whatever historical sceptics may say, some Phenicians, call them Cadmus or any other name, had something to do with the early civilisation of Greece; and secondly, that these Phenicians had received the first impulse that led them to invent alphabetic writing, from Egypt. For, after reading all that has lately been written on the subject, I still hold to Rougé's great discovery, that the Phenician were modifications of Egyptian hieratic letters. If the idea, first put forward by Lepsius in 1835, that the Phenician are modifications of the cuneiform letters, can be strengthened by new evidence, we ought never to be so completely convinced of the truth of our own opinion as to refuse a dispassionate hearing to any new theory. The important point, however, is this, that whatever derivation of our alphabet we adopt must be applicable to the whole series, not to a few letters only. This condition seems to me as yet to be better fulfilled by the theory put forward by the late Vicomte de Rougé than by any other hypothesis.

But it is very strange that the Romans, if they learnt their letters from the Greeks, should not have called them by a Greek name. They call them *litteræ*, a word which we hardly know how to spell correctly, much less how to explain etymologically. It is possible, of course, that the Italians or the Etruscans were cognisant of writing, long before Greek writing-masters settled at Rome. In that case *littera* or *littera* may be a foreign word of utterly unknown origin. Some

scholars derive it from *lino*, to besmear, to daub. But there is no Latin suffix *tera*, added to verbal roots, and if there were, it would probably leave the vowel of *lino* short, as in the participle *litus*. And lastly, *lino*, if applied to writing, means to rub out, not to write. *Litura* is the recognised word for putting wax on a writing tablet in order to erase something written. It is just possible that children may have called their letters, which in their exercises had constantly to be rubbed out, *litteræ*, and the use of *oblitterare*, to obliterate, in the same sense as *oblinere*, would seem to point in the same direction.

Such has been the despair to which comparative as well as classical scholars have been driven by the word *littera* that a French *savant*, who better than anybody combines in himself both characters, derives *littera* from the Greek *diphthera*. Professor Bréal, in the "Mémoires de la Société Linguistique," vol. vi., points out that a διφθεράλοιφος, parchment writer, was used in Cyprus as a name for schoolmaster. *Diphthera* was the Greek name for prepared skins, and these were the principal writing material before *papyrus* came in. This *diphthera*, which means skin, M. Bréal supposes to have been changed into *littera*, and to have assumed the meaning of letter. The transition of meaning is violent, yet not impossible. Far more difficult is the change of an initial Greek d into a Latin l, in a word borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks. Professor Bréal appeals to δάκρυ and *lacruma*, but these are cognate, not borrowed words, and the same applies to δάπη and *levir*. In the middle of a word, however, that change is recognised, as in Οδυσσεύς, Lat. Ulyxes,* and if we could find an analogy for the change of *phth* into *tt*, Professor Bréal's conjecture might indeed claim a certain plausibility. This, however, seems hopeless. To appeal to such modern changes as *baptiser*, pronounced *bâtiser*, or the late corrupt spelling *Aegyptus* for *Aegyptus*, carries no conviction, for many things are possible in one period of a language which are not possible in another. All that remains for the present is to confess our ignorance, a very good lesson to the etymologist as well as to everybody else.

Other words, however, are more outspoken. That the Romans received their first schooling from the Greeks we may gather from the very word *schooling*. To the Greeks, conversations, disputations, and even lectures were a real relaxation and pleasure, and they therefore called them σχολή. The Greek word σχολή is connected with ἔχω, i.e. σέχω, and

meant originally a halt, a pause, a rest. The Romans, when they learnt from the Greeks to have their literary conversaciones in the house of the Scipios and elsewhere, adopted the name *schola*, instead of *otium*, and soon the place where such meetings were held, soon also the people who met there, were called a school. We now have *school* and *schools*, and *scholar* and *scholarship* and *scholastic philosophy*, and many more ideas of the same kind, all expressed by words derived from *σχολή*, the delightful rest at a Roman villa after the heat of the day. It was the elder Scipio Africanus* who used to say that he never was less idle (*otiosus*) than when he was idle, i.e. when he enjoyed his *σχολή*.

Besides *schola*, we find at Rome a number of Greek words connected with school-life, such as *gymnasium*, *pedagogue*, *charta*, paper or letter, *epistula*, *bibliotheca*, *diptycha*, a writing-tablet of two leaves, *grammaticus*, a scholar, *grammatista*, a schoolmaster, *graphium*, a writing-style, *orthographia*, *macrocollum*, large-sized paper, *papyrus*, *byblos*, *peyga*, a book-case, *philologia*, *scheda*, a leaf, Germ. *Zettel*, *thema*, a subject, *tomus*, a tome, and many more.

Every one of these words has a history of its own, and not a few of them are familiar to us in English, French, and German under various disguises. From *charta* we have *Magna Charta*, *charter*, and *chartist*; from *byblos*, *Bible*; from *scheda*, *to be scheduled*, a not very pleasant recollection of last year's Parliamentary election.

But without dwelling any longer on this class of words, which recall rather the outward circumstances of education than education itself, I wish to examine here some terms which form the very framework of our thoughts, and which again point to Greece as the intellectual workshop in which they were manufactured.

What should we be without grammar? I do not mean that we should make mistakes in declension and conjugation. The Hot-tentots speak their own language as correctly as we speak our own. But ask them what is the nominative or accusative, the active or passive, the subject and predicate, and they will simply stare at you. I went through this process with some Japanese pupils of mine who came to Oxford to learn Sanskrit. My great difficulty with them was, not to make them learn the paradigms by heart, but to teach them such simple concepts as nominative and accusative. All these pigeon-holes we find almost ready-made in our mind.

* Cic. de Off. iii. 1.

They are taught us when we begin to speak and to think. They constitute part of that intellectual wealth which comes to us almost by inheritance. But such concepts and such terms as *noun*, *adjective*, *verb*, *case*, *number*, *gender*, *subject*, *predicate*, *transitive*, or *intransitive*, had all to be elaborated, and they were elaborated not without great effort by the Greeks. From the Greeks they migrated to Rome. They were translated more or less correctly by the Greek schoolmasters, with the help, it may be, of such men as the Scipios, or Cicero or Cæsar, and they now form the common property of all mankind. We all speak of *cases*, but why the different terminations of the nominative, genitive, dative, and accusative should be called cases we never ask. They were called so because the *grammatistæ* at Rome thought *casus* the nearest approach to the Greek *πτῶσις*, and *πτῶσις* or *fall* was used to express the relation in which, as we say, one word stood to another, or, as the Greeks said, one word fell on another, or leant towards another. That was why the genitive, dative, and accusative were called cases, and why most philosophers declared that the nominative should not be called a case, for the nominative stands straight out by itself, and the other cases only can properly be said to lean against it.

Grammar, however, is by no means the only subject which the Romans and we, as their pupils, learnt from the Greeks. Mathematics, music, and many other arts, all draw their original terminology from the same source. Many of the terms which were originally purely technical have long ceased to be so, and are now used by many people without the least thought of their original intention, nay, very often in a sense the very opposite of that in which our ancient Greek schoolmasters used it.

We say, "for instance." *Instance*, the Latin *instantia*, is a translation of the Greek *ἐνστάσις*, but *ἐνστάσις*, so far from being an example in support of an opinion, was originally an objection to an argument, or rather a proposition opposed to another proposition ("Arist. Analyt." pr. ii., 26).

We speak of a *typical instance*. Now what is *typical*? It is derived from the Greek *τύπος*, the name which Greek artists used of their first sketches, the *abbozzi* of the Italians. Pliny speaks of an artist who, by means of a light, threw the shadow of a profile on a wall, and then sketched the outlines of that shadow. That sketch, which was afterwards used for a picture or a bust, was a type, what the Romans called *adumbratio*. *Typos*,

however, derived from *τύπτειν*, must originally have meant that which strikes or that which is struck, and before it could be applied to a mere outline it must have meant the rude figure hammered out of metal or chiselled out of stone. This was called the type of a man before it became his likeness; it was therefore the general form of man, and thus only could type have been used afterwards for the general form or idea of a thing, and a typical instance be employed in the sense of a general example, containing all that is really essential. When we read of *τύπος*, used by the Greeks in the sense of letters, we might almost suppose that they meant the same as our types. The Greeks, however, used *τύποι γραμμάτων* in the sense of marks of letters; we use types for what produces these marks, and we distinguish between the iron *punch*, the *poinceau*, i.e. *punctio*, and the copper *matrix*, which is stamped by it, and which in turn is used for casting the leaden types.

This looking behind the back of words may not seem very amusing, but to the student of the growth of thought it is a most interesting subject. It shows us how we came into possession of the intellectual tools, the *ὄργανα*, the instruments of thought, and makes us aware of the common debt of gratitude we owe to those who first fashioned these tools.

We speak of an *amusing subject*, and nothing seems simpler and more natural to us than such an expression. We are not aware that in using it we are simply speaking Greek. I do not mean to say that *amusing* has anything to do with the Greek Muses, though, I confess, I am by no means certain of its real origin. But such a common expression as *subject*, i.e. "thrown under," is certainly Greek, and could have grown on Greek soil only. It is, of course, the Greek *ὑποκείμενον* which Aristotle uses in two senses—first, as that which underlies the predicate, for instance, the horse is white; secondly, as that which in nature underlies the acts which we perceive, what we now call the substance of all things. The Romans translated this word in both senses by *subjectum*. Hence, in the language of mediæval philosophers the *subjective* was the substance, what Kant would call *das Ding an sich*, while the *objective* was the phenomenon as perceived by us. Strange to say, in modern philosophy there has been a complete revulsion, so that with Kant the *subjective* is the phenomenal, the *objective* the real, independent of the forms of thought.

Even in our ordinary language this extraordinary change in the meaning of subject and object tells. We can speak in English and French of the subject of a treatise, we could never say so in German, where the subject of a treatise is called the object, never the subject.

As little as we are conscious of speaking or thinking in Greek when we call an individual a *mauvais sujet*, do we know that even an *individual* is a Greek term? It is a mere translation of an *ἄτομον*, i.e. that which can be no further divided and explained, though it is that which virtually contains the germs both of *species* and of *genus*, and alone is able to account for the origin of species.

But why *virtually*? *Virtually* means *potentially*, as, for instance, fire is contained virtually in the flint, rain in the cloud, the oak in the acorn, or, more generally, every effect in its cause. At last *virtually* comes to mean, to all intents and purposes, as when certain politicians say that Home Rule amounts virtually to political separation. Now all this is again what the Romans, when at school, learnt from the Greeks, and we from the Romans. Aristotle was the first to introduce the extremely useful distinction between *δύναμις*, *potentia*, and *ἐνέργεια*, *actus*, and as the Romans rendered *δύναμις* not only by *potentia*, but likewise by *virtus*, lit. manhood, then strength and virtue, *virtually* became a current coin in all the literary intercourse of Europe, and was so much depraved and discoloured that we may now use it in the sense of *almost*, while *actually* in such phrases, "he has actually been and done it," has no other object than to convey an *unequivocal* assertion.

One more word and we shall have done with the specimens of our schoolboy vocabulary. We have only to look around, for almost every sentence contains a few of these scholastic gems, set in the motley mosaic of our modern speech. In the expression, an unequivocal assertion, *unequivocal* is again scholastic Greek. The history of this word is much entangled, or, as Bishop Berkeley calls it, *embrangled*; but we must try to disembrace it as well as we can.

Æquivocus is the translation of Aristotle's *ἀμύνυμος*, which he opposes to *συνώνυμος*, or *univocum*. In Aristotle * the distinction is quite clear, but it has been greatly blurred by modern logicians, who did not see that Aristotle, when using these terms, spoke of things and not of words. *Synonyma* were

* M.M., "Lectures on the Science of Language," vol. II., p. 390.

things which shared the same name for the same reason, as, for instance, when both man and ox are called animal. *Homonymy* were things which shared the same name, but not for the same reason, as when in Greek both man and an image were called ζῷον. Lastly, certain things are called *Polyonymy*, when they are called by several names, as when the same god was called Phoibos and Apollon. We now speak of two words as *synonyms* when they have the same meaning, as Phoibos and Apollon. We call words *homonyms* if they have the same sound, but different meanings, as ζῷον, meaning man and picture, or such words also as the English *sty* and *sty*, *right* and *write*. With Aristotle the distinction of homonymous and synonymous was of great importance. He constantly warns his disciples against the dangers that lurk in synonyms—not in synonyms in our sense of the word, but in synonymous subjects which are called by the same name and for the same reason, but which nevertheless are as different as man and ox, though both are animals. Synonymous subjects, however, belong, at all events, to the same genus; not so homonymous. Hence the expression *generatio equivoca*, applied originally

to the supposed birth of an animal which does not belong to the same genus as its parents. Again, if a man used a word which could be applied to various homonymous objects, without making it quite clear to what special object he wished the word to be applied, that was *equivocation*, and was not very far from duplicity or lying. Lastly, a social position, not very well defined, liable to doubt and misgivings, was called *equivocal*, and in French *équivoque* is a lenient term for what is really improper or indelicate.

Think of old Aristotle painfully evolving his logical terminology, and defining what should be called *synonymous*, *homonymous*, *polyonymous*, in order that in the end homonymous, i.e. equivocal, should become a convenient expression to indicate rather than to define the doubtful character of a French novel!

There are many more words of the same character, relics of our Aryan schoolboy days. They are often much disguised, and hardly to be recognised behind their rusty vizor. But whenever the vizor can be lifted we recognise the Greek face, and we can often still catch the accents which were heard for the first time in the Lyceum or in the Stoa.

THE TEMPLARS.

By J. A. FROUDE.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING PAPER.

AT the break of day on the 13th of October, 1307, the Templars were surprised in their beds, carried off to the provincial prisons of the different bishops and flung into dungeons. More willing gaolers they could not have had. They had long defied the bishops, and the bishops' turn was come. They took on themselves the responsibility of the King's action. Such prelates as were in Paris, with the heads of the University and the abbots and priors of the religious houses, assembled two days after in the Templars' Hall. They drew up an Act of Accusation, in which the knights were described as ravening wolves, idolaters, perjurers, and guilty of the vilest crimes. They asserted, to meet the inevitable incredulity, that the Grand Master and the preceptors had confessed their guilt. The Templars belonged to Europe—not to France alone. Philip sent circulars to Edward II. of England, to Germany, to the Kings of Arragon, Portugal, and Castile, telling his story, and inviting them to follow his ex-

ample. His letter was read in England with astonishment. A great council was called at Westminster. Edward with his peers and prelates replied that the charges were incredible. The Templars were men of unstained honour. The Pope must inquire. He would take no action till the Pope had decided. He sent his own protest to his brother princes.

The Pope—the poor, infallible Pope—was in straits; he had not been consulted before the arrest. He could not refuse an inquiry; yet, perhaps, he knew too well how an honest inquiry would terminate. The King and the bishops had begun the work, and they had no choice but to go through with it. Before the Pope could proceed the bishops might prepare their case. It was winter. The Templars had been flung into cold, damp dungeons, ill-fed and ill-clothed. In the first months they had begun to die of mere hardship. They were informed of the charges against them; they were told that denial

was useless. The Grand Master and preceptors had confessed, and wished them all to confess. They were promised rewards and liberty if they obeyed; with imprisonment and torture if they were obstinate. After some weeks of this, to bring them into a proper frame of mind, the bishops issued commissions to examine them.

And I must now beg you to attend. What I am about to tell you is strict fact; as well authenticated as any historical facts can be, and much better than most. Belief, or the credulity of nobleness, had created the Templars. Belief, the ugly side of it, the credulity of hatred was now to destroy them. Universal confession would alone satisfy the world's suspicions, and confession the King and his prelates were resolved to have. Wasted with hunger and cold, the knights were brought one by one before the bishops' judges. The depositions of the two approvers were formed into interrogatories. Did the knights, on their admission to the order, spit on the cross? Did they deny Christ? Did they receive a dispensation to commit unnatural offences? Did they worship idols? A paper was read to them professing to be the Grand Master's confession; and to these questions they were required to answer yes or no. A few said yes, and were rewarded and dismissed. By far the greater number said that the charges were lies; they did not believe that the Grand Master had confessed. If he had they said that he had lied in his throat. And now what happened to the men who answered thus? They were stripped naked, their hands were tied behind their backs; a rope was fastened to them, the other end of which was slung over a beam, and they were dragged up and down till they were senseless, or till they acknowledged what the bishops wanted. If this failed, their feet were fixed in a frame like the old English stocks, rubbed with oil, and held to the fire till the toes, or even the feet themselves, dropped off. Or the iron boot was used, or the thumb-screws, or another unnameable and indescribably painful devilry. Thirty-six of them died under these tortures in Paris alone. The rest so treated said anything which the bishops required. They protested afterwards that their confessions, as they were called, had been wrung out of them by pain only. They were returned to their dungeons, to be examined again when the Pope pleased. But having confessed to heresy, they were told that, if they withdrew their confessions afterwards, they would be treated as relapsed heretics,

and would be burnt at the stake. Such was then the Church's law; and it was no idle threat.

I am not telling you a romance. These scenes did actually occur all over France; and it was by this means that the evidence was got together under which the Templars were condemned. But we are only at the first stage of the story.

The confessions were published to the world, and the world, not knowing how they had been obtained, supposed that they must be true. The Pope knew better; he remonstrated; he said that the Templars were not subject to the bishops, who were going beyond their power. The King accused him of trying to shield the Templars' guilt. The bishops, he said, were doing nothing but their duty, and the Faculty of Theology at Paris declared that no privilege could shelter heresy.

The conduct of the Grand Master and the four preceptors is a mystery. They were evidently bewildered, disheartened, shocked, and terrified, and confessions alleged to have been made by them were certainly taken down and published. It appears also that in January, 1308, three months after the arrest, they were brought before the Pope, and they were alleged to have confessed again on this occasion, and to have received absolution from him. But the Pope was still dissatisfied. The other Powers of Christendom insisted on a fuller inquiry. The formal sanction of the Papacy was required before the order could be suppressed, and even Clement, pliable as he was, could not proceed on the evidence before him. In the summer, six months later, seventy-two Templars—seventy-two only of the thousands still surviving in France—were willing to appear before him and give the required answers to the interrogatories. These seventy-two said that they had abjured Christ, had spit on the cross, had worshipped idols, and the rest of it. They were asked why they had at first denied these things? They said that they had forgotten, but had since remembered. Seventy-two, after all that bribes and tortures and threats could do, were not enough. The Pope was answerable to Christendom. The French bishops themselves were on their trial before the rest of the world; the sentence could not rest on their word alone. The Pope found himself obliged to appoint an independent commission, when the knights could be heard in their own defence with an appearance of freedom. A cardinal or two, an archbishop, and two or

three papal lawyers, were formed into a court which was to sit in Paris. All precautions were alleged to be taken that the Templars should have a fair hearing if they wished it, without fear or prejudice. Every prisoner who would say that he was ready to defend the order was to be brought to Paris to be heard. Notice of the appointment of the commission was sent round to all the courts of Europe.

If Philip, if the bishops really believed in the Templars' guilt they ought to have welcomed the Pope's action. They had been cruel, but if they could prove their case their rough handling would not be judged severely. They were in no haste, however. The commission was appointed in August, 1308. It did not sit for another year. The Templars were now dying by hundreds. Their death-bed declarations were all protests of innocence. The survivors demanded that these declarations should be made public. When they learnt that they were to be heard before representatives of the Pope their hopes revived, and more than a thousand at once gave their names as ready to appear in the defence.

In August, 1309 the court was opened. It sat in the Convent of Geneviève. Citations were issued, but no one appeared. The Templars had been brought up to Paris, but they had been told on the way that if they retracted their confessions the Pope intended to burn them as relapsed; and after the treatment which they had met with anything seemed possible. They claimed to be heard by counsel. This was refused. The court adjourned till the 22nd of November; when some twenty of the knights were brought in and were asked if they were ready with a defence. They said that they were illiterate soldiers; they knew nothing of law pleading. If they might have their liberty with arms and horses they would meet their accusers in the field. That was all that they could do.

It was necessary to begin with the Grand Master. On the 26th of November, De Molay himself was introduced into the court. He was an old man, battered by a life of fighting, and worn by hard treatment in prison. Being asked what he had to say, he complained of the refusal of counsel. He claimed for himself and the order to be heard before a mixed court of lay peers and prelates. To such a judgment they were willing to submit. They protested against a tribunal composed only of Churchmen.

Unfortunately for themselves the Templars were a religious order, and the Church

alone could try them. The commission under which the court was constituted was read over. It was there stated that the Grand Master had made a full confession of the order's guilt; and from his behaviour it might have been thought that he was hearing of it for the first time. We have the account of the proceedings exactly as they were taken down by the secretary. He crossed himself thrice. "*Videbatur se esse valde stupefactum.*" He seemed entirely stupefied. When he found his voice he said that if the commissioners had not been priests he would have known how to answer them. They were not there, they replied, to accept challenges. He said he was aware of that, but he wished to God that there was the same justice in France as there was among the Turks and Saracens; among them a false witness was cut to pieces. No confession was produced to which he had attached his hand, and of other evidence there was none. The King's chancellor read a passage from a chronicle to the effect that Saladin, a hundred and twenty years before, had called the Templars a set of villains. Again De Molay appeared stupefied—as well he might. He claimed privilege, and demanded to be heard by the Pope in person.

The Preceptor of Payens then appeared. He admitted that he had confessed with many of his brethren, but their confessions were false. They had been handed over to a set of men, some of whom had been expelled from the order for infamous crimes. They had been tortured, and many of them had died on the rack. He for himself had had his hands crushed till the blood ran from his nails. He had been flung into a well and left lying there; he had been for two years in a dungeon. He could have borne to be killed—to be roasted, to be boiled—anything which would be over in a moderate time, but such prolonged agonies were beyond human strength. If he was treated so again he would deny all that he was then saying, and confess again. He was remitted to custody, and the commissioners cautioned the gaoler not to deal hardly with him for what he had said. The caution was necessary. Many of them were still afraid to speak, or would say nothing except that they had been tortured. They would speak if they were set free. As long as they were kept prisoners they dared not. The commissioners, to encourage them, sent out a warning to the bishops, and again assured the knights of protection. The court wanted nothing but the truth. They might tell it freely; no harm should happen to them.

This gave them courage. Six hundred of them now came forward, one after the other, and told the secrets of their prisons, with the infernal cruelties which they had suffered there. A list was produced of those who had died. One very curious letter was read which had been written by a high official and sent to a party of Templars at Sens. It was to the effect that the Bishop of Orleans was coming to reconcile them. They were advised to make submission, and in that case were promised all kindness; but they were to understand that the Pope had distinctly ordered that those who retracted their confessions should be burnt. The official in question was called in. He said that he did not think that he could have written such a letter; the seal was his, but it might have been written by his clerk.

One prisoner was carried into the court, unable to stand. His feet had been held to the fire until they had dropt off.

The evidence was still utterly inconsistent. Priests came forward, who said they had habitually heard Templars' confessions, yet had heard nothing of the enormities. Others, on the other hand, adhered to the story, telling many curious details—how they had been required to spit on the cross, how they had been frightened and refused, but had at last consented—“*non corde sed ore*”—not with their hearts, but with their lips. But the great majority were still resolute in their denials. At last the whole six hundred made a common affirmation that every one of these Articles named in the Pope's Bull was a lie—the religion of the Templars was pure and immaculate, and so had always been, and whoever said to the contrary was an infidel and a heretic. This they were ready to maintain in all lawful ways, but they prayed to be released and be heard, if not before a mixed tribunal, then before a General Council. Those who had confessed had lied; but they had lied under torture themselves, or terrified by the tortures which they witnessed. Some might have been bribed, which they said was public and notorious; the wonder was that any should have dared to tell the truth. As a refinement of cruelty, the bishops had refused the sacraments to the dying.

The commissioners were now at a loss. Individuals might be worked upon by fear and hope to repeat their confessions, but the great body of the order were consistent in their protest. The commissioners said that they could not hear them all. They had asked for counsel; let them appoint proctors

who could speak for them. This seemed fair; but the unfortunate men were afraid of trusting themselves to proctors—proctors being few, might be tempted or frightened into betraying them. They still trusted the Pope. They had been invited to speak, and they had been promised protection. The members of the court had some kind of conscience, and it began to seem likely that the case might not end as the King and the bishops required. They could not afford to let it go forth to the world that the Templars were innocent after all and had been brutally and barbarously treated without sufficient cause; public opinion did not go for much in those days, but they were at the bar of all Europe.

We need not assume that they themselves did not believe in the Templars' guilt; men have a wonderful power of making themselves believe what they wish to believe. If the Templars had been formidable before the attack on them was begun, they would be doubly formidable if they came out of their trial clean as their own white robes; it was necessary to stop these pleas of innocence, and the French prelates were equal to the occasion.

While the Pope's commissioners were sitting at St. Geneviève the Archbishop of Sens opened a provincial court of his own in another part of Paris. The list of knights was brought before him who had given their names as intending to retract their confessions. On the 10th of May, 1310, four of the Templars demanded audience of the Papal judges. They said that the knights had been invited by the Pope to defend the order; they had been told to speak the truth without fear, and had been promised that no harm should happen to them. They now learnt that on the very next day a great number were to be put on their trial before the Archbishop of Sens as relapsed heretics. They said truly, that if this was permitted, it would make the inquiry a farce—it would stain irreparably the honour of the Holy See. They entreated the commissioners to interpose and prevent the Archbishop from proceeding.

The commissioners professed to be sorry—they could hardly do less; but they said that the Archbishop was not under their jurisdiction. They themselves represented the Holy See; the bishops had an independent authority; they had no power over the bishops nor the bishops over them. They did promise, however, to think the matter over and see if anything could be done.

The Archbishop would not allow them time for much thinking; he was a sturdy prelate and had the courage of his office. Two days after, on the morning of the 12th, just as the commissioners were going to chapel (they were particular about all these things it seems), word was brought them that fifty-four of the knights who had applied to be heard before them had been tried and sentenced and were to be burnt at the stake that very afternoon. The poor commissioners were really disturbed. They were not prepared for such prompt action—their own dignity, the Holy Father's dignity was compromised. They sent in haste to the Archbishop, to beg him at least to postpone the execution; every Templar who had died hitherto had declared the order innocent, and these would do the same. If witnesses were invited to speak, and were then burnt for speaking, they would have to close their court. Already the very report of the Archbishop's intentions had so terrified the knights that some of them had gone out of their minds.

The Archbishop was made of tougher stuff—Fouquier Tinville and the Revolutionary tribunal were not more resolute. To terrify the knights into silence was precisely what he intended. Accordingly that same afternoon, as he had ordered, those fifty-four "poor brothers in Christ," whose real fault had been that they were too faithful to the Father of Christendom, were carried out to the Place St. Antoine, near where the Bastille stood, and were there roasted to death. They bore their fate like men. Every one of them, torn and racked as they had been, declared with his last breath that, so far as he knew, the accusations against the order were groundless and wilful slanders. Half-a-dozen more were burnt a day or two after to deepen the effect. The Archbishop clearly was not afraid of man or devil. Some say a sensitive conscience is a sign of a weak character. No one can accuse the Archbishop of Sens of having a weak character; he knew what he was doing and what would come of it.

I will read you a declaration made the next day before the Pope's commissioners by Sir Amaric de Villiers, one of the prisoners. He said that he was fifty years old and had been a brother of the order for twenty. The clerk of the court read over the list of crimes with which the order was charged. He turned pale; he struck his breast; he raised his hand to the altar; he dropped on his knees. On peril of his soul, he said, on peril of all the punishments denounced on

perjury, praying that if he was not speaking truth the ground might open and he might go down quick into hell, those charges were all false. He had confessed on the rack. He had been taken to St. Antoine the evening before. He had seen his fifty-four brethren taken in carts and thrown into the flames. He had been in such fear that he doubted if he himself could endure to be so handled. With such an end before him, he might say if he was brought again before the bishops, and they required it of him, that he had not only denied his Lord, but had murdered him. He implored the judges to keep to themselves what he was then saying. If the Archbishop got hold of it, he would be burnt like the rest.

The terror had cut deep. The Pope's commissioners had neither the courage to adopt the Archbishop's methods or to repudiate and disown them. They sent to him to say that they must suspend their sittings. He answered scornfully that they might do as they pleased. He and his suffragans had met to finish the process against the Templars, and they intended to do it. A few more victims were sacrificed. The rest of the knights, who had offered to speak before the commissioners, were naturally silent. The commissioners could not help them. They withdrew their defence, and the commission was adjourned till the following November.

The tragic story was now winding up. When November came the court sat again, reduced in number and reduced to a form. The duty of it thenceforward was simply to hear such of the order as had been broken into submission, and were willing to repeat the story which had been thrust into their mouths, with such details as imagination or reality could add to it. I do not suppose that the accusations were absolutely without foundation. Very often the witnesses seemed to be relating things which they really remembered. The Templars were a secret society, and secret societies have often forms of initiation which once had a meaning, with an affectation of solemnity and mysticism. I am not a Freemason. Many of you no doubt are. I have heard that the ceremonies of that order, though perfectly innocent, are of a kind which malice or ignorance might misinterpret, if there was an object in bringing the order into disrepute. You know best if that is so. Somewhere abroad I was myself once admitted into a mysterious brotherhood. I was sworn to secrecy, and therefore I can tell you little about it. I was led through a narrow passage into a vast darkened hall,

where some hundred dim, half-seen figures were sitting in silence. I was taken to a table in the middle with a single candle on it. There—but my revelations must end. I could have believed myself before the famous Vehm Gericht. The practices alleged against the Templars as crimes were in fact most of them innocent. They were accused of worshipping a skull; some said it had jewels in its eyes, some that it had none. An accidental question brought out that it was a relic of an Eastern saint, such as any Catholic might treat with reverence. The officers of the order were accused of hearing confessions and giving priestly absolution, and this was a deadly offence. By the rules of the order the lay superiors were directed to hear confessions and inflict penance. Confusion might easily arise.

The Novices were said to receive licences to commit an abominable sin, yet there was scarcely a single knight who could be brought to say that he had even heard of such a sin being committed.

The spitting on the cross and the denial of Christ are less easy to explain. Thousands of the knights absolutely denied that such outrages were ever seen or heard of, yet a great many did with considerable consistency describe a singular ceremony of that kind. It has been supposed that the Templars by their long residence in Syria had ceased to be Christians, and had adopted Eastern heresies, that they were Gnostics, Manichees, or I know not what. This is a mere guess, and I do not think a likely one. They were mere soldiers. They were never a learned order. They left no books behind them, or writings of any kind. The services in the Templars' churches were conducted with peculiar propriety. Every witness declared that the very crosses which they said had been spit upon were treated afterwards with the deepest reverence. Nor was there really any attempt at concealment. Those who had been frightened at the forms of initiation were told to go and confess, often to secular priests in the neighbourhood. Several instances of such confessions were produced. The confessors sometimes had treated what they heard as of no consequence. They had satisfied their penitents' consciences, not always in the same way. One said that it was meant as a trial of constancy. The Saracens if they were taken prisoners would require them to deny Christ or be killed. The officers of the order wanted to see how they would abide the test. Another said it was a trial of obedience. The Novice swore to obey his superiors in all things without

exception. The severest test possible may perhaps have been occasionally tried. In no instances at all was it ever suggested that the forms of initiation pointed to any real impiety.

So strange a tale is not likely to have rested upon nothing. I suppose the custom may have varied in different houses. Men are men, and may not have been uniformly wise. But the more one reads the evidence the plainer it becomes that the confessions, and even the terms of them, were arranged beforehand. The witnesses produced after the commission met again told one tale. If they ever varied from it they were brought swiftly back into harmony. Sir John de Pollencourt gave the stereotyped answer. He had spat on the cross. He had done this and that; but we read in the Record: The commissioners, seeing him pale and terrified, bade him for his soul's welfare speak the truth whatever it might be. He need not fear. They would tell no one what he might say. He hesitated; then, on his oath, he declared that he had spoken falsely. He had not denied Christ. He had not spat on the cross. He had not received license to sin. He had confessed before the bishops in fear of death; and because his fellow-prisoners said that they would be killed unless they admitted what the bishops required.

The commissioners were not as secret as they promised to be. Sir John de Pollencourt was made to know behind the scenes what would happen to him if he was not submissive. Accordingly, four days after, the same witness was brought in again, withdrew his denial and again confessed. It is easy to see what had happened in the interval.

So handled, the rest of the process went on smoothly. Parties of knights who had escaped the torture chambers of the bishops and thus had not been forced into confession continued to speak out. On one occasion twenty or thirty appeared in a body, and pointed to the red crosses brodered on their clothes. That cross, they said, signified that they would shed their blood for their Redeemer. If, as they were told, their Grand Master had confessed that they had denied Christ, or if any of their brethren had confessed it, they had lied in their throats, to the peril of their own souls. But the mass of the knights had by this time abandoned their cause as hopeless. By the end of nine months a sufficient number of so-called confessions had been repeated before the commissioners to satisfy the Pope's scruples. The commissioners were themselves only too eager to

wind up the scandalous inquiry. Not so much as an effort had been made to discover the real truth. The result was a foregone conclusion, and every utterance which could interfere with it had been stifled by cord or fire. The report was sent to Clement. A council of bishops was called together. It was laid before them and accepted as conclusive. The order of the Templars was pronounced to have disgraced itself, and was suppressed. The sinning knights were scattered about the world—some went back to the world—some became Benedictines or Cistercians. Some gave their swords and services to secular princes, having had enough of the Church. Some disappeared into their families. Their estates the Pope had insisted must be reserved to the Church; and were nominally given to the Knights Hospitallers. But the King extorted such an enormous fine from them that the Hospitallers gained little by their rivals' overthrow.

The Grand Master's end remains to be told. The confession which he and three of the head preceptors were alleged to have made are extant, and resembled the rest, but we have seen how he behaved when the confession attributed to himself was read over to him before the commissioners. He had appealed to the Pope but without effect, and had been left with the three preceptors in prison. When the edict for the suppression was issued, and the other knights were dismissed, De Molay and his companions were sentenced to perpetual confinement. But the world was after all, perhaps less satisfied of the Templars' guilt than Philip could have wished, and in some way or other it was necessary to convince the public that the Grand Master's confession was genuine.

The bull of suppression was to be read aloud to the people of Paris. It was brought up with special solemnity by a bishop and a cardinal, and De Molay and the others were to be publicly shown upon a stage on the occasion. On the 18th March, 1314, a platform had been erected in one of the squares, with chairs of state for the cardinal, the Archbishop of Sens, and other distinguished persons. The Grand Master and his comrades were produced and were placed where the world could see them. The cardinal rose to read the sentence. When he came to the list of enormities of which, as the bull alleged, the Templars had been found guilty, and when the Grand Master heard it stated that he had himself admitted the charges to be true, he rose up, and in a

loud voice which every one could hear, he cried out that it was false.

Philip himself was not present, but he was in Paris and not far off. Word was brought him of the Grand Master's contumacy. Not troubling himself with forms of law, he ordered that the Grand Master should be instantly burnt, and his provincials along with him, unless they saved themselves by submission. Two of them, Sir Hugh von Peyraud and Geoffrey de Gonville, gave in and were sent back to their dungeons. De Molay and the third were carried directly to the island in the Seine, and were burnt the same evening in the light of the setting sun.

In his end, like Samson, he pulled down the fabric of the prosecution. There was thenceforward a universal conviction that the Templars had been unjustly dealt with. The popular feeling shaped itself into a tradition (possibly it was a real fact), that as the flames were choking him, the last Grand Master summoned the Pope and the King to meet him before the tribunal of God. Clement died in agony a few weeks after. A little later Philip the Beautiful was flung by a vicious horse, and he too went to his account.

A very few words will tell now how the Templars fared in the rest of Europe. There was no real belief in their guilt; but their estates had been given to them for a purpose which no longer existed. They were rich, and they had nothing to do. They were an anachronism and a danger. When the Pope agreed to their suppression, there was no motive to resist the Pope's decision; and they did not attempt to resist it themselves. Nothing is more remarkable in the whole story than the almost universal acquiescence of an armed and disciplined body of men in the Pope's judgment. They had been trained to obedience. The Pope had been their sovereign. The Pope wished that they should cease to exist; and they fell to pieces without a word, unless it were to protest their innocence of the crimes of which they were accused.

In England Philip's charges had at first been received with resentful incredulity, but neither king, nor peers, nor Church had any motive to maintain the Templars after the Pope had spoken. For form's sake there was an investigation in the lines of the French interrogatories, but there was no torture or cruelty. They knew that they were to go, and that they would be dealt with generously. The process was a curious one. As a body the English Templars stated that the forms

of admission to the order were, as far as they knew, uniform. What was done in one house was done in all. If any of the brethren liked to depose to this or that ceremony being observed they would not contradict them, and thus the difficulty was got over. A certain number of knights were ready to give the necessary evidence. Some hundreds of outside persons, chiefly monks or secular priests, deposed to popular rumours, conversations, and suchlike, names not given; a certain person heard another person say this and that. What was got at in this way was often not dreadful. A preceptor in Lincolnshire had been heard to maintain that "men died as animals died;" therefore, it might be inferred that he did not believe in immortality. Templars sometimes had crosses worked into their drawers; therefore they were in the habit of sitting upon the cross. The English evidence threw light often on the manners of the age, but I cannot go into that. I have tried your patience too long already. I will, therefore, sum up briefly.

When all is said the story is a strange one, and I cannot pretend to leave it clear of doubt. But no lawyer, no sensible man can accept as conclusive evidence mere answers to interrogatories extorted by torture and the threat of death. A single denial made under such circumstances is worth a thousand assents dragged out by rack and gibbet. If the order had really been as guilty as was pretended, some of the knights at least would have confessed on their death-beds. Not one such confession was ever produced, while the dying protestations of innocence were all suppressed. The king and the inquisitors force us into incredulity by their own unscrupulous ferocity. It is likely enough that, like other orders, the Templars had ceremonies, perhaps not very wise, intended to impress the imagi-

nation, but that those ceremonies were intentionally un-Christian or diabolical, I conceive to be entirely unproved. They fell partly because they were rich, partly for political reasons, which, for all I know, may have been good and sound; but the act of accusation I regard as a libel invented to justify the arbitrary destruction of a body which, if not loved, was at least admired for its services to Christendom.

It remains only to emphasize the moral that institutions can only be kept alive while they answer the end for which they were created. Nature will not tolerate them longer, and in one way or another shakes them down. The Templars had come into existence to fight the infidels in Palestine. Palestine was abandoned to the infidels, and the Templars were needed no longer. They were outwardly strong as ever, brave, organized, and in character unblemished, but the purpose of them being gone, they were swept away by a hurricane. So it is with all human organizations. They grow out of man's necessities, and are mortal as men are. Empires, monarchies, aristocracies, guilds, orders, societies, religious creeds, rise in the same way, and in the same way disappear when they stand in the way of other things.

But mankind are mean creatures. When they destroy these creations of theirs they paint them in the blackest colours to excuse their own violence. The black colours in which Philip the Beautiful and his bishops were pleased to paint the Templars will, perhaps, if history cares to trouble itself about the matter, be found to attach rather to the extraordinary men calling themselves successors of the Apostles who racked and roasted them.

You in Scotland found no great reason to love bishops, and the story of the Templars does not increase our affection for them.

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF INSPECTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

III.—THE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

THE work achieved in our Highland schools is in itself absolutely good, and often very good; and my estimate of it has been vastly raised since I have been able once more to compare it with what is done in the south, and not less in our larger towns. Considering it as a whole, and the untoward conditions under which it has been and must ever be car-

ried on, with peculiar disabilities arising from former neglect, a foreign tongue, topographical difficulties, trying weather, deep poverty, inherited prejudice, irregular attendance, and geographical remoteness, it cannot be characterized otherwise than as remarkable, and honourable in a high degree to both teachers and pupils. This is my de-

liberate opinion, after years of observation and examination, which subsequent experience has only raised. The difficulties under which Highland teachers, parents, and children have to labour are beyond belief to all who have not traversed the rough region they inhabit, especially its remoter corners, which, nevertheless, like the shores of the Lews, often bear a teeming population * not much raised above penury. Glimpses of these disabilities, and only on their lighter side, can alone be given here. The contracted range of experience, and the consequent limited circle of ideas such secluded life cannot but produce, away from newspapers, and even these in a foreign tongue, with restricted communication till recent years, all present a heavy bar, if not a dead wall, to progress, even with intelligent teachers.

This narrow experience was once strikingly indicated by the speech of an intelligent girl, the daughter of one of the best teachers in Harris. She had spent a few weeks in the flat south end of the island, away from the rocks and bays of the craggy eastern shores where she had always lived. On her return, when asked what she thought the strangest things she had observed at Obbe, she replied that two objects had struck her more than all the other new and wonderful sights she had seen, and these were—a horse and a tree! Could anything express more pointedly at once the contracted conceptions of the pupils and the extraordinary difficulties to be encountered by teachers in illuminating such inevitable ignorance by tongue or book? Yet it is done, and done well, too, by our Highland school masters and mistresses.

The very errors the children make in answering generally show their origin less in imperfect teaching (though, of course, that exists there as elsewhere) than in the imperfect notions of a most limited experience, and in the real difficulties of learning and speaking a foreign tongue in early years, where Gaelic is the language of the home.

A scholar, who confused *Columba* with *Columbus* (not at all an uncommon error even with older folks), was told who and what *Columbus* was and did. When asked who, then, *Columba* was, he replied that it was a large Glasgow steamer! There the child used personal observation, though imperfectly, for didn't the *Columba* pass in view every day? A boy near Loch Alsh explained a step-mother to be, with Irish obliquity, "a

* Some seventy new schools have had to be erected already in the Long Island alone, from the Butt of Lews to Barra Head, since the passing of the Act of 1872.

man twice married!" One of my colleagues, seeing in the text-book a well-known passage regarding James VI., that "he was no man at all, for he could not bear the sight of a drawn sword," asked which of all the Scotch sovereigns was "no man at all;" and he at once received the natural but unexpected reply that it was Mary Queen of Scots!

These and like mistakes are instructive, and are greatly explained by defective knowledge of English and its idioms. This source of error was remarkably illustrated in a paper I lately examined, written by a Welsh pupil-teacher, who evidently laboured under the same bi-lingual disabilities as his Gaelic brother. He had to make a paraphrase of Scott's celebrated lines, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?" This became, with his limited knowledge of English, "Is there such a man alive, but his inside is very sleepy!" This reading it is not difficult to solve. The soul is inside the body; of course, it cannot die; at the worst, it can only be sleeping. So that this student's extraordinary words are only an unidiomatic rendering of the sound-enough idea, as a transcendental style might have it, that such a man's "inner consciousness was asleep." If this is the state of matters with Celtic pupil-teachers seeking entrance into a Training College, what must it be with young children?

The results, nevertheless, as I have repeatedly said here and elsewhere, are, in the whole circumstances, highly creditable. Highland boys and girls are in reality uncommonly apt and teachable, though they look so shy and stupid in school in the use of a language that is "heathen Greek" to them; as even an advanced class in our towns does when acquiring French or German by ear and tongue. They are especially so in the acquirement of languages, in which they easily beat their Lowland compeers. In spite of poor living, foreign speech, and narrow surroundings, with fair ability in the teacher and regular attendance, they can and do hold their own in school work, as a whole, with other scholars in the country. Staying power, capacity, and depth may not be so great in the Celt as in the Saxon; but in readiness, general aptitude, and acquisitive ability, he certainly surpasses his Lowland brother, reminding you in his quickness more of the city Arab than of the common country child.

In other elements, the Highland child is also superior to the average Lowland—markedly so in native gentleness and manner, and in those emotional and æsthetic gifts that easily constitute the cultured man and woman.

The commonest dress of Highland boys is simply the short kilt, a narrow strip of cloth bound round the middle above the little shirt, sometimes covered with a small jacket, but as often not. On the western shores and islands, they are usually clad in the thick blue shirt and trousers of fishermen, without any vest or jacket, and nothing more. They rarely wear anything on their heads; for the thick matted hair, hanging over their brows like a brave little Highland bull's, protects them as well as the best Glengarry bonnet. In spite of the too common and painful evidences of privation, in colour, look, debility, and even, in far too many cases, positive disease, the children are in general very cheerful and active. They are certainly happy under conditions that would depress all but the elasticity of Celtic childhood.

The endeavour to be as tidy and well-dressed as possible on examination day is most praiseworthy, and considering their poverty, wonderfully successful. The turnout thus achieved is, of course, generally picturesque, and sometimes grotesque.

I used to visit a retired school in the west of Sutherland where the people were unusually poor, and where a wreck used to be nothing less than a Godsend. Some years ago, a Spanish vessel had been wrecked off their stormy coast, and the clothes of the crew had substantially and visibly increased the limited wardrobes of the community, with remarkable and motley results. One boy surpassed all his companions in style; in fact, he was quite a gent in his way. He had on his father's wide trousers. These, being too long, had to be turned up at the feet, and, being also much patched by the thrifty mother, stuck out behind in a projecting peak, which gave him an appearance not unlike a cocked hat set on end. Over them he wore the fine blue coat of the chief officer, with swallow tail, pigeon breast, and superabundant bright brass buttons. His coat was firmly buttoned up to the high stiff neck, which prevented the boy turning his head; while the long narrow tail hung pendent over the peaked trousers behind. The whole presented a unique *tout ensemble*, of which its owner was evidently proud even to gravity. I employed him all day in doing little offices for me; and the aspect he exhibited in his extraordinary casing, while moving about, over form and table, in the crowded little school, was something quite too absurd, though both he and I kept as grave as church elders.

Such scenes were and are far from uncommon, though now the comparative scarcity

of shipwrecks limits the variety of costume. Not unfrequently, the father goes to bed to allow his boy the use of his trousers while in school, and portions of the mother's Sunday "braws" adorn the little maiden.

An idiosyncrasy of the children is their paucity of games and general incapacity for play. However it may be accounted for, by social tendencies, their food, or other poverty-stricken causes, Highland boys and girls can not only not play with the rollicking, robust abandon and enjoyment of their Saxon brothers and sisters, but can scarcely be said to play properly at all. They run about, are happy, and even joyous, but their repertory of sports is of the most limited kind, and most Lowland games are unknown. The games of camanach or shinty, putting the stone, tossing the caber, and other so-called Highland sports belong to manhood, and are confined to young men, though at times the children do mildly attempt some of them. They much prefer to loll about on the grass, or play at quiet "tig" or touching each other. They seem devoid of the inborn suppressed steam and turbulence of the south, which make boyhood and girlhood so beautifully noisy, restless, and troublesome, but healthy. I have heard Lowland teachers grieve at this want of games, which impresses them painfully, and at their own non-success in trying to introduce some. The games flourished, at the best, only when fostered by themselves, and then died out, killed by the climate or the Ossianic misty melancholy that seems to cling even to the children, to become a settled tone in manhood and age in average adult Highlanders—a tendency increased no doubt by their over-severe Calvinism.

The boys, notwithstanding, delight in physical exercise in a mild way. There is one thing they certainly can do, and they do it extremely well—and that is, they can run and race with each other. The clean and rapid style of their running, done all below the haunches without useless hitching of the frame and shoulders, is remarkable; as seen, for example, behind a carriage on the way to the Quiraing, in Skye. To this they are unwisely tempted by the coppers of the tourist, who, as a rule, consults only his own present pleasure, without a moment's consideration of the moral effects on its subjects.

Yet these gameless boys grow up into hardy, active keepers and gillies, or expert boatmen; able with firm foot on the heather to breast the steepest mountain and "not a

sob their toil confess," or to handle an oar with deftness, especially in the Barra Isles. But this holds only of the minority, the mass becoming thewless but worthy crofters, their native vigour and spirit daily killed out of them by poor living and one-sided laws.

How delightedly, brightly, and proudly have I seen a boy, so sheepish under examination, act as my guide over a bog or along a mountain path and over its crest, or wield an oar, like the little man he was, across even an angry lake or sea! There, under the breezy blue, his real capacity blossoms forth. The shy violet shuts up in the unaccustomed, authoritative shade of the school, but opens out in the outer sunshine. On his "native heath," he is bravely and brightly at home. In the school, he is performing on the slippery intellectual tight-rope, with difficulty, and with not a few falls; such as we all have had in our time, and as we should have had more of, had we, like him, been struggling with a foreign tongue, so diverse in verbals and idioms from the dear and facile Gaelic of his home.

On more than one occasion, the mutual want of English and Gaelic gave rise to not a few pleasant comedies during my many wanderings. One year, the actor on the Celtic side was a Highland maid, servant to a gentleman in one of the outer isles. I was accompanied by a friend, equally ignorant of the language of Eden. We came to the bachelor's home in his absence, and a day sooner than he expected; so that his one attendant was in a neighbour's house when we arrived. The night was very wet and dark, and we had found the place with difficulty; for it was during one of my earlier journeys in those outlandish regions. Getting no response to our repeated knockings, we tried the door, found it open, and, turning to the right, entered the dwelling. My friend, a smoker, at once produced a match and poked it into what seemed a glimmering fire on the flat hearthstone. It turned out to be the eyes of the cat, which, resenting such attentions, speedily sprang past us to the door with a terrific hiss. A light being otherwise obtained, we found ourselves in the kitchen, a rough Highland one, open to the thatch. The slumbering peats were soon blown into a flame, which, in lack of candle, shed both cheering heat and flickering light, and enabled us to dry our saturated raiment. As we sat in front of the fire in our shirt-sleeves, in burst the servant maid, thinking the house was on fire. At first, she stood in no small fear at this invasion of

her domain, and then in surprise at our free-and-easy appearance.

We found that she had not one word of English; and I knew only a few words of Gaelic. She was soon, however, reassured, mainly by our smiling faces and vigorous pantomime; and breaking into merry laughter, at once began cheerfully to prepare a needed cup of tea. Amidst mutual merriment at our vain attempts to understand each other's speech, and the extraordinary signs resorted to as its substitute, she soon set the refreshing beverage before us, with substantial accompaniments, obtained from various hidden recesses; while the peat fire was all our light.

How picturesque, homely, and delightful it all was, as we helped to arrange the table in our white sleeves, by the ruddy gleam, which cast wonderful shadows as we moved about the now glowing kitchen! The funniest parts of the proceedings were our curious attempts at communication. Those I made, with the help of a Gaelic dictionary I had found in another room, raised, in particular, her delighted laughter to crackling point. Her education had been utterly neglected, for she could read neither Gaelic nor English. The big book was some assistance in our intercourse, but pantomime was better; and we got along amazingly in the circumstances.

One chief difficulty was to get her to understand that we were to stay all night. This we succeeded in doing only by taking her to the bedroom, pointing to the pillows and to our own heads, and rolling down the sheets. Instantly apprehending the position of affairs, she hurried out of the room, after duly signing to us that all would be right. We spent the evening in the pleasant sitting-room, talking and looking over the books before a cosy fire, visited at intervals by our ubiquitous servitor, who had, Highland fashion, to pass through that room to reach the bedchamber--accompanied soon by a neighbour's daughter, whom she had called to her assistance. In due time, our friend himself arrived from a distance, and further difficulty was at once removed.

But total want of English is now as rare as before the days of School Boards it was common. To an outsider like my friend, the children's volubility in their native tongue, as in all countries, seems something wonderful, and still more their power of understanding and using a language which to us foreigners seems so abstruse and difficult. It serves, however, to raise sympathy with their broken but remarkably successful attempts to grapple with our still more lawless English.

ON YARROW BRAES.

THE wind, the summer wind of June,
Was on our cheeks as, in the heather,
We lay that happy afternoon
On Yarrow braes together.

Far down below was Yarrow Manse,
Within its little woodland hiding,
And by it, like a silver glance,
The stream itself was gliding.

And farther up in greyer light,
The "dowie dens" lay in their shadow,
And only half made out to sight
By spots of corn and meadow.

And Tinnis hill rose huge and steep,
Its ridge against the sky receding ;
And white upon its breast the sheep
By twos and threes were feeding.

Westward from Yarrow Kirk, within
A field that speaks of love and loving,
A single stone was seen to win
The eye from all its roving.

Ah ! well it might, for round that stone
Such tender consecration hovers,
That love might rest his cheek thereon
And weep for hapless lovers.

And in the wind that came and went,
We heard a music weird and lonely ;
The past was in its tones and blent
With human sorrow only.

And pity for all things that love
Has set in legendary story
To haunt grey crag and hill, and move
Round ruins bleak and hoary.

The dim old world of song that sings
Of tender love in old romances,
Was with us, touching all the strings
That woke our saddest fancies.

We heard the sounds of wail and pain,
Faint from that far-off time of sorrow ;
The misty years came back again,
And look'd with us on Yarrow.

All this, and more, that summer day,
Was with us, as among the heather,
A ballad on our lips, we lay
On Yarrow braes together.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE REAL COUNTRY.

By J. E. PANTON,

AUTHOR OF "COUNTRY SKETCHES IN BLACK AND WHITE," "THE CURATE'S WIFE," ETC.



THE seven miles of heath-land stretching between us and the nearest station, insure to us a certain amount of safety from tourist incursions, and furthermore guarantee that for the present, at all events, we shall remain in the real country ; in a land where the graceful amber-skirted Lent-lily dances unchecked, and ungathered in the keen March breeze, and where each hedge-side in spring is a picture unspoiled by the excursionist's trowel ; and unrobbed by the same hands of all nature's riches, which are indeed outpoured especially for us at all times and all seasons of the year.

At first we might perhaps appear dull to any one who, coming to us from the rush and hurry of town, does not at once perceive how interesting and how beautiful are our surroundings ; the town mind, accustomed to whirl and noise, to press of engagements, and to a desperate rush



"In the Village."

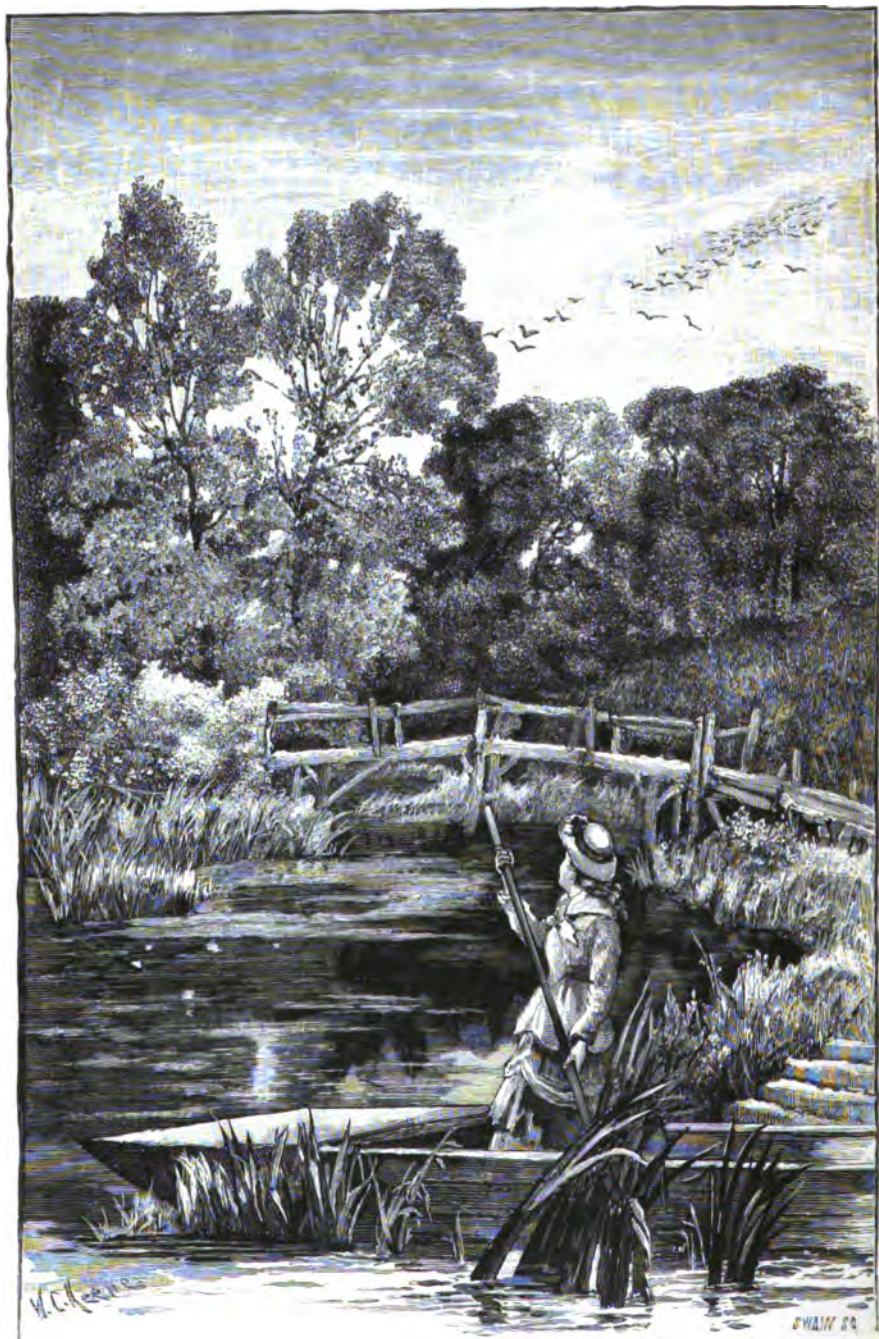
through life, cannot appreciate or understand our interests and our small excitements.

He sees us given to much sauntering, to long drawling colloquies with familiars in smock-frocks or gaiters and velveteen coats; he scoffs at our enthusiasm over seed-lists and the last new rose; our enthralling struggles to rear more, rarer, better prize fowls than our neighbours four miles away; and he furthermore sneers mightily at our love of sport; and the satisfaction we find in tracing the course of the otter, through the reeds and rushes, to the borders of our favourite trout-stream; and the intense joy we experience when the robber is tracked down, and we possess ourselves finally of his skin, to add to the store already ours towards

making a fine rug for our own particular "four-wheel." The very word just used seems an insult to the cockney. "Why a four-wheel?" he asks contemptuously, and we have no reply ready; but he is soon willing enough to make use of our homely little vehicle, and insensibly becomes enthusiastic too, when in our leisurely drives we show him this or that hidden treasure; relying on his word of honour that our information shall be kept sacred, and not handed over to the first Professor Dry-as-dust, who, to add to his collection, would brave even those seven miles alluded to before; and would ruthlessly destroy at once our storehouse, that remains bountifully full yet, because we are too much in the real country to be despoiled even by professors. But in the village itself, with its wonderful row of elm-trees, dotted in a

regular line opposite the low thatched cottages, he soon begins to take an interest.

At early morning in summer, it is quite a busy place; each house-door stands open, with the board across that prevents the youngest hope falling straight out into the gutter. The breeze blows gently in, laden with a thousand scents, and the housewives come and go between the well and their cottages; while the heavy-footed, round-shouldered labourers return to the fields, quitted for a few moments because it is the breakfast time; but all the noontide the little street is quite empty. The hot sun beats down upon it; the silence is intense, broken only by the ring of a pail put down hastily on the stones, or the sudden cry of an infant who may not be receiving quite as



"THE REAL COUNTRY."

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much attention as he thinks he ought to have. Sometimes, but very rarely, a little pony-cart rattles through the village; and the "softy," when not running messages—his one occupation in life—leans over the rails and tries after the wily trout, that lives under the bridge, and knows his would-be captor as well as the would-be captor knows him. Then the evening comes, with its long cool shadows: the bees hum drowsily about the lime-trees, the doors have each their own pipe-smoking lounge, and the children go to bed to the sound of the church bells, and the last Sunday's hymns sung over them by their mothers. The church bells always ring in our village in summer, an old custom dating from the time of the Curfew; and renewed some little time ago regularly, because of a bequest from a grateful man, who, being lost on our moors in a dense fog, was lured back home, and away from the treacherous bog, by hearing our bells ring out behind him, and in consequence left some money to pay for the ringers, who loving the beautiful chimes, never neglect it, and meet in the belfry as soon as the faint green hue begins to gather in the sky that tells of twilight. Then the swifts dip and float outside, screaming weirdly, foretelling fine weather, and giving hopes of a great and bountiful harvest, the fields, bearing which, can be seen from the belfry, becoming golden brown as the procession of the months passes along the sweet paths, between the wheat and barley; that always suggest Sunday saunters after church, when the husbands and wives can rest a little, and talk about the children's future and their own past; and the sweet-hearts, following after, talk only of the future, having no past at present that is of any interest at all.

Birth, life, youth, age, death! all these mingle in one vast stream even in our distant village.

When the soft September moon hangs in the dark purple sky, and looks down upon the cleared fields and the tiny ever-flowing river, which, small though it may be, reaches the open sea at last, it always shines above

the square tower of our old church. Ah! how many sleep there whom we have known ever since we have known the village. The kindly Vicar, dear to us for his intense love of nature, his noble heart, his unselfish devotion to his flock, his stores of knowledge of bird and beast, and flower-lore; the tired mothers of large families that are all out in the world, and that yet are held bound to our village with invisible cords of love; the labourers never heard of, save by us; and the broken-hearted village beauty, whom we could not rescue from the bitter world of London, and whose story is told at times with bated breath to other girls who long to stray, and who become more contented perhaps, when they hear that tale of sorrow,

told beside the flower-decked mound, that is always looked after by the "softy," who yet is wise enough to know his mother sleeps below in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection elsewhere than here.

Better to turn from the contemplation of our village tragedies, to wander quietly and alone in nooks around the cluster of houses; better even if we walk not alone, but in company with the pure spirits of those who once wandered with us there in the flesh; for somehow, as years creep up, and lay each their special burden on our shoulders, taking away in return some gift

that was once ours, and that we thought we could never live without, we at times are puzzled to know whether our friends are really dead; so near do they appear to be, so vivid is the memory of them that clings about a spot once familiar equally to both!

I never cross the old wooden bridge near our decoy-pond, for example—pausing on the centre, and looking down into the clear waters for a while—without seeing one who has gone away some years ago. She was but a girl, full of life, bubbling over with spirits and youth; and often I envied her her unceasing flow of health and her exuberant strength as she punted herself about the pond, gathering the lush grasses, the gilded iris, the great white marguerites, or pink-flowering rushes that bor-



"The tiny, ever-flowing river."

dered the stream. Just as then, the rooks fly heavily home to their nests in the elms ; in the hollow the flowers bloom and die ; and the pond lies silent, or gently stirred by the evening breezes ; but Crystal lies asleep,

and yet I see her there always, just as she used to be, just as full of strength and life ; and I can but think only a narrow line divides us, so full is the place of her memory, so often do I seem to hear her speak.



"The blue still pool beneath the bridge."

A little farther away, where the river narrows and takes sudden turns and twists, lying like pieces of a child's puzzle carelessly thrown on a green cloth, I was shown the first reed-sparrow's nest I ever saw. The dainty structure was well hidden, hanging among the rushes, with one tiny egg already in it ; but it was so lovely I could not take it away, though the Vicar said I might, if only to show "other cockneys" that there were as good architects in the country as ever there were in town ; but I heard the reed-sparrow singing shrilly as our little boat glided away, and I looked at the Vicar smiling ; but he was gazing out over the fields, where the cows stood knee-deep in grass, lazily flapping their tails about ; and then he began talking of the hay, and the coming school-feast.

Surely it was with the Vicar that I saw the beautiful, flashing kingfisher, who lived under Barford Bridge unmolested, unshot at, unalarmed by gun or boy. I know he and I often went there, resting on the stones, and listening to the water and the wonderful sound of the wind in the leaves of the trees, that were so beautiful, especially in autumn, that we never missed our visit

there ; for the red and gold and dark-brown hues were a perfect feast of colour, while the blue, still pool beneath the bridge reflected them and the clear sky and drifting clouds ; and I heard for the hundredth time the legend of the bear which once forded the stream, leaving its name, and a certain sense of mysterious terror hanging over the place, which did much to keep the place quiet and safe from the village urchins ; for who knew that where a bear had been once it might not come again ? At all events, these were possibilities ; and the world outside was wide, and had no unpleasant story connected with it.

Perhaps our favourite stroll at evening, when we had paid our last visit to the walled garden, and duly closed and fastened the door, was into Holnest Park. He and I could go there, but no one else in the village, because the gates were locked, and the Vicar kept the key. He vainly tried to obtain the privilege for the old sick villagers, who pined to walk again on those mossy walks, and under the wide-spreading trees ; but Miss Mortimer would have none of it, and only fumed at the Vicar's hints, turning the subject as quickly as politeness might allow.

I never learned Miss Mortimer's story—never. The Vicar never would tell me what her seclusion meant; but when I said "Love?" he replied, "Nay; rather hate," and turned the subject as adroitly as even Miss Mortimer might have done; the while his eyes became sad, and he quite forgot to whistle for at least ten minutes after we had entered the gates.

But beautiful as the park was in summer, it was a thousand times more beautiful in the spring, when the ferns began to uncurl out of the tight brown parcels into which they had been packed all the winter; when the bluebells and the daffodil-spears pierced the earth and the dead leaves that lay inches deep on the ground, and the pale, thin anemone—looking like the wraith of winter—gemmed the earth, contrasting palely with the yellow primroses that grew there as never have I seen them grow elsewhere; and where, in one especial dell, the Lent lilies were a picture, out in blossom, dancing and swaying all their short, merry life ungathered, unknown of, unvisited, save by the Vicar and myself!

And yet, was spring more truly wonderful, after all, than autumn? When we

peered into the grasses, and saw the hares' ears erect, listening for our footsteps, and thinking if they should rush away or not; when the robin began to sing, and all growing things grew hurriedly, and threw out long arms, and curious misshaped blossoms, as if to do all they could before winter came and cut them down, and closed their record of work done for evermore!

There is something to us very pitiful in the desperate haste to grow, that characterises autumn. It seems like an awakening after the drowsy, voluptuous peace of summer to a realisation that time is going fast, and working-days are over, with only half the work accomplished. Then comes haste, useless feeble suckers thrown out instead of the strong, sound growth that should have been made; abortive flowers, born but never to bloom, instead of the fine blossoms that should have delighted us, had the plants not all felt the lotos-eating summer peace, and so forgotten their work.

"Matter here for a sermon," said the Vicar, after one of those walks; and then next Sunday he spoke about this, and made us all feel very uncomfortable when we reflected how little we had done and how



"Under the wide-spreading trees."

near autumn was to a good many of us who sat and listened to him in that little church.

Perhaps our Londoner cannot afford time to learn, even in our village, all it can teach about the real country, but unless he once during his life sojourns in some such a spot,

be sure that he or she never knows what the real country means.

The vicarage-house, with its little square hall with the billiard-table in the centre—for the village lads came here and played with the Vicar sometimes in the long winter even-



"Autumn."

ings; its homely decorations of stuffed birds and sketches; its nail for the post-bag, duly fetched evenings and taken back mornings

nature's beauties are found abundantly, unchecked, unsoiled—in the pure, peaceful, fragrant depths of the real country.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER VI.—IN HER SERVICE.

NO, not even to Julia—his own child—for that part of the letter was a commission for her alone to execute. After all these long years of absence he sent her his commands—he, the dear husband of her first love.

And, oh! the joy, the intense delight of being able at last to execute his wishes, to work and strive for him, following out his most minute commands.

It was a long letter containing few words of affection; but those she found studded

through the ill-written pages, that seemed to have been the work of one who had not touched pen for years—a word that bore a loving guise, shining brightly here and there, as Millicent kissed it with all the fervour of a girl.

He said that he had not heard from her all these years, and that she might have written; that he had had to suffer fearful hardships, which he would not inflict upon her, though he was explicit enough to draw agonised tears from the loving woman's eyes; that he had had much to endure, mentally and bodily; that his health had been often bad;

and so on, right through the greater portion of the letter.

It never struck the patient wife that Hallam barely alluded to her, or suggested that she must have suffered terribly during his long absence. He had left her absolutely penniless, after ruining her father and mother, but here was his first letter, and there was not an allusion to how she had managed to struggle on for all this time—how had she lived? what had she done? how had she managed to keep her child?

Not a word of this kind, but it did not trouble the woman who knew all his pains and sufferings by heart, for she was hungering for news of him to whom she had blindly given herself, and the letter was full of that.

She did not wish to bathe her sorrowing face in the fount of her own tears, but in the fount of his, and she greedily drank in every word, and allusion, making each the text which she mentally expanded in the silence of the night, till she seemed to be reading the complete history of her husband's life for the past twelve years.

Certainly he hoped she was quite well, and that little Julie was the same. He supposed she would be so grown that he should hardly know her again, but he hoped she would not have forgotten him.

He made but little allusion to his sentence. And here perhaps Millicent Hallam felt a little disappointed, for he dealt in no severe strictures against those who had caused his punishment, neither did he reiterate his innocence. He merely said that he supposed Australia would always be his home now; and that she was to part with everything she possessed, take passage in the first ship with Julie, and come and join him at once—he would explain their future when she came.

No word about the old people either; or the repugnance wife and child might feel to leaving home to go to a strange land to join a convict father—not a word of this, for they were his wife and child. He wanted them, and he bade them come.

Millicent Hallam knew that the letter was selfish in the extreme, but it was the kind of selfishness that elated her, and filled her with joy.

He was innocent; he had suffered in silence a very martyrdom, all these years; but she was still the one woman in the world to him, and he had turned to her to bid her come and chase away the cares of a cruel life.

Blindly infatuated, strong, and yet weak

as a girl; foolish in her trust in an utterly heartless and selfish scoundrel; but how loving! Her young heart had opened like a flower at the breath of his love. He had been the sun that had warmed it with that wondrous new life, and it wanted something far stronger than occasional harshness, neglect, or the charges of man against man, to tear out the belief that had fast rooted itself in Millicent Hallam's nature.

Blame—pity—what you will, and then thank God that in spite of modern society ways, follies of fashion, errors of education, weakness, vanity, and the hundred biasing influences, the world abounds with such loving, trusting women, always has done so, and always will to the end.

One great joy seemed to take ten years from her life as she read and re-read that letter to herself, and to Julie, who became infected by her mother's enthusiasm, and at last believed that she was gladdened by the news, and sobbed in secret, she knew not why, as she thought of the time of parting!

But there was that one portion of the letter separated by two broad lines, ruled evidently with the pen drawn along the side of an old book, the rough edges showing where the point of a spluttering quill pen dipped in coarse ink had followed each irregularity.

Here are the lines that Robert Hallam emphasised by a few warning words at the beginning, telling her that they were of vital importance.

"And mind this: by carefully and secretly following out my instructions, you will free your husband from this wretched, degraded life."

Could she want a greater impulse than that last to make her dwell upon his words, and prepare herself to follow them out to the letter?

"He may trust me," she said with a smile, as she carefully cut these instructions out of the letter, gummed them upon a piece of paper, and doubling this, carefully hid it in her purse.

There was a poignant feeling of pity and remorse in Millicent Hallam's breast the next morning when, in spite of the way in which her heart was filled with the thoughts of their coming journey, the recollection of Christie Bayle's tender care for them both pierced its way in like some keen point.

"I cannot help it," she cried passionately. "It is my duty, and he will soon forget us."

But when he of whom she thought came that morning, looking grave and pale, her heart reproached her more and more, for she

knew that he was not of the kind to forget. This knowledge influenced her words and the tone of her voice, as she laid her hand in his, and then passed her arm round Julie.

"Once more," she said, with a sad smile, "you are going in your unselfishness to help me, Christie Bayle."

"Are you still determined?" he said, with a slight tremor in his voice, which grew firm directly, even stern.

"Yes!"

"Have you thought of the peril of the voyage for yourself and for Julie, here?"

"Yes: of everything."

"The wild, strange life out yonder; your future—have you thought of this?"

"Yes, yes!" said Millicent Hallam calmly. "Can you ask me these questions, and at such a time?"

Christie Bayle remained silent, looking stern and cold; but it was a mere mask. He could not trust himself to speak, lest he should grow by turns piteous of appeal, angry and denunciatory of manner, so fully did he realise the horrors of the fate to which this man's wife in her blind faith was hurrying.

"Do not think me ungrateful, dear friend," she continued. "I cannot tell you how in my heart of hearts the truest gratitude dwells for all that you have done. Christie! brother! I am again in terrible distress. This once more, you will be my help and stay!"

She approached and took his hand, raising it to her lips, feeling startled it was so icily cold.

But the next moment a change came over him, his sternness seemed to melt, his old manner to come back, as he said gently—

"You know that you have only to speak and I shall do all you wish; but let us sit down, and talk calmly and dispassionately about this letter. There, I will be only the true candid friend. I do not attempt to fight against your present feeling; I only ask you to wait, to give the matter quiet consideration for a few days. It seems impertinent of me to speak of rashness; but before you decide to give up your little home—"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Hallam firmly; and the bright light in her daughter's eyes died out. "Do not speak to me like this. No consideration, no time could change me. Christie Bayle, think for a moment. For twelve long years I have been praying for this letter; from my heart I felt it hopeless to expect my husband's pardon. Now the

letter has come, you ask me to wait—to consider—to give up this plan—to refuse to obey these commands. Of what kind do you think my love for my husband?"

Bayle drew a long breath, and remained silent for quite a minute, while Julia watched him with a strange wrinkling of her broad, fair brow. The silence was painful, but at last he broke it, speaking as if the question had been that moment put.

"As of the love of a true wife. Yes, I will help you to the end. Tell me what you wish me to do?"

Julia turned away her face, for the tears were falling softly down her cheeks, but they were not seen by the other occupants of the room.

"I knew I could count upon you," said Mrs. Hallam eagerly, and as if in hot haste. "I know it will be a bitter pang to part from where I have spent these—yes, happy years; but it is our duty, and I will not waste an hour. I am only a helpless woman, Mr. Bayle, so I must look to you."

He nodded quickly.

"My husband bids me part with everything that remains of my little property."

"Did he say that?" said Bayle drily.

"He said, part with everything, take passage in the first ship, and come and join me."

Bayle nodded.

"Then we shall pack up just sufficient necessities for our voyage, Julie and I; and everything else must be sold. I shall realise enough to pay our passage from my furniture."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Bayle quickly; "and you will have to spare."

"And the ship; what am I to do? Oh! here is Sir Gordon, he will know."

There was the tap of the ebony cane upon the pavement, a well-known knock, and, looking very wrinkled and careworn, Sir Gordon came in, glancing suspiciously from one to the other.

"Not the time to call, perhaps. I'm not Bayle here; but I've not had a wink of sleep all night, thinking of that confounded letter, and so I came up at once to tell you, my dears, that it's all confounded madness. He—he must be out of his mind to propose it. I'll—I'll do anything! I'll see the Secretary of State! I'll try for a remission—a pardon! but you two girls—you children—you cannot, you shall not go out there!"

Mrs. Hallam's eyes flashed at this renewed opposition; but she crossed to the old man, took his hand, and led him to a chair by the

window, where she began talking to him earnestly, while Bayle turned to Julia.

"And so you are going?" he said tenderly.

She gave him one quick look and then said—

"Yes. It is my father's wish."

Bayle gazed down at her sweet face, then wildly about the room, as memories of hundreds of happy lessons and conversations flowed back. Then his lips tightened, his brow smoothed, and he said in a cold, hard way—

"The path of duty seems difficult at times, Julie, but we must tramp it without hesitating."

"And you, too, will help me?" Mrs. Hallam said aloud.

"Any way, in anything," said Sir Gordon sadly. "I would sail you both over in my yacht, but it would be madness to expose you to the risk. Yes; I'll do the best I can to get you a passage in a good ship. Yes—yes—yes! I'll do my best."

He looked at Bayle in a troubled way, but found no sympathy in the cold, stern face that seemed to be unchanged when they left together an hour later, each pledged to do his best to expatriate two tender women, and so send them to what was then a wilderness of raisery—and worse.

"It must be, I suppose, Bayle, my dear boy?" said Sir Gordon.

"Yes; it must be," was the reply.

"I'm glad she says she will go down to Castor first and stay a few days with the old people."

"Did she say that?"

"Yes. It made me wonder whether she could be persuaded to leave Julie with them."

"No," said Bayle firmly; "they would never part, because he has ordered her to bring their child."

"Yes; I saw that. Ah, Bayle, it's a bad business; but we must make the best of it. Confound it all! why am I worrying myself about other people's troubles? Here am I, an old man, with plenty of money and nothing to do but take care of myself and make myself happy, and live as long as I can. I say, why am I pestered with other people's troubles?"

Bayle smiled sadly, and laid one hand upon that which rested upon his arm.

"Simply because you are a true man, that is all."

They parted soon afterwards, Sir Gordon to visit a friend in Whitehall, Bayle to speak to an auctioneer about the furniture and effects at the little house, giving orders to

sell his own property to supply the funds for the voyage, and then to make a supposed further sale of funds to realise the capital which Millicent Hallam honestly believed to be her own.

CHAPTER VII.—THE OLD HOME.

MILLCENT HALLAM was closely veiled as she descended from the coach at the inn-door, while Julia's handsome young face was free for the knot of gossips of the little town to notice, as they clustered about as of old to see who came in the coach and who were going on.

A quiet, drab-looking man had just handed a basket to the guard and was turning away, when he caught sight of Julia's face and stopped suddenly.

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Hallam!—Oh! I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I thought—why, it must be Miss—and Mr. Bayle, I—I really—I—"

He could not speak. The tears stood in his eyes, and he stood there shaking away at both of Christie Bayle's hands for some moments before he became aware of Millicent Hallam's presence.

"Only to think," he cried; "but come along."

"We are going up to the doctor's," said Bayle.

"Yes, yes, you shall; but pray come into my place—only for a minute. My wife will be so—so very pleased to see—Ah, my dear, how you have grown!"

James Thickens had become aware that his eccentric behaviour was exciting attention, so he hurried the visitors up to his house.

"Your people are quite well, Mrs. Hallam," he said, hardly noticing that there was a curious distance in her manner towards him. They're not expecting you, for the doctor was in the bank this morning, and he would have been sure to tell me."

Mrs. Hallam could not speak. She had felt so strengthened by tribulation, so hardened by trouble, that she had told herself that she could visit King's Castor and her old home without emotion; but as she alighted from the coach, the sight of the place and their house brought back so vividly the troubles of the past and her misery as Robert Hallam's wife, that her knees trembled, and, but for Julia's arm, she could hardly have gone on.

"Be brave," whispered a voice at her ear as Thickens prattled on. "This is not like you."

She darted a grateful look through her veil at Christie Bayle, almost wondering at the same time that he should have noticed her emotion. Once she glanced back towards their old house; and her heart gave a throb as she saw that there was a painted board upon the front, which could only mean one thing—that it was to let.

All feeling of distance and coldness was chased away as Thickens opened the door and let them in to where a plump, pleasant-looking, little, elderly lady was sitting busily knitting, and so changed from the Miss Heathery they had all known that Bayle gazed at her wonderingly.

The plump little body started up excitedly and then dropped back in her chair, turning white and then red. She gasped and pressed her hands upon her sides, and then looked up helplessly.

"Why, don't you know who it is?" cried Thickens with boisterous hospitality in his tones.

"Know? Yes, James, I know; but what a turn it has given me! My dear—my darling!—ah, I—I—I—I am so glad to see you again."

The little woman had recovered herself and had caught Mrs. Hallam to her breast, rocking her to and fro and clinging to her so affectionately that Millicent's tears began to flow.

Bayle turned aside, moved by the warmth of the faithful little woman's affection, when he felt a dig in his side from an elbow.

"Come and have a look at my gold fish, Mr. Bayle," said a husky voice; and with true delicacy Thickens hurried him out, and along his rose path to where the gold and silver fish were basking in the spring afternoon sun. "Let them have their cry out together," he whispered. "My little woman quite worships Mrs. Hallam. There isn't a day but she talks about her, and I'd promised to take her up to town this summer to see her again."

Meantime little Mrs. Thickens had left Mrs. Hallam, to make wet spots all over Julia's cheeks as she kissed and fondled her.

"My beautiful darling," she sobbed; "and grown so like—oh, so like—and—and—oh! if I had only known."

The reception was so strange, the little lady's ways so droll, that, in spite of the weariness of her journey and the trouble hanging over her young life, Julia had felt amused; but the next moment she was clinging to little Mrs. Thickens, warmly returning her embrace and feeling a girlish

delight in the affectionate caresses showered upon her by her mother's simple old friend.

The stay was but short, for Millicent Hallam was trembling to see her old home and those she loved once more.

How little changed all seemed! A dozen years had worked no alterations. The old shops, the old houses, just the same.

Yes, there was one change; Mr. Gemp sitting at his door, not standing, and with movement left apparently in one part only—his head, which turned towards them, with a fixed look, as they went down the street, and turned and followed them till they were out of sight.

"How I recollect it all," whispered Julia, as she held her mother's arm. "That old man who used to make Thisbe so cross. Walk more quickly, mamma, he is calling out our name to some one."

It was true; and, as the words seemed to pursue them, Julia uttered an angry ejaculation, as she heard a sob escape from her mother's breast.

"Hi! Gorringe, here's that shack Hallam's wife come down. Quick! dost ta hear?"

Bayle had stayed behind with Thickens to allow his travelling companion to go to the cottage alone, or these words might not have been uttered.

And as they appeared to come hissing through the air, Millicent Hallam seemed to realise more and more how Bayle had been their protector, and how she had done wisely in fleeing from the little town, where every flaw in a man's life was noted and remembered to the end.

"How dare he!" cried Julia indignantly; and her young eyes flashed. "Mother, we ought not to have come down here."

"Hush, my child!" said Mrs. Hallam softly; "who are we that we cannot bear patiently a few revolting words? If we were guilty, there would be a sting left."

The episode was forgotten as they passed out of the town, and along the pleasant road, nearer and nearer to the sweet old home. For Millicent Hallam's breath came more quickly. She threw back her veil; her eyes brightened, and her pale cheeks flushed.

There it all was, unchanged. The great hedges, the yews, the shrubs, and the pleasant rose and creeper-covered cottage, with its glittering windows, and door beneath the rustic porch, open as if to give them welcome.

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Julia eagerly, and her voice sounding full of excitement; "I am beginning to remember it all again so

well. I know, yes—the gate fastening inside. I'll undo it. Up this path, and grandpapa used to be busy there by his frames—round past the big green hedge, where grandmamma's seat used to be, so that she could watch him while he was at work. And I used to run—and, oh! yes, yes, there! Grandpa! grandpa! here we are."

Had the past twelve years dropped away? Millicent Hallam asked herself, as, seeing all dimly through a veil of tears, she heard Julia's words, excited, broken, with all a child's surging excitement and delight, as she ran from her side, across the little lawn to where that grey little old lady sat beneath the yew hedge, to swoop down upon her, folding her in one quick caress, and then, before she had recovered from her surprise, darting away, and off the path, over the newly-dug ground, to where that grey old gentleman dropped the hoe with which he was drawing a furrow for his summer marrowfat.

The twelve years had dropped from Julia's mind, for the time, and, a child once more, she was clinging to and kissing the old man, with whom she returned to where her mother was kneeling, locked in Mrs. Luttrell's arms.

"The dear, dear, dear old place!" cried Julia, with childlike ecstasy. "Grandpa, grandma, we've come down to stay, and we must never leave you again."

She stopped, trembling, her beautiful eyes dilated, and a feeling of chilling despair clutching at her heart, as her mother turned her ghastly face towards her, and her name seemed to float to her ears and away into the distance, in a cry that was like the wail of a stricken desolate heart.

"Julia!"

"Mother, dearest mother, forgive me!" she cried, as she threw herself upon her knees, sobbing as if her heart would break. "I did not think; I had forgotten all."

CHAPTER VIII.—JULIA SEEMS STRANGE.

It was as if that forlorn cry uttered by Millicent Hallam pervaded their visit to the old home. It was a happy reunion, but how full of pain! Joy and sorrow were hand in hand. It was life in its greatest truth.

The sweet, peaceful old home, with its garden in the early livery of spring; the fragrance of the opening leaves; the delicious odour of the earth, after the soft rain that had fallen in the night; the early flowers, all so bright, in the clear country air, to those who had been pent up in town; while clear ringing, and each tuned to that wondrous

pitch that thrills the heart in early spring, there were the notes of the birds.

Millicent Hallam's eyes closed, as she stood in that garden, clasping her child's hand in hers, and listening to each love-tuned call. The thrush that; now soft, mellow, and so sweet that the tears came, there was the black-bird's pipe. Then again, from overhead, that pleasant little sharp "pink, pink," of the chaffinch, followed by its musical treble, as of liquid gems falling quickly into glass. While far above in the clear blue sky, softened by the distance, came the lark's song, a song she had not listened to for a dozen years.

"For the last time, for the last time, good bye, dear home, good-bye!"

"Mother!"

"Did I speak?" said Millicent, starting.

"Speak?" cried Julia excitedly. "Oh, mother, dear mother, your words seemed so strange; they almost break my heart."

"Hearts do not break, Julie," said Mrs. Hallam softly. "They can bear so much, my darling, so much."

"But you spoke as if you never thought to see this dear old place again."

"Did I, my child?" said Mrs. Hallam dreamily, as she gazed wistfully round. "Well, who knows? who knows? Life cannot be all joy, and we must be prepared for change."

"And we must go, mother, away—to that place?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam sternly, and she drew herself up, and seemed as if she were trying to harden her heart against the weakness of her child.

It had been a painful meeting, over which Mrs. Luttrell had broken down, while the old doctor had stood with quivering lip.

"I can't say a word, my child. I could only beg and pray of you to stay," he had said.

"And tear and wring my heart anew, dear father," Millicent had said in return with many a tender caress.

Then the old people had pleaded that Julia might remain; and there had been another painful scene, and the night of their coming had been indeed a mingling of joy and sorrow.

Bayle had been up to sit with them for a short time in the evening; but with kindly delicacy he had left soon, and at last sleep had given some relief to the sorrow-stricken hearts in the old home.

Then had come the glorious spring morning, and stealing through the garden, mother and child had felt their hearts lifted by the

mysterious influence of the budding year, till over all, like a cloud, came Millicent's farewell to the home she would never see again.

Prophetic and true—or the false imaginings of a sorrow-charged brain? Who could say?

The stay was to be but short, for they returned that night by the coach which passed through, as it had gone on passing since that night when the agonised wife had sat watching for the news from the assize town.

"It will be better so," Millicent Hallam had said. "It will be less painful to my dear ones in the old home, and Julia. Christie Bayle, I could not bear this strain for long. We must finish and away. He is waiting for us now."

About mid-day, Bayle came up to the cottage, quiet and grave as ever, but with a smile for Julia, as she hurried to meet him, Millicent coming more slowly behind.

"I have brought the keys," he said. "I found they were in Mr. Thickens's charge. May I give you a word of advice?"

"Always," said Mrs. Hallam, smiling; but he noticed that she was deadly pale.

"I would not stay there long. I understand the feeling that prompts you to visit the old home again. See it and come away, for it must be full of painful memories; and now you must be firm and strong."

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "You will stay here?"

"Certainly," he said gravely.

"You are going out?" said Julia.

"I must see our old home again, before I go," said Mrs. Hallam, in a sharp, nervous manner.

"And I may go with you, dear?" pleaded Julia.

"No; I must go alone," said her mother in a strained, imperious tone. "Stay here."

For answer, Julia shrank back, but only for a moment. Then her arms were round her mother's neck, and she kissed her, saying—

"Remember Mr. Bayle's advice, dear. Come back soon."

Mrs. Hallam kissed her tenderly, nodded, and hurried into the house.

Ten minutes later, as Julia was seated in the little old drawing-room at the tinkling old square piano, and Bayle was leaning forward watching her hands, with his arms resting upon his knees thinking—thinking of the boyish curate who, in that very place, had told of his first passion, and then gone heart-broken away, there was a quick step on the gravel, and he turned to see the dark grace-

ful figure of the woman he had loved, her face closely veiled, and her travelling satchel upon her arm, pass through the gate, which closed with a sharp click.

"To stand face to face with the ghosts of her early married life," he said in a low voice. "Heaven be merciful and soften Thou her fate."

He started, for as but a short time since Julia had heard her mother's audible thoughts she had now heard his; and she was standing before him, pale and with her hands clasped as she looked in his care-lined face.

"Julia—my child!" he said, wonderingly.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it," she cried, bursting into a passionate fit of sobbing; and she fled from the room.

CHAPTER IX.—THE STRANGE QUEST.

"SHE be going to look over the owd house again, Gorringe," shouted Gemp, as he watched the dark veiled figure. "You mark my words; they're a-coming back, and he'll be keeping bank; and the sooner thou teks out thy money the better."

There was a strange echo in the place that made a shudder run through Millicent Hallam's frame as she turned the key; but she had nerved herself to her task, and though hands and brow were damp, she did not hesitate, but went in.

A quick glance told her that a couple of score pairs of eyes were watching her movements, but for that she was prepared, and, taking out the key, she inserted it in the inside of the lock, closed the door, and slipped one of the rusty bolts.

"I must be firm," she muttered as she glanced round the empty hall, shuddering as she recalled the scene on that night, and seeming to see once more the crowd—the fire—her husband struggling for his life.

"I will not think," she cried, stamping her foot, and placing her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible recollections; and an echo ran through the place, and seemed to run from room to room and die away in the great attic where Julia used to play.

No; she had not come to stand face to face with the ghosts of past memories: she had driven them away. She did not go into the old panelled dining-room, where she had watched for such long hours for her husband's return, neither did she turn the handle to enter the melancholy cobweb-hung drawing-room, or note that the papers in the chambers were soiled and faded and different,



"She stopped, trembling, to listen."

and that the damp made some hang in festoons from the corners, and other pieces fold right over and peel down from the wall.

No; she paused for none of these; but as if moved by some strong impulse ran right up to the top of the house, and stood in the great attic lumber room, brightly lit by a skylight, and a dormer at the farther end.

Then, with her heart beating quickly, she took from her bosom the portion she had cut from Hallam's letter, and read it in a low hoarse voice.

"Go to Castor if you have left there, and get possession of the old house for a day if it is empty. If not you must get there by some excuse that your woman's wit may find. As a last resource, take it, and buy the tenant out at any cost, but get there. Go alone, and take with you a hammer and screw-driver. Shut yourself up securely in the place, and then go up-stairs to the attic where we kept the old lumber. There, on the right-hand side of the fireplace, in the built-up wall, just one foot from the floor, and right in the centre, drive in the screw-driver with the hammer, and chip away the plaster. Do not fail. You will find there a little recess carefully plastered, and papered over. In that recess is a small locked tin box. Take it out, and bring it to me unopened. That box contains papers of vital importance to me, for they will set me free."

"Read above again. Strike in the screw-driver boldly, for the box is there, and I charge you, my wife, to bring it safely and untouched to me."

"Once more, this must be secretly done. No one must know but you. If it were known, I might not succeed in getting free."

Millicent Hallam thrust the paper back in her bosom and stood there in that unoccupied room with a strange buzzing in her ears, and films floating before her eyes.

"I am choking," she gasped; "water—air."

She reeled, and seemed about to fall, but by a supreme effort she forced her tottering way to the dormer window, opened it, and the fresh air recovered her.

"Oh, for strength, strength!" she gasped, as she clung to the sill. "It is for his freedom, to save him I am come."

Her words gave her the force, and looking down, she saw that her act had been observed by those who watched the house.

That gave her additional strength, and, with a look of contempt, she closed the window, and was calm. Quickly opening her

bag she took from it a stout short hammer and a short screwdriver.

"I must risk the noise," she said as she drew off her gloves, and then noting the spot described in the directions, she found the paper ready to peel off on being touched, and placing the screwdriver just where she had been told, she struck the end sharply, and stopped trembling, for the blow resounded throughout the house.

The cold sweat gathered on her face, and she began to tremble; but smiling at her fears, she doubled her gloves, held them on the top of the screwdriver and struck again and again, driving the chisel end right into the plaster, through which, after a blow or two, it passed, and her heart throbbed, for there was the hollow place behind just as the letter said.

At that moment there was a loud sound without, as of a blow upon the front door, and she stopped, trembling, to listen.

No; it was the jolt of a heavy laden springless cart, and as it rattled over the cobble stones, she struck again and again with quick haste at the plaster, and then, wrenching, tore out piece after piece till she could thrust in her hand, to utter a cry of joy, for she touched a tin box.

The rest was the work of a few minutes. She had only to enlarge the hole a little, and then she could draw out that of which she was in search—a black, dust-covered tin box about the width and depth of an ordinary brick, but a couple or three inches longer.

Her hands were scratched and bleeding, and covered with lime, but she did not heed that in her excitement. Raising the box to her lips she kissed it, and taking out her kerchief wiped from it the dust. Then she asked herself the question, what should she do next, now that the treasure, the sacred papers that should prove her husband's innocence, were found? It was easy enough. The box was light, as one containing papers would be, and would just pass into her travelling satchel. That was soon done and the strings drawn. Then there were the hammer and screwdriver.

She looked around. There was a loose board close by, easily lifted, and down beneath this she thrust the hammer, while a rat hole at the base of the wall invited occupation for the screwdriver.

The plaster? The wall? She could do nothing there. It was impossible to hide that, and she stood trembling again. But who would suspect her, if any one came? She glanced at herself, brushed off a few

scraps of plaster, and put on her gloves over her bleeding hands. A thought struck her: she might lock the door of the attic.

Again she started, for there was a sound below, a loud rat-tat at the front door, and she stood with her heart beating horribly till she heard the sound of racing footsteps and a burst of children's laughter. Some mischievous urchins had knocked at the door of the empty house.

Forcing herself to be calm again, Millicent Hallam felt the box in her bag, and asked herself whether she had fully obeyed her husband's command and succeeded. Was this the box? She repeated the directions with her eyes fixed upon the spot from whence she had extracted it. Yes; there could be no mistake, she must be right, and, lowering her veil, she passed out of the attic with its littered floor, closed and locked the door, took out the key, and descended as if in a dream to the hall, where she paused to satisfy herself that her dress showed no traces of her work, and that the box was safely hidden.

All was right, and she drew a long breath.

And now once more came the tremor and faintness; the memories of the old place seemed to be crowding round her; and in the agony of her heart she felt that she would faint and perhaps all would be discovered. She fought this down and another horror assailed her. She had come there like a thief; she had broken open part of the house and stolen this case which she was bearing away, and she trembled like a leaf. But once more her womanhood and faith asserted themselves.

"His papers, his own hiding, in our own house," she said proudly. "Robert, husband, I have them safe. I will bear them to you over the sea."

Opening the door with firm hand she passed out, the soft pure air reviving her, and she started, for a well-known voice said,

"I will close the door for you, Mrs. Hallam. Forgive me for coming. You have been so long, I had grown uneasy."

"Long?" she said, looking at Bayle wildly.

"Yes; time passes quickly when we are deep in thought. It is two hours since you left me at the cottage."

It had seemed to her but a few minutes' wild, exciting search.

CHAPTER X.—KINDLY ACTS.

TOM PORTER had a way of his own when he was puzzled as to his course, and that was

to go to the door and keep a bright look-out, in other words, follow old Gemp's example, and stare up and down the street until he had attained a correct idea as to which way he had better steer.

He had been looking thoughtfully out for about an hour on this particular night before he came to the conclusion that he knew the right way. But once determined, he entered, and, closing the door softly, he stopped for a minute to pull himself together, rearranging his necktie, pulling down his vest, and carefully fastening the top and bottom buttons, which had a rollicking habit of working themselves clear of their respective holes. His hair, too, required a little attention, being carefully smoothed with his fingers. This done, he moistened his hands, as if about to haul a rope, before going straight up to where his master was seated in front of the fire, which the cool spring night made comfortable, and as he sat there, gazing very thoughtfully in between the bars—

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Been a-thinking, Sir Gordon—hard."

"Well, what about?"

"'Bout you, Sir Gordon. It's these here east winds getting into your bones again; and if I might be so bold——"

"There, there, man, don't stand hammering and stammering like that! You want to say something. Say it."

"'Bout the east wind, Sir Gordon, and whether you wouldn't think it as well to take a trip."

"Yes, yes, man, I'm going on one—Mediterranean—in a few days," said the old man dreamily.

"Glad to hear it, Sir Gordon; but, if I might make so bold, why not make a longer trip?"

"Not safe—yacht not big enough, my man. There, that will do: I want to think."

"I mean aboard ship, Sir Gordon. Why shouldn't we go as far as Australia? We've seen a deal of the world, Sir Gordon, but we haven't been there."

Tom Porter's master gave him a peculiar look, and then nodded towards the door, when the man made a nautical bow, gave a very apologetic smile, and backed out.

"Went a bit too nigh the rocks that time. It warn't like me—but, why! what a man will do when there is a woman in the way!"

He had hardly settled himself in his pantry when the bell rang, and he went up, expecting a severe talking to.

"Means a wiggling!" he said, as he went

up slowly, to find Sir Gordon pacing the room.

Tom Porter did not know it, but his words had fallen just at that time when his master was pondering upon the possibility of such a trip, and, though he would not have owned to it, his man's words had turned the balance.

"Pack up at once," he said.

"Long cruise or short, Sir Gordon?"

"Long."

"Ay, ay, Sir Gordon. Special dispatches, Sir Gordon?"

"No; longer cruise than usual, that's all."

"He's going! I'd bet ten hundred thousand pounds he's going!" said Tom Porter; "and I'm done for! She was a bit more easy last time we met; and I shall make a fool o' myself, I know I shall!"

He stood in the middle of his pantry, turning his right and left hands into a pestle and mortar, and grinding something invisible therein. Then after a long silence—

"It's fate, that's about what it is!" said Tom Porter; "and that's a current that you must go with."

After which philosophical declaration he began to pack, working well on into what he called the morning watch, and long after Sir Gordon had been comfortably asleep.

The next day Tom Porter had orders to go with his master to the Admiralty, where he waited for about a couple of hours; and two days later he was on his way to Plymouth with the sea-chests, as he termed them, perfectly happy, and with his shore togs, as he termed his livery, locked up in one of the presses in the chambers in St. James's.

His sailing orders were brief, and he put into port at the chief hotel to wait for his master, and he waited. Meantime there had been the painful partings between those who loved, and who, in spite of hopeful words, felt that in all human probability the parting was final.

Through the interest of Sir Gordon, a passage had been obtained for Mrs. Hallam and her daughter on board the *Sea King*, a fine ship, chartered by the Government to take out a large detachment of troops, as well as several important officials, bound to the Antipodes on the mission of trying to foster what promised to be one of our most important colonies.

"You will be more comfortable," Sir Gordon said. "There will be ladies on board, and I will get you some introductions to them, as well as to the Governor at Port Jackson."

Mrs. Hallam gave Bayle a piteous look, as if asking him to intercede for her.

Bayle, however, seemed not to comprehend her look, and remained silent.

It was a painful task, but Millicent Hallam was accustomed to painful tasks, and, turning to Sir Gordon, she said in a quiet, resigned way—

"You forget my position. I know how kindly all this is meant; but I must not be going out on false pretences. My fellow-passengers should not be deceived as to who and what I am. I may seem ungrateful to you, Sir Gordon, but it would have been far better for me to have gone out in some common ship."

"My dear child," cried Sir Gordon, wringing his hands, "don't be unreasonable! Do you suppose the womenkind on board the *Sea King* are going to be so contemptible as to visit the sins of— My dear Bayle, you have more influence than I!" he cried hastily, "tell Mrs. Hallam everything is settled, and she must go, and—there, there, we've had knots and tangles enough; don't, pray, let us have any more!"

The old gentleman, who seemed terribly perplexed, turned away, but paused as he felt a little hand upon his arm.

"Don't speak angrily to mamma," whispered Julia; and the old man's countenance became wholly sunny again.

"No, no," he said; "but you two must leave matters to Mr. Bayle and me. We are acting for the best, my child. You cannot conceive what it would have been to let you go out as mamma proposed. It was madness!"

"It is for Julie's sake," Mrs. Hallam said to herself, when she consented to various little arrangements, though she shivered at the thought of being brought face to face with her fellow-passengers.

"Indeed, we are acting with all the foresight we can bring to bear," Bayle said in answer to another remonstrance made in the hurry and bustle of preparation.

"Yes," she replied; "but you are doing too much. You make me tremble for the consequence."

Bayle smiled, and bade her take comfort. He was present with her almost daily, to report little matters that he had arranged for her as to money and baggage. Since he had accompanied her and Julia back to town he had been indefatigable, working with the most cheery good-humour, and smiling as he reported the success of the furniture sale; how capitably he had managed about the

little investments of the wreck of Mrs. Hallam's money; and how he had obtained letters of credit for her at the Sydney bank.

Julia watched him day by day as he came with a curious wistful look, that would at times be pitiful, at other times full of resentment; and one day she turned to the doctor—the old gentleman and Mrs. Luttrell having insisted upon coming to town, and following their child to Portsmouth, where they were to embark.

"I believe, grandpa," she said half angrily, "that Mr. Bayle is tired of us, and that he is glad to get us off his hands."

"Nothing would ever tire Mr. Bayle, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell reprovingly.

Julia turned to her quickly and put her arms round the old lady's neck, the tears in her eyes brimming over.

"No; it was very unkind and ungenerous of me," she said. "He has always been so good."

In the midst of what was almost a wild excitement of preparation, mingled with bits of despondency, Millicent Hallam noticed this too, and found time to feel hurt.

"He is such an old friend," she said to herself. "He has been like a brother; and it seems hard that he should appear to be less moved at our approaching farewell than Mr. Thickens and his wife."

For, instigated by the latter, Thickens had come up and followed them to Portsmouth.

"It would have about killed her, Mrs. Hallam," he said in confidence, as he sat chatting with her aside in the hotel room on the eve of their sailing. "But now a bit of business. I've been trying ever since I came to get a few words with you alone, only Sir Gordon and Mr. Bayle were always in the way."

"Business, Mr. Thickens?"

"Yes, look here! I'm an actuary, you see, and money adviser, and that sort of thing. Now you are going out there on a long voyage, and you ought to be prepared for any little emergencies that may occur in a land that I find is not so barbarous as I thought, for I see they have a regular banking establishment there, and business regularly carried on in paper and bullion."

Mrs. Hallam looked at him wonderingly.

"Ah, I see you don't understand me, so to be short," he continued, "fact is I talked it over with madam, and we settled it between us."

"Settled what?" said Mrs. Hallam wonderingly.

"Well, the fact is, we've two hundred

pounds fallen in. Been out on a good mortgage at five per cent., and just now I can't place it anywhere at more than four, and that won't do, you know, will it?"

"Of course it would not be so advantageous."

"No, to be sure not, so we thought we'd ask you to take it at five. Money's valuable out there. You could easily send us the dividend twice a year—ten pounds, you know, by credit note, and it would be useful to you, and doing your old friends a good turn. I hate to see money lying idle."

Mrs. Hallam glanced across the room to see that little Mrs. Thickens was watching them anxiously, and she felt the tears rise in her eyes as she darted a grateful look back, before turning to dry, drab-looking Thickens, who now and then put his hand up to his ear, as if expecting to find a pen there.

"It is very good and very generous of you," she said huskily, "and I can never be grateful enough for all this kindness. Believe me, I shall never forget it."

"That's right. I shall have it all arranged, so that you can draw at the Sydney Bank."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Hallam with energy, "it is impossible. Besides, I have a sufficiency for our wants, ample for the present—the remains of my little property. Mr. Bayle has managed it so well for me, my furniture brought in a nice little sum, and——"

"Your what?" said Thickens in a puzzled tone.

"My property. You remember what I had when——"

"When you were married? Why, my dear madam, you don't think any of that was left?"

"Mr. Thickens?"

"Ah, I see," he cried with a good-humoured smile, for delicacy was not the forte of the bank clerk of the little country town. "Mr. Bayle patched up that story. Why, my dear madam, when the crash came you hadn't a halfpenny. Here, quick, my dear! Mrs. Hallam has turned faint!"

"No, it is nothing," she cried hastily. "I am better now, Mr. Thickens. Go back to our friends, Julie—to grandma. It is past."

"I—I'm afraid I've spoken too plainly," said Thickens apologetically, as soon as they were alone once more. "I wish I'd held my tongue."

"I am very glad that you spoke, Mr. Thickens," said Mrs. Hallam in a low voice.

"It was better that I should know."

"Then you will let me lend you that money?" eagerly.

"No. It is impossible. I am deeper in obligations than I thought. Pray spare me by not saying more."

"I want to do everything you wish," said Thickers uneasily.

"Then say no word about what you have told me to any one."

"Pooh! Mrs. Hallam, as if I should. Money matters are always sacred with me. That comes of Mr. Bayle banking in town. If he had trusted me with his money matters I should never have spoken like this."

CHAPTER XI.—MILLCENT HALLAM LEARNS A LITTLE MORE OF THE TRUTH.

It was a painful evening that last. Every one was assuming to be light-hearted, and talking of the voyage as being pleasant, and hinting delicately at the possibility of seeing mother and daughter soon again, but all the while feeling that the farewells must in all probability be final.

Mr. and Mrs. Thickers retired early, for the latter whispered to her husband that she could bear it no longer.

"I feel, dear, as if it were a funeral, and we were being kept all this while standing by the open grave!"

"Hush!" whispered back Thickers; "it's like prophesying evil." And they hurriedly took leave.

Then Sir Gordon rose, saying that it was very late, and he, too, went, leaving mother and daughter exchanging glances, for the old man seemed cool and unruffled in an extraordinary degree.

Bayle remained a little longer, talking to Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell, whose favourite attitudes all the evening had been seated on either side of Julia, each holding a hand.

"Good night," said Bayle at last, rising and shaking hands with Julia in a cheery, pleasant manner. "No sitting up. Take my advice and have a good rest, so as to be prepared for the sea demon. Eleven punctually, you know, to-morrow. Everything ready?"

"Yes, everything is ready," replied Julia, looking at him with her eyes flashing and a feeling of anger at his cavalier manner forcing its way to the surface. It seemed so cruel. Just at a time like that, when a few tender words of sympathy would have been like balm to the wounded spirit, he was as cool and indifferent as could be. She was right, she told herself. He really was tired of them.

Bayle evidently read her ingenuous young countenance and smiled, with the result that she darted an indignant glance at him, and then could not keep back her tears.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said, taking her hand and holding it, speaking the while as if she were a child. "Tears, tears? Oh, nonsense! Why these are not the days of Christopher Columbus. You are not going to sail away upon an unknown sea. It is a mere yachting trip, and every step of the way is known. Come, come, cheer up. That's nautical, you know, Julie. Good night, my dear! good night."

He shook hands far more warmly and affectionately with the Doctor and Mrs. Luttrell, hesitating for a moment or two, and even taking poor weeping Mrs. Luttrell in his arms, and kissing her tenderly again and again.

"Good night, good night, my dear old friend," he said. "You have been almost more than a mother to me. Good night, good night."

The old lady sobbed upon his shoulder for some time, the doctor holding Bayle's other hand, while Julia crossed to her mother, who was standing cold and statuesque near the door, and hid her face.

"Good night and good-bye, my dear boy," said Mrs. Luttrell, as she raised her head, and looked up in his face. "And you always have seemed as if you were our son."

Bayle's lip quivered, and his face was for a moment convulsed, but he was calm again in a moment.

"To be sure, doctor," he said. "I shall come down and see you again some day. I want some gardening for a change. Good night, good——"

His last word was inaudible, as he hurried towards the door, where Mrs. Hallam was awaiting him.

"Go back to your grandmother, Julie," she said in a low, stern voice. "Christie Bayle, I wish to speak to you."

"To me? To-night?" he said hastily. "No: to-morrow. I am not myself now, and you need rest."

"No," she said in the same deep voice; "to-night," and she led the way into an inner room.

Julia made as if to follow, but stopped short, and stood watching till her mother and their old friend disappeared.

The room was lit only by the light that streamed in from the street lamp and a shop near the hotel, so that the faces of Mil-

cent Hallam and Bayle were half in shadow as they stood opposite to each other.

Bayle was silent, for he had seen that Mrs. Hallam was deeply moved. He had studied her face too many years not to be able to read its various changes; and now, on the eve of her departure, he knew that in spite of the apparent calmness of the surface a terrible storm of grief must be raging beneath, and feeling that perhaps she wished to say a few words of thanks to him, and, while asking some attention towards the old people, she was about to take this opportunity to bid him farewell, he stood there in silence waiting for her to speak.

Twice over she essayed but the words would not come. It was as if misery, indignation, and humiliation were contending in her breast, and each mood was uppermost when she opened her lips. How could she have been so unworldly—so blind all these years, as not to have seen that Christie Bayle had been impoverishing himself that she and her child might live in comfort?

As she thought this, she was moved to humility, and admiration of the gentleman who had hidden all this from them, always behaving with the greatest delicacy, and carefully hiding the part he had taken in her life.

"And I thought myself so experienced—so well taught by adversity," she said to herself.

"Did you wish to ask me something, Mrs. Hallam?" said Bayle, at last. "Is it some commission you wish me to undertake?"

"Stop a moment," she said hoarsely. Then, as if by a tremendous effort over herself, she tried to steady her voice, and to speak indignantly, as she exclaimed:—

"Christie Bayle, why have you humiliated me like this?"

He started, for he had not the remotest idea that she had learnt his secret.

"Humiliated you?" he said. "Oh, no, I could not have done that."

"I have trusted you so well—looked upon you as a brother, and now at the eleventh hour of my home life, I find that even you have not deserved my trust."

"Indeed!" he said, smiling. "What have I done?"

"What have you done?" she cried indignantly, her emotion begetting a kind of unreason and making her bitter in her words. "What have I done in my misery and misfortune that you should take advantage of my position? That man to-night has told me all."

"I hardly understand you," he said gravely.

"Not understand? He has told me that when that terrible trouble came upon me, it did not come singly, and that I was left penniless to battle with the world. Is this true?"

Bayle refrained for a few moments before answering.

"Is this wise?" he said at last. "For your own sake—for the sake of Julie, you have need of all your fortitude to bear up against a painful series of farewells. Why trouble about this trifle now?"

"Trifle," she cried angrily—"Stop! Let me think."

She stood with her hands pressed to her forehead, as if struggling to drag something from the past—from out of the mist and turmoil of those terrible days and nights, when her brain seemed to have been on fire, and she lay almost at the point of death.

"Yes," she cried, as if a flame had suddenly illumined her brain, "I see now. I know. Tell me: is what that man said true?"

He was slow to answer, but at last the words came, uttered sadly, and in a low voice—

"If he told you that at that terrible time, you were left in distress, it is true."

"I knew it," she said passionately. "Now tell me this—I will know. When my poor husband lay there helpless—in prison—yes, it all comes back clearly now—my illness seems to have covered it all as with a mist, but I remember that there was powerful counsel engaged for his defence, and great efforts were made to save him. Who did this? I have kept it all hidden away, not daring to drag these matters out into the light of the present, but I must know now. Who did this?"

He did not answer.

"Your silence convicts you," she said angrily. "It was you."

"Yes," he said quietly, "it was I."

"Then we were left penniless, and it is to you we owe everything—for all these years?"

Again he was silent.

"Answer me," she cried imperiously.

"Did I not acknowledge it before," he said calmly. "Mrs. Hallam, have I committed so grave a social crime, that you speak to me like this?"

"It was cruel—to me—to my child," she cried indignantly. "You have kept us in a false position all these years. Man, can you not understand the degradation and shame I

felt when I was enlightened here only an hour ago !”

He stood there silent again for a few moments, before speaking ; and then took her hand.

“If I have done wrong,” he said, “forgive me. When that blow fell, and your position, all the past seemed to come back—that day when in my boyish vanity I—”

“Ah ! hush !” she cried.

“Nay, let me speak,” he said calmly. “I recalled that day when you bade me be friend and brother to you, and life seemed to be one blank despair. I remembered how I prayed for strength, and how that strength came, how I vowed that I would be friend and brother to you and yours ; and when the time of tribulation came was my act so unbrotherly in your distress !”

She was silent.

“Millicent Hallam, do you think that I have not loved your child as tenderly as if she had been my own ? Fate gave me money. Well, men as a rule spend their money in the way that affords them the most pleasure. I am only a weak man, and I have done the same.”

“You have kept yourself poor that we might live in idleness.”

“You are wrong,” he said with a quiet laugh. “I was never richer than during these peaceful years—that have now come to an end,” he added sorrowfully ; “and you would make me poor once more. There,” he continued, speaking quickly, “I confess all. Forgive me. I could not see you in want.”

“I should not have been in want,” she said proudly. “If I had known that it was necessary I should work, the toil would have come easily to my hands. I should have toiled on for my child’s sake and waited patiently until my husband bade me come.”

“But you forgive me ?” he said, in his old tone.

For answer, she sank upon the floor at his feet, covering her face with her hands ; and he heard her sobbing.

“Good night,” he said at last. “I will send Julie.”

He bent down and laid his fingers softly upon her head for a moment, and was turning to go, but she caught at his hand and held it.

“A moment,” she cried ; “best and truest friend. Forgive me, and mine—when we are divided, as we shall be—for life, try—pray for me—pray for him—and believe in him—as you do in me—my husband, Christie Bayle—my poor martyred husband.”

“And I am forgiven ?” he said.

“Forgiven ?”

She said no more, and he passed quietly into the room where Julia was anxiously waiting his return.

“Doctor—Mrs. Luttrell,” he said, “you must try and calm her, or she will not be able to undertake this journey. Julia, my child, try what you can do. Good night. Good night.”

As the door closed after him, Mrs. Hallam walked back into the room looking calm and stern ; but her face softened as Julia clung to her and then seated herself at her mother’s feet, the next hours passing so peacefully that it was impossible to believe that the time for parting was so near.

CHAPTER XII.—OVER THE SEA.

“Is—is it true, mother ?” said Julia, as the town with its docks and shipping seemed to be growing less and less, while the Isle of Wight, and the land on their right looked dim and clouded over. The sun still shone, but it seemed to be watery and cold ; there was a chill upon the sea, and though there was a great deal of hurrying to and fro among the sailors and soldiers as the cumbered decks were being cleared, it was to Mrs. Hallam and her child as if a dead silence had fallen, and the noises of the ship and creaking of block and spar were heard from a distance off.

Thisbe was seated near where they two stood by the bulwark gazing towards the shore. Thisbe felt no desire to watch the retiring land, for her heart was very low and she found rest and solace in shedding one salt tear now and then, and wiping it away with her glove.

Unfortunately, Thisbe’s glove was black, and the dye in her glove not being fast, the effect was strange.

“I’m afraid to cry,” she said to herself ; “but he might have had as good manners as his master, and said ‘good-bye.’”

Thisbe must have been deeply moved, or she would not have sat there upon a little box that she would not let out of her hands, probably on account of its insecurity, for it was tied up with two different kinds of string.

“It seems to me,” continued Julia, “as if it were all some terrible dream.”

“But one that is to have a happy waking, Julie.”

“Poor grandma ! it seemed as if it would kill her,” said Julia, sobbing gently.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Hallam, grasping her child's arm, as a spasm of pain ran through her, and her face grew deadly pale. "We must think of one who, in pain and suffering, was dragged from his wife and child; forced to suffer the most terrible degradations. He is waiting for us, Julie, waiting as he has waited all these years. We must turn our backs upon these troubles, and think only of him. Be firm, my child, be firm."

There was almost a savage emphasis in Mrs. Hallam's words as she spoke.

"I'll try, dear, but, grandpa!" sobbed Julie, as she laid her arm upon the bulwark, and her face upon it that she might weep unseen. "Will we never see him and the pleasant old garden again?"

"Julie, this is childish," whispered Mrs. Hallam. "Remember you are a woman now."

"I do," cried the girl quickly; "but a woman must feel grief at parting from those she loves."

"Yes, but it must not overbear all, my child. Come, we must not give way, now. Let us go below to our cabin."

"No," said Julia, "I must watch the shore till it is dark. Not yet, not yet. Mother, I thought Sir Gordon liked us—was a very, very great friend."

"He is. He always has been."

"But he parted from us as if it was only for a day or two. He did not seem troubled in the least."

Mrs. Hallam was silent.

"And Mr. Bayle, mother, he quite checked me. I was so grieved, and felt in such despair at parting from him, till he stood holding my hands. I wanted to throw my arms round his neck and let him hold me to his breast as he used years ago; but when I looked up in his face, he seemed so calm and cheerful, and he just smiled down at me, and it made me angry. Mamma, dear, men have no feeling at all."

"I think Mr. Bayle feels our going deeply," replied Mrs. Hallam, quietly.

"He did not seem to," said Julia pettishly.

"A man cannot show his sorrow as a woman may, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, with a sigh.

She gazed back at the land that seemed to be growing more dim, minute by minute, as the great ship careened over to the press of sail, and sped on down Channel.

A wistful look came into Mrs. Hallam's eyes as she thought of her child's words.

In spite of resolutions and promises, the parting from the old people had been most painful; but throughout all, there had seemed to her to be a curious indifference to her going, on the part of Bayle. He had been incessant in his attentions; a hundred little acts had been performed that were likely to make their stay on shipboard more pleasant; but there was a something wanting—a something she had felt deeply, and the pain became the more acute, since she found that her feelings were shared by Julia.

They stood gazing at the grey and distant land when the evening was falling. They were faint for want of food; but they knew it not, for the faintness was mingled with the sickness of the heart, and in spite of the glowing happy future Mrs. Hallam tried to paint, a strange sense of desolation and despair seemed to overmaster her, and all her fortitude was needed to save her from bursting into a violent fit of sobbing.

On and on with the water rushing beneath them, as they leaned upon the bulwarks, gazing still at the fast receding shore. There had been a great deal of bustle going on around them; but so wrapt were they in their own feelings that sailors and passengers, officers and men passed and repassed unheeded. They were in a little world of their own, blind to all beside, so that it was with quite a start that Mrs. Hallam heard, for the second time, a voice say—

"Surely, ladies, you must be cold. Will you allow me to fetch shawls from the cabin?"

The first time these words were spoken, neither Mrs. Hallam nor Julia moved; but on their being repeated, they turned quickly round, to find that Thisbe had gone below, and that where she had been seated upon her box, an officer in undress uniform was standing, cap in hand.

"I thank you, no," said Mrs. Hallam, coldly, as she returned the bow. "Julie, it is time we went below."

The officer drew back as mother and daughter swept slowly by, towards the cabin stairs, and remained motionless even after they had disappeared.

He was roused from his waking dream by a hearty clap on the shoulders.

"What's the matter, Phil?" said a bluff voice, and a heavy-featured officer of about forty looked at him in a half-amused manner.

"Matter? Matter? Nothing; nothing at all."

"Bah! don't tell me. The old game, Phil. Is she nice-looking?"

"Beautiful," cried the young officer excitedly.

"Ah! that's how I used to speak of Mrs. Captain Otway," said the heavy-looking officer cynically; "but my dear Phil, with all due respect to the sharer of my joys and the sorrows of going out to this horrible hole, Mrs. Captain Otway does not look beautiful now."

"Otway, you are a brute to that woman. She is a thoroughly true-hearted lady, and too good for you."

"Much, Phil, much too good. Poor woman, it was hard upon her, with all her love of luxury and refinement, that she should be forced by fate to marry the poor captain of a marching regiment."

"Sent out to guard convicts in a penal settlement, eh?"

"Yes, to be sure. Oh! dear me, I shall be heartily glad when we are settled down and have had a week at sea."

"Oh! I don't know. I think time passes quite quickly enough. I say, Otway, do you think if you asked her, Mrs. Otway would lend a helping hand to those two ladies? They seem very strange and desolate on board here."

"My wife? Impossible, Phil; she is in her berth already, declaring that she is seasick when all the time it is fancy."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Because she never is; it is so as to get out of the misery and confusion of the first day. Look here, Phil, I'm always glad to help you though. Shall I do?"

"You do? What for?"

"To go down and try and set your last enslavers at their ease."

"Don't be idiotic."

"Nice way for a subaltern to speak to his commanding officer, sir."

"I was not speaking to my commanding officer, but to my old companion, Jack Otway."

"Oh! I see. I say, Phil, which of the fair ones is it—Juno or Hebe?"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"All right. Who are they?"

"I can't find out yet. The captain gave me their names, that's all. Hist! here is their maid."

Just then Thisbe, who had been below, creeping off quietly to make things a bit comfortable, as she called it, came on deck, having missed Mrs. Hallam and Julia, expecting to find them where she had left them, leaning over the bulwarks; and full of haste,

as she had found that there was at last something like a comfortable meal spread in the principal cabin.

"It's very muddly," she muttered to herself, "and I'd give something for a snug little room where I could make them a comfortable cup of tea. And this is being at sea, is it?—sea that Tom Porter says is so lovely. Poor wretch!"

Thisbe impatiently dashed a tear from her eyes, the reason for whose coming she would not own; and then she stopped short, wondering at the presence of a couple of officers where she had left Mrs. Hallam and Julia, for from some reason best known to himself, Philip Eaton, of His Majesty's—th Foot, was resting his arms where Julia had rested hers, and Captain Otway, in command of the draft on its way out to Port Jackson, had involuntarily taken Mrs. Hallam's place.

"Looking for your ladies?" said Eaton.

"Yes. What have you done with—I mean where are they?"

"One moment," said the lieutenant in a confidential manner, as he slipped his hand into his pocket, "just tell me——"

He stopped astonished, for as she saw the motion of the young man's hand, and heard his insinuating words, Thisbe gave vent to a sound best expressed by the word "Wuff!" but which sounded exceedingly like the bark of some pet dog, as she whisked herself round and searched the deck before once more going below.

"Another of them," she muttered between her teeth. "Handsome as handsome, and ready to lay traps for my darling. But I'm not going to have her made miserable. I'm a woman now; I was a weak, watery, girlish thing then. I'm not going to have her life made a wreck."

Thisbe went below, little thinking that it would be a week before she again came on deck.

The weather turned bad that night, and the customary miseries ensued. It was so bad that the captain was glad that he had to run into Plymouth; but no sooner was he there than the weather abated, tempting him forth again to encounter a terrible gale off the Lizard, and more or less bad weather till they were well across the Bay of Biscay, and running down the west coast of Spain, when the weather changed all at once. The sky cleared, the sun came out warm and bright, the sea went down, and one by one the wretched passengers stole on deck.

Among them, pale and depressed by the long confinement in the cabins, Mrs. Hallam

and Julia were ready to hurry on deck to breathe the sweet, pure air.

"And is that distant shore Spain?" said Julia wonderingly, as she gazed at the faint grey line at which every eye and glass was being directed.

"Yes, Julie," said Mrs. Hallam more cheerfully, "sunny Spain."

"And it seems just now that we were gazing at dear old England," said Julia with a sigh.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam, grasping her hand with feverish energy, "but now we are so many hundred miles nearer to him who is waiting our coming, Julia. Let us count the miles as he is counting the minutes before he can take his darling to his heart. Julie, my child, we must put the past behind us; it is the future for which we must live."

"Forget the past!" said Julia mournfully. "It was such a happy time."

"For you, Julie, but for me one long agonising time of waiting."

"Dearest mother," whispered Julia, pressing her hand and speaking quickly, "I know—I know, and I will try so hard not to be selfish."

They had turned to the bulwarks the moment they came on deck, and, without casting a look round, had glanced at the distant coast and then mentally plunged their eyes into the cloud ahead, beyond which stood Robert Hallam awaiting their coming.

"I had the pleasure of speaking to you before the storm, ladies," said a voice, and as they turned quickly, it was to find Lieutenant Eaton, cap in hand, smiling and slightly flushed.

Mrs. Hallam bowed.

"I sincerely trust that you have quite recovered," continued the young officer, directing an admiring gaze at Julia.

"Quite, I thank you," said Mrs. Hallam coldly.

"Then we shall see you at the table, Mrs. Hallam—and Miss Hallam?" he continued, with another bow.

Julia returned the bow, looking flushed and rather indignant.

"I hope you will excuse me," continued Eaton; "on shipboard you see we are like one family, all as it were in the same house."

Mrs. Hallam bowed again, flushing as ingenuously as her daughter, for these advances troubled her greatly. She would have preferred being alone, and in a more humble portion of the vessel, but Sir Gordon and Bayle had insisted upon her occupying one of the best cabins, and it seemed to her

that she was there under false pretences, and that it was only a question of days before there must come discovery which would put them to open shame.

Driven as it were to bay by the young officer's words, she replied hastily, "You must excuse me now; I have scarcely recovered."

"Pray forgive me," cried Eaton, giving Julia a look full of intelligence which made her shrink, "I ought to have known better. In a short time I hope, Mrs. Hallam, that we shall be better acquainted."

He raised his cap again and drew back, while, excited and agitated beyond her wont, Mrs. Hallam exclaimed:

"It cannot be, Julie. We must keep ourselves aloof from these people—from all the passengers; our course is alone—till we join him."

"Yes," said Julia in a troubled way, "we must be alone."

"These people who make advances to us now," continued Mrs. Hallam, "would master the object of our journey before we had gone far, and then we should be the pariahs of the ship."

"Would they be so unjust, mother?" sighed Julia.

"Yes, for they do not know the truth. If they were told all they would not believe it. My child, it was so that the world should never turn upon us and revile us for our misfortune that I have insisted all these years on living so reserved a life. And now we must go on in the same manner. If we allow ourselves to be drawn into friendly relations with these people, our story will ooze out, and we shall have to endure the insult and misery of seeing them turn their backs upon us. Better that we should ostracise ourselves than suffer it at other hands; the blow will be less keen."

"I am ready to do all you wish, dear," said Julia, stealing her hand to her mother's.

"My beloved," whispered back Mrs. Hallam, "it is our fate. We must bear all this, but our reward will be the more joyful, Julie: it is for your father's sake. Think of it, my child; there is no holier name under heaven to a child than that of father."

There was a pause, and then Julia, in a low, sweet voice, whispered, "And that of mother."

The two women stood there alone, seeming to gaze across the bright sea at the distant land. Passengers and sailors passed them, and the officers of the ship hesitated as they drew near about speaking, ending by respect-

ing the reverie in which they seemed to be wrapt, and passing on. But Millicent and Julia Hallam saw neither sea, shore, nor the distant land: before each the face of Robert Hallam, as they had known it last, rose out of, as it were, a mist. And as they gazed into the future, the countenance of Julia seemed full of timid wonder, half shrinking, while that of Millicent grew more and more calm, as her eyes filled with a sweet subdued light, full of yearning to meet once more him who was waiting all those thousand miles away.

So intent were they upon their thoughts of the coming encounter, that neither of them noticed the quiet step that approached, and then stopped close at hand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam aloud, "we must accept our position, my child; better that we should be alone."

"Not quite."

Julia started round with a cry of joy, and placed her hands in those of the speaker.

"Mr. Bayle?" she cried excitedly; "what a surprise!"

"You here?" said Mrs. Hallam hoarsely.

"Yes," was the reply, given in the calmest, most matter-of-fact half-laughing way, and as if it were merely a question of crossing a county at home. "Why, you two poor unprotected women, you did not think I meant to let you take this long voyage alone!"

Mrs. Hallam drew a long breath and turned pale. She essayed to speak, but no words would come, and at last with a spasm seeming to contract her brow, she turned to gaze appealingly at her child.

"But you are going back?" said Julia, and she, too, seemed deeply moved.

He shook his head, and smiled.

"How good—how noble!" she began.

"Ah! tut! tut! little pupil; what nonsense," cried Bayle merrily. "Why here is Sir Gordon, who has done precisely the same thing." And the old baronet came slowly up, raising his straw hat just as Thisbe came hurriedly on deck to announce the discovery she had made, and found that she was too late.

THE STORY OF HAGAR.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By JAMES BROWN, D.D.

AUGUST 1ST.

Read Genesis xvi. and Hebrews xii. 1-18.

IN this story of Hagar we have the evolution of a spiritual history. We have the record of how a human soul was led to realise the power of a truth with which she had been long familiar. When Hagar called the name of the Lord that spake to her, "Thou God seest me," she gave expression to a doctrine which she had been early taught. It was the very doctrine to which Abraham had been called to bear witness; he had gone out from Ur of the Chaldees that he might maintain it; and it could not be but that he who commanded his household after him had taught the handmaid of his wife of the personality and omnipresence of God. She must therefore have learned to believe, just as every Christian child learns to believe, that God is ever near us, that He sees us by day and by night. But she had never realised this truth, she had never felt its power. And there is an unspeakable difference between a truth which we confess with our lips, or even assent to with our intellects, and the very

same truth when it comes home to our hearts in the reality of personal experience. It seems then like an altogether new truth, a fresh discovery, a direct revelation. The old words which expressed it are either repeated with new enthusiasm, or new words are substituted, new phrases are coined to utter the new-born faith of the heart.

With great power did the truth come home to Hagar that she was not friendless in the world—that her relation to Abraham's God was not merely that of a servant in Abraham's house—that she was a living personality in the sight of a living God, whose eye was ever on her, who was caring for and watching over her. She must needs give a name to that Presence whom she had been led into the wilderness to find; for His relation to her will be henceforth the one reality of her life. The old names she had been taught to repeat are well enough, but the truth she has now grasped is so real and powerful that it craves expression in a new name—a name which shall be hers and no other's, like the new name written in the white stone which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

She cries, "Thou God seest me." The words of which these are a translation are now the name of her God. She has realised the truth which they express. That truth has become hers—her inalienable possession.

And it is the same inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, to which in all ages they are begotten who are led by divine grace to realise in their hearts the power of the truth concerning God and Christ which they have known since childhood, which they have confessed Sunday after Sunday in the Creed, but which has at last become to them a living reality. We are familiar with the phrase, "Coming under the influence of the truth." It is a deeply significant phrase. To know the truth is one thing, to be under its influence is an altogether different thing. We may believe with the head and live our lives utterly apart from, nay, in glaring contradiction to, our creed; but when we believe with the heart we believe unto righteousness. Our feet are set upon a rock, and our goings are established.

It is most interesting to trace the successive stages by which Hagar was thus led to realise the truth of her personal relation to the living and loving God. The first stage was affliction. Sarah dealt hardly with her, and she fled into the wilderness. She had had experience before this of two very different positions. She was at first a common slave—one among the many, an item in the sum of Abraham's possessions. In these circumstances it would have been hard for her to rise to the conception of a God who saw her and had a relation to her as an individual soul, with interests of her own and a destiny which she must work out for herself. When a man feels that he is only one of a crowd he is apt to think he is lost in the crowd, and that God regards him as he is regarded by men, as one of the masses—one of the lower orders. It is hard for him to separate himself from the mass, to stand face-to-face with the Eternal, and to feel that God is seeing him.

Nor is it every kind of separation from the crowd that will avail. Hagar had had experience of one kind of separation—the separation of prosperity. She had been raised above the common slaves and lifted into a position of dignity. But her prosperity made her proud. Her mistress was despised in her eyes. She was no nearer to God than before. It is not by the way of prosperity that God leads human souls to Himself. It is not by raising them above their fellows that He re-

veals to them the glories of His kingdom. If we would see the stars by day we do not climb to some standpoint above the common level. We rather go down till we have reached the bottom of some deep sunless pit, and then, as we look upward, they tell us, we shall see the stars.

And so Hagar was led by the way of affliction. She had to endure the persecution of Sarah. The iron entered her soul till she could bear it no longer, but fled into the wilderness, where she wandered on purposeless, or perhaps with a vague purpose of reaching her native Egypt, that there her child might be born in peace. That was the road by which Hagar had to journey toward the kingdom of God. She was seeking her home, and she found it—not the old home of Egypt, toward which, when Sarah was cruel, she had strained her eyes across the waste, saying, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" not the home of the grave, where in the bitterness of her soul she would fain have laid her down. The home to which she was brought was that of which St. Augustine speaks when he says, "We are restless till we find our rest in God."

The wilderness in which Hagar wandered, with the sun smiting her head and the pain of hard treatment rankling in her bosom, is a fit type of the afflictions by which God often brings men into experience of the power of divine truth. They are led away from the familiar landmarks of their life into the featureless waste. They are allured and brought into the wilderness that God may speak comfortably to them and give them vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope. Those who are up betimes tell us that it is darkest just before the sunrise, and it is when the shadows are lying thickest on the soul that we are nearest to the dawn of the eternal light.

AUGUST 8TH.

Read Isaiah xxxv., and Matthew vi. 19—34.

The second stage by which Hagar was led to the realising of familiar truth was the comfort she found in her affliction. She lighted on a fountain of water in the wilderness—the fountain in the way to Shur. If there had been nothing to break the monotony of the waste—nothing but the barren sand reflecting the burning sun; no drop of water to cool the fever of her thirst—her bitterness of soul would have increased till it ended in despair. But when she came to the clear, flowing well and drank of its blessed

coolness, and rested her eye on the refreshing green which fringed its brink, another spirit took possession of her and her soul revived. She was not after all forsaken. That well was to her what the tuft of moss was to Mungo Park in the African desert, in the day when hope was dying. It was a witness to her heart of the living God. She was not surprised when she saw His angel standing by the fountain. Her Arab descendants have the same word by which they designate a well and an eye. For a well in the desert is like an eye—the very eye of God looking with helpful pity on the weary wanderer. As Hagar stood by the well, she was already beginning to spell out the name of her God, which she pronounced at last, “Thou God seest me.”

And as a fountain of water in the wilderness, so is kindly human sympathy to men and women in the waste places of affliction. Utter desolation no soul can bear. If a sufferer is left friendless and alone through weary days of pain, hearing the tramp of passers-by, going, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and another to his happy home; and if none turns aside to ask how the sufferer fares, we can hardly wonder if his spirit sinks within him and if he is unable to grasp the gospel message which tells of an unfailing, all-embracing love. If those whom he hath seen care not to help him, how shall he believe in the compassion of One whom he hath not seen? But when the kindly visit is paid, the kindly word is spoken, and the kindly help is extended, then is the heart of the sufferer revived. His eye is lightened and is prepared by God's help to see the heavenly vision.

For there was yet another stage in Hagar's progress. The angel of the Lord found her by the fountain of water in the wilderness. Through the earthly comfort she rose to the assurance of divine sympathy. The angel called her by her name, added her designation, and asked her whence she came, and whither she was going. He listened to the story of her wrong. He gave her counsel to return, and told her of the multitude of the posterity which was to spring from the son about to be born to her, in whose name Ishmael she preserved the memory of the assurance by which her comfort was crowned, “The Lord hath heard thine affliction.”

That assurance was indeed worthy to be preserved in lasting remembrance. Mark the form of it. It is not “hath heard thy prayer.” Hagar's heart had been too desolate to pray. If she had been able to utter

words of supplication, the echo of her voice in the wilderness would have startled her. But the ear of our Father in heaven is open not only to the prayers that are spoken by human lips, but to the inarticulate sighs of human hearts. The cry of pain, nay, the beating of a heart in anguish, is enough to pierce the heavens. The world had presented no prayer save the dumb prayer of misery, when God's eye pitied and His right arm brought salvation. The angel's word to Hagar contained thus the very essence of the gospel; and that gospel saved her and made all things new. The wilderness and the solitary place was glad for her, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. The burning sun might beat upon her head as she journeyed back to Sarah's tent. Sarah might deal as hardly with her as before, she could bear it all. None of these things moved her, for she had found God, who saw her and cared for her, and from whose love nothing could ever separate her. And so she turned her steps backward to the Beersheba she had left in her misery. She goes in peace, for her faith has saved her.

And the same result is attained, as often as through kindly human sympathy men and women are led up to the assurance that God sees them, and that He has heard their affliction. The wells you dig, for weary wanderers in waste places of trouble, quench a thirst of which perhaps you had little thought, when you were moved to provide help for some outward need. Souls that, even though they know it not, are athirst for God, for the living God, are through your ministry of kindness led to Him, and to find rest in His fulness. And thus you confer a greater blessing than you sought to give. You may fail to change the circumstances of those you would befriend. The burden of their troubles may be too heavy for you to lift, the wound under which they smart may be too deep for you to heal; but if you prove to them a witness for the Divine compassion, if you lead them to the assurance that God sees them and has heard their affliction, then indeed you minister to minds diseased. You give them that which lifts them above their circumstances and makes their burdens light, and the pain of their wounds not worthy to be named. Their outward lot may still be dark, but they have come into a region of thought and life in which they need no more the light of the sun or of the moon, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof. They have learned a new name of the Lord, and they

will put their trust in Him, for nothing can separate them from His love.

AUGUST 15TH.

Read Genesis xxi. 1—13, and Matthew vi. 1—13.

Hagar's troubles came again. She enjoyed a long period of happiness after her return from the wilderness of Shur. Not the sorrow of her travail only, but all the bitterness of soul through which she had passed, was forgotten in the joy which filled her heart when her man-child was born. The memory of God's great goodness was preserved in the name of her son, and the early years of the boy were full of tokens that goodness was following her still. She saw him growing up as the heir of Abraham's wealth, and as the heir of the Divine promises to Abraham's seed. The seal of the Covenant was put upon him, and it was manifest that he filled a large place in his father's heart. In these peaceful days of sunny hopefulness Hagar would often wonder how she could ever have doubted the love which found her in the wilderness, and which had ever since made her life so rich and full.

But her peaceful days were not to last. The hope which made them glad was doomed to disappointment. In the mystery of God's way there came to Abraham an announcement which made Sarah laugh, half in doubt and half in joy—the announcement that she should have a son, and that that son was to be the heir of the promises. Even Abraham, while he could not but rejoice in the gladness that was coming at length to the wife of his youth—the companion of his long wanderings—even he felt a pang of regret for Ishmael's sake, and failed not to cry to God and say, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" But what must the unexpected change have been to the fond mother? That a stranger should come and supplant her son was hard to bear. We read of no murmur that escaped her lips. The name of the Lord, which she had learned in the wilderness, was a strong tower to which she could run and be safe from the dark and unbelieving thoughts which she was tempted to think when her cup of joy was dashed to the ground; but while she did not rebel she could not choose but feel the pain. Even godliest mothers will be ambitious for their sons, and it was a godly ambition which Hagar had that her son should be he in whose line the blessing was to pass to all the families of the earth. Life is full of such disappointments as befell Hagar. Our gain may be our

neighbour's loss. The joy of one often involves the sorrow of another. The setting-up of one necessitates the putting of another down. And the change is hard to flesh and blood when, as here, the elder has to give place to the younger, when the last is first and the first last. It is only the conviction that God seeth us, and that all the upturnings of our life are ordered by the infinite wisdom and the infinite love—it is only this faith which makes submission possible.

But it was not permitted to Hagar to rest in quiet submission. The roots of her life, which had been growing through the years of hope, are again torn up, and for a second time she goes forth a homeless wanderer. The rival of her child has been born, and the day of his weaning has come. The well-disciplined woman finds no difficulty in demeaning herself in becoming harmony with the surrounding joy, which she can hardly share; but her son cannot keep his countenance so well. The jealous eye of Sarah is quick to detect the slightest sign, and she sees, or thinks she sees, in the face of Ishmael, some tokens that the lad is scorning the mirth which congratulates her aged motherhood. Ishmael's fate is sealed. Sarah will not bear his presence in the tent. On the former occasion she could only drive Hagar away by dealing hardly with her. Now, as the mother of the heir, she can assert herself, and in queenly guise issue her command, and say to her husband, "Cast out this bond-woman and her son, for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." Though the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son, he could not choose but obey; he recognised in the word of her whom God had honoured the voice of God Himself, and, in the spirit in which he left his country and his kindred, and his father's house, and went out not knowing whither he went, he sent his son away.

AUGUST 22ND.

Read Genesis xxi. 14—21, and Matthew xviii. 1—10.

It is a touch of nature that when the grievous thing had to be done, Abraham rose up early in the morning to do it. No one in the encampment, not even Sarah herself, shall see the anguish of his soul; and it is well that the wanderers should have a long day before them, that perchance they might reach some shelter ere nightfall. The story of the parting is very simple. The Bible never unduly draws aside the veil which

covers human sorrow. Here it only tells how the patriarch "took bread and a bottle of water and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away, and she departed." That is all, and yet we can see beneath the simple words a whole world of pain. In the dawning light of that new morning Abraham closed a chapter of his life, and turned his back upon the fond hopes of thirteen years.

He had other hopes to which to turn his face. When Ishmael was gone Isaac remained, and in the growth of Sarah's gentle son he could live over again the years when Ishmael's boyish ways had made him glad. To Hagar there was no such compensation. As she wandered forth from Beersheba, leaving behind for ever the hope that Ishmael should inherit the promises, there was nothing but uncertainty before her. The bread and the bottle of water which she carried on her shoulder were the only remnants of the wealth that till then had been the heritage of her son. It was a slender store, and it was soon exhausted. The water was spent in the bottle. Experience had inured her to hardship, and she could bear the burning thirst. But her boy, brought up a rich man's darling with every wish anticipated, was soon exhausted, and fell fainting into his mother's arms. He was too heavy for her to carry, and the end seemed near. She cast him under one of the shrubs—the rhethem or juniper, that abounds in that desert—and withdrew to such distance that she should not see his dying agonies, and then the tearless anguish of her going out from Beersheba found vent. She lifted up her voice and wept.

The divine compassion that had found her in the wilderness of Shur—the God who sees her—did not fail her then. She had not prayed, she had only wept, and yet God answered her. Nay, it was not so much her articulate weeping as the silent misery of the dying boy which moved the divine heart. God heard the voice of the lad. He bade Hagar tell what ailed her. It is half the blessing of prayer that we therein speak out and put our need into words. When we keep silence our bones wax old, our moisture is turned into the drought of summer, but when we have once found words in which to utter our misery, we are already compassed with songs of deliverance. To Hagar, beginning to tell what ailed her, the assurance was at once given: "Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is;" and she was bidden lift him up and hold him in her

hand, for God would make of him a great nation.

Thus assured and comforted, she became aware that help had all the while been near. Her tear-blinded eyes had failed to see that there was a well of water close at hand. But when the word of God's angel had dried her tears her eyes were opened, and she saw the well. It is deeply interesting to mark the contrast between this and her earlier experience in the wilderness. Then it was the well that opened her eyes to see God's angel, and her ear to hear his word. Now it is God's angel with his word of comfort that opens her eyes to see the well. When she had not yet learned the name of her God, the help of earthly comfort in her affliction was needed to lead her to know Him and to trust Him. But now that she has attained to the life of faith, the revival of that faith through fellowship with God reveals to her that her lot is not so hopeless as it seemed. There are other wells than the well of the oath at the Beersheba she has had to leave. They are springing all over the wilderness which is henceforth to be her home and the home of her son. There is another future than the future which has been so unexpectedly cut off. To that new future she now hopefully sets her face; and having found for her boy a wife in her native Egypt, she has the joy of seeing him a patriarch and the founder of a mighty tribe. If we could only learn by heart the name of Hagar's God and believe that He sees us, then we should be able, when our future seems darkest, to hear His angel's voice, and our eyes would be opened to see the springs of comfort that are to be found in the dreariest wastes of life.

AUGUST 29TH.

Read Judges vii. 15–25, and 2 Corinthians iv.

The story of Hagar's chequered life, which has occupied us in successive readings, is only an early illustration of the way by which God leads His people in all ages. They are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; they are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. The secret of the apparent contradictions of their life is that it consists of two elements, a divine and a human. They have a divine treasure of light; God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in their hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But this divine

light is in hearts conditioned by human frailties ; they have this treasure in earthen vessels. It is clearly of Gideon's three hundred that the apostle is thinking when he thus writes. They went into the battle armed with a treasure of light which they had in earthen vessels. They had empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers. These were symbols of themselves, and of all God's people, who are emptied of the earthly that they may be filled with the divine, and who, if they would win in the battle, must be willing to be broken, that the light may shine out. It is this which produces the seeming contradictions of their life. They are troubled on every side, they are perplexed, they are persecuted, they are cast down ; those painful experiences are the breaking of the earthen vessel. But they are not distressed, nor in despair, nor forsaken, nor destroyed, for they have within them the treasure of heavenly light, and the breaking of the earthly only reveals the heavenly more clearly.

In all this the servants are as the Master, the disciples are as their Lord. Externally Christ's life was weak and helpless and despised ; but the earthen vessel of His human nature held the treasure of divine light, and that this light might shine forth in its fulness He had to be broken on the accursed tree. He had to pour out His soul unto death, to be numbered with the transgressors, and to bear the sin of many, before a portion could be divided to Him with the great, and He could divide the spoil with the strong. Being found in fashion as a man He must humble Himself, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, before God could highly exalt Him, and give Him a name which is above every name. "He Himself went not up to joy but first He suffered pain ; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified."

The lives of those who follow Christ are conformed to His example in both particulars. They are planted together in the likeness of His death that they may be also in the likeness of His resurrection. There is that in their experience which corresponds to the death of Christ ; and there is that also which corresponds to His resurrection life. They always bear about in their body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in their body. Their troubles on every side, their perplexities, their persecutions, their castings down—these are the things in which they bear in the body the dying of their Lord ;

but because the life also of Jesus is manifest in them they are not distressed, nor in despair, nor forsaken, nor destroyed. The outward man—the earthen vessel—perishes, for the dying of the Lord Jesus must be reproduced in His people ; but the inward man is renewed day by day, the divine light shines with ever-growing clearness, the life of Jesus becomes more and more manifest.

When we are able thus to grasp the meaning of our chequered life, and to understand the great spiritual results which are attained through the discipline of sorrow and loss, we find the highest motive for submission. When we look at the things which are seen and temporal, Hagar's lot was hard indeed, in that she had to bear her earlier troubles, and go forth a lonely wanderer ; and yet harder in that the troubles returned, and she and her son were thrust out for ever from the home around which their hearts were entwined, and from the great hope that had ennobled their lives. But when we look at the things which are unseen and eternal, when we realise the value of fellowship with God, and of that calm restfulness of spirit which comes from the assurance that God sees us, and that our times are wholly in His hand, we feel that the price which Hagar paid for the spiritual attainment which she reached was not worthy to be named.

Our earthly afflictions are in themselves heavy, and they are often long and weary, but when we measure them against the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory they seem to be light afflictions which are but for a moment. They have their fit symbol in the momentary crash of the earthen vessels heard by the Midianite host simultaneously with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The spiritual results to which they lead have their symbol in the out-shining of the light and in the enduring victory which was achieved by it. The afflictions have their counterpart in the few short years of the Saviour's earthly sorrow. The glory which they work for us corresponds to the glory of the eternal Christ when He had for ever sat down at the right hand of God. For which cause we faint not under life's heaviest trials, even when they are long drawn out. They are a part of the process in which the outward perishes, but by which the inward is renewed day by day, till old things have passed away and all things have become new—till there have been created within us and around us new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIII.—NEW FACES—NEW FRIENDS.

"YOU may call it what you like, Mr. Tom Porter, but I call it deceit."

"No," said Tom, giving his rough head a roll, as he stood with his legs very far apart, looking quite the sailor now, in place of the quiet body-servant of the St. James's pantry. "No, my lass, not deceit, reg'lar sea arrangement: sailing under sealed orders. Quite a reg'lar thing."

"It's the last thing I should have expected of Sir Gordon; and as to Mr. Bayle, how he could keep it quiet as he did, and then all at once make his appearance off the coast of Spain—"

"After coming quietly on board at Plymouth, while you people were all shut up below out of the rough weather. Pooh! my lass, it was all meant well, so don't show so much surf."

"Reason?" said Bayle, smiling, as he sat aft with Mrs. Hallam and Julia, Sir Gordon having gone to his cabin. "I thought if I proposed coming it would agitate and trouble you both, and as to what you have said, surely I am a free agent, and if it gives me pleasure to watch over you both, and to render you up safely at our journey's end, you cannot wish to deny me that."

The subject dropped, and as the days glided on in the pleasant monotony of a life at sea, when the sky smiles and the wind is fair, the position seemed to be accepted by Mrs. Hallam as inevitable. She tried hard to shut herself away with Julia, but soon found that she must yield to circumstances. She appealed to Sir Gordon and to Christie Bayle, but each smiled as he gave her a few encouraging words.

"You trouble yourself about an imaginary care," the latter said. "Bear in mind that you are on your way to a settlement where sins against the Government are often condoned, and you may rest assured that no one on board this vessel would be so cruel as to visit your unhappy condition upon your innocent heads."

"But I would far rather be content with Julie's company, and keep to our cabin."

"It is impossible," said Bayle. "It is like drawing attention to you. Be advised by me: lead the quiet regular cabin life, and all will be well."

XXVII—41

Mrs. Hallam shook her head.

"No," she said. "I am afraid. I am more troubled than I can say."

She gazed up in Bayle's eyes, and a questioning look passed between them. Each silently asked the other the same question: "Have you noticed that?"

But the time was not ripe for the question to be put in its entirety, and neither spoke.

The weather continued glorious from the time of the fresh grey dawn, when the tip of the sun gradually rose above the sea, on through the glowing heat of noon, when the pitch oozed from the seams, and outside the awnings the handrails could not be touched by the bare hand; then on and on till the passengers assembled in groups to see sky and water dyed with the refulgent hues that dazzled while they filled with awe.

It was at these times that Mrs. Hallam and Julia stole away from the other groups, to be followed at a distance by Bayle, who stood and watched them as they gazed at the setting sun. For it seemed to mother and daughter like a sign, a foretaste of the glory of the land to which they were going, and in the solemnity and silence of the mighty deep, evening by evening they stood and watched, their privacy respected by all on board, till lamps began to swing here and there beneath the awning, and generally Lieutenant Eaton came to ask Mrs. Hallam to play or Julia to sing.

"Bayle," Sir Gordon would say, with the repetition of an elderly and querulous man, "you always seem to me like a watch-dog on the look-out for intruders."

"I am," said Bayle laconically.

"Then why, sir, confound you! when the intruders do come, don't you seize 'em, and shake 'em, and throw 'em overboard?"

"I'm afraid I should do something of the kind," replied Bayle, "only I must have cause."

"Cause? Well, haven't you cause enough, man?"

"Surely no. Everybody on board, from the captain to the humblest seaman, has a respectful smile for them as he raises his cap."

"Of course he has," cried Sir Gordon testily.

"Then why should the watch-dog interfere?"

"Why? Isn't that soldier fellow always making advances, and carrying them off to the piano of an evening?"

"Yes; and it seems, now the first trouble has worn off, to give them both pleasure. Surely they have had their share of pain!"

"Yes, yes," cried Sir Gordon; "but I don't like it; I don't like it, Bayle."

"I have felt the same, but we must not be selfish. Besides, we agreed that they ought to associate with the passengers during the voyage."

Sir Gordon's face grew full of puckers, as he drew out and lit a cheroot, which he smoked in silence, while Bayle went to the side and gazed at the black water, spangled with the reflected stars that burned above in the vast bejewelled arch of heaven.

"I don't like it," muttered Sir Gordon to himself, "and I don't understand Bayle. No," he continued after a pause, "I cannot ask him that. Time settles all these matters, and it will settle this."

From where he sat he could, by turning his head, gaze beneath the awning looped up like some great marquee. Here, by the light of the shaded lamps, the passengers and officers gathered night after night as they sailed on through the tropics. At times there would be a dance, more often the little tables would be occupied by players at some game, while first one lady and then another would take her place at the piano.

There were others' eyes beside Sir Gordon's watching beneath the awning, and a signal would be given by a low whistle whenever Julia was seen to approach the instrument. Then a knot of the soldiers and sailors would collect to listen to her clear thrilling voice as she sang some sweet old-time ballad. It was always Philip Eaton who pressed her to sing, led her to the piano, and stood over her, holding a lamp or turning over the leaves. He it was, too, who was the first to applaud warmly; and often and often from where he leaned over the bulwarks listening, too, Bayle could see the ingenuous girlish face look up with a smile at the handsome young officer, who would stay by her side afterwards perhaps the greater part of the evening, or he would lead her to where Captain Otway was lolling back, talking to Mrs. Captain Otway, a handsome, fashionable-looking woman, who seemed to win her way day by day more and more to the friendship of Millicent Hallam.

At such times Sir Gordon would be alone and fume, while Bayle watched the black, starlit water, closing his eyes when Julia sang or

Mrs. Hallam played some old piece that recalled the doctor's cottage at King's Castor. Afterwards he would turn his head and look beneath the awning sadly—the warm, soft glow of the swinging lamp lighting up face after face, which then seemed to fade away into the shadow.

He was strangely affected at such times. Now it was the present, and they were at sea; anon it seemed that he was leaning over the rustic seat in the doctor's garden, and that was not the awning and the quarter-deck, but the little drawing-room with the open windows. Time had not glided on; and in a curious, dreamy fashion, that did not seem to be Julia, the child he had taught, but Millicent; and that was not Lieutenant Eaton leaning over her, but Robert Hallam.

Then one of the shadows on the awning would take a grotesque resemblance to little Miss Heathery, to help out the flights of fancy; and Bayle would listen for the tinkling notes of the piano again, and feel surprised not to hear a little, bird-like voice piping "Gaily the troubadour."

Then there would be a burst of merry conversation, and perhaps a laugh; and as Bayle turned his head again to gaze half-wonderingly, the lamp-light would fall perhaps upon the faces of mother and daughter, the centre of the group near the piano.

Christie Bayle would begin to study the stars once more, as if seeking to read therein his future; but in vain, for he gazed down where they were broken and confused in the dark waters, sparkling and gliding as they were repeated again below, deep down in the transparent depths, where phosphorescent creatures bright almost as the reflected stars, glowed here and there.

"I can't make him out," Sir Gordon would often say.

No wonder! Christie Bayle could not analyse his own feelings, only that the old sorrow that was dead and buried years upon years ago seemed to be reviving and growing till it was becoming an agonising pang.

CHAPTER XIV.—LADY EATON'S SON.

It was a long voyage, for in those days the idea of shortening a trip to the Antipodes had not been dreamed of, and the man who had suggested that the time would come when powerful steamers would run through the Mediterranean, down a canal, along the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, touch at Singapore, and after threading their way among the tropic Indian Islands, pass down the eastern side of the Australian Continent

within shelter of the Great Barrier Reef, would have been called a madman.

But long and tedious as it was made by calms in what seemed to be a region of eternal summer, Christie Bayle prayed that the voyage might be prolonged.

And then, Julia—who had been to him as his own child, whose young life he had seen increase and develop till the bud was promising to be a lovely flower—seemed so happy. Everything was so new to the young girl, fresh from her life of retirement, and now thrust into a society where she was at once made queen. There was a smile and a pull at the forelock from every sailor, while every soldier of Captain Otway's company was ready to salute as soon as she came on deck.

The bluff old captain of the *Sea King* took her at once under his protection, and settled her place at table; while his officers vied with each other in their attentions. As for Philip Eaton, he was more than satisfied with the behaviour of Mrs. Captain Otway, and he did not believe her when, in a free-and-easy way, she clapped him on the shoulder and said—

"It is not on your account, Phil Eaton—handsome youth, who falleth in love with every pretty woman he sees—but because I like the little lady. However, my boy, your flirtation is nearly over."

"Nearly over, Mrs. Otway!" he cried warmly. "Flirtation? Don't call it by that wretched name."

"There, I told Jack so, and he laughed at me. It is serious, then?"

"Serious! I mean to be married this time."

"Pooh! nonsense, Phil. Absurd!"

"Was it absurd for you to make a run-away match with John Otway!"

"No; but then we loved each other passionately."

"Well, and do not we?"

"Hum! No, my dear boy. There, Phil, you see I am like a mother to you. You think you love the little thing desperately."

"And I do so. It is no thinking. I never saw a woman who moved me as she does with her sweet, innocent ways."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Mrs. Otway, smiling.

"Bad! no, it's good. I'm glad I've met the woman at last of whom I can feel proud. She is so different from any girl I ever met before."

"Don't singe your wings, my handsome butterfly," said Mrs. Otway, laughing. "Why,

my dear Phil, I don't think the girl cares for you a bit."

"But I am sure she does."

"Has she owned to it?"

"No," he said proudly. "I am in earnest now, and I reverence her so that I would not say a word until I have spoken to her mother and her friends."

"Humph! yes, her friends," said Mrs. Otway. "What relatives are Sir Gordon Bourne and the Reverend Christie Bayle to the fair queen of my gallant soldier's heart?"

"I don't know," he said impatiently.

"Why are they all going out to Port Jackson?"

"I don't know. How should I?"

"Oh! they might have told you in conversation."

"I did not trouble myself about such things. Hang it all! Mrs. Otway, how could I be so petty?"

"Is it not natural that a man should be anxious to know who and what are the relatives of the lady he thinks of as his future wife?"

"Oh, some sordid fellows would think of such things. I'm not going to marry her relations."

"In some sort a man must," said Mrs. Otway coolly.

"Look here," cried the young officer, "why do you talk to me like this?"

"Hallo! what's the matter!" cried Captain Otway, who had come up unobserved; "quarrelling?"

"No," said Mrs. Otway, "I am only giving Phil Eaton a little of the common-sense he seems to have been losing lately. Why do I talk to you like this, my dear Phil? I'll tell you. Because the day before we sailed Lady Eaton came to me and said, 'You are a woman of experience, Mrs. Otway; keep an eye upon my boy, and don't let him get entangled in any way.'"

"My mother said that to you?"

"Indeed she did; and now that you are running your head into a very pretty silken skein, and tangling yourself up in the most tremendous manner, I think it is time for me to act."

"Quite right, Phil," said the Captain. "You wanted checking. The young lady is delicious, and all that is innocent and nice; but you are not content with a pleasant chat."

"No," said the Lieutenant firmly; "I mean to marry her."

"Indeed!" said Otway drily. "Who and what is she?"

"A lady of the greatest refinement and sweetness of character."

"Granted; but who is her mother?"

"Mrs. Hallam, a lady whom, in spite of her sadness of disposition and distant ways, it is a privilege to know."

"Will you go on, Bell?" said Otway.

"No! Oh, Captain, you are talking grand sense! I'll listen."

"Well, then, here is another question. Who is Mr. Hallam?"

"How should I know? Some merchant or official out at Port Jackson. They are going to join him. Julie——"

"Hallo!" cried Mrs. Otway, "has it come to that?"

"Miss Hallam," continued the young officer, flushing, "told me she had not seen her father for years."

Captain Otway turned to his wife, and she exchanged glances with him in a meaning way.

Eaton looked sharply from one to the other, his eyes flashing, and his white teeth showing as he bit his lip.

"What do you two mean?" he cried angrily.

"Oh, nothing!" said Otway, shrugging his shoulders.

"I insist upon knowing!" cried Eaton. "You would not look like that without deep cause; and it is not fair to me. Look here, I can't bear it! You are thinking something respecting these people; and it is not like my old friends. Hang it all, am I a boy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Otway gently, "a foolish, hot-headed, impetuous boy. Now, my dear Phil, be reasonable. The young lady is very sweet and gentle, and sings charmingly. She is a delicious little companion for the voyage, and at your wish Jack and I have been very friendly, not feeling ourselves called upon during a voyage like this to inquire into people's antecedents so long as they were pleasant."

"But——"

"Hear me out."

"Yes, hear her out, Phil; and don't be a fool!" said Captain Otway.

"Mrs. Hallam and Miss Hallam are both very nice, and we liked them, and I should like them to the end of the voyage if you were not beginning to make yourself very stupid."

"Stupid! Oh, shame upon you, Mrs. Otway!"

"You say so now, my dear boy; but what would you say if we, your old friends, let you run blindly into an entanglement with

a young lady whose antecedents would horrify Lady Eaton, your mother?"

"I say shame again, Mrs. Otway!" cried Eaton. "Why, everything contradicts your ideas. Would Mrs. and Miss Hallam have for friends and companions Sir Gordon Bourne and a clergyman? I had heard of Sir Gordon as an eccentric yachting baronet years ago."

"So had I," said Captain Otway; "but they have only become acquainted since they were on board ship. Sir Gordon and the parson came on board at Plymouth."

"Now I am going to show you how unjust you both are!" cried Eaton triumphantly. "Julie—I mean Miss Hallam—told me herself that she knew Sir Gordon Bourne when she was a little girl, and that Mr. Bayle had acted as her private tutor ever since she could remember."

"And what did she say Mr. Hallam was?"

"She did not mention his name, and I did not ask her. Hang it, madam, what do you think he is?"

"I am not going to say, my dear Philip, because I should be sorry to misjudge any one; but please remember why we are going out to Port Jackson."

"Going out? Why, to join the regiment—from the dépôt."

"And when we join our regiment our duty is to——"

"Guard the convicts! Good heavens!"

The young man sprang from the chair in which he had been lounging, and turned white as ashes, then he flushed with anger, turned pale again, and glared about the vessel.

Just then Mrs. Hallam came out of the cabin with Julia, and mounted to the after deck, going slowly to the vessel's side, as was her custom, to gaze away east and south, talking softly to her child the while.

"Oh, it is impossible!" said Eaton at last. "How dare you make such a charge!"

"My wife makes no charge, Phil," said Captain Otway firmly. "She only tells you what we think. Perhaps we are wrong."

"And now that you suspect this," said Eaton sarcastically, "are you both going to hold aloof from these ladies?"

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Otway warmly. "I have always found them most pleasant companions during our voyage, and I am the last woman to visit the sins of one person on the rest of his family."

"And yet you abuse me for doing as you do!" cried Eaton impetuously.

"There are different depths of shading in

a picture, my dear Phil," said Mrs. Otway, laying her hand upon the young man's arm. "Be friendly to these people, as Jack there and I are about to be, to the end, but don't go and commit yourself to an engagement with a convict's daughter."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Eaton fiercely.

"No, it is not, Phil," said the Captain quietly. "I'm afraid my wife is right."

As he was speaking Mrs. Otway, who had left them, crossed the deck, and stood talking to Mrs. Hallam and Julia, who soon after left them, and Eaton saw her walk to where Sir Gordon was smoking the cigar just brought to him by Tom Porter, and then leave him to go timidly up to where Christie Bayle was leaning over the bulwarks, book in hand, and seeming to read.

CHAPTER XV.—SIR GORDON GETS OUT OF TEMPER.

"Don't—pray don't look so agitated, dear mother," whispered Julia, as they left the cabin one morning, after an announcement by the captain that before many hours had passed, a new phase in the long voyage would take place, for they would see land.

The news spread like lightning among the passengers, and was received with eager delight by those who had been cooped up gazing at sea and sky for months.

"I will try and be calm," said Mrs. Hallam, "but it seems at times more than I can bear. Think, Julie; only a few more hours and we shall see him again."

Julia's fair young face contracted, and there was a strange fluttering about her heart. Mingled feelings troubled her. She was angry with herself that she did not share her mother's joy, and strive how she would, she could not help feeling regret that the voyage was so near its end, and that they were to make a fresh plunge in life.

She had trembled and shrunk from the voyage when it was first decided upon. There was so much of the unknown to encounter, and she had been so happy and contented in the simple home, that, unlike most young people of her age, novelty possessed for her few charms. But the voyage had proved, after the first few dreary days, one long succession of pleasant hours. Every one had been so kind. Mrs. Otway almost loving, Captain Otway frank and manly, and—she coloured slightly as she thought of it all—Lieutenant Eaton so gentle and attentive to her every wish.

Yes, for months he had been ready to

hurry to her side, to wait upon her, to read aloud, turn over her music and join in the duets with an agreeable, manly voice. Yes, it had all been very, very pleasant; the only dark spots in the sunshine, the only clouds being that Sir Gordon had grown more testy and ready to say harsh things; and Mr. Bayle had become strangely cold and distant, so changed. He who had been always so warm and frank, looked at her gravely. The old playful manner had completely gone, and the change troubled her young breast sorely.

That morning, when Mrs. Hallam took her old place by the bulwarks to gaze away into the distance out of which the land she sought was to rise, Julia came to a determination, and waiting her opportunity, she watched till Bayle had taken his place where he sat and read, and Sir Gordon was in his usual seat.

For, on ship-board, the nature of the vessel's management seems to communicate itself to the passengers. As they have special berths, so do they adopt special seats at the cabin table, and when on deck, go by custom to regular places after their morning walk beneath the breeze-filled sails.

Sir Gordon was in his seat, and Tom Porter on his way with a cigar and light, when Julia intercepted him, took them from him, and walked up to Sir Gordon's seat.

"Hallo!" he said shortly. "You?"

"Yes! I've brought you your cigar and light."

She held them out, and the old man took them, and lit the cheroot with all the careful dallying of an old smoker.

"Thankye," he said shortly; but Julia did not leave him, only stood looking down at the wrinkles of age and annoyance in the well-bred face.

"Well!" he said, "what are you waiting for, my child?" His voice was a little softer as the wreaths of smoke rose in the soft southern air.

"I want to talk to you," she said, looking at him wistfully.

"Sit down, then. Ah, there's no chair, and—where is our gay young officer to fetch one?"

Julia did not answer, but gazed up in his face as she seated herself upon the deck by his low lounge chair.

"Why do you speak to me so unkindly?" she said, with a naïve innocence of manner that made the old man wince and cease smoking.

"Unkindly?" he said at last.

"Yes," said Julia. "You have been so different. You are not speaking to me now as you used."

The old man frowned, looked from the upturned face at his side to where Mrs. Hallam was gazing out to sea, and back again.

"Because I'm growing old and am chilly, and pettish, and jealous, my dear," he said at last warmly. "Julia!" he cried searchingly, "tell me; do you love this Lieutenant Eaton?"

The girl's face grew crimson, and her eyes flashed a look of resentment as she rose quickly to her feet.

"No, no! don't go, my dear," he cried; but it was too late even if the words could have stayed her. Julia was walking swiftly away, and Lieutenant Eaton, who was coming back from a morning parade of the company, increased his pace on seeing Julia, but she turned aside and walked towards Bayle.

"Yes, but if I had not just spoken to her," muttered Sir Gordon, "she would have stopped. Well, it is only natural, and I had no business to speak—no business to trouble myself about her. Tom Porter says the old maid is bitterly mad about it, and declares the poor child is going to wreck her life as her mother did. The old cat! How dare she think such a thing! The impudence! Wishes the ship may be wrecked first and that we may all be drowned. Ah! you're there, are you, sir?"

"Yes, Sir Gordon. Another cheroot?"

"Can't you see I haven't smoked this, fool? Here, give me a light!"

Tom Porter's mahogany face did not change as he produced a piece of tinder and held it for his testy master to ignite his cigar.

"Thank ye, Tom," said Sir Gordon, changing his tone. "Here, don't go away. What did that woman say?"

"Miss Bing, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes; you know whom I mean. About Miss Hallam?"

"Wished we might all be wrecked and drowned before it came off."

"Before what came off?"

"A wedding with Lieutenant Eaton, Sir Gordon."

"Why?"

"Principally because she says he's so handsome, Sir Gordon. She hates handsome men."

"Humph! That's why she's so fond of you, Tom Porter."

"Which she ain't, Sir Gordon," said Tom Porter dolefully.

"You had been talking about weddings then?"

"Well, just a little, Sir Gordon," said Tom Porter, not a muscle of whose countenance moved. "I just said how nice it was to see two young folks so fond of each other."

"As whom?"

"As the Lufftenant and Miss Jooly, Sir Gordon; and that it would be just as nice for two middle-aged folks who had kept it all in store."

"And is she going to marry you, then, when we get to port?"

"No, Sir Gordon; it's all over. She ain't the marrying sort."

"Humph! Marry a black woman, then, to spite her, and then ask her to come and see your wife."

"No, Sir Gordon, beggin' your pardon, sir; I've been in the wrong, when I ought to have took you for an example. It's all over, and I'm settled down thorough. I have seen but one woman as I thought I'd like to splice."

"And that was Mrs. Hallam's old maid?"

"Yes, Sir Gordon."

"Why? She isn't handsome."

"Not outside, Sir Gordon; and I don't rightly know why I took to her, unless it was that she seemed so right down like—such a stick-to-you-through-fair-weather-and-foul sort of woman. But it's all over now, Sir Gordon. Things won't turn out as one likes, and it's of no use to try."

"You're right, Tom Porter; you're a better philosopher than your master. There, that will do. When shall we see land?"

"Morrow morning, Sir Gordon. Day-break; not afore. Any orders 'bout the shore?"

"Orders? What are we to do when we get there? Tom Porter, if you could tell me what we are to do, I'd give you a hundred pounds. There, give me a light, my cheroot's out again!"

CHAPTER XVI.—A SORE PLACE.

"ARE you glad the voyage is nearly over?" said a soft little voice that made Bayle start.

"Glad?" he said, as he turned to gaze in Julia's plaintive-looking face—"no, I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you have seemed so happy." He paused a few moments as if afraid that his voice would tremble. "Because your mother has seemed so happy." And he added to himself: "Because I tremble for all that is to come."

"Are you angry with me, Mr. Bayle?" said Julia, after a pause.

"Angry with you, my child?" he said, with his eyes brightening, though there was a piteous look in his face. "Oh, no; how could I be?"

"I don't know," she replied; "but you have grown more and more changed. I have seen so little of you lately, and you have avoided me."

"But you have not been dull. You have had many companions and friends."

"Yes," she said quickly, "and they have been so kind; but I have seemed to regret the past days when we were all so quiet and happy together."

"Hush!" he said quickly. "Don't speak like that."

"Not speak like that? There now you are angry with me again."

"Angry? No, no, my child," cried Bayle, whose voice trembled with emotion. "I am not angry with you."

"Yes; that's how I like to hear you speak," cried Julia. "That is how you used to speak to me, and not in that grave, measured way, as if you were dissatisfied."

"Julia," he said, hoarse with emotion, "how could I be dissatisfied when I see you happy? Has it not been the wish of my life?"

"Yes; I have always known it was. Now you make me happy again; and you will always speak so to me?"

"Always," he said, with his eyes lighting up with a strange fire. "Always, my child."

"That's right," she cried. "That is like my dear old master speaking to me again;" and her sweet ingenuous eyes looked lovingly in his.

But they saw no response to their tenderness, for the fire died out of Bayle's gaze, the red spots faded from his cheeks, and an agonising pang made him shudder, and then draw in a long deep breath.

At that moment Lieutenant Eaton approached, and Bayle saw the tell-tale colour come into Julia's cheeks.

"It is fate, I suppose," said Bayle, drawing back to give place to Eaton.

Julia looked up at him quickly, as if she divined the words he had said to himself, but he did not speak, only smiled sadly, and walked towards where Mrs. Hallam was gazing over the side.

He shuddered as he thought of the meeting that must take place, and walked up and down slowly, thinking of his position, un-

heeded by Mrs. Hallam, whose face was irradiated by the joy that filled her breast.

He turned back to see that Eaton had led Julia to the other side of the vessel, and as she, too, stood with her hands resting on the bulwarks, Bayle could see that the young man's face was bright and animated; that he was talking quickly to the girl, whose head was slightly bent as though she was listening attentively to all he said.

Christie Bayle drew a long breath as he walked slowly on. His old patient, long-suffering smile came upon his face, and now his lip ceased quivering, and he said softly—

"If it is for her happiness, why not?"

"And after all I have said," exclaimed a quick voice beyond the awning. "It's too bad, Jack. He is proposing to her now. What shall we do?"

"Nothing. Let him find all out for himself, and then cool down."

"And half break the poor girl's heart? I don't want that."

Bayle hurried away, feeling as if he could bear no more. The cabin seemed the best retreat, where he could take counsel with himself, and try and arrange some plan in which he could dispassionately leave out self, and act as he had vowed that he would—as a true friend to Millicent Hallam and her child.

But he was not to reach his cabin without another mental sting, for as he descended he came upon Thisbe, looking red-eyed as if she had been crying, and he stopped to speak to her.

"Matter, sir?" she answered; "and you ask me? Go back on deck, and see for yourself, and say whether the old trouble is to come all over again."

He felt as if he must speak angrily to the woman if he stayed; and hurrying by her he shut himself in his cabin and stayed there for hours with the bustle of preparations for landing going on all around, the home of many months being looked upon now as a prison which every passenger was longing to quit, to gain the freedom of the shore.

CHAPTER XVII.—COMMUNING WITH SELF.

It was evening when Bayle went on deck again, his old calm having returned. He stopped short, and the elasticity of spirit that seemed to have come back—a feeling of hopefulness in keeping with the light champagne atmosphere, so full of life, died out again, even as the breeze that had wafted

them on all day had now almost failed, and the ship glided very slowly through the water that looked like liquid gold.

"A few short hours," he said to himself, as he gazed at Mrs. Hallam standing with her arm round Julia, bathed in the evening light, watching the golden clouds upon the horizon that they were told were land—to them the land of hope and joy, but to Christie Bayle a land of sorrow and of pain.

"A few short hours," he said again, "and then the fond illusions must fall away, and they will be face to face with the truth."

He crept away sick at heart to the other side, where Lieutenant Eaton, who seemed to be hovering about mother and daughter, eager to join them but kept away by respect for their desire to be alone, passed him with a short nod, hesitated, as if about to speak, and then went on again.

Bayle waited hour after hour, ready should those in his charge require his services; but they did not move from their position, and it was Eaton who intercepted Thisbe, and took from her the scarves she was bringing to protect them from the night air; but only a few words passed, and he drew back to walk up and down till long after the Southern Cross was standing out among the glorious stars that looked so large and bright in the clear, dark sky above, when Mrs. Hallam drew a deep breath and whispered a few words to Julia, and they descended to their cabin for the night, but not to sleep.

Then by degrees the deck was left to the watch, and a strange silence fell, for a change had come upon all on board. The first excitement that followed the lookout-man's cry of "Land ho!" had passed, and passengers and soldiers were gathered in groups after their busy preparation for the landing another day distant, and talked in whispers.

Lower and lower sank the weary spirit of Christie Bayle, as he stood leaning on the bulwark, gazing away into the starry depths of the glorious night, for it seemed to him that his task was nearly done, that soon those whom he had loved so well would pass out of his care, and as he thought of Millicent Hallam sharing the home of her convict husband he murmured a prayer on her behalf. Then his thoughts of the mother passed, and he recalled all that he had seen during the past months, above all Julia's excited manner that day and the conduct of Lieutenant Eaton. And as he pondered, his thoughts took somewhat this form—

"Young, handsome, a thorough gentleman, what wonder that he should win her

young love? but will he stand the test? A convict's daughter—an officer of the King. He must know; and if he does stand the test——"

Christie Bayle stood with his hands clasped tightly together, as once more a strange agony of soul pierced him to the core. He saw himself again the young curate entranced by the beauty of a fair young English girl in her happy home, declaring his love for her, laying bare his hopes, and learning the bitter lesson that those hopes were vain. He saw again the long years of peaceful friendship with a new love growing for the child who had been his principal waking thoughts. He saw her grow to womanhood, loving him as he had loved her—with a love that had been such as a father might bear his child, till the peaceful calm had been broken as he saw that Julia listened eagerly and with brightening eyes to the words of this young officer; and now it was that like a blow the knowledge came, the knowledge that beneath all this love had been a love of a stronger nature, ready to burst forth and bloom when it was again too late.

"A dream—a dream," he said sadly. "How could she love me otherwise than as she said—as her dear master?"

"A dream," he said again "Thy will be done!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—"AT LAST!"

A BUSY day on shipboard, with the excitement growing fast, and officers and men cheerfully turning themselves into guides and describers of the scenery on either hand.

A glorious day, with a brisk breeze, and the white sails curving out, and the great vessel, that had borne them safely to their destination, careening gently over, and the white foam dividing and swelling away to starboard and to port.

The sky overhead might have been that of Italy, so gloriously bright and pure it seemed to all, as at last the vessel glided in between the guardian giants of the port; and then, as they stood well within the two great rocky precipices, the swell upon which they had softly swayed died away, the breeze sank, and the great white sails flapped and filled and flapped, the ship slowly slackened its speed, and at last lay motionless, waiting for the tide that would bear them on to the anchorage within.

It was evening when the tantalising waiting was at an end, and the expectant groups saw themselves once more gliding on and on, into the land-locked estuary that, minute by

minute, took more and more the aspect of some beauteous lake.

Seen by the glory of the sinking sun, and after the long, monotonous voyage, it was like some glimpse of Eden, and with one consent the soldiers sent forth a hearty cheer, which died away into silence as the great ship glided on. Jutting promontories, emerald islands, golden waters, and a sky like topaz, as the sun slowly sank. Bays filled with roseate hues reflected from the sky, swelling hills in the distance of wondrous greyish green, with deepening curves of softly darkening shadows. The lake-like bay was without a ripple, and glistened as polished metal, and mirrored here and there the shore. Away in the distance mountain after mountain shone through the clear air; and as the wearied travellers drank in the glorious scene there was a solemnity in its beauty that oppressed them, even unto tears.

Millicent Hallam stood in that self-same spot where she had so patiently watched for this her promised land, and as she bent forward with half-extended hands, Julia saw her lips part, and heard from time to time some broken utterance, as the tears of joy fell slowly from her dreamy eyes.

Time after time the most intimate of their fellow-passengers approached, but there was that in the attitude of mother and daughter which commanded respect, and they drew back.

On glided the ship, nearer and nearer, with the houses and rough buildings of the settlement slowly coming into sight, while, as the sun flashed from the windows, and turned the sand that fringed the shore for the time to tawny gold, the hearts of mother and daughter seemed to go out, to leap the intervening distance, and pour forth their longings to him who, they felt, was watching the ship that bore to him all he held dear.

Golden changing to orange, to amber, to ruddy wine. Then one deep glow, and the lake-like harbour for a few minutes as if of molten metal cooling into purple, into black, and then the placid surface glistening with fallen stars.

And as Julia pressed nearer to the trusting woman, who gazed straight before her at the lights that twinkled in the scattered houses of the port, she heard a sweet, rich voice murmur softly—

"Robert, husband—I have come!"

And again, soft as the murmur of the tide upon the shore—

"My God, I thank thee! At last—at last!"

CHAPTER XIX.—A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

It had been hard work to persuade her, but Mrs. Hallam had consented at last to rest quietly in the hotel, while Bayle obtained the necessary passes for her and her daughter to see Hallam. This done, he took the papers and letters of recommendation he had brought and waited upon the governor.

There was a good deal of business going on, and Bayle was shown into a side room where a clerk was writing, and asked to sit down.

"Your turn will come in about an hour," said the official who showed him in, and Bayle sat down to wait.

As he looked up, he saw that the clerk was watching him intently; and as their eyes met, he said in a low voice—

"May I ask if you came out in the *Sea King*?"

"Yes; I landed this morning."

"Any good news, sir, from the old country?"

"Nothing particular; but I can let you have a paper or two, if you like."

"Thank you, sir. I should be very glad, but I meant Ireland. You thought I meant England."

"But you are not an Irishman?"

"Yes, sir. Have I forgotten my brogue?"

"I did not detect it."

"Perhaps I've forgotten it," said the man sadly, "as they seem to have forgotten me. Ten years make a good deal of difference."

"Have you been out here ten years?"

"Yes, sir, more."

"Do you know anything about the prisons?"

The clerk flushed, and then laughed bitterly.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I know something about them."

"And the prisoners?"

"Ye—es. Bah! what is the use of keeping it back? Of course I do, sir. I was sent out for the benefit of my country."

"You?"

"Yes, sir; I am a lifer."

Bayle gazed at the man in surprise.

"You look puzzled, sir," he said. "Why, almost every other man out here is a convict."

"But you have been pardoned?"

"Pardoned? No; I am only an assigned servant. I can be sent back to the chain-gang at any time if I give offence. There,

for Heaven's sake, sir, don't look at me like that! If I offended against the laws, I have been bitterly punished."

"You mistake my looks," said Bayle gently; "they did not express my feelings to you, for they were those of sorrow."

"Sorrow?" said the man, who spoke as if he were making a great effort to keep down his feelings. "Ay, sir, you would say that if you knew all I had endured. It has been enough to make a man into a fiend, herding with the wretches sent out here, and at any moment, at the caprice of some brutal warder or other official, ordered the lash."

Bayle drew his breath between his teeth hard.

"There, I beg your pardon, sir; but the sight of a face from over the sea, and a gentle word, sets all the old pangs stinging again. I'm better treated now. This governor is a very different man from the last."

"Perhaps you may get a full pardon yet," said Bayle; "your conduct has evidently been good."

"No. There will be no pardon for me, sir. I was too great a criminal."

"What—but I have no right to ask you," said Bayle.

"Yes, ask me, sir. My offence? Well, like a number of other hot-headed young men, I thought to make myself a patriot and free Ireland. That was my crime."

"Tell me," said Bayle, after a time, "did you ever encounter a prisoner named Hallam?"

"Robert Hallam—tall, dark, handsome man?"

"Yes; that answers the description."

"Sent over with a man named Crellock, for a bank robbery, was it not?"

"The same man. Where is he now?"

"He was up the country as a convict servant, shepherding; but I think he is back in the gangs again. Some of them are busy on the new road."

"Was he—supposed to be innocent out here?"

"Innocent? No. It was having to herd with such scoundrels made our fate the more bitter. Such men as he and his mate——"

"His mate?"

"Yes—the man Crellock—were never supposed to be very——"

He ceased speaking, and began to write quickly, for a door was opened, and an attendant requested Bayle to follow him.

He was ushered into the presence of an officer, who apologised for the governor being deeply engaged, consequent upon the

arrival of the ship with the draft of men. But the necessary passes were furnished, and Bayle left.

As he was passing out with the documents in his hand he came suddenly upon Captain Otway and the Lieutenant, both in uniform.

The Captain nodded in a friendly way and passed on; but Eaton stopped.

"One moment, Mr. Bayle," he said rather huskily. "I want you to answer a question."

Bayle bowed, and then met his eyes calmly, and without a line in his countenance to betoken agitation.

"I—I want you to tell me—in confidence, Mr. Bayle—why Mrs. Hallam and her daughter have come out here?"

"I am not at liberty, Lieutenant Eaton, to explain to a stranger Mrs. Hallam's private affairs."

"Then will you tell me this? Why have you come here to-day? But I can see. Those are passes to allow you to go beyond the convict lines?"

"They are," said Bayle.

"That will do, sir," said the young man, with his lip quivering; and hurrying on he rejoined Captain Otway, who was standing awaiting his coming in the doorway, in front of which a sentry was passing up and down.

Bayle went back to the hotel, where Mrs. Hallam was waiting impatiently, and Julia with her, both dressed for going out.

"You have been so long," cried Mrs. Hallam; "but tell me—you have the passes?"

"Yes; they are here," he said.

"Give them to me," she cried, with feverish haste. "Come, Julia."

"You cannot go alone, Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle in a remonstrant tone. "Try and restrain yourself. Then we will go on at once."

She looked at him half angrily; but the look turned to one of appeal as she moved towards the door.

"But are you quite prepared?" he whispered. "Do you still hold to the intention of taking Julia?"

"Yes, yes," she cried fiercely. "Christie Bayle, you cannot feel with me. Do you not realise that it is the husband and father waiting to see his wife and child?"

Bayle said no more then, but walked with them through the roughly marked out streets of the embryo city, towards the convict lines.

"I shall see you to the gates," he said,

"secure your admission and then await your return."

Mrs. Hallam pressed his hand, and then, as he glanced at Julia, he saw that she was trembling and deadly pale. The next minute, however, she had mastered her emotion, and they walked quickly on, Mrs. Hallam with her head erect, and proud of mien, as she seemed in every movement to be wishing to impress upon her child that they should rather glory in their visit than feel shame. There was something almost triumphant in the look she directed at Bayle, a look which changed to angry reproach, as she saw his wrinkled brow, and the trouble in his face.

Half-way to the prison gates there was a measured tramp of feet, and a quick, short order was given in familiar tones.

The next moment the head of a company of men came into sight; and Bayle recognised the faces. In the rear were Captain Otway and Lieutenant Eaton, both of whom saluted, Mrs. Hallam acknowledging each bow with the dignity of a queen.

Bayle tried hard, but he could not help glancing at Julia, to see that she was deadly pale but looking as erect and proud as her mother.

Captain Otway's company were told off on some special duty. They had just passed the prison gates; and it was next to impossible for Mrs. Hallam and her daughter to be going anywhere but to the large barracks devoted to the convicts.

Bayle knew that the two officers must feel this as they saluted; and in spite of himself, he could not forbear feeling a kind of gratification. For it seemed to him that henceforth a gulf would be placed between them, and the pleasant friendship of the voyage be at an end.

Mrs. Hallam knew it, but she did not shrink, and her heart bounded as she saw the calm demeanour of her child.

The measured tramp of the soldiers' feet was still heard, when a fresh party of men came into sight; and as he partly realised what was before him, Bayle stretched out his hand to arrest his companions.

"Come back," he said quickly; "we will go on after these men have passed."

"No," said Mrs. Hallam firmly, "we will go on now. Christie Bayle, do you fancy that we should shrink from anything at a time like this?"

"But for her sake," whispered Bayle.

"She is my child, and we know our duty," retorted Mrs. Hallam proudly.

But her face was paler, and she darted a quick glance at Julia, whose eyes dilated, and whose grasp of her mother's arm was closer, as from out of the advancing group came every now and then a shriek of pain, with sharp cries, yells, and savage curses.

The party consisted of a sergeant and three soldiers with fixed bayonets, one leading, two behind a party of eight men in grotesque rough garments, whose fetters clanked and jingled at every step. Four of them walked in front, following the first soldier, and behind them the other four carried a litter or stretcher, upon which, raised on a level with their shoulders, they bore a man who was writhing in acute pain, and now cursing his bearers for going so fast, now directing his oaths against the authorities.

"It'll be your turn next," he yelled, as he threw an arm over the side of the stretcher. "Can't you go slow? Ah, the cowards—the cowards!"

Here the man rolled out a fierce volley of imprecations, his voice sounding hoarse and strange; but his bearers, morose, pallid-looking men with a savage downcast look, paid no heed, tramping on with their chains that passed from an iron cincture down to each ankle clanking loudly, and the soldiers taking it all as a matter of course.

At a glance the difference between them was most marked. The soldiers had a smart, independent air, there was an easy-going, cheery look in their brown faces; while in those of the men they guarded, and upon whom they would have been called to fire if there were an attempt to escape, there were deeply stamped in the hollow cheek, sunken eye, and graven lines, crime, misery, and degradation, and that savage recklessness that seems to lower man to a degree far beneath the beast of the jungle or wild. The closely cropped hair, the shorn chins with the stubble of several days' growth, and the fierce glare of the convicts' overshadowed eyes as they caught sight of the two well-dressed ladies, sent a thrill through Bayle's breast, and he would gladly have even now forced his companions to retreat, but it was impossible. For as they came up, the ruffian on the stretcher, to which he was strapped, uttered an agonizing cry of pain, and then yelled out the one word, "Water!"

Julia uttered a low sobbing cry and, before Bayle or Mrs. Hallam could realise her act, she had started forward and laid her hand upon the sergeant's arm, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she cried—

"Oh, sir, do you not hear him? Is there no water here?"

"Halt!" shouted the sergeant; and with military precision the cortège stopped. "Set him down, lads."

The convicts gave a half-turn and lowered the handles of the stretcher, retaining them for a moment, and then, in the same automatic way placed their burden on the dusty earth. It was quickly and smoothly done in silence; but the movement seemed to cause the man intense pain, and he writhed and cursed horribly at his bearers, ending by asking again for water.

"It isn't far to the hospital, miss," said the sergeant; "and he has had some once. Here, Jones, give me your canteen."

One of the privates unslung his water-tin and handed it to Julia, who seized it eagerly, while the sergeant turned to Bayle and said in a quick whisper—

"Hadn't you better get the ladies away, sir?"

By this time Julia was on her knees by the side of the stretcher, holding the canteen to the lips of the wretched man, who drank with avidity, rolling his starting eyes from side to side.

"Has there been a battle?" whispered Julia to the soldier who had handed her the water-tin. "He is dreadfully wounded, is he not? Will he die?"

Julia's quickly following questions were heard by the eight convicts, who were looking on with heavy, brutal curiosity; but not one glanced at his companions.

"Bless your heart, no, miss. A few days in hospital will put him right," said the soldier, smiling.

"How can you be so cruel?" panted the girl indignantly. "Suppose you were lying there."

"Well, I hope, miss," said the man good-humouredly, "that if I had been blackguard enough to have my back scratched, I should not be such a cur as to howl like that."

"Julia, my child, come away," whispered Bayle, taking her hand and trying to raise her as the sergeant looked on good-humouredly. "The man has been flogged for some offence. This is no place for you."

"Hush!" she cried, as, drawing away her hand, she bent over the wretched man and wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

He ceased his restless writhing and gazed up at the sweet face bending over him with a look of wonder. Then his eyes dilated, and his lips parted. The next moment he

had turned his eyes upon Mrs. Hallam, who was bending over her child half-trying to raise her, but with a horrible fascination in her gaze, while a curious silence seemed to have fallen on the group—so curious, that when one of the convicts moved slightly, the clank of his fetters sounded strangely loud in the hot sunshine.

"By your leave, miss," said the sergeant, not unkindly. "I daren't stop. Fall in, my lads! Stretchers! Forward!"

As the man, who was perfectly silent now, was raised by the convicts to the level of their shoulders, he wrenched his head round that he might turn his distorted features, purple with their deep flush, and continue his wondering stare at Julia and then at Mrs. Hallam.

Then the tramp and clank, tramp and clank went on, the soldiers raising each a hand to his forehead, and smiling at the group they left, while the sergeant took off his cap, the sun shining down on a good manly English face, as he took a step towards Julia.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said; "I'm only a rough fellow—but if you'd let me kiss your hand?"

Julia smiled in the sergeant's brown face as she laid her white little hand in his, and he raised it almost reverently to his lips.

Then, saluting Mrs. Hallam, he turned quickly to Bayle—

"I did say, sir, as this place was just about like—you know what; but I see we've got angels even here."

He went off at the double after his men, twenty paces ahead, while Bayle, warned by Julia, had just time to catch Mrs. Hallam as she reeled, and would have fallen.

"Mother, dear mother!" cried Julia. "This scene was too terrible for you."

"No, no! I am better now," said Mrs. Hallam hoarsely. "Let us go on. Did you see?" she whispered, turning to Bayle.

"See?" he said reproachfully. "Yes; but I tried so hard to spare you this scene."

"Yes; but it was to be," she said in the same hoarse whisper, as with one hand she held Julia from her, and spoke almost in her companion's ear. "You did not know him," she said. "I did; at once."

"That man?"

"Yes."

Then, after a painful pause, she added—"It was Stephen Crellock."

"Her husband's associate and friend," said Bayle, as he stood outside the prison gates waiting; for after the presentation of the proper forms, Millicent Hallam and her



"Well!" he said. "Am I so changed!"

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child had been admitted by special permission to see the prisoner named upon their pass, and Christie Bayle remained without, seeing in imagination the meeting between husband, wife, and child, and as he waited, seated on a block of stone, his head went down upon his hands, and his spirit sank very low, for all was dark upon the life-path now ahead.

CHAPTER XX.—IN THE CONVICT BARRACKS.

"Be firm, my darling," whispered Mrs. Hallam; and as they followed their guide, hand in hand, Julia seemed to take strength and fortitude from the proud pale face, and eyes bright with matronly love and hope.

"Mother!"

Only that word, but it was enough. Millicent Hallam was satisfied, for she read in the tone and in the look that accompanied it the fact that her teaching had not been in vain, and that she had come to meet her martyr husband with the love of wife and child.

The officer who showed them into a bare room, with its grated windows, glanced at them curiously before leaving them; and then they had to wait through, what seemed to them, an age of agony, listening to the slow, regular tramp of a couple of sentries, one seeming to be in a passage close at hand, the other beneath the window of the room where they were seated upon a rough bench.

"Courage! my child," said Mrs. Hallam, looking at Julia with a smile; and then it was the latter who had to start up and support her, for, as there was the distant sound of feet and the clank of fetters, Mrs. Hallam's face contracted as from some terrible spasm, and she swayed sidewise.

"Heaven give me strength!" she groaned; and then, clinging together, the suffering women watched the door as the heavy tramp came nearer, and with it that clink clank of chains.

As Julia watched the door the remembrance of the stern handsome face of her childhood seemed to come up from the past—that face with the profusion of well-tended, wavy black hair, brushed back from the high, white forehead; the bright, piercing eyes that were shaded by long, heavy lashes; the closely-shaven lips and chin, and the thick dark whiskers—the face of the portrait in their little London home. And it seemed to her that she would see it again directly, that the old sternness would have given place to a smile of welcome, and as her heart beat fast her eyes filled with tears, and she was

gazing through a mist that dimmed her sight.

The door was thrown open; the *clink clank* of the fetters was heard, and as the door was abruptly closed, mother and daughter remained unmoved, clinging more tightly together, staring wildly through their tear-blinded eyes at the gaunt convict standing there, with face that seemed to have been stamped in the mould of the poor wretch's they had so lately seen: closely cropped grey hair; stubbly, silvered beard; and face drawn in a half-derisive smile.

"Well!" he said in a strange, hoarse voice that was brutal in its tones; and a sound issued from his throat that bore some resemblance to a laugh. "Am I so changed?"

"Robert! husband!"

The words rang through the cell-like room like the cry of some stricken life, and then the fetters gave a dull clank as Millicent Hallam threw herself upon his breast.

He bent over her as he held her tightly, and placed his mouth to her ear, while the beautiful quivering lips were turned towards his in their agony of longing for his welcoming kiss.

"Hush! Listen!" he said, and he gave her a sharp shake. "Have you brought the tin case?"

She nodded as she clung to him, clasping him more tightly to her heaving breast.

"You've got it safely?"

She nodded quickly again.

"Where is it?"

She breathed hard, and attempted to speak, but it was some time before she could utter the expected words.

"Why don't you speak?" he said in a rough whisper. "You have it safe?"

She nodded again.

"Where?"

"It—it is at—the hotel," panted Mrs. Hallam.

"Quite safe?"

"Yes."

"Unopened?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

His manner seemed to change, his eyes brightened, and his brutalised countenance altogether looked less repellent, as he uttered those words. As he stood there at first, his head hung, as it were, forward from between his shoulders, and his whole attitude had a despicable, cringing, trampled-down look that now seemed to pass away. He filled out and drew himself up; his eyes brightened as if hope had been borne to him by the

coming of wife and child. It was no longer the same man, so it seemed to Julia as she stood aloof, trembling and waiting for him to speak to her.

"Good girl! good wife!" said Hallam, in a low voice; and his fetters clinked again as he kissed the quivering woman, who, as she clasped him to her heart and grew to him once more, saw nothing of the change, but closed her eyes mentally and really, the longing of years satisfied, everything forgotten, even the presence of Julia, in the great joy of being united once again.

"There!" he said suddenly; "that must do now. There is only a short time, and I have lots to say, my gal."

Millicent Hallam's eyes opened, and she quite started back from her love romance to reality, his words sounded so harsh, his language was so coarse and strange; but she smiled again directly, a happy, joyous smile, as nestling within her husband's left arm, she laid her cheek upon the coarse woollen convict garb, and clinging there sent, with a flash from her humid eyes, a loving invitation to her child.

She did not speak, but her action was eloquent as words, and bade the trembling girl take the place she had half-vacated, the share she offered—the strong right arm, and the half of her husband's breast.

Julia read and knew, and in an instant she too was clinging to the convict, looking piteously in his scarred, half-brutal countenance, with eyes that strove so hard to be full of love, but which gazed through no medium of romance. Strive how she would, all seemed so hideously real—this hard, coarse-looking, brutal-voiced man was not the father she had been taught to reverence and love; it was with a cry full of misery and despair that she gazed at him with her lips quivering, and then burst into a wild fit of sobbing as she buried her face in his breast.

"There, there, don't cry," he said almost impatiently; and there was no working of the face, nothing to indicate that he was moved by the passionate woe of his faithful wife, or the agony of the beautiful girl whose sobs shook his breast. "Time's precious now. Wait till I get out of this place. You go and sit down, Julie. By jingo!" he continued, with a look of admiration as he held her off at arm's length, "what a handsome gal you've grown! No sweetheart yet, I hope?"

Julia shrank from him with scarlet face, and as he loosed her hand she shrank back to the rough seat, with her eyes wild and troubled and her hands trembling.

"Now, Milly, my gal," said Hallam, drawing his wife's arm through his, and leading her beneath the window as he spoke in a low voice once more, "you have that case safe and unopened?"

"Yes."

"Then look here! Business. I must be rough and plain now. You have brought me my freedom."

"Robert!"

Only that word, but so full of frantic joy.

"Quiet, and listen. You will do exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes. Can you doubt?"

"No. Now look here. You will take a good house at once, the best you can. If you can't get one—they're very scarce—the hotel will do. Stay there, and behave as if you were well off—as you are."

"Robert, I have nothing," she gasped.

"Yes, you have," he said with a laugh.

"I have; and we are one."

"You have? Money?"

"Of course. Do you suppose a man is at work out here for a dozen years without making money? There! don't you worry about that: you're new. You'll find plenty of men, who come out as convicts, rich men now with land of their own. But we are wasting time. I tell you you have brought out my freedom."

"Your pardon?"

"No. Nonsense! I shall have to stay out here; but it does not matter now. Only go and do as I tell you, and carefully, for you are only a woman in a strange place, and alone till you get me out."

"Mr. Bayle is here, and Sir Gordon—"

"Bayle!" cried Hallam, catching her wrist with a fierce grip and staring in an angry way at the agitated face before him.

"Yes; he has been so helpful and true all through our trouble, and——"

"Curse Bayle!" he muttered. Then aloud, and in a fierce, impatient way, "Never mind that now. I shall have to go back to the gang directly, and I have not said half I want to say."

"I will not speak again," she said eagerly. "Tell me what to do."

"Take house or apartments at once; behave as if you were well off—I tell you that you are; do all yourself, and send in an application to the authorities for two assigned servants."

"Assigned servants?"

"Yes; convict servants," said Hallam impatiently. "There! you must know. There are so many that the Government are glad

to get the well-behaved convicts off their hands, and into the care of settlers who undertake their charge. You want two men as you have settled here. You will have papers to sign, and give undertakings; but do it all boldly, and you will select two. They won't ask you any questions about your taking up land, they are too glad to get rid of us. If they do ask anything, you can boldly say you want them for butler and coachman."

"But, Robert, I do not understand."

"Do as I tell you," he said sharply. "You will select two men—myself and Stephen Crellock."

"Yourself and Stephen Crellock?"

"Yes. There! don't look so bewildered, woman. It is the regular thing, and we shall be set at liberty."

"At liberty?"

"Yes, to go anywhere in the colony. You are answerable to the Government for us."

"But, Robert, you would come as—my servant?"

"Pooh! Only in name. So long as you claim us as your servants, that is all that is wanted. Plenty are freed on these terms, and once they are out, go and live with their families, like any one else."

"This is done here?"

"To be sure it is. I tell you that once a man has been in the gangs here for a few years they are glad to get him off their hands, so as to leave room for others who are coming out. Why, Milly, they could not keep all who are sent away from England, and people are easier and more forgiving out here. Hundreds of those you see here were lags."

"Lags?"

"Bah! how innocent you are. Well, convicts. Now, quick! they are coming. You understand?"

"Yes."

"And you will do as I tell you?"

"Everything," said Mrs. Hallam.

"Of course you cannot make this a matter of secrecy. It does not matter who knows. But the tin case; remember that is for me alone."

"But the authorities," said Mrs. Hallam; "they will know I am your wife."

"The authorities will trouble nothing about it. I have a fairly good record, and they will be glad. As for Crellock——"

"That man!" gasped Mrs. Hallam.

"Well?"

"We saw him—as we came."

Hallam's face puckered.

"Poor fellow," he said hastily. "Ah, that was a specimen of the cruel treatment we receive. It was unfortunate. But we can't talk about that. There they are. Remember!"

She pressed the coarse hard hand that was holding hers as the door was thrown open, and without another word Hallam obeyed the sign made by the officer in the doorway, and, as the two women crept together, Julia receiving no further recognition, they saw him sink from his erect position, his head went down, his back rounded, and he went out with his fetters clanking.

Then the door shut loudly, and they stood listening, as the steps died away, save those of the sentries in the passage and beneath the window.

The silence, as they stood in that blank, cell-like room, was terrible; and when at last Julia spoke, her mother started and stared at her wildly from the confused rush of thought that was passing through her brain.

"Mother, is it some dreadful dream?"

Mrs. Hallam's lips parted, but no words came, and for the moment she seemed to be sharing her child's mental shock, the terrible disillusionising to which she had been subjected.

The recovery was quick, though, as she drew a long breath.

"Dream? No, my child, it is real; and at last we can rescue him from his dreadful fate."

Whatever thoughts she may have had that militated against her hopes, she crushed down, forcing herself to see nothing but the result of a terrible persecution, and ready to be angered with herself for any doubts as to what was her duty.

In this spirit she followed the man who had led them in back to the gates, where Bayle was waiting; and as he gazed anxiously in the faces of the two women, it was to see Julia's scared, white, and ready to look appealingly in his, while Mrs. Hallam's was radiant and proud with the light of her true woman's love and devotion to him she told herself it was her duty to obey.

That night mother and daughter, clasped in each other's arms, knelt and prayed, the one for strength to carry out her duty, and restore Robert Hallam to his place in the world of men; the other for power to love the father whom she had crossed the great ocean to gain—the man who had seemed to be so little like the father of her dreams.

REMINISCENCES OF MY LATER LIFE.

By MARY HOWITT.

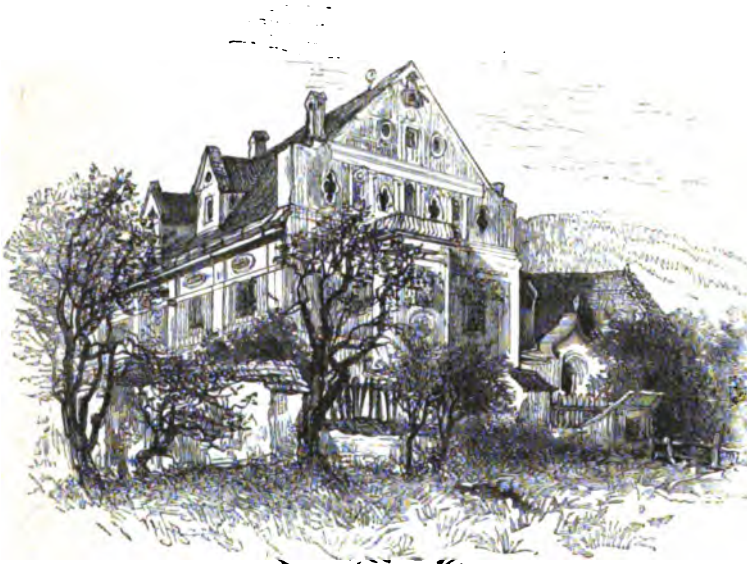
FIFTH (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.

SUBSTANTIAL Mayr-am-Hof, so attractive to us in its venerable decay, grew from a retreat for a few weeks into our permanent summer home. Leaving hot weather and ripe cherries in Rome, we have hastened thither at the beginning of May to find the sparkling snow lying thick and low on the mountains; the trees leafless, but a green flush over the giant poplar and the cherry blossoms ready to burst forth. The fleeting hours, however, soon brought us sultry summer heat, interspersed with heavy thunderstorms; then calm, cloudless autumn days, when the fir-trees stood out black against the intense blue, fathomless sky, with here and there a mountain-ash or a wild cherry dyed gold or crimson, but all other foliage suggestive of July. Then came November with gloomy heavens, withered, scattered leaves, wild winds and rattling

from the mansion and farm-buildings by the road and a rude old wall surmounted by a fence long unrepaired. It was a strip of terrace garden containing a primitive shed for bees, and some unpruned fruit-trees with straggling, naked branches. In the sloping orchard below, better specimens, however, lingered on, and tradition distinguished one apple-tree as having, by its fine growth and prolificness, called forth the admiration of the Empress Maria Theresa.

William indefatigably dug with his English spade—a unique and expensive tool in Tyrol, the land of clumsy husbandry—planted, tied up, watered, and cut off dead boughs or leaves. I enjoyed sitting near him, reading, knitting, and in the summer of '76 working at a huge cabbage-net intended as a protection against the legions of butterflies. In the beginning of July the

cabbage crop which the Tyrolese, rich and poor, grow yearly for their cattle in winter and for their own use as *sauerkraut*, had been planted out by acres. Rain came at the right time and the young cabbage took to the soil vigorously. Then unusually hot weather began, and one splendid morning appeared what might have been mistaken for the beginning of a snowstorm. The air, in fact, was animated with



The house from the old kitchen garden.

casements, making us thankful to cross the bare, brown plain to the railway station *en route* for benign and radiant Italy.

One of the main attractions to my husband at Mayr-am-Hof was his gardening. He carried it on in a field allotment, and in the former baronial kitchen-garden, which, neglected for half a century, was divided

white butterflies, attracted, as it seemed, to a plot of fine blossoming clover, but in reality to some adjacent acres of healthy cabbage.

A trader coming from Italy into Tyrol reported that he had seen for three days this cloud of white butterflies proceeding from the south into these higher regions; and our elder daughter and son-in-law, who

had been spending part of the summer with us, observed the same cloud extending through Tyrol to Munich, and onward into France. I have read a poem praising and magnifying the "lovely white butterfly" as an angel of summer. Once upon a time, I believe that I too praised it, but that was in my youth and ignorance. My husband, instantly perceiving the mischief that must accrue to the cabbages from this living snowstorm which lasted many days, urged the peasants to catch and kill the butterflies. To set them an example he quickly captured upwards of a thousand in a net. No effect,

however, was produced on the apathetic although parsimonious peasants; they left the creatures undisturbed. In a week or two, therefore, every cabbage-leaf had a round yellow spot upon it, consisting of upwards of a hundred minute eggs. No attempt being made to destroy them they soon hatched into ravenous caterpillars, the very sound of whose feeding might be heard. The entire cabbage fields rapidly assumed a pale, livid hue, emitting a most offensive smell from the millions of caterpillars. When the plants had become one mass of skeleton leaves the impassive rustics cleared away the stalks, and silently submitted to a dearth of cabbage for themselves and their cattle.

Convinced that the plague of butterflies was due to the wanton destruction of birds, we no longer begrudged, as we had felt inclined to do in England, the tithe taken by these beautiful and useful creatures, who with quick vision and winged velocity are made the indefatigable enemies of slugs, grubs, caterpillars, mice, and all the myriad insects that attack our most essential products in their growth.

We never noticed, however, in Tyrol that deliberate extirpation of birds, as if they were our worst foes instead of our best

friends, observable in Italy. The few to be met with in the fir-woods and hedgerows were left unmolested; and my husband could not help thinking, had the magpie who built



"The closed entrance-gate."

her nest and reared her brood on the summit of the Mayr-am-Hof poplar, chosen such a situation in his boyhood, he should speedily have been up the tree like a cat and paid her the visit of a plunderer. Fortunately the sober Tyrolers, whether men or boys, were not up to such pranks, so she had it all to herself.

The venerable poplar, now defaced by decay, raises its massive trunk outside the closed entrance-gate, but mingles its wide-spreading branches with those of two noble limes in the home paddock. This group, the only outdoor ornament remaining at Mayr-am-Hof, casts, by its leafy shade, cool inviting shadows on the mushroomy sward, and is a pleasant *al fresco* recess when the surrounding landscape appears quivering with heat. A little tawny owl sojourned for a series of summers in a cavity of the poplar; it slept by day, but became briskly sociable on the approach of night. It diligently conversed with my husband in the gloaming, persistently answering his hoot with a monotonous cry that had an alert gravity about it bordering on the ridiculous.

When, notwithstanding annoying incursions of the burrowing mole-cricket, the practised old gardener stood still in perfect

amazement at the growth of his redundant New Zealand spinach, his wide-spreading "Royal Albert" rhubarb, his exuberant tomatoes and towering spikes of Indian corn, there came the hoopoe in ruddy buff, black, and grey attire, with "crested plume, long beak and sharpened as a spear," as if out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, uttering its hollow "hoop-hoop," and seeking its insect food in the rotten wood of the old trees or the spongy soil of the orchard.

A host of confiding swallows inhabited the eaves of the house, warbling in the early morning on the iron-work of the balconies, skimming in and out of the open windows, and as the season advanced, bringing their young into the upper corridor to essay from the top of the old cartoons of sacred subjects, the cornice and the pediments, the art of flying.

This upper hall assumed by degrees the character of a plainly furnished ante-room, where we could dine, or the servants sit at their needlework. Indeed, that portion of the house which we rented had gained gradually a more clothed appearance, from our bringing inexpensive carpets and draperies from Rome, or buying them in Tyrol; and engaging a carpenter to make chairs, tables, and cupboards after our design, our landlord, the *Hofbauer*, giving the wood. When curtains excluded the glare of the sun from the three-windowed recess in the saloon, I beguiled many hours there, in the attempt faithfully to reproduce with my needle on crash the apple-blossom of the orchard, the crocus of the meadow, the crimson carnation, almost the national emblem of Tyrol, or other flowers of the locality.

The *Hofbauer*, perceiving our love of the old place, and being desirous to show his regard and retain us as tenants, acted contrary to his firmly rooted antipathy to innovations and needless expenditure, and began signalling our arrival by a series of surprises that on more than one occasion filled us with blank dismay. He replaced old hexagonal panes by modern square ones, stencilled the walls of the saloon to imitate a first-class waiting-room in a Tyrolean railway station; and had the dull green panels and gold mouldings of the doors coarsely painted over to represent satin-wood and mahogany; and the finely wrought iron-work of the locks obliterated. It was a real injury, something that grated on one's nerves and set one's teeth on edge. It was all the more painful from being a worse than useless effort on his part to please.

Fortunately a few old doors in a side corridor, with classic subjects painted in distemper on the panels, and arabesques on the frames, much faded by time, but having a stamp of ancient grandeur that suited the physiognomy of the house, had been overlooked. We pleaded their merits, and they remain. Thus has experience taught us never to desire signs of care and improvement about the weather-stained old place.

Our quiet industry at Dietsenheim was at times agreeably diversified by the visits of valued friends: Josiah Gilbert, who, with his comrade Churchill, first threw open, by means of their valuable work on "The Dolomite Mountains," that sternly grand and beautiful district to English readers and travellers, when rambling about his favourite old haunts would extend his tour to our little post-town, Bruneck, and to Mayr-am-Hof; Miss Leigh Smith, the highly-gifted youngest sister of the intrepid, generous explorer who has given his money, time, and strength in personally extending our knowledge of Arctic regions; and Madame Bodichon, the masterly landscape-painter and munificent philanthropist, accompanied by our dear, mutual friend, Miss Blythe, has repeatedly made Mayr-am-Hof a halting-place on her way to Venice or Algiers. Hither came on a second visit, in the summer of 1878, Miss Freeman Clarke, bringing with her the result of much patient wandering about Italy and even Tyrol, in her collection of exquisite pen-and-ink drawings of the various scenes of Dante's exile. She had long been a resident in Rome and closely associated with our life there, but was then bound for a new home in Georgia. We wished her Godspeed with sorrowful hearts, for we knew in all probability we should not meet on earth again. It never entered our minds that such would be the case with another welcome guest, who left us at the same time. This was the large-hearted, nobly-endowed young writer, James Macdonell, a son-in-law of my beloved sister, Anna; his lucid, rapid thoughts expressed in easy polished language had charmed and enlivened our little domestic circle.

The same autumn, attended by her devoted friend, Miss Yorke, came on a passing visit, Octavia Hill, simple, cordial, unaffected, but little changed outwardly since her girlhood; no one was ever more warmly welcomed amongst us. Her arduous labours and duties had undermined her health. She needed to be where it was high and bracing, in silence, freedom, and solitude, and they

speedily left Bruneck to scale during the winter a series of mountain passes. We next saw them in the spring of 1879 at Rome.

I have always desired to retain each precious thread of friendship, never letting it wholly slip through my fingers, although it may be years since I held it first. This made me most highly estimate our residence in Rome, whither all roads seemed truly to tend, bringing us in contact with an infinite variety of old friends and acquaintances. Each season we felt more at home in the great centre of learning, art, and religion, notwithstanding the ruthless spoliation carried on under the guise of needful advance; and in the annually changing society of winter visitors always found ourselves meeting earlier associates.

After the temporal downfall of the Pope, or of "Mastai-Ferretti," as a plain man-friend of our acquaintance deemed it right for conscience' sake to call him, the Evangelical bodies were eager to show their sympathy and interest with Rome from the belief that her political situation must impel her to seek the alliance and support of Protestants. And it was to me like a strange resuscitation to behold intelligent, highly-cultivated Quakers, whose forefathers were connected with my earliest recollections and family traditions, walking amid the original scenes of those engravings by Piranesi, which had so deeply stirred my youthful imagination.

My husband's life-long advocacy of peace principles brought us in contact, in November, 1873, with Mr. Dudley Field, Mr. Richard, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, and other gentlemen selected to promote international arbitration instead of war. Mr. Richard had, I believe, earlier carried the resolution in Parliament by an accident, for had there been an ordinary house it would have been negatived by a large majority. His having so done, however, and thereupon receiving an address in support of his views signed by a million working men of Great Britain, made a profound impression on the Continent. In Rome, Mancini, Professor of International Law, carried the motion unanimously in the Chamber of Deputies. Mr. Richard and his colleagues were cordially welcomed by the citizens, and an enterprising milliner, turning the sentiment of the moment to the advantage of her trade, introduced the *Chapeau Richard*, or Arbitration Bonnet. It was of soft grey silk, fastened on one side by a dove of oxidized silver, with an olive-branch in its beak.

Here I would record that the concourse of

English visitors to Rome in the season 1878-79 included our former literary co-worker and much-esteemed friend, the deservedly popular author Dr. Samuel Smiles, and his wife, ever his true helpmate. We also found amongst the established residents the Countess Gigliucci, with whom, when Clara Novello, some reader may remember, we had enjoyed travelling many years earlier.

Among the Americans whom we met in Rome were, in the season 1870-71, the two gifted daughters of the teacher and philosopher Amos Bronson Alcott. Louisa, whose "Old-fashioned Girl" and "Little Women" had already made her a celebrity, found time amid sight-seeing and society to write her "Little Men," May meanwhile devoting her leisure to landscape painting. Moncure Conway, when preparing for delivery at the Royal Institution his lectures on the Natural History of the Devil, paid a flying visit in the spring of 1872. He supposed that Rome must offer him rich contributions for his demonology, but, if I remember rightly, in this he was disappointed. Emerson and his daughter were in Rome the following December, bound for Egypt. On Sunday morning, March 2, 1873, they having just returned, I found him at the English Church outside the Porta del Popolo, drawn thither, like myself, to hear Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, preach. The same year brought the Bayard Taylors; he changed since last we met from a handsome young bachelor of slender person and means into a powerfully-built middle-aged man, evidently enjoying the good things of this life and that best earthly reward, a sensible, agreeable wife—she was of German origin. In February, 1874, Mrs. Adeline D. Whitney, in person, manner and conversation just what the author of "The Gay-worthys" and other good, womanly books ought to be, stayed with her husband and daughter at the Hôtel de la Paix. And although we have never been granted the privilege of seeing the home-abiding poet Whittier face to face, the bond of sympathy and mutual regard was drawn closer in Rome by kindly messengers bringing verbal and written greetings.

I must add an interview which I had at the afternoon reception of an American lady in January, 1874. It was with a gentleman whom I had observed seated before a pretty, black Japanese screen near the fire. I was wondering who in the world he could be, for his face, scored with lines and markings, had a great play of expression, and he exhibited a considerable expansion of white shirt

front, a crimson silk kerchief tied round his neck, and the glitter of a heavy gold chain and of jewellery, when unexpectedly he was introduced to me as "Mr. Miller."

"Joaquin Miller," I instantly replied, understanding at once the character of the man. Although I had risen to leave, we sat down together. He said: "The first people I wanted to see in Rome were Howitts; yes, I wanted to see *them*. I was taken, when in London, to look at the house they had once inhabited at

Highgate — a pleasant house, standing apart from the road."

Then he went on to tell me of a solitary American lady married to a Frenchman in Rome, who had begged him to make her acquainted with "Howitts." He had her address folded up in his little purse, and seemed very anxious to do her this service. We spoke of his dear friends the Rossettis. "Dante," he remarked, "was a fine fellow, a true Saxon." He was much interested by

Rome, although he

confessed ignorance of its history. The snowy Apennines as he saw them from various points charmed him beyond everything else. Of course I asked where he was located. "He had gone first to an hotel," he replied, "but it was so dear that he, a poor man, could not stand it, and he moved off." He would not reveal his whereabouts, affirming he told no one. "He lived among the plebeians, had a room with a brick floor, and a brazier to warm him. He cared nothing for fine furniture, but he loved the people." "The Italians," I rejoined, "were a good kind-hearted race." He expressed pleasure in hearing me say so, as some of his friends

prophesied he would be stabbed and robbed of his rings and gold chains. I suggested it might be hardly wise to exhibit such tempting objects to the very poor. To this he replied: "He had lived amongst the poor and the so-called wicked without ever being robbed of a cent; the only den of thieves he knew was hotels; he had never locked or bolted a door in self-defence and should not do it in Rome." Then he expatiated on his life as a boy, his sorrows and wild adventures:

"Poor father who was so unfortunate, and mother who was so good;" his being stolen by Indians, but never being a chief amongst them as commonly reported; his journeys in Nebraska and down the Wabash, with much more, giving me glimpses of a romantic existence in keeping with his queer, flexible countenance and crimson neckerchief. Joaquin (his first name was really Cincinnati) Miller, I never

saw again.

In these limits, I can say but one word of the very interesting Scandinavian society in Rome. It included some distinguished members— young Runeberg, chief sculptor of Finland and the son of her chief poet; Aline Bremer, the benevolent, self-denying cousin of Fredrika Bremer; Jonas Lie and Björnson, the Norwegian authors; Madame Jerichau, Polish by birth, the clever painter of portraits and genre, and wife of the Danish sculptor; Finns, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes economising together, each spoke at their common clubroom in his or her native tongue. They were rapturous for Italy and reluctant to leave, and at the same time they



A bit of the large upper hall.

yearned for their Northern moors, their beech and pine woods, their mountains and fjords. Once at home the majority grew restless to return, and an old poet dying in Rome in the winter of 1871-72, rejoiced that he drew his last breath in the heavenly clime.

How often, indeed, after taking sorrowful farewells of English, American and Scandinavian acquaintance, did we find them back again the next winter, unable to control that subtle affection, which may be called the true Roman fever!

In our valued friend, the mother of Mr. Osborne Morgan, we had an agreeable link with Scandinavia and North Wales, as she had spent many years of her youth in Sweden, and took a keen interest in all pertaining thereto. Mrs. Morgan and her two daughters constantly wintered in Rome; and the Sandbaches came one season. Mr. Penry Williams,

whose fifty years of residence in Rome was festively celebrated, much to the hero's surprise, by some appreciative friends in December, 1876, dwelt at 42, Piazza Mignanelli, surrounded by his admirable sketches and glowing oil-paintings of Italy and her *contadini*, which he showed in his accustomed quiet, unobtrusive way. Miss Rhoda Broughton may also be classed in the Welsh list from her residence in the Principality with her married sister, who accompanied her to Rome in the early part of 1874.

As to Charles Hemans, a son of the poetess, so enamoured of St. Asaph and its neighbourhood, nervous and retiring, absorbed in his

books and archæology, he had greatly changed from the lively little boy I could recall, rushing exultantly to his mother to bring her "the red rose of glory," as he called a dark crimson Bengal rose.

In Rome our connection with the Antipodes was brought prominently before us. Australians just arrived from Naples or Brindisi on their way to England dropped in to see us; whilst an accidental visit to the studio of a sculptor, named Summers, made us ac-

quainted with the artist of the monument erected by the Victorian Government to Burke and Wills, and which commemorates in statuary the part performed by our son.

Moreover, half-a-dozen out of some eleven different species of eucalyptus or Australian gum-tree, cultivated by the French Trappist monks at the monastery of the Tre Fon-



Peep into saloon with recess.

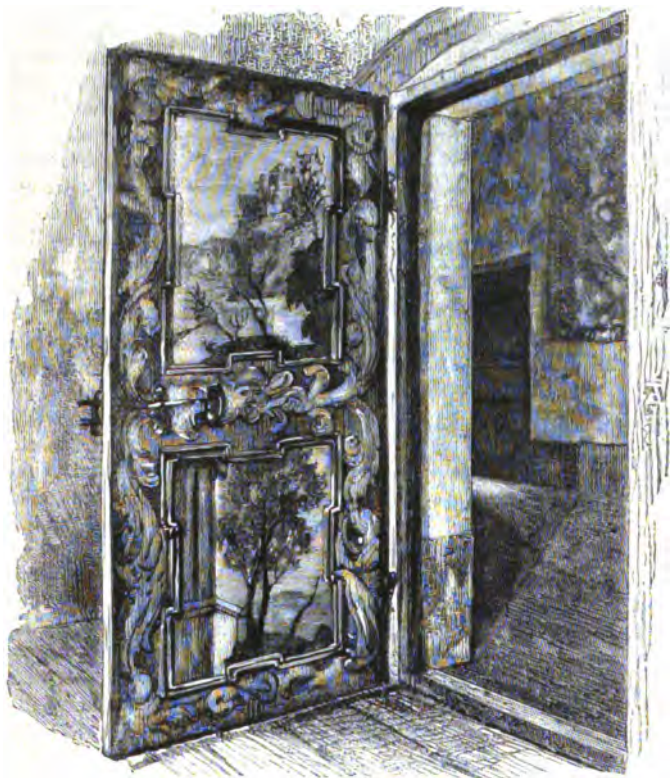
tane, to counteract by its marvellous febrifugent qualities the malaria of the Campagna, had been sent as seed by our son from Gippsland. We always regarded it as a great treat, when some little eucalyptus business brought us into immediate contact with the cultivators; with the gardener, a polished French gentleman, all suavity and high-breeding, clad in the white garb of a Trappist father, and with the chemist, a brown clad brother, endowed with much cuteness and dry humour. He had learnt English in Kentucky, and drove ever to town, accompanied by the priestly gardener, who merely spoke French, in what he called "the buggy,"

an unpainted and uncushioned chaise, to talk with "the old man" about eucalyptus seed, and invite us all to the monastery. Thither we joyfully repaired, skirting in our drive the tapering cypresses and pyramid marking the poetic burial-ground, where one amongst us was so soon to rest; by the ugly exterior of the grand basilica of St. Paul, ever forward, with Rome lying behind, over the undulating treeless Campagna, to the spot of St. Paul's beheadment, with its three sacred wells, its group of churches and monastery, nestling in a hollow. How much we had always to see! The dwellings and farm buildings no longer in a quagmire, and abandoned by fever-stricken monks, but standing on firm ground, occupied, and in good repair. The eucalyptus rapidly grown from seed, the size of the finest gunpowder, into hardy young trees, that promised to attain a lofty altitude; the

lica. And then the parting collation in the barely-furnished guest-chamber: bread, fruit, pure monastic wine, and the latest improvement in Frère Orsise's *Elizir perfectionné*, in which, as an antidote to miasmatic fevers, he has managed to preserve in a bright, clear liqueur, the half-bitter, spicy, astringent flavour of the eucalyptus.

My husband, with his unworldly nature, led the same unsophisticated life in Rome, as when cultivating his vegetables in the quiet surroundings of Dietenheim. In the mornings, when children of all nationalities, under the surveillance of attendants, played in the broad sunlit paths of the Pincian; and in the afternoons, when a gay, fashionable throng drove, strolled, and listened by hundreds to the music, he walked alone, unless joined by some sociable acquaintance. He admired the fanpalms standing out clear in

the sunshine, whilst snow was still visible on the Alban and Sabine ranges; noted the beds of roses, bay, and lauristinus full of life and vigour; listened to the pleasant, familiar warbling of the little titmice, observed the arrival of the chiff-chaff a month earlier than in England. He spied out in the thick, bushy boughs of the pines, cedars, and evergreens, many goldfinches, some warblers, and a grand old blackbird that sang in good English; and canaries, some intensely yellow, others of a greenish hue from mixing, he supposed, with linnets. To its death, he was familiar with the stealthy Pincian cat. The last seven years of my husband's life, we occupied small but pleasant quarters in the Via Sistina, close to his favourite Pincio. The back windows looked across a little garden of luxuriant southern vegetation, to the frescoed



One of the old painted doors.

roots absorbing the water of the earth and the slender blue-green leaves emitting their wholesome aromatic odour—the transformation by mason monks of the damp and mouldering SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio into a dry, well-kept, and devotion-inspiring basi-

walls of the house in the Via Gregoriana, once belonging to our old friend, the American actress, Miss Charlotte Cushman. Above the quaint tiled roof and picturesque *loggia*, we surveyed the slopes of the Janiculum, and rejoiced in those brilliant sunsets which

Claude Lorraine had loved to paint from his near-lying studio windows. Until, alas! Miss Cushman having long since returned to America, and her Roman house passed into other hands, it was transmogrified by the addition of two hideous storeys and a flat roof, and supplied with clothes' lines and poles, which blocked out our long stretch of summit, dotted with stone pines, and prominently terminated to the right by the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

But this was a small trial. In the spring of 1877 we had the unspeakable joy of welcoming to Rome our faithful friend, Margaret Gillies. How I delighted in her sojourn, and when she rented the studio of Romako, an Austrian painter—in the little walk thither, the knocking at the door, which at first was cautiously opened, just sufficient for a kind, sunny face to smile on me a welcome! I remember with peculiar tenderness each picture she painted there, or at

Albano. She, Margaret Foley, and we occupied some half-desolate but commodious rooms in the Casa Bruti at that little town. It was gladsome May weather, the bright air fresh with the breath of the mountains, and the nightingales singing in the blossoming apple-trees and bosky groves of the adjacent Franciscan monastery. It was a time of exquisite enjoyment mingled with pain. Our beloved and gifted friend Margaret Foley was already treading the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in sickness, weariness, and agony, which were merely to end the following December at Meran; whither from Dietenheim we had accompanied her.

Some most beloved friends had been given

as a great blessing to the poor sufferer and ourselves. They cast a golden effulgence over my husband's closing hours. He de-



Scene from the upper balcony.

lighted to wander with them in familiar converse about the extensive grounds of their beautiful home. It possessed the grandest view of Rome that I can recall, embracing much of the imperial city, St. Peter's cupola, the vast Campagna with its engirdling mountains, a landscape scattered over far and wide with ancient aqueducts, dull red and ivied walls, ruins, temples, churches, monasteries, presenting an epitome as it were of classic and Christian Rome. Old box-hedges, or rather walls, neatly clipped, bound the garden alleys and approaches to the mansion, and sent forth in the sun their peculiar odour. Ancient statues of old Romans, broken friezes, torsos, and sarcophagi, all genuinely pagan

and characteristic spoils of the soil, flanked the sunny terraces and the dark avenue of wide-spreading ilexes, whilst an old stone seat, embowered in luxuriant foliage, and facing Monte Cavo, marked the spot where, according to the inscription, the Apostle of Rome, kind St. Philip Neri, "conversed with his disciples on the things of God."

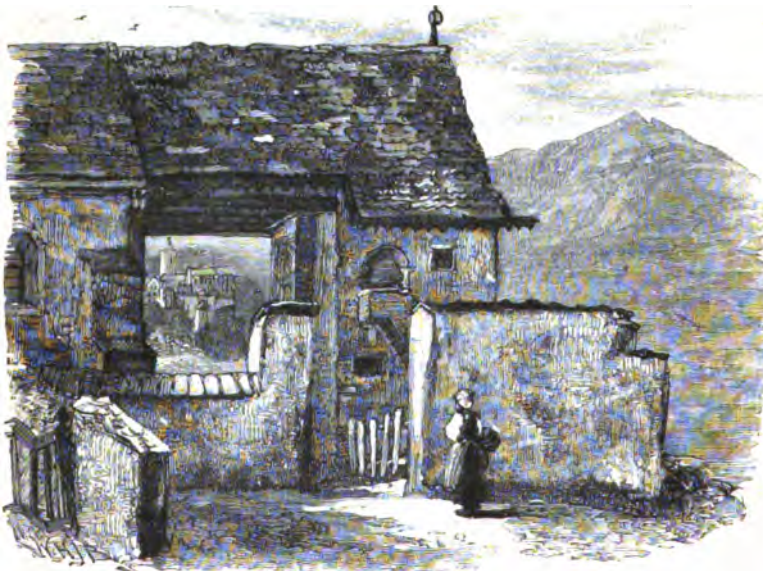
Scenes of beauty and of plenty, nay, more, of awe-inspiring devotion. On this self-same Coelian Hill, the very pearl of Rome to English Christians, St. Gregory, from his home and monastery sent to our heathen forefathers, through his most willing missionaries, headed by St. Augustine, faith, baptism, and Holy Writ. Here, in other hallowed precincts, hearts have bled and prayed, hands have worked for Britain. It is a locality once possessing the house of the Christian lady, Cyriaca, in whose portico the deacon Lawrence distributed alms; and still possessing the rude retreat of the great abolitionist of slavery, St. John de Matha. A locality, in fact, where from the time the sacred grove of the Camenæ skirted the hill, saints have left their impress. As I think of this, my soul echoes the melodious verses of my friend Madame Belloc, when Bessie Ray-

January, 1879. He appeared quite well up to the middle of the month, when he caught a cold that brought on bronchitis. He had however, unconsciously to himself and others, been suffering for some months from a valvular disease of the heart, which the bronchial attack revealed. Hemorrhage came on as the bronchial symptoms lessened. His critical condition brought our children Annie and her husband to his side in the middle of February. He welcomed them in the dining-room, seated in his favourite arm-chair, propped up with pillows. He was attired in his crimson-lined, dark blue dressing-gown, and small black silk skull cap, looking in person but little changed, his face only a shade thinner and paler.

During the fortnight he was still spared our hearts and souls were blended in a crucible of love and suffering; yet what consolation, what golden memories were granted us! He was meekness, patience, and affection personified; we wonderfully calm and sustained. Our friends, especially those most beloved on the Coelian Hill, ministered in a thousand tender ways. A very cloud of prayers, like ever-ascending incense, went up night and day from many Roman hearths and altars, bringing down benedictions too

sacred for words. In submission to his Redeemer and in love to all mankind, he passed away, at half-past three, on Monday afternoon, March 3rd, 1879.

Most singularly, on the self-same day and hour likewise passed away, in the old parental home in Derbyshire, his last surviving brother, Francis Howitt. My beloved husband was wont to say: "There was no cause to lament such exits. The ripe fruit must



Archway of the village church.

ner Parkes, commemorative of the Coelian Hill.

The last visit my husband ever paid was to his favourite associates on the Coelian in

drop, and now and then a night's frost severs the young fruit too from the tree." Most true! for on the preceding day, our much-prized young kinsman, James Macdonell, was

snatched away by death, at the commencement of a most promising literary career.

Death renders love stronger and grander ;

but only when we enter behind the veil shall we see how glorious she has become through trial and pain. Death shows us even here, the goodness, the spontaneous kindness of our neighbour. When my husband was no more, Mr. Augustus Hare, now so indelibly associated in literature with Rome—attended, with other sympathisers and friends, his

mortal remains to their last resting-place. It is near the grave of Gibson, in one of the sunniest spots of the cypress-shaded Campo Santo ; the strangers' burial-ground, guarded within the circle of mighty Rome, by the ancient tower-crested wall of Aurelian and the blackened white marble pyramid of Cestius.

The old Romans, amidst the funeral games of gladiators, solemnly bore, with inverted torches, the ashes of their beloved to sepulture on the Appian Way. It seems to me, I have in these pages led the reader stage by stage to the tombs of my departed. It must be so in the reminiscences of a very old woman, who has survived the majority of her kindred and contemporaries. Yet is not the life of each one of us a Via Appia from the cradle to the grave ? Well for us when we have not to ask, as Peter had of Him he met on that sacred way : *Domine quo vadis ?*

At the tomb of my husband, I would stay

and hold my peace ; and yet one more sacred grave makes me utter a concluding word. In the summer of 1884, my beloved

daughter Annie, unknowing it, came to Dietenheim to die. With no revelation of the approaching parting she and I were wont to sit, at her favourite hour of sunset, on the upper balcony of Mayr-am-Hof ; where she read to me "The Idylls of the King," or "The Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur," and finished her water-colour



The crucifix on the common.

sketch of the quiet village street. It was a fair and familiar scene, through which, a few evenings later, the mourning inhabitants carried her to her final resting-place. They bore her under the quaint old archway of the village church to her grave in God's Acre, when, in the hush of nature, the evening glow illumined the mountain tops, and twilight gently spread over the valley and lower slopes.

On the summit of the common above the churchyard and Mayr-am-Hof, near the old crucifix where we have all so often sat to enjoy the sunset, a granite seat for wayfarers had been erected. It was often visited by her in the beautiful closing hours of her pure and devoted life. It was a memento to her beloved father, from a generous friend, also gone to his rest and reward ; the indefatigable projector of most valuable chemical discoveries, Walter Weldon, F.R.S.

GREEK RELIGION.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

THE sunny buoyant atmosphere of Greece; the ripple of blue water about the *Ægean* Isles; the grateful shade of the silvery olive-grove, and the rainbow glitter of the oleander and lemon blossom, seem to have passed into the life and religion of the Greeks from the earliest dawn of their history. We are far from the abstract metaphysics of the Indian, the massive brute-force element and animal worship of Egypt, or the dry utilitarianism of China, but everywhere is colour and light, and a certain great and childlike rejoicing in nature. The Greek was the first who coupled the good and the beautiful together. His goodness consisted in wisdom, temperance, and reverence for the gods. His ideal of beauty was the human body; indeed, he had such an opinion of human nature itself and its various perfections, that, instead of making man in God's image, he deliberately made his god in the image of man.

The Greek race, like the English, was a curious composite of foreign elements, out of which that something, which we call national genius, born of climate, entourage, and confluence of many psychic forces and social tendencies, created a unity which proclaimed itself to all outer barbarians by an assemblage of states, all speaking the same tongue, worshipping the same gods, and devoted to the same or similar games and exercises. The unity of the Hellenes or Greeks, whether merchants at Massilia in Gaul, or at Olbia on the Euxine, or at Cyrene in Africa, reminds one of the freemasonry of the English tourists who meet and salute on the summit of the Pyramids or beneath the snowy spray of Niagara. As England claimed Norse, and Roman, and Saxon, and Celtic blood, so the wealth and variety of the Greek nature can be traced far back to the dawn of history in the blending, on one and the same peninsula, of the swarthy Egyptian colonies of Cecrops and Danaus—the Phrygian seakings of Pelops and the Phœnician adventurers under the mythic Cadmus.

This is no place to dwell upon the outlines of Greek history; yet it is difficult to mark the religious characteristics of a people without some reference to the great events and personages under which the national religion has grown up or declined and withered. The overthrow of Darius at Marathon is not unnaturally marked by a reawakening of piety. The repulse of Xerxes at Thermopylae,

and the annihilation of his fleet at Salamis, could not fail to convince those who were few in number but united and heroic that they were the special favourites of the gods, against whom the million javelins of the Eastern barbarians would be hurled in vain. On the very same day another great victory was obtained by the Sicilian Greeks over the Carthaginians. Greece, B.C. 480, was victorious all along the line; offerings to the gods were made amidst universal rejoicings, especially to the Delphic Oracle, now profusely enriched by grateful devotees.

The history of the Peloponnesian War—the rivalry between Athens and Sparta, which served at once to develop and contrast the intellectual vigour of the one with the moral and physical stamina of the other—the weary squabbles of the minor Grecian States amongst themselves; the Macedonian supremacy; the culmination of Greek conquest and military glory under Alexander; the triumph of Greek art under Phidias; the foundation of Greek legislation under Solon, Lycurgus, and Draco; the art of administration under Pericles, of oratory under Demosthenes, of poetry and the drama under *Æschylus*, Euripides, and Sophocles, of philosophy under Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—belong to the general history of Greece, and their casual connection with the spiritual life of the people can only be slightly indicated in a bird's-eye view of Greek religion.

When the mixed colonies began to settle down, they exhibited what we should call the most "catholic" tendencies in religion. They adopted all the gods they could hear of, about thirty thousand in number, and for fear of leaving out any, altars to "unknown" deities were, down to the late days of Paul, by no means uncommon. The early shrines of Greece rose, like the old Hebrew shrines, on hilly uplands to the "Unknown," to the "Merciful One;" but the rude altars, and temples almost as rude, that early crowned every high hill, where the cloudland of an unknown heaven reached down to mingle with the ascending smoke of burnt sacrifice, yielded in nothing to the sacred groves, where in the grateful shade the worshipper seemed oftentimes to hear the footsteps of sylvan deities walking as in a garden "in the cool of the day." The wily satyr was not seldom found lurking in ambush, and the playful wood-nymph passed swiftly, rustling the

forest leaves that parted to receive and close again upon her shining form. At evening, across low marsh-lands in autumn, by the shallow rifted pools smitten with sunset, the great god Pan himself had been sighted afar off, sitting huge and dark against the throbbing sky, and wild enchanting melodies from his reed pipes came floating with the sighing of the night wind and the cries of startled waterfowl as they rose and fled like inky spots against the crimson sunstreaks. Sometimes the water-nymphs were almost, but never quite, surprised, bathing in the cool vale of Tempe; the gleam of their white bodies would flash on the surface of the stream only to be quickly buried beneath the wave. An immanent deity seemed everywhere to the teeming imagination of the Greek precipitated into a multitudinous personality; not an attribute of nature but it glowed, or flashed, or languished, or warbled itself into exquisite life, parodying or bettering the human and familiar appearance of man, woman, or child. But these thirty thousand minor personalities which surrounded and comforted the primitive Greek, who were bound to him by strange and sympathetic ties of valued ministry, and charged like specialists to attend to his wants and protect him generally—were not productive of any confusion. The symmetrical genius of the Greek tempered his Pantheism with Polytheistic order, and the hierarchy of great gods ruled over by King Zeus reduced this Polytheism into something like a further almost monotheist unity, shadowed forth by vague belief in a *Moirá* or supreme fate, which was but another name for the mysterious *Anangke*, or Principle of Necessity, to which even the greatest of the gods must bow.

The large scheme or framework arranging all minor divine personalities is in the Greek mythology singularly clear, graphic, and suggestive. To the Greek mind, until his philosophy corroded the very substance of his religion, the old mythology appears to have been a tolerably complete and satisfactory statement of the world as he saw it and loved it. In his scheme everything fitted in with the perfection and harmony of a Greek frieze or a Corinthian capital.

ZEUS, the son of *Chronos* (Time), was the highest, mightiest, and wisest of all, father of gods and men, watcher of human affairs, fount of hospitality, receiver of oaths, hater of lies.

POSEIDON, ruler of the sea, shaker of earth and all its waters, god of deluges.

APOLLON, sun-deity, light of the world; also the light of the mind, terrible in love, in hate, and implacable in resentment.

HEPHAISTOS, god of terrestrial fire, patron of all workers in metal.

ARES, god of war.

HERMES, friend of shepherds, lover of flocks, also swift-footed messenger of commerce and love, a good bargainer—some will have it, of clever cheating besides; certainly the Greeks of all ages have not been above the suspicion.

ATHENE, Pallas, the goddess of wisdom.

APHRODITE, the goddess of love.

HESTIA, the guardian deity of the domestic hearth, from whose altar fire was taken to be transferred to the distant settlements of the race.

DEMETER, **GAIA**, the mother of agriculture and all the fruits of the earth.

Such was the divine hierarchy of the ancient Olympus.

And now mark the characteristic link between gods and men, which is to be found in the systematic hero-worship of kings, warriors, and persons of genius like *Æsculapius*. Those who habitually expressed their conception of deity under the form of perfectly beautiful, or strong, or swift, or wise human beings, found no difficulty in adoring the most beautiful, strong, or wise human beings that had ever been known or believed to exist.

But perhaps the most extraordinary characteristic of Greek religion is the absence of any definite evil principle. Greece had no devil. The Greek had a perception of the unloveliness of violence, hatred, and disorder, but no clear conception of sin. He did not look upon the senses as so many mousetraps. He believed that the gods visited wrongdoing with vengeance; he even invented the Furies; but the consequence of wrong or mistaken action he regarded as a simple illustration of law and order in a universe divinely constituted; evil-doing not requiring any special atonement, though he certainly thought the gods might be cajoled, propitiated, bribed, with wine and sacrifice, especially human sacrifice. His next world was a dim, unreal business enough—truly a world of dreams, in which unreal shadows of men rolled uphill unreal shadows of stones for their misdeeds on earth, or walked like thin vapours in thin and vaporous fields, called Elysian, but full only of nebulous bliss. This earth was the Greek's world, the only world he cared about—perhaps the only one he really believed in—a lovely world of jewelled

islets in a sapphire sea, of running streams and golden cornlands, and ambrosial woods ; a world of fair women and cherubic boys ; of strong men, brave warriors, eloquent and ready speakers, legislators, philosophers, poets, and sculptors.

Let us now catch a glimpse of his city life at Athens (fifth century), Queen of Cities, star-crowned, with its Acropolis lifting its snowy statues and temples into the blue sky.

Whatever may be thought of the Greek religion as a spiritual system, it possessed at least one merit—it was inseparably connected with the everyday thoughts of the people. The civic life of Greece was closely bound up with the games, which had almost, if not quite, a sacred character. The artistic and social life of Greece was inseparable from her shrines, and images. The Acropolis of Athens, with its magnificent symbols of religion and art, was the pride of every Athenian, the subject of his hourly contemplation and settled joy. Leading from the Agora, on the top of a wide marble flight of steps seventy feet broad, stood, in the days of Pericles, the Propyla or entrance colonnade of white Pentelic marble, and as one entered, a whole wilderness of shining temples burst full upon the view. Of these, the Parthenon raised to Pallas Athene was the most celebrated. We have some of its matchless fragments, commonly known as the Elgin Marbles, now in the British Museum. The Parthenon occupied the highest point of the Acropolis ; its grace and symmetry is still the wonder of the world and the despair of architects. As late as 1676, it stood almost entire, as in the days of Pericles, but soon afterwards the Turks used it as a powder magazine. It blew up, and remained more or less of a dust-heap until 1836, when its fragments were unearthed and reconstructed as the traveller now sees them.

The statues and friezes of the Parthenon were executed by Phidias, the greatest of Greek sculptors, and his immediate pupils. Inside stood a colossal statue of Minerva, forty feet high, of gold and ivory ; and outside, another of bronze, seventy feet, both by the great master himself. All round the Parthenon were ranged other temples—the temple of Theseus, of Wingless Victory, and numberless statues of gods and heroes.

The more mystic elements of Greek religion—its holy of holies—were not, however, to be found in such frequented spots as the Acropolis, but rather in the more secluded shrines at Eleusis and at Delphi. Probably, something very analogous to what is

now known as spiritualism went on at these places. At Eleusis the devotee was trained and initiated by abstinence and discipline of various kinds until his religious exercises passed into meditations and trances in which he saw visions and dreamed dreams. At Delphi and such-like oracular shrines, the priests gave messages with the tilting tripods, or, as we should say, table-turnings, and uttered what a modern spiritualist would call trance-speeches ; they became, in fact, under the supposed influence of the gods—what are now known as trance mediums. It is interesting and instructive to note the recurrence of such phenomena. Whether we come upon them in Egyptian soothsaying, Delphic oracle, or in the alleged gifts of healing, mesmerism, and the oracular phenomena of modern spiritualism, there seem to be connecting links between them all, pointing, it may be, to some mystic region of our being not yet adequately explained by modern philosophy.

What precisely was the Greek's notion of prayer, it may be rather difficult to gather. It differed then, probably, as it differs now, according to the petitioner's spiritual elevation. Plato says the Greeks did nothing without prayer ; and this is borne out by Homer, whose epic, to all appearances, represents a very real state of society, however mythical may be its settings. Nestor prays for his success as ambassador, Ulysses prays as he comes into the Trojan camp, Priam prays before he enters the tent of Achilles to beg the body of Hector. But the Spartans had but one prayer ; simply this, "That the gods would grant what was good for them," which is certainly not a bad version of "Thy will be done."

In Greece there was High Church at rich Athens, and Low Church at poor Sparta. Lycurgus favoured a simple form, in order that none might have an excuse for neglecting the gods ; but at Athens, naturally, a far more sumptuous ritual prevailed.

In primitive times there were no priests. Everyone could offer sacrifices and pray to the gods in his own way. Sacrifices were innumerable—propitiatory, petitionary, and votive offerings ; but due care was taken to show the willingness of the victim when a beast was offered ; the animal was led by a loose cord, and made to nod assent by a little pepper being dropped into its ear at the right time, the conventional ceremony thus bearing witness to the highest view of sacrifice, i.e. voluntary surrender. 

But no religious system, however simple—and the Greek system was never that—can long escape the adoption by and the final domination of an official caste. Long before the age of Pericles and the Parthenon the priest and priestesshood were as perfectly organized as any department of the state. On the whole, if we except the licentious worship of Aphrodite, imported from Phœnicia and Cyprus, the influence of the priesthood seems to have been salutary enough in the best times. Their lives were respectable, sometimes ascetic; their business was with traditional rites, recitations, formulas, and sacrifices. They were also bound to make known the will of the gods by the deliverance or the interpretation of oracles. Greek religion was not only connected with the arts which flourished vastly in the elaboration of statues and temples in honour of a multitude of divine and mythical personages, but the Grecian games were also sacred. The Greek's idea of good morals was a sound mind in a sound body; he aimed at this "*mens sana in corpore sano*." This was, he believed, the will of the gods, and his training for it therefore rose to the dignity of a sacred duty.

St. Paul, in an immortal passage (1 Cor. ix. 24) which almost lives and breathes with the suppressed fervour of the spectators who crowded the "stadium," or racecourse, to witness the Isthmian games, has lifted those games for ever into the region of the sublimest Christian allegory. "Know ye not," he says, "that they who run in a race run all, but one obtaineth the prize."

"The stadium," writes Dr. Stanley, the late illustrious Dean of Westminster, "or racecourse, of which the Apostle speaks, was not a mere resort for public amusement, but an almost sacred edifice under the tutelage of the patron-deity of the Ionian tribes, and surrounded by the most solemn recollections of Greece, its white marble seats rising like the foundation of a temple in the grassy slope, where its outline may still be traced under the shadow of the huge Corinthian citadel which guards the entrance of the Peloponnesus." The race "in which all run," the pugilistic contest in which they strove not to beat the air—were not merely exhibitions of bodily strength—but solemn trials of the excellence of the competitors in the "gymnastic art," which was to the Greeks one half of human education. As the friends and relatives watched with breathless interest the issue of the contests, they knew that the victor would be handed down to posterity by having his name sung in those triumphal odes of which

Pindar's are the extant model, and his likeness placed in the long line of statues which formed the approach to the adjacent temple. The "prize" which he won from the appointed judge who sat in state at the end of the course was such as could awake no mean or mercenary motives, its very simplicity attested its dignity; it was a garland of the Grecian pine, which still under its classical name clothes with its light green foliage the plains of the Isthmus, and which was then consecrated to the sea-god around whose temples its groves were gathered.

From the foregoing sketch it will be seen that there was in the great age of Pericles, and even down to much later times, much that was noble in the Greek religion. Its forms nevertheless by an apparently inevitable law gradually became effete. The birth of science, with Thales, Herodotus, and Pythagoras, had forced men to sift their religious and philosophical conceptions, and many found that like the sophists they had ceased to believe anything whilst prepared to teach and explain everything. The poets of an age show its tendencies and beliefs. Euripides admits retribution, but declares the Furies to be fancies. He countenances sacrifice, but Iphigeneia reflects that the gods cannot really want it, and in the choruses of the *Electra* the Greek mythology is criticised as acutely as are the Homeric gods by Plato. Aristophanes was the Molière of the time. He showed up vice without any serious purpose of curing it, or indeed any belief that it could be cured. *Æschylus* was the noblest of the dramatists. His works are full of an earnest purpose, suffused with religious reverence, breathing a pious resignation to destiny, and a firm belief in the inexorable nature of moral laws.

Into such an age was born Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks. If Plato represents the rich bloom of Greek philosophy, Aristotle its maturer fruit, Socrates undoubtedly represents the germ. He sowed the seed of a new method. Henceforth no theory of the world or man could escape discussion. Authority with Socrates went for nothing. About everything he asked, "What is it?" "Is it true?" and "What is true about it?" Those three questions fairly sum up the Socratic method. He wrote nothing; we get him at secondhand, as we get a greater than Socrates at secondhand. He conversed in the streets, was always elbowing his way through the crowd to see what was going on, asking incessant questions in the market-place, and teaching whilst professing to learn. We know

that sturdy, stunted figure with its bullet-shaped head, and eager, quick eyes, and restless mouth, round which there for ever plays that curl of good-humour and playful satire which attracted and won so many hands and hearts. Xenophon and Plato, his friend and pupil, have given us the most fascinating glimpses of his person, and what may almost be called, recollections of his preaching at Athens. In that æsthetic city this uncouth philosopher and companion of all men, noticed at once for his genial, ugly face, thick lips, protuberant eyes and stomach, shuffling gait and ragged cloak, wielded a strange influence. When he walked abroad chatting with high and low it was soon known whether he was in the Agora or on the Acropolis. He understood and felt deeply the wants of his age. He inquired ever, not what could be said about things, but what things actually were—the truth of the religious idea, the truth of the moral principle, the truth of each scientific conception. He asked men questions and sifted their answers, and chiefly he felt, and made them feel profoundly, the incompetence of the old beliefs to explain the new problems of the time. As our modern poet sings of another age—

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

Let us for a moment look a little nearer at that life of Socrates, and at that death.

Born in 468 B.C., in youth Socrates had fought in the wars. Xantippe, his wife, appears to have been a sad scold, but he did not complain; on the contrary, he said she trained him in patience, a quality which all wise men should cultivate. He put up quietly with many personal privations, for he was very poor; but he never allowed poverty or his wife's temper to interfere with his mission of hunting men—ascertaining what they had to say, probing their superficial views and opinions, and convincing them that they knew nothing. He took no pay; he said he had nothing to teach; he only wished to learn—to know something properly.

This is an example of his searching method. "You talk of *injustice*, my friend; do you know what you mean by it?" "Of course," says the man of the crowd; "to lie, to deceive people, to rob them; that is surely injustice." "What!" says Socrates, "to do all these things to *enemies*, is that injustice?" "Well, no; not exactly, of course. I mean to deceive and rob *friends*." "What!" says Socrates again, "to encourage invalids when sick, disguise their physic by concealing it in their food, and pretending they are not quite

so ill as they seem; to inspire soldiers in a forlorn hope with the promise of victory; to rob a friend of the weapon with which he is about to commit suicide, is that injustice?" "Well, no, not exactly." And the glib man of the crowd, baffled so far, is brought to feel that he has never realised the exact meaning of his own words, nor been able to render to himself a clear account of injustice.

Goodness is treated in the same way, and Euthydemus goes off feeling that his ideas are confused and contradictory upon that subject too, and that he truly knows nothing. This was a frequent result of a little conversation with the great Athenian questioner. The knowledge that we don't know anything Socrates held to be the first step towards learning something.

Some kept away from so tantalizing a sage, but Xenophon tells us that Euthydemus, who had been more often baffled and defeated than any one else, "thought that the only way to improve himself was still to converse with Socrates."

The inquiry of Socrates—so far as he inquired at all—into final causes was altogether summary and practical. He held that the world was the work of a benevolent Creator, that true virtue was based on sound and accurate knowledge, that the perfect way involved the right use of, and not total abstinence from, pleasure, and that true happiness could only be found in temperance, uprightness, and moderation in all things. When the Athenians called Socrates impious, they must have forgotten such beautiful utterances as that in the "Phædrus," in which he is willing to wed the religious emotion even to the mythological symbols current in his day. "Oh, beloved Pan!" he prays, "and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, that so whatever outward things I have may be at peace with those within." Then turning to Phædrus the master said, "Do we need anything else?"

"Offer up," says Phædrus, "the same prayer for me also."

"No one," remarks Xenophon, "ever heard or saw anything wicked in Socrates—a man so pious that he was in constant communion with the gods, so just as never to injure any one in the least degree, so self-controlled that he never preferred pleasure to goodness, so sensible that he never made a mistake between what was better and what was worse. In a word, he was the best and happiest of men."

Thus under the guise of a simple inquirer

after truth, for sixty years Socrates was the assiduous teacher, friend, and adviser of the people of Athens, who resorted to him as he did to them. But his time came. He had laboured to restore right conduct; that interfered with those who preferred to do evil. He had sought for true knowledge; Athens was full of false professors and sophists. He had always denounced corrupt State practices; Athens was full of dishonest officials and corrupt judges. So it came to pass, inexorably and inevitably as the direct result of his life and conversation, that Socrates was capitally arraigned:—

1st. For unfaithfulness to country, because he neglected State offices and looked after the morals of State officials.

2nd. For introducing new gods, because he saw the need (whilst not wholly discarding the popular religious phraseology) of *restating* religion and *remoulding* theology.

3rd. For baneful influence exercised over the youths of Athens, because he taught them to despise even authority when at variance with right conduct and true knowledge.

The tale of Socrates' trial, last moments, and death is too familiar and too long to be told in detail here. I can but allude to it before I close. He was found guilty and condemned to drink the poison of hemlock. The prisoner on leaving the dock remarked, "that death, since it introduced us into a higher life, was after all more good than evil; that he would fain be spared the inevitable pains and weaknesses of old age, and thus depart, leaving behind him a fair name and unsullied reputation; that any philosopher might well be content to die, though he would not commit suicide, for to shrink from life was cowardly; that philosophy had prepared him for death, by withdrawing his mind from earthly things, even as death withdraws the soul from the body."

On the morning of the day on which he was to die, his friends found him rubbing the leg bruised by the chain which had just been removed, and later on he spoke with incomparable elevation and serenity concerning the nature of life and death and the immortality of the soul. In view of that next world to which he looked forward so confidently, he exhorts his dear friends, as might any gospel preacher, to live well here below, and follow after virtue and wisdom. "For," he adds, "the reward is noble and the life is great!"

Just ere he drank the poison, he turned to Phædo and said, "Pray to the gods that my departure hence may be happy." He then lifted the cup with a steady hand and drained it to the dregs.

"I wept," says Phædo, who was an eye-witness, "for myself; I did not weep for him; but for my own calamity in being deprived of such a friend!" Socrates then lay down, and as the chills of death stole over him, he remembered a tribute of reverence owed to the divine *Æsculapius*. "Pay it, Crito, do not neglect it." These were his last words; they spoke to him but he answered no more. Socrates was dead.

It is doubtless true that Christians found their hopes of immortality, not on the arguments of Socrates, but on their trust in the love of God revealed by Christ. Yet it is also true, I think, that contemplating such deaths as that of Socrates—for I will not allude here to the scene on Calvary—it becomes hard for us to believe that lives like his are really extinct when their earth-envelope falls off. The noble yet childlike faith of this Athenian philosopher seems to me the highest level reached by what we are accustomed to call heathen, but which we might perhaps less invidiously term human, philosophy.

AN AYRSHIRE WITCH.

A BELIEF in witchcraft, as that term is understood nowadays, will last probably as long as the world lasts. There will always exist "the cheaters and the cheated," to use the words of Sir Walter Scott when writing about witches; but, as in all other trades, the supply will depend on the demand, and the occupation of the cheater would speedily come to an end if there did not exist people too ready to be duped. Happily in our day we do not burn old women who "spae for-

tunes," or who provide charms for making cows give milk, or who sell amulets to protect them from disease, or the like, though it is difficult to believe that so late as 1727 a "witch" was burned in Scotland. The belief in the craft survived, however, long after that—survives now, indeed—especially in rural districts; but although the ignorant and superstitious have often taken the law into their own hands by ducking supposed witches, or "scoring them above the breath"

—that is, drawing blood from the foreheads of the poor creatures as a counter-charm—there has been since 1727 no judicial interference with witchcraft in Scotland, and equally has there been a cessation of what used to be of constant occurrence, discipline by the Church, which was exercised independent of, and over and above the action of the civil authorities.

Our old Church records are full of such cases, and some of them are very curious. In the books of the Presbytery of Glasgow, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they are of constant occurrence. In one case, Annie Gourlay, accused of using charms to make a cow give milk, by "putting salt in the cow's lugs," is adjudged to satisfy the Kirk by making "public repentance in sack-claith." And, in another, a reputed witch is convicted of having used incantations to cause a mill to go, the machinery of which the miller could not get to move to grind a farmer's corn. The farmer applied to Annie, who made certain cabalistic signs and "put her hand into one of the sacks," and, as the record bears, "after that the mill geid." The Presbytery considered this an aggravated case, and appointed Annie "to mak repentance in the church in sack-claith, bair futtit, bair leggit, and bair heided, six severall Sundays." And the owner of the meal was condemned to the same discipline, "and also to crave God's mercie for declyning to pray to God and inclyning to the said Annie."

This occurred more than two hundred and fifty years ago, but men and women reputed to be witches and "warlocks" have continued similar practices in the West of Scotland down to a period comparatively recent. Of one of these—an old woman called Bell M'Ghie, whom I may call the last of the Ayrshire witches, as I believe she was the last who practised witchcraft there as a profession—I propose to give a short notice. My information is chiefly derived from a manuscript in my possession, left by the late Mr. James Dobie, a well-known archæologist, who saw Bell several times in Beith in the year 1835, and noted at the time the substance of his conversations with her.

Isabel, or, as she was always called, Bell M'Ghie, was born at Kelton, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1760, and was thus seventy-five years of age when Mr. Dobie saw her. She had been practising her craft for a long time in the surrounding district, and, among the farmers' wives, and the country people generally, there were many who implicitly believed that she possessed supernatural

power. She herself in her conversations with Mr. Dobie disclaimed this. Her statement to him was, "I don't pretend to skill. All I do is in the fear of God, and if He blesses the means the praise is His." I question if she was in earnest in this, and certainly whatever credit she might take to herself she had an implicit belief in "the means." It is well known that in earlier times, when so many poor creatures were burned for witchcraft, numbers of them not only did not deny the charges brought against them, but made confessions which, as they could not serve them with their judges, could only be ascribed to a diseased and morbid state of mind, a sort of insanity. Although *de facto* cheaters, they were in many cases not consciously so. Brought up in a belief in charms, and practising deceit on others, they ended in deceiving themselves. Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a reputed witch, which fell under his own observation, which illustrates this kind of self-deception, and what may be termed pride of power. It occurred about the year 1800. A solitary old woman, living in a wild and lonely district, who had the reputation of being a witch, applied to a farmer to sell her some oats to feed chickens, which she supported herself by rearing. The farmer told her he could not do so at that time, as all the oats he had were packed in sacks and already on his carts to go to market. The old woman got angry, and wished evil to his property, and it so happened that immediately afterwards, as the carts were passing a ford beneath the farm-house, a wheel came off one of them, and five or six sacks of corn were damaged by the water. The farmer hastened to consult the Sheriff. There was clearly the *damnum minatum* and the *malum secutum*, two things which of old were always deemed sufficient to bring home the crime of witchcraft; but the Sheriff told the farmer that the laws against witchcraft were abrogated, and he succeeded in persuading him to regard it in the light of an accident. But the strange thing was, and it was for this I refer to the story, that the woman herself declined to regard it in that light. The Sheriff thought it right to send for her, and to warn her to be more careful in her language, as she might get herself into trouble with her neighbours by using what she must know to be mere idle threats. But she got angry. "I would be laith," she said, "to wush any ill to you or yours, sir, for I kenna how it is, but something aye comes after my words." In short, adds Sir Walter, "she was obstinate in claiming an influence over the

destiny of others which might, in other times, have consigned her to the stake."

In the case of Bell M'Ghie I have little doubt that notwithstanding her disclaimer to Mr. Dobie, she thoroughly believed in the efficacy of the charms she employed. Of her belief in the existence of "witches and warlocks" she made no secret, and she professed

to have herself known some of them in her early days. She had many stories to tell of their doings, and of counter-charms which she had known to be used with effect to get rid of their power. She told Mr. Dobie a story of a warlock in Stranraer, named Douglas, which she said was perfectly true. On one occasion Douglas asked the loan of a



Bell M'Ghie.

neighbour's horse to go a journey, and the man, wishing to evade the request, desired him to call next morning. When the owner went to the field to bring home the horse he found it lying dead in its halter. He consulted a "canny" neighbour, who advised him, if Douglas called, just to tell him to go to the field and take the horse. He did so, and Douglas brought in the horse alive and well. This Douglas, Bell said, quarrelled with his minister, and put a spell on him so that for a whole year he was unable to preach in his own pulpit, although he could do so

anywhere else. Bell had seen Douglas and "was afraid of him."

When she was six or seven years old, Bell said, she was subjected to the influence of "an ill ee" by a strange woman whom she met in a neighbour's house, and who had somehow taken offence at her. When she got home she became sick and feverish. Her mother consulted a woman living near her who was "wise" in such matters, and who said that the child was suffering from the "evil eye," and at once prescribed the counter-charm. This consisted in taking

off Bell's shift by turning it over her head, so that the inner side became the outermost. Then it was turned three times "withershins"—that is, against the course of the sun. After that it was held open, and a piece of burning coal dropt through it three times, and then it was put on the child again. Immediately on this being done perspiration broke out and she was quite well. Her mother, Bell said, often told her of this, and she believed it to be quite true.

Of her own professional practice the following examples may suffice. In the year 1833 she was applied to, she said, by a woman named Janet Galloway, who lived near Beith, about a calf which had been taken ill. A farmer who had skill in cattle had told Janet that nothing could be done. Bell concluded that as the calf had been grazing in a field bounded by two roads by which many people passed, some one might have injured the calf by the influence of "the evil eye." To counteract this she advised Janet to melt some salt in water, drop a shilling into it, and give the calf three spoonfuls. This was done, and next day the calf was quite well. It was not by poor or uneducated people alone that she was consulted. On one occasion a respectable farmer in the parish of Mearns went to Beith, a considerable distance, to invoke Bell's assistance in regard to something the matter with his dairy—with what result my informant could not tell me. On two separate occasions she was called on to exercise her skill at farms in the parish of Beith, in consequence of the women in charge of the dairies being unable to get the milk to curdle and to become cheese. In each case she used the following charm. She began, she said, by praying for a blessing on the means to be used. She then pulled nine stalks of yarrow (*Achillea*), repeating the Lord's Prayer while she pulled them. Some of this yarrow she put in the thickening, and with part of it she rubbed the milk dishes three times "withershins." When the dishes had been thus rubbed, she directed that care should be taken that they should not touch the ground, but be kept on a shelf. She then put one stalk of yarrow on a plate and milked one of the cows upon it. Then she got one of the children's catechisms, and cutting the Lord's Prayer out of it, pasted it on the bottom of the cheese-press, concluding all with another prayer. This, she said, proved entirely successful in both cases, and she assured Mr. Dobie that it would never fail if correctly done. On another occasion she was called to see the wife of a farmer at Broad-

stone, who was suffering from a sore foot. Bell passed her hand several times over it, on which the woman rose, and putting her foot to the ground, found it was quite well. And she had many other cases of the same kind to tell. Her witchcraft, it will be seen, was of a very harmless kind, and it was clear that she, at least, had no compact with the evil one.

I shall give only one other story of Bell's, which she asserted to be true, and in which she herself entirely believed. She lived at one time near Donaghadee, and when there she knew a man named John Overton, who resided near that place. Being accustomed to go out early to shoot rabbits, he saw one morning a hare sitting washing her face with its paw. He fired at it and shot it in the fore-leg, but the hare escaped. The hare, Bell said, turned out to be a woman, who was known in the neighbourhood as a witch. Overton went to see her next day, and asked her to show him her arm, but she refused. She died in consequence of the wound, and he was so grieved at what he had done that he made a resolution, to which he adhered, that he would never shoot at a hare or a rabbit again. This was told to Bell by Overton's wife, who often spoke of his grief at "having killed the old woman."

Bell died in 1836, the year after Mr. Dobie saw her, at the age of seventy-six.

But witchcraft did not die with Bell. In the neighbouring county of Wigtown the practice prevailed even after that time. As an example of this I am enabled to give an extract from an interesting letter, hitherto unpublished, addressed to Mr. Dobie, in 1848, by Mr. Joseph Train, the well-known archaeologist, and the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott:—"That the inhabitants of the South of Scotland," writes Mr. Train, "were formerly exceedingly superstitious is attested by the many amulets in my possession found on graves in various parts of Galloway and in Dumfriesshire. Amulets, also, intended for the protection of cattle against the efforts of witchery were, in former times, much in use, and are not yet, I think, wholly laid aside even by individuals who would be ashamed to acknowledge it. But that which I am about to relate is of a darker shade of benighted credulity than has perhaps taken place elsewhere in this country so near the middle of the nineteenth century. A highly respectable person who occupies an extensive farm not twenty miles from the parish of Buittle (as the phrase goes) about two years since submitted, by the advice of his medical

attendants, to the amputation of one of his arms, which was in a bad condition, but although the operation was skilfully performed his health continued in a delicate state. A few weeks after the limb had been buried a 'cannie' wife—such a one as Bell M'Ghie—recommended that the arm should be forthwith raised from its grave and boiled till the flesh could be freely separated from the bones, and that the middle joint of a certain finger should be taken and worn by its former owner in his vest pocket, or secured into his dress on the side from which the arm had been severed. If this were done, she said, all pain would be dispelled, and robust health would follow. Two neighbours who heard this advice given, volunteered to superintend the exhumation and boiling of the arm, and

for that purpose they set out with the sexton to the parish churchyard. Here a strong fire was kindled, and a pot filled with water placed upon it. When the limb was raised it was placed in the boiling water, and left there till the particular joint was separated. The unfortunate yeoman informed me afterwards, that although he had kept the bone in his pocket for a considerable time, he was not sensible that it had done him any good. In the eastern portion of the ivy-covered walls of the old church the curious visitor may see a spot darkened by the smoke raised by this unhallowed incantation."

The portrait of Bell M'Ghie which accompanies this notice was taken at Beith for Mr. Dobie by Mr. Charles Taylor, a local artist.
A. MACGEORGE.

THE RELATION OF LIVING ORGANISMS TO PUTREFACTION AND DISEASE.

By J. MCGREGOR-ROBERTSON, M.A., M.B., MUIRHEAD-DEMONSTRATOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

II.—THEIR RELATION TO DISEASE.

IN the first paper on this subject, which appeared in the April number of this magazine, the relation of living organisms to putrefaction, and the identity of fermentation and putrefaction, were explained. It was shown that if organic fluids and solids were kept free from living germs they would cease to break down, and would retain for an unlimited period their organic forms; that the atmosphere everywhere contains numbers of living things of microscopic size, and that if any of these organisms alight on the fluid or solid they forthwith proceed to disintegrate the substance, in order to obtain materials for their own nourishment and propagation, and continue multiplying at the expense of the organic solid or fluid, until it has become completely broken down and resolved into its elements. The putrefactive process and its living agents are therefore necessary if lifeless organic substances are to be reduced from their complex state to simple elements and rendered available for rebuilding into new living forms.

The resemblance between fermentations and putrefactions and various diseases, especially those of an infectious or contagious sort, had long ago been remarked; and if the one set of phenomena was the expression and result of the activity of organisms, why not the other also? In 1850 a French doctor, Davaine, on examining with the microscope a drop of blood from the body of a sheep

dead of splenic fever, observed little thread-like bodies about twice the length of a blood corpuscle. He paid little heed to his discovery. Meanwhile Pasteur had been busy investigating the causes of the "diseases of wine." He had been able to show in bottled wines the presence of a variety of minute organisms, whose development injured the wine, rendering it acid, or sour, according to the kind of organism whose growth was favoured. Moreover Pasteur had shown the wine-growers of France that if the wine, after being in bottle, were heated up to a temperature of 140° Fahr. the organisms were destroyed, and the wine would maintain its purity and true vinous character for any length of time unimpaired. These and similar investigations, and their valuable practical issue, recalled Davaine to his observations of 1850. Excited by these proofs of the agency of living particles in the diseases of wine, Davaine, in 1863, made a series of new observations, which led him to maintain that the essence of splenic fever was an organized being, whose presence and rapid multiplication in the blood of the infected animal produced modifications in that fluid, of the nature of a fermentation, which destroyed the life of the animal. These are the first definite observations that link contagious diseases with the life and growth of germs.

Now it so happens that, about the same

time, ruin was threatened to one of the industries of France, that of silk culture, by the presence of a mysterious disease among the silk-worms, which spread like a plague, not only in France, but in Spain and Italy as well. In 1865 the loss to France by its ravages amounted to over four million pounds sterling. No measure that could be thought of seemed of the least value to stay its progress. In the distress the Government of France turned to Pasteur, who had taught the French wine-growers how to prevent disease in their wines, and besought his assistance. He visited the affected districts, and was speedily able to affirm that the disease was due to the presence in the worms of minute corpuscular bodies less than the $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch long, and so only discoverable by the microscope. These microscopic organisms are classed as micrococci. (See April number.) They had been observed years before by Italian naturalists, Filippi and Cornalia. De Quatrefages had noticed the presence of very small stains on the skin and in the interior of affected worms—stains like the sprinkling of black pepper, and hence the disease was called *pebrine*. It was left for Pasteur to prove the causal relation between these corpuscles and the disease, and to show that the disease was contagious. He demonstrated that if a silk-worm, in whose body the organisms were present, was pounded up with water in a mortar, and the poundings painted with a brush on the leaves on which healthy worms were fed, they would all without fail be smitten with the plague. His next care was to see what steps could be taken to arrest the disease. It was satisfactorily proved that a silk-worm moth transmitted the contagion to the eggs which it laid, and that no reliance could be placed on cultivations derived from moths that exhibited a trace of the affection. His method, then, consisted in keeping each female moth separate from others, and allowing it to deposit its eggs on a small linen cloth. After the laying the moth was secured in one corner of the cloth by a pin. After the lapse of some time it was crushed in a mortar and mixed with a drop of water. A drop of the mixture was placed on a slide and examined with a microscope. If any trace of corpuscular matter was present the cloth with its collection of eggs was burnt; if not, the eggs were set aside for next season's cultivation. The results even exceeded Pasteur's expectations. By his labours—extended over years, and carried on with such assiduity that his health was grievously injured—prosperity was re-

stored to the silk-worm industry. "This process of procuring eggs is now universally adopted. In the Basses-Alpes, and in Ardèche, in Gard, in the Drôme, in other countries, may be met with everywhere, at the time of the cultivation, workshops where hundreds of women and young girls are occupied, with a remarkable division of labour and under the strictest supervision of skilled overseers, in pounding the moths, in examining them microscopically, and in sorting and classifying the little cloths upon which the eggs are deposited."

Pasteur's final triumph over silk-worm disease was achieved in 1868. Already, in 1863, as we have seen, his achievements in similar directions had given an immense impulse to the workers, and a definite aim to the work, in the region of human pathology. Davaine's assertion that he had discovered the cause of splenic fever in a micro-organism was disputed by other observers, and during the time that Pasteur was engaged with silk-worms, and for some years after, a wordy dispute went forward. In 1876 a young physician living near Breslau, Robert Koch, published a memoir in which he gave a full account of the life history of the splenic fever bacillus, and a complete demonstration that its introduction into the body of animal or man was the only cause of the disease. A year later Pasteur, though "neither doctor nor surgeon," unable longer to resist the tendency of his recent work to the opening up of the whole question of contagious diseases, reinvestigated the question and confirmed and extended the results of Koch.

The value of these observations it is difficult fully to realise. Splenic fever specially attacks sheep and oxen. In some years France lost by it in cattle from a half to one million pounds sterling. It is rampant, not in France only, but in Spain, Italy, Russia, and Egypt. It attacks the horse, and man is also a frequent victim, contracting the disease usually from attendance on cattle or horses. Splenic fever has various *aliases*. *Malignant pustule* it is often called, from its chief external symptom when it attacks man. In this country it has also been called *wool-sorter's disease*, because wool-sorters have in England been the chief victims. The explanation is simple. The disease is usually introduced from abroad on hides. The hides have been soiled with blood from an animal affected with the disease. In the blood was the bacillus. Exposed to the air it has flourished on the skin, and has produced spores—seed—which cling to the wool. Drying, lapse

of time, and all the ill-usage of transportation, have failed to diminish the vitality of the spores, though the adult forms perish. In the process of teasing the wool the spores are separated, are inhaled with the dust, or in other ways gain entrance to the body of the wool-sorter. Surrounded by moisture, warmth, and nourishment, the spore resumes an active existence, develops the adult form, and multiplies, and in a few hours begins to invade the whole body.

In the case of many diseases a knowledge of the real cause is also a knowledge, or at least a quite sufficient indication, of the cure. It is not so in the case of a disease which is the expression of the life and growth of an organism in the blood and tissues of an affected person or animal. But as soon as the true cause has been ascertained, and the living agent in the morbid processes isolated, it becomes possible to study the conditions of its life, to learn what favours and what hinders its multiplication, to ascertain if there are any agents fatal to its existence. The problem is a very complicated one when one has to deal with the organism within the body of a man or woman, since any agent destructive of the life of the germ, introduced into the blood, is probably equally harmful to the unwilling host. As illustrating, however, how the experimental inquiry increases knowledge in this direction, and at least points to results of some practical value, a very curious observation of Pasteur's may be mentioned. While splenic fever is fatal to sheep, oxen, rabbits, and guinea-pigs, it rarely affects dogs and pigs, and never affects fowls. Indeed, Pasteur and his assistants found that they might inject considerable quantities of splenic fever blood into fowls without any bad effects. The splenic fever bacillus will not develop at a temperature of 44°C . The temperature of fowl's blood is between 41° and 42°C . It occurred to Pasteur that the comparatively high temperature of birds might enable them successfully to resist the attack of the organism. The suggestion that the bird might be attacked with more success, if it were previously cooled, was obvious, and was put to the test of an experiment. Into the body of a hen was introduced some splenic fever blood, and the hen was placed in water at the temperature of 25° . Its blood heat went down to 39° or 38° . Within twenty-four hours it was dead of splenic fever, the germs of which were found multiplying in its blood. Another hen was submitted to similar treatment. It also became

affected with the disease, but when the fever seemed at its height, the animal was removed from the cold water, was wrapped in wool, and placed in an oven at the temperature of 35° , in order to enable its normal temperature to be more speedily restored. It fully recovered, and no trace of the fever organism could, after its complete restoration, be found in its blood. Pasteur, however, sought results more usefully practical than these. But before trying to describe the objects of his search it is necessary to explain the methods adopted in investigating micro-organisms. By the use of highly-magnifying lenses, and with the aid of staining agents, the organisms can be seen under the microscope. But though the presence of a germ may be detected in a drop of blood taken from a man or animal suffering from a special disease, no information can thus be obtained of the relationship of the organism to the disease, or even if it has any relationship at all. Often, moreover, various kinds of such living things may be found present, and the question is which of them is the contagion. If any reliable conclusions are to be arrived at, each organism must be separated from others. Each must be obtained in a pure state, and experiments made with it alone. Experimenters, therefore, attempted to grow artificially the different organisms. Now, just as in nature, each seed or plant grows best in a particular soil, and just as the soil in which one crop will flourish luxuriantly offers little opportunity of growth to some different sowing, so each micro-organism needs a particular kind of fluid or solid substance for its most vigorous growth, and the organism that will rapidly multiply in one medium will refuse to develop in some others. A very remarkable instance of this has been furnished by Raulin. Every one knows the various kinds of moulds that are found growing on leather, old boots, &c., in damp situations. These moulds are microscopic fungi. Each kind propagates itself by spores or seeds, disseminated through the atmosphere, just as the seeds of ordinary plants may be. Raulin prepared a liquid with the following ingredients: water, 1,500 parts; sugar candy, 70 parts; tartaric acid, 4 parts; nitrate of ammonium, 4 parts; phosphate of ammonium, '6 parts; carbonate of potash, '6 parts; carbonate of magnesium, '4 parts; sulphate of ammonium, '25; zinc, '07; iron, '07; and silicate of potassium, '07. He took a measured quantity of this fluid and poured it on a flat dish; then in it he sowed the spores of a common mould.

The seed sprouted, and he speedily had a crop of mould covering the fluid. This crop, when mature, he removed, and on the same fluid he sowed a second crop, from which he reaped a second harvest. For the third time he sowed the same mould, and gathered in a third crop. But the liquid refused to grow any more of the same stuff. In short, the three crops had withdrawn from the fluid all the materials it contained fitted to nourish them, and the fourth quantity of seed could find nothing to nourish it. Raulin then dried his three crops of mould, and found them to weigh twenty-five grammes, about three-quarters of an ounce. The combination of materials he had employed evidently suited the mould, and the question arose, how would the quantity of crop be affected by the absence of any one of the ingredients from the fluid? The results were as follows:

	Grammes.
The complete liquid grew a crop weighing	25
The same liquid, but deprived of the potash, grew only	1
The same liquid, but deprived of the phosphate, grew only	125
The same liquid, but deprived of the ammonium, grew only	002
The same liquid, but deprived of the zinc, grew only	2.005

If, that is to say, in the preparation of the liquid the zinc were left out, the crop fell to one-twelfth of its original amount. But the amount of zinc present in the liquid did not exceed one-fifth of a grain. The absence of the ammonium salts caused the crop to be reduced to practically nothing.

This is a striking illustration of the fact that a slight variation in the character of the soil will profoundly affect the vitality of the seed that falls upon it. The micro-organisms of fermentation, of putrefaction, and of disease are similarly influenced. Each flourishes best in one particular kind of soil. Probably that is the reason why certain animals are exempt from diseases that attack animals of another species. It is only, then, necessary to discover what medium is fitted for the growth of a particular organism in order to rear it artificially in any desired quantity. Some flourish and multiply in neutralised chicken broth, others grow well on solutions of beef peptone and sugar. Pasteur's favourite fluid consisted of ten parts of pure cane sugar, one part of ammonium tartrate, and the ash of one part of yeast, dissolved in one hundred parts of distilled water. The fluid having been obtained it becomes necessary to sterilize it; that is, to destroy all organisms that might have gained access to it from the air. The

flasks or test-tubes that are to receive the fluid are kept for several hours on several successive days in an air chamber heated up to 130° or 150° centigrade. Into such flasks the fluid is filtered. It ought to be perfectly clear and transparent. The mouths of the tubes or flasks are then plugged with firm plugs of cotton wool, which has been submitted to a heating process similar to that of the flasks. The plugs filter the air that enters the flasks, and while not preventing free communication by air intercept and retain all organisms. The flasks and tubes containing the fluid, and plugged with cotton wool, are now heated to boiling, one after the other, and the fluid allowed to boil for five or ten minutes. They are then placed in a chamber heated to 35° centigrade or so—an incubator—to aid the development of any spores of organisms that may have remained undestroyed. Next day they are again boiled and then replaced in the incubator, and kept there for several weeks. If, after the lapse of two or three weeks, the fluid in the tubes and flasks remains perfectly clear and limpid, then it is certain that it contains no living organism whatever, is perfectly sterile, and ready for cultivating any particular organism. Now into a flask containing the nutrient fluid, perfectly free from any germ, is sown a drop of blood, coming, for example, from a case of splenic fever in which the special bacillus has been detected by the microscope. In a few hours the rapidly extending turbidity of the fluid shows that the germ is multiplying. From this flask a minute drop is taken, under the most rigorous precautions to prevent contamination from outside, and this drop is sown in a second flask, which contains the same nourishing fluid as the first, sterilized in the same manner. In a few hours, the second flask also is manifestly beginning to swarm with the organism. From the second flask, with similar precautions, a minute drop is passed to a third flask prepared as the previous two. So on the process is carried, the drop from one flask giving rise to a new generation in the next, till one has passed to the sixth, tenth or twentieth flask, and consequently to the sixth, tenth or twentieth generation of the organism from those existing in the original drop of blood. Now the object of this procedure is readily understood. The fluid is specially fitted for nourishing the organism in question, but other kinds may be introduced with the drop into the first flask. These others must be got rid of. The fluid being fitted

specially for the particular germ, it has the advantage of the others and grows with greater rapidity. A drop taken from the first flask will contain mainly the desired germ and less of other kinds. In the second flask the desired germ has again the advantage, and so on, till finally it is a pure case of survival of the fittest, and in the sixth, seventh, tenth, or twentieth flask, as the case may be, the unwelcome forms have died out, only the desired germ remains, multiplying in millions. Thus there is derived what is called a "pure cultivation," a cultivation of one organism, free from admixture with any other kind whatever. With this pure cultivation reliable experiments can be made. The next stage in the investigation is manifest. If the living thing which has now been obtained in a pure state is the only active agent in the production of a particular disease, the inoculation of an animal, capable of taking the disease, with a small quantity of the "culture" ought to occasion the disease. In fact, with the cultivation one ought to be able to produce the disease at will, among animals susceptible of it. But, further, if the animal takes the disease, the organism in question ought to be found multiplying in its blood and tissues, and a drop of the blood ought to yield a new cultivation of the same organism, capable of reproducing the same disease in other animals. If all these stages are successfully passed through, the demonstration is complete that the organism in question is the only cause of the disease, and that the disease is contagious. All this has been done for splenic fever. The method of investigation being now understood one is enabled to appreciate more fully the further history of discovery.

There is a disease of fowls called fowl cholera, the scourge of barn-yards. Professor Toussaint, of Toulouse, in 1879, confirmed previous observers in the view that it was the work of living germs. That also Pasteur verified, but he noticed that, while the germ of fowl cholera might be passed through countless flasks without its virulence being the least diminished, if one cultivation followed another within twenty-four hours, the virulence of the poison was remarkably diminished if several days elapsed between the cultivations, especially if months elapsed. Some of this weaker poison was introduced into the bodies of hens. They became ill but recovered. After their recovery from the slight form of the disease, *they were able to resist the attack of the virulent form of the poison.* Inoculation with a germ of diminished

virulence, which did not kill, protected from the assault of the most active germ. This remarkable observation Pasteur at once proceeded to apply to splenic fever. He first assured himself that an animal which had recovered from one attack of the fever was protected from a second. Then he set about endeavouring to diminish the virulence of the splenic fever bacillus—to attenuate the virus, as the phrase is—by leaving it in the culture flask for lengthened periods. He believed that attenuation was accomplished by prolonged contact with oxygen derived from the air. In 1881 he announced that he had succeeded, that he was able to inoculate an animal with attenuated virus, from the effects of which it would readily recover, after which the most virulent form of the organism might be introduced into its body with impunity. He was offered a test and accepted it. In May, 1881, at Melun, in the presence of veterinary surgeons, agriculturists, and others, a flock of fifty sheep and ten cows was brought before him. With his enfeebled bacillus he inoculated twenty-five sheep and six cows, the remaining twenty-five sheep and four cows were left untouched. Three weeks later all the fifty sheep and ten cows were inoculated with the most fatal form of the disease. Two days later the twenty-five sheep which had received no previous inoculation were dead, and the four cows were very ill, while the twenty-five sheep and six cows which had undergone the previous inoculation were comfortably browsing. Since that day, up to the end of the year 1883, more than half a million of animals were vaccinated (so to speak) in France against splenic fever, with a consequent reduction of their death rate from that disease to one-tenth of what it was among non-vaccinated animals. Objections have been raised to the reliability of these results. The most vigorous objector was Dr. Koch, now chief of the Imperial Health Office in Berlin. He was compelled to admit, however, that the bacillus was enfeebled by Pasteur's method, and that it conferred immunity on animals of the bovine species and on sheep. He objected, however, that protection did not last very long, not much over a year, that the risk of loss by the vaccination process was greater than from the fever itself, and all the greater the more completely the attempt to confer protection was made, and that there was great danger in sowing broadcast the germs of the disease by the wholesale adoption of the vaccination process, danger more extensive than that arising from the sponte-

neous disease. The objections, even from such a capable antagonist as Koch, were then mainly against the practical usefulness of the method, but Koch's hostility established more fully than anything else could have done that a genuine discovery, pregnant with future results, had been made, and that artificial immunity against a most virulent contagious disease could be secured.

Pasteur's discovery was not a lucky accident, nor was his result unparalleled in the history of scientific medicine. It was just because he had in his mind an exactly parallel result that, with the keenness of the scientific sleuth hound, he followed up step by step the trail that led to his great discovery. Only three-quarters of a century ago small-pox was rampant throughout the world, civilised and uncivilised, and it slaughtered hundreds of thousands annually. Now everywhere its day of dominion and of terrorism is over. Why? Not because it is now less virulent than before, but because an unknown surgeon, working in the villages of Gloucestershire, set himself to discover why dairymaids who had become infected with cow-pox seemed incapable of taking small-pox, and because, putting an idea to the test of an experiment, he infected *children* with the cow-pox and, after they had passed through that trifling disease, *introduced the small-pox poison into their bodies*, and proved it powerless to harm them. Therefore, we say, Pasteur's discovery was not the result of a lucky accident, but the triumph and reward of keen reason, unwearying methodical experiment, and patient application of knowledge. The field of research and discovery which he opened up, and in which for many years he was almost a solitary worker, is now peopled with skilled observers.

Within recent years Dr. Koch, by similar methods of inquiry, has revealed the true cause of *tuberculosis* to be a micro-organism—a bacillus. One of the most common forms of consumption has long been known to be due to the development of tubercles in the lung, the nodules of which after a time break down, carrying the lung substance with them. In these nodules the organism is found. Koch was able to grow it artificially and to produce the disease in animals by injecting fluid containing his reared germs. In the spit of consumptive patients the bacillus is found. Its spores or seeds are not destroyed by drying, so that when the spit has become dry the seed may be wafted about in the air, may be drawn into the lungs of a healthy person, may take root and grow, and

produce the disease. The popular objection, therefore, to be the close companion of a consumptive patient is not without scientific justification. It is, on the other hand, consoling to know that the germs need a high temperature for their development, and are not, therefore, likely to thrive in the outside world in temperate climates.

After the epidemic of cholera in Egypt in 1883, investigations were undertaken to discover if any special organism could be detected having any particular relationship to the plague. French, British, and German Commissioners were appointed for the purpose. Dr. Koch, the head of the German Commission, detected a peculiar bacillus, shaped like a comma (,)—the comma-bacillus—in the intestines of persons who had died of cholera, in discharges from patients, and in water from which persons had drunk, who afterwards became infected. The essential link in the evidence, the production of cholera in animals by the injection of the cultivated organisms, has not been obtained, however. In 1885, Dr. Klein, the chief of the British Commission, reported his inability to accept Koch's bacillus as the real cause; and at present the relationship of micro-organisms to cholera is a matter of dispute.

Everyone knows that Pasteur has attacked, with his usual vigour, the secret of hydrophobia, has separated an organism which he claims to be its cause, and has asserted his power to enfeeble it, and by a series of inoculations to protect animals from the disease. A British commission is investigating his claims, and already has admitted the accuracy of his claim so far as the isolation of the virus is concerned; the real efficacy of the protective power is yet under judgment.

The germ of cattle-plague has been discovered, and its attenuation successfully accomplished.

A long list of diseases might be given, in which micro-organisms have been detected by skilled observers. Among these diseases are relapsing fever, scarlet fever, diarrhoea, diphtheria, typhoid fever, dysentery, blood-poisoning, and many others. In these cases, however, with the exception of the first, the investigations are not complete, so that it is not possible to affirm the real nature of the connection existing between the disease and the organism. Nevertheless the success already attained is sufficient to encourage the hope, "a dim and distant" hope it may be, but yet a hope, that in years to come, and by the labours of science, man will triumph over his contagion-foes.

ARLETTE.

A Man's Remembrance.



2. *I met her when this life of mine
Had turned from sweet to sour :
There was no sparkle in the wine,
No bloom upon the flower.*

*I roamed away to bear alone
The stings of vain regret ;
The grain was gone, the reapers flown,
When first I found Arlette.*

3. *The glamour of the "sunny south"*
About her beauty lies ;
A mellow cheek, a scarlet mouth,
And dark, beseeching eyes ;
A daughter of the soil, as sweet
As summer buds dew-wet ;
No taint of our town-bred deceit
Has ever touched Arlette.

4. *With half her charm some girls might win*
A fashionable fame ;
How came she with that southern skin,
And soft old Norman name ?
We talked, I questioned, she replied,
Till I forgot my fret ;
For bitter thoughts and angry pride
All fled before Arlette

5. *How ends the tale ? To your surprise*
There is no end to tell !
I left no tears in those dark eyes,
Although I loved them well ;
Her picture hangs within my brain
Fresh and unsullied yet ;
No empty vows of mine shall pain
The heart of true Arlette.

6. *But, when my harvest-field appears*
As bare as it can be,
She comes, and finds some golden ears
Of life's good grain for me ;
My old belief in truth and trust
She brings back, sometimes yet ;
You smile again ;—ah, well, you must ;
You never knew Arlette.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

"HOMES" OF POOR CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE SCHOOL BOARD OF GLASGOW.

TO those interested in the welfare, education, and upbringing of poor children, there is nothing so depressing as the contrast between the light, airy, comfortable schools in which they pass so many hours of the day, and the close, crowded, unwholesome dwellings where so many of them live.

Government very properly insists on the utmost care being taken by School Boards in the planning and construction of schools: there must be sufficient cubic space for each child; there must be light and air and warmth; there must be latrines and lavatories, roomy playgrounds, separate doors and modes of access for boys and girls, with every modern appliance to make the building healthful, cheerful, and comfortable.

This is well. But it is not well that so little should be done to prevent their return to abodes—homes they cannot be called—where ordinary decency is impossible, and where all degrees of unsavouriness, immorality and squalor abound. Let me ask the reader to accompany me while we follow that group of pale-faced, poorly-clad children, who have just left the cheerful playground and the comfortable school. They are returning "home."

We cross several thoroughfares, and at length turn aside along a narrow close or alley, which one may have passed hundreds of times without dreaming that it leads to lands and tenements, largely consisting of innumerable one-roomed houses where many poor families constantly reside. At the foot

of the stair a dungstead stands constantly reeking with unwholesome odours. It is being replenished almost without intermission. If the day is sloppy and wet the lower steps get the benefit of the overflow, and a filthy, pig-sty entrance is the result. Up one, two, three, or four stairs, you find long, dark passages with no end of doors, each one opening into the wretched apartment where a whole family dwell, and whither this little group of children are finding their accustomed way.

If you would follow them into the room provide yourself with a lump of camphor, that you may not run the risk of fainting away after leaving the fresh air of the street.

The passage is dirty; the house is filthy; no whitewash has come near these walls for many a long day. One miserable bed occupies a dark recess, another made up of some old bedclothes is seen in a corner, and a third—a shakedown—may be found under the first to be drawn out as night approaches.

The children burst in hungry and full of spirits for their mid-day meal; other little ones, half naked, are toddling about or creeping on the dirty floor. The mother, with an infant at her breast, is outside or in a neighbour's house. The noise of the children attracts her attention, and she enters the miserable room. A loaf of bread is taken from the shelf; an old brown tea-pot gets a spoonful of tea, and is filled with boiling water from a rusty kettle on the hob; a lump of salt butter, wrapped in a piece of dirty paper, is produced, or a little jelly or

syrup; two or three broken cups are put on a rickety chair, round which the children cluster, either on stools or squatted on the floor or on the edge of the iron fender; sugar is cheap; milk a rare commodity; if the earnings of the family can afford it some ham is broiled; and so, without any kind of order and with a general scramble, they all fall to and quickly consume what is provided for them. This constitutes the principal meal of thousands of poor children day after day. Tea with sugar and bread without butter, is very usual fare. Porridge and milk, broth and beef, may be seen in a limited number of houses, but not where the poorest families reside.

Cleansing operations are rarely resorted to. Water is readily enough to be had for the carrying, but is sparsely found in tub or basin within the dwelling.

In many tenements gas is not led in, and cheap dips, or, in some cases, an old paraffin lamp is all the light that cheers the long winter evenings.

Pondering over the condition of the slums and back alleys of our great cities, the thought has often occurred to me: Is this our boasted civilisation—our belauded nineteenth century? Are we really in advance of the despised heathen? Are we much better than savages? Look at the pictures of the tastefully constructed houses, huts, or wigwams belonging to the natives of New Zealand, or Central Africa, or the isles of the sea, with spacious ground on every side, and the free air of heaven circulating round them. Contrast these with the filthy dens which are called "homes" by multitudes of our poor children, and say if we have any ground for boastfulness, or if we have not rather much cause for shame and humiliation? "Ah!" but say some, "he is drawing a long bow, things are not quite so bad as all that." I will take the liberty of giving a modified extract from a report laid before the Glasgow School Board in Nov., 1883.

"It is in the first place, then, a fact beyond dispute, and published in the recent census tables, that out of 114,759 families in the city, 40,820 live in houses of a single room. It is not always the case that each of these families have a single-roomed house of their own; there is a certain proportion of them, say from 6,000 to 8,000, who occupy one of the rooms in a two-roomed house, another family occupying the other room. It will be readily understood that the School Board officers are called upon far more frequently to visit the worst class of such

houses than the best; and this, coupled with their constant dealing with the poorest and most miserable families cannot but tend to give a very lurid colouring to any picture which may be drawn. In what I have to say, I am far from wishing it to be supposed that there is not a large number of one-room houses tidy and respectable, both as regards the house and its inmates. I have no desire, quite the contrary, to make reflections on many honest, respectable people who live with their children in single rooms, my object is to draw attention to the surroundings and character of a certain class of houses, and to the condition and circumstances in which so many poor children live.

"In some rooms may be found a superfluity of articles—old beds, tables, chairs, boxes, pots and dishes, with little regard to order or cleanliness. In others, a shakedown in the corner, a box or barrel for a table, a broken stool, an old pot or pan, with a few dishes. In many rooms no furniture at all; and the families, including men, women, and children, huddled together at night on such straw or rags as they can gather. This barrenness of any kind of furnishing enables the occupants to flit about from one house and one district to another with the greatest possible ease, and there is a constant fluctuation going on, enabling the inmates to thwart the School Board Officers at every turn. In many buildings there are no closets or conveniences of any kind, and one may judge from this how far it is possible with such a swarming population to maintain conditions of health and decency, let alone tidiness and comfort. Fathers and mothers, elder brothers and sisters, school children and little ones, down to the babe in arms, are all found living habitually in the same apartment."

Harrowing details might be given, and that in scores of cases. The illustrations which come most readily to my pen reveal a state of things when night comes and families are gathered in and the doors shut, which could not be described in the pages of a respectable magazine.

One need not wonder at the prevalence of infant mortality. Imagine the condition of a single-room house when measles break out, or any of the epidemics so common to children, more especially when that room is of the character I have described. It is well that in fever the authorities are so active, but it is often days before the cases become known. I have seen a poor sick girl lying on a bare floor in the corner of a room, with such miserable wraps under and over her as

could be had, her friends uncertain of her trouble, waiting to take any steps until the issue was sufficiently pronounced. Even when the illness is of a mild type, how unfavourable the surroundings for either a rapid or a complete recovery!

Is it to be wondered at that children so lodged and growing up in the midst of such environment should be irregular in their attendance at school, and should not make that progress in manners and conduct that is so desirable. A generation has been educated since the Board School entered on its labours. Do we see any fruit of our labours in the elevation of the children of the poor? Only to a limited extent, I fear; not certainly to

the extent we might have done had their social condition received as much attention as their education.

Many sad reflections rise, and many thoughtful questions as to what should be done. There are those who believe that by getting the children to school and training them to better things they will soon revolutionise their own wretched surroundings. It will be a slow process even if it come about. I might be willing to reconcile myself to the pleasing hope, if I were satisfied nothing more were possible, but certainly there are duties devolving on the authorities which should brook no delay. I ask, first of all, that the State shall require in the humblest dwelling



possibilities for purity—decency—modesty. One-room houses should only be tolerated for the sleeping accommodation of families where the children do not exceed twelve years of age. It is a scandal to our civilisation that the practice of grown-up families living in one room should prevail to such a lamentable extent. Would it not be a simple legislative enactment to declare, in terms similar to those employed in the Education Act:

“It shall be the duty of every parent to provide suitable lodging for his children, and in no case shall girls over ten years of age and boys over twelve years of age lodge in the same apartment. If unable from poverty to provide sufficient lodging, application may be made to the Parochial Board, and it shall

be the duty of the said Board to pay the amount required for such additional lodging, in the event of the Board being satisfied of the inability of the parent to provide such lodging.”

The difference in cost between a house of one and of two rooms does not exceed about one shilling per week. Then, further, ample provision should be insisted on in all dwellings and lands of houses for latrines, lavatories, and washhouses, for the convenience specially of women and children. Right well I know the argument with which I shall at once be met. “Your improved dwellings would soon be reduced to the level of the old in all that regards crowding, squalor, and wretchedness.” To a certain extent this is true, but only to a certain extent, and with-

out doubt to a diminishing extent year by year. Given light and air, and sanitary appliances and outside conveniences, and education will extend in such directions with the same certainty as the rising standards of the code. You do not expect attainments in the sixth standard from a child in the first, neither can you expect a high degree of order and cleanliness and social elevation from those who have hitherto herded together like pigs in a sty.

A nation which can resolutely face the question of Slave Emancipation at enormous cost, which can doggedly maintain a thirty years' war, which recently voted eleven millions sterling in a single night in consequence of a Russian scare, which spends enormous sums annually on efforts of charity, benevolence, and philanthropy, should really tackle this question with the determination to settle it once for all. The crofters have to some extent eclipsed the claims of the poor denizens of our slums. They at least have opportunity for room, and air, and cleanly living.

Given, it will be said, all you desire, it will take an army of inspectors to effect a change so radical and keep things straight.

I admit to the inspectors, but not to the army; a moderate number of intelligent men, armed with such legislative powers as I have indicated, would soon make a reformation in the habits of the people, and make it as possible to walk in the back alleys as in the leading thoroughfares.

I am pained to believe that a spirit of *laissez faire* has got abroad. Neither the State nor the municipal authorities have risen to the occasion, nor to the loud and urgent call which rises to heaven for better dwellings. No other burden incurred by nations, cities, or individuals would so quickly insure a good return with tenfold interest. Not poorer but richer in all that constitutes true greatness would that nation be which grappled with the cleansing of such "Augean stables."

There are lanes and dens and houses of which the best that can be said is: Raze them to the ground. There are, on the other hand, tenements and streets, which by securing ground and building suitable offices, might be made all that could be desired.

It is a question before which all others pale into insignificance. You are bringing children into your beautiful schools, and sending them back to ask with surprise: "Why are we so treated? Why should we be compelled to come day by day into such order and comfort, and then be driven home to squalor and

misery? Can the same kind government which does so much for us during the day not do something of a similar kind for us during the night? If not, why not?"

Britain prides herself on that word "home." It is a word embalmed in the hearts of thousands—charged with memories of all that is holiest and loveliest on earth, "familiar, dear, and sacred beyond any other spot." But what its memories—what its associations in the lives of these poor children? To escape from them is too often their burning desire. Thousands do break away from the miseries and restraints of such "homes" at the earliest possible opportunity. The roving, wandering life of many a poor boy, the criminal charge brought against him in the police court—all this is chargeable to the sad social condition and circumstances out of which he has emerged. Our lodging-houses are full of young lads—honest, hard-working lads—who prefer giving 2d. a night for their beds as soon as their wage enables them to look out for themselves. I have seen three such boys locked in one another's arms soundly sleeping in one narrow bed, for which they jointly paid probably 1d. each, in a lodging-house where thirty or forty other men and boys found their night quarters. What of the girls? I leave my readers to judge.

While living under the parental roof the young people try to make the best of it, and snatch such pleasure as they can. There must be an outlet to their animal spirits. When the weather is good and genial they are to be found in large numbers outside, but in such a climate as ours, which does not admit of recreation in the open air for more than certain months in the year, there is nothing for it at other times but to meet and frolic in the crowded rooms, or closes, or thoroughfares where they live. How quickly do they learn to tread the paths of immorality. Instances innumerable, I am grieved to state, have come under our notice where the grossest licentiousness has been found to exist even among children of tender years. Are they so much to blame? Sinned against rather than sinning may be said of many poor girls thus left to fall.

I think in all the circumstances this question may be fairly asked. When children turn their faces homewards, when lads growing into young men, and girls growing into young women, reach the threshold of a dwelling, repulsive in almost every aspect, what possible attraction is there that they should remain there? The ill-cooked victuals are

hurriedly dispatched, and what next? Too often singing saloons and drinking-halls, excitement, and immorality—these flow as naturally from degraded dwellings as malaria from a reeking swamp.

Such a paper would be incomplete did I not refer to the fearful curse of intemperance which prevails to such a dreadful extent in the very heart of these abodes of wretchedness. "Only last week, when visiting with one of the officers at mid-day, we fell in with a room full of people—men and women, old and young; a whisky bottle on the table round which they were seated, and the mother of the family too intoxicated to answer our inquiries; there were little children on the floor of this miserable apartment."

If I dare venture to offer one word in mitigation of such conduct, I would say, that the wretched state of the dwellings and their woeful character breed temptations which involuntarily drive weak and sensitive natures to intemperance and despair; temptations which need have little place in the circumstances of the comfortably housed and the well-to-do.

On whom lies the blame for this deficient housing of the poor? It is a question difficult to answer. We are all too ready to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We certainly do not sufficiently realise the duty to our "neighbour" which is in this respect so flagrantly unfulfilled.

In any property or estate the country

demands on the part of the proprietor decent houses for his tenantry and dependants. Large cities ought not to be an exception to this rule. The fact that they are under the charge and surveillance of chosen guardians should not remove the responsibility.

The remedy is not difficult, but it involves expenditure. Would such expenditure be ill-advised? Let those who think so remember the heavy burdens lying on the community in respect to prison rates, misconduct, intemperance, vice, which are chiefly owing to the present miserable social condition of so large a number. It is a short-sighted policy which delays this much-needed reform.

Regret, recrimination, and fault-finding will only aggravate the evil. We are all guilty, and should be all alike concerned in bringing about a better condition of things. Some will probably declaim against what they may be pleased to call exaggeration; others will declare that my picture might have been painted in even darker colours; but assuredly *all* will admit that there is something in all this very far wrong requiring to be put right, and that without delay.

Statesmen, rulers, magistrates, people, are alike called upon to instant and active exertion. Far more trying and difficult problems have been grappled with and solved by our country in past generations. *This* only needs one heart, one mind, and one firm, unwavering resolution that the dwellings of so many poor children shall no longer remain a scandal to the community, and success is assured.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—"THE NEW LIFE COME IN THE OLD ONE'S STEAD."

"No, I have nought to fear! Who will may know
The secret'st workings of my soul. What though
It be so?—if indeed the strong desire
Eclipse the aim in me?—if splendour break
Upon the outset of my path alone,
And darkest shade succeed! What fairer seal
Shall I require to my authentic mission
Than this fierce energy?—this instinct striving,
Because its nature is to strive! . . . Is it for human will
To institute such impulses? still less,
To disregard their promptings?"

ROBERT BROWNING: *Paracelsus*.

IT has been truly said that there is no courage so great as the courage of ignorance.

For instance, a youthful surgeon with an imperfect acquaintance with the arterial

system may operate with far steadier nerve than his older and wiser colleague. The danger he has not knowledge enough to dread cannot daunt him. He undertakes his task with a readiness he may shudder over when it comes to his later recollection.

Something of this fine courage we all of us have in the beginning, and the gift is beneficent. We may marvel, when the flood has been passed, at the audacity which led us down into it; but by that time the audacity, with all its strength and all its splendid indomitableness, is gone. We have tasted of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and our eyes are holden no longer. With

sight comes shrinking and dread, and prayer to be delivered from further testing.

Speaking of Dorigen Gower it would perhaps be more correct to say that her courage was the result of scant experience of the life she had to live, rather than of scant knowledge. *She had to live it*; this was her conviction. But it did not seem to her that the decision was hers. Light had been given, light for which there had been long watching, long waiting, and the mere idea of refusing to be faithful to that light seemed to her as a sin that might have never forgiveness.

No choice was given to her after that night which she had spent alone, yet not alone, in her own narrow room.

Later there came a day when she sat looking backward with amazement over what seemed the blind, daring temerity with which she had put aside every consideration of poverty, of ignorance, of inexperience, of sore hindrance, of utter obscurity, and had said to herself, "I will live my own life—the life I was born for and made for, the life I am drawn to and impelled to. Therein lies my work and its reward; surely one part of its reward will be bread, bread for me and for those who look to me for more than bread."

This she said, knowing that Mrs. Browning had also spoken, and that after long experience the poet had written plainly—

"In England no one lives by verse that lives."

And Dorigen knew enough to know that this was true. She remembered Chatterton and Otway; she knew that Wordsworth had declared that for nearly twenty years his poems had not paid for his shoe-strings. She was aware that Tennyson himself had had to wait for ten years before a slowly-appreciative public had demanded a second edition of his first small volume of poems; and that after many years of almost ceaseless production, Robert Browning "could not but ruefully remember how expensive his books had been to his sympathetic and uncomplaining father." And, to balance all this, what had she?

What, indeed, had she? Fire from off the altar has no deeper mystery than this, that you shall foresee and foretell its burning, and yet you shall walk into it resolute and undismayed.

"There will be strife," she said to herself; "there must be strife—long, and sore, and bitter. I must prepare for it, for disappointment, humiliation, complete loneliness, keen poverty, perhaps even want itself, and sharp

hunger. But these I can bear, these I will bear—God helping me."

Later, when all these things and others came upon her, stroke upon stroke, with the sharpness of steel, she remembered that calm forecast.

Day by day, month by month, year by year, proved only the inadequacy of even her worst foreboding.

No imagination could have wrought itself into the harsh depth of the years that followed upon that crisis of her life.

No, she had no special knowledge to set against her knowledge of the experience of others. She had not even knowledge of herself, of her own powers. All had to be tried. The one thing she was conscious of was the passionate desire for expression—the passionate sense of something to be expressed. That that something was beyond her, above her, in her ordinary moments, she was well aware. But in moments not ordinary it would strike through her. She was but an instrument, to be "struck and moved to sound by invisible hands," and in ways unseen.

The least she could do would be to wait in patience, in calm faith, for the higher hours wherein her life would lie.

To such as she a measure of encouragement is seldom wanting at the beginning. It might seem as if no lure were needed, yet it is usually given.

The poem which Dorigen had written in the silence and anguish of the night of her sorrow was accepted, and paid for with most unexpected generosity. And after its appearance in beautifully illustrated pages, a kindly intimation was given that the editor of the magazine would be glad at any time to see poetry from the same pen. If confirmation had been needed, it was surely here!

So she bent herself to the way of the new life in Tenter's Close, putting aside with pangs keen enough the temptations which came from St. Dunstan's Rectory. Lady Anna understood when she had read the poem, which she had seen and liked before she knew that the feigned name was the *nom-de-guerre* of Dorigen Gower.

"I perceive now," she wrote—"I perceive and understand many things which have always puzzled me. . . . I wish you success, my child; but I have a decided feeling that you had better have been contented with a lower kind of success. I shall never like to think of you as

'A printing woman, who has lost her place,
The sweet safe corner of the household fire,
Behind the heads of children.'

But I do not give up hope yet, neither does another I know. However, you shall make your experiment, dear."

All that winter Lady Anna's letters used to come dropping down into Tenter's Close, keeping up a slender thread of connection between the old, fair, beautiful life and this that was so increasingly unbeautiful. The testing of poverty is a most ruinous testing for minds of a certain class. The idea of making it dignified or graceful seems an absurdity not to be attempted. Only when there is sufficient money for more than the needs of life may there be sufficient care for the things that make for the true peace and harmony of life. The first touch of negation crushes out the slight feeling for decorum that was never an instinct, but a mere desire, with its root in a vain ambition.

And inevitably there was poverty in Tenter's Close. Dorigen tried with what strength she had to use wisely the money which Lady Anna had declared was owing to her; but it is a difficult matter to regulate an expenditure which you do not yourself expend. And there was no one to second her own desire, no one to see with her eyes, to hope with her hope. With a certain tremulous shrinking from her task, Dorigen spoke to Mrs. Gower of her intention with regard to the future, and the poor woman looked up in surprise; but she made no objection.

"Well, you know best," she said. "I don't doubt but you're clever, an' it goes to my heart to see you sweepin' the floor an' washin' the breakfast things, for I know you do it so as to spare Matty a bit. But what can Ah do? Ah've no strength left myself, and them two older gels o' mine isn't nut te say good te deal with. They're masterful, an' they don't like house-work. They care for nothing but gettin' their best things on o' week days, an' goin' gadding about among such as themselves. I'm at my wits' end w' them, to tell the truth. An' there's their best black frocks an' their new boots done for already. They've told me to ask you for some money to get new ones; but Ah said Ah shouldn't. Lyddy's got it into her head 'at you've a sight o' money somewheres. She said she'd seen a box full o' sovereigns up i' your room."

"Do you know what Lydia was doing in my room?"

"No; not unless she went up to do her hair, as she sometimes does when you're out. She says you have such beautiful brushes an' things. Poor child! She's niver seen nothin' o' t' sort afore. It's natural

she'd like to hev the use o' them a bit. They'll be no worse, ya know."

It was difficult to receive this in silence; but the difficulty was surmounted. Lydia should be spoken with alone. She had been spoken with many times already, and entreated and persuaded to many things; but her handsome face gave no sign except the sign of a silent disdain. With Thomasin it was different. She would listen and question by the hour, while Dorigen strove to raise the girl's ideas of true living a little.

One wet Sunday evening, coming in from church with Matty, Dorigen found Thomasin by the fire, alone, and in tears. This was unusual; and when Matty had gone to bed, Dorigen set herself at once to find out what the trouble was.

It was not a difficult matter to win the girl's confidence at any time; and now her experience, so far as the past few weeks were concerned, was poured out in a very torrent of tearful words. It was "a love affair," of course. She had been engaged, only three weeks ago, to "a gentleman, quite a gentleman." And he had written her two letters, and sent her a locket with his hair in it, and given her a beautiful engaged ring. And now it was all over; the gentleman had wished to have his letters and his presents back again; and what could be said in such a trouble?

"I'd got everything settled in my own mind," said Thomasin, sobbing pitifully, "where we were to live, an' how many servants I'd keep—I was only goin' to have two to begin with. An' I was goin' to have a blue silk dress for afternoons, an' a lilac one for Sundays—quite a pale lilac with a little satin spot. I like spots better than stripes, don't you? An' now it's all off. I do believe he's taken a fancy to Lyddy. She is pretty I know. An' I don't know how it is, but lots o' folks takes a fancy to me, an' they make a great fuss about me just for a few days, an' then they don't care for me no longer. What's the reason of it, Dorigen? I'm sure I'm kind. Don't you think I've lots o' kind ways about me?"

What was to be done with a nature so shallow, so vain, so abnormally vivacious?

A few words were said, earnest words enough; but the sole reply, uttered in Thomasin's most chirping tone, was sufficiently disheartening.

"Oh! go on, Dorigen," she said when the words were solemnly ended. "Go on. I do like to hear you talk! It's beautiful!"

By-and-by Dorigen went up-stairs with

aching heart and head, and a bewildering sense of perplexity. The burden was already growing very heavy.

Yes, it was heavier than any one might have dreamed, if there had been any to dream of her life at all. She had thought that from that unforgotten night the love that was in her heart would trouble her no more; that it would be silent and sorrowful, not rising up again at all to disturb her heart's peace. But her thought was mistaken altogether.

More than she knew, her love was her life; and made yet her life's sweetness out of all its great bitterness. "I would not put it away from me if I could," she said to herself in her lonely hours. "I will keep it always, that I may be always wishing for his greater happiness.

*"If there be anyone can take my place,
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face."*

"No; I grudge you nothing. I would alter nothing if you are truly happy; truly at rest, not even troubled by the thought that I may have trouble. You shall never see that I have. I will take care that you shall never see me sad, that you shall never see one sorrowful look on my face that you can connect with yourself, nor one look even of recollection in my eyes. At least so far as this I may spare you, so that you shall not even dream that you are spared."

She was aware that Michael's offer of friendliness and helpfulness had not been an idle one. She was aware, too, that he would not forget; but she was glad that for a while he seemed to forget. She understood the restraint, and waited for time and him to end it. The most perfect human affection, whether it be of love or of friendship, is ever the most patient.

Out of this patient pain that was not all pain, as out of other things that had seemed to have nought else save pain, there came many a piercing cry that set itself to the music of rhymed words as it came from the soul. So those poems were written which went out into the wide world, and had such strange experiences, and made for themselves here and there a place and a name that was of more value than she knew till later. To—

*"Love your art,
And, certain of vocation, set your soul
On utterance."*

is to find surely that what you have of spiritual magnetism does not fall to the earth. The poem you have lived and suffered shall live again in the soul of sufferers you may

not meet or hear of, but their sympathy shall come in subtle ways, and strengthen you when you need its strengthening. The most intangible ties are ever the finest and most precious.

It was on one of the nights of that winter—one pale, placid, moonlit night that there came to her the desire to write a poem into which she might put more of her strength, and more of her life, than she had yet attempted to put into any written thing.

She was, as before, alone in her attic-room when the thought came, or rather, it should be said, the inspiration.

The strange household below had ceased for awhile from being strange, and slept the enviable sleep of the irresponsible.

It was worth while sitting late, were it but for the perfect peace, the grateful, unaccustomed sense of being unfretted, undisturbed. The calmness so gained in the night was often as strength for the day that followed. And this night was even more than calm. Its great beauty was something to uplift any soul not of the earth earthy.

Dorigen sat by her window; the moonlight fell upon the Abbey walls and archways, with that soft, lucent glow which seems always to steal into the inmost soul and to bring with it there a desire for some better thing, some purer life, some higher deed than any we have yet achieved. And to Dorigen the towers of the ancient ruin had always a message of their own. She had not yet forgotten, nor could she forget, that Sunday morning when she had sat at her father's feet among the fallen masonry, and had listened there to the story of the royal and noble Hild, and the yet more impressive story of the Inspiration of Cædmon.

Other stories of that same day she had read and heard since then; and the time seemed to live in her mind with a far greater freshness and vividness than any time more recent. And surely there was nothing in history so especially fitted to enchain and enchant a human soul that had in itself *something* of that same poetic fervour that Cædmon had; *something* of that same desire for the life of spiritual renunciation which had moved the great and holy Abbess of Streonshalh to the founding of the monastery known throughout Christendom for its purity of aim, its wide and high intellectual development, its deep and fervent effort to attain the higher life.

Ah! what it must have been, that long-past day, that one should deem it an advantage to live by the ruin of the building that

marks the spot where those great lives were lived, those faithful prayers prayed without ceasing! Nothing good can die.

Might not something be done to make that day live again for some to whom it was as dead as though it had not been?

"A truth looks freshest in the fashion of the day." And so it is with a history, the story of a life, a legend. A flash of new light shows you things in each undreamed of before.

If the story of Arthur and his knights could make you idylls of such fine mood and tone, surely then there might be another idyll made to tell the story of the beautiful lives of Hild and her saints!

And that winter's night, while the moon was sailing slowly over the Abbey towers, and the distant wail of the rising wind came up from the sea, "The Idyll of Saint Hild" was begun in an attic in Tenter's Close.

Where and how was that poem to find its ending?

CHAPTER XLV.—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

"My heart's a coward, though my words are brave—

We meet so seldom, yet we surely part

So often; there's a problem for your art!

Still I find comfort in His book, Who saith,

Though jealousy be cruel as the grave,

And death be strong, yet love is strong as death."

CHRISTINA ROSSSETTI.

FROM the first week of her return it had been of the nature of an indulgence for Dorigen to step out from the gate of the tiny front garden, and pass along the hillside to the bottom of Monk's Close, and so down into Salthouse Garth to Than Rountree's little cottage. It was not more than two or three minutes' walk; and since it could be achieved without going down into the street it was very tempting. There was always a moment's peace at old Than's, a moment's homely care and affection, a moment's deliverance from contentious words and unseemly ways of living.

There was little change in the quaint home in Salthouse Garth. The harpoons and the krenching hooks still hung on the wall; the albatross still spread its wide wings across the top of the door. There was, alas! some change in old Than himself; his lame knee was more lame; his fine colour had faded to the paleness of age, and his grey hair had now come to be of snowy white. But even those were not such serious matters as the change which had come somewhat suddenly upon poor Miss Rountree; who went no more to St. Hild's Mount, or to the new houses upon the cliff, where her services had been in such ceaseless demand. But, to her

great satisfaction, she was not forgotten; and no greater pleasure could come to her now than a visit from one of the Miss Chancelors, or from Mrs. Joseph, or Mrs. Christopher Alatonne. It was not only that these ladies brought flowers, and grapes, and dainties of various kinds; that was a small matter; but that they should come and sit by her, and talk to her, or read to her, and "treat her quite friendly," as the poor little woman said—this was real consolation to a person of Miss Rountree's mental constitution. To know herself respected in these her later days by the people she had held in reverence from her youth was an alleviation in the hours of her greatest suffering.

Her disease was one that left her many hours of perfect freedom from pain; and then for many hours her pain was very great. There was fear that the end might come suddenly.

As a matter of course, Dorigen went more frequently to Salthouse Garth than ever—this to the perplexity of the Miss Clemminshaws, who had a fine contempt for old Than; and who had never forgotten that when they first came to Tenter's Close Miss Rountree had placed them at a distance, and kept them there by the mere severity and dignity of her manner. The little woman had seen enough to enable her to understand something of what Dorigen's days among them must be; but by tacit agreement her home life was seldom spoken of. Old Than would shake his head and sigh, and stroke Dorigen's hair as he had done twenty years before. And Miss Rountree would hold her hand caressingly, and drop little hints of some small alleviation which the future was to bring. But they did not talk in her presence of that unpeaceful life which it seemed to them she was trying to live so bravely.

Dorigen seldom went to Salthouse Garth till toward nightfall; and one evening when she went she found Miss Rountree quite excited.

"I've had a visitor to-day, my dear," she said. "A new visitor; and, oh, so nice! Try to guess who it was. I will give you three guesses."

For one moment Dorigen thought that Michael Salvain had been there; but Miss Rountree would not have spoken of him as "new." Then there came across her brain the recollection of a letter she had received a while before from St. Dunstan's.

"It was the new Rector," she said with a smile; "and his name is the Rev. Francis Thesiger; and Mrs. Thesiger is second cousin

to Lady Anna Wilderslowe, and they have half-a-dozen very merry, and very clever, and very charming daughters."

"Well now!" exclaimed old Than. "Did ever anybody hear the like o' that?"

"Oh, the world is very narrow, Uncle Than, I assure you! You only have to go about in it a very little while before you find out how narrow it is. . . . But tell me about the Rector. He is an elderly man, and very grave, is he not?"

"Well, yes, he is grave," admitted Miss Rountree. "But he can smile, and that in a very humorous way. You should have seen his face when Than told him how he came to be lame. He got him to repeat all the story of how he jumped on to the back of a fast whale, and then was sent spinning across the ice. And——"

It was a little curious that they should have been speaking of the Rector just when that interruption came. It was a knock at the door; and when old Than opened it he drew back politely.

"Come in, ma'am; come in," he said in his best English. "Yes; this is Miss Rountree's. Please come in."

The young lady who entered was younger by some two or three years than Dorigen Gower. She was tall, full in figure, and had an exquisite glow of health on lip and cheek. A typical English girl, you would have called her, with her soft rippling brown hair drawn away from a low wide forehead; and blue eyes that sparkled to the lightest word she uttered; her smile was one to be remembered if she favoured you with its full winningness.

"I'm the Rector's daughter," she said, "and papa wished me to run across with this. I don't know what it is—something in a basket. I'll take the basket back, if you please. But don't hurry; I'm not going just yet. Shall I sit here beside Miss Rountree? I'm sure this is Miss Rountree. . . . Oh, thank you very much"—this aside to Dorigen. "Thank you; but I won't take your chair."

"Dorigen can get another chair," said Miss Rountree, who was beginning to seem a little excited.

"Dorigen!—I beg pardon!" exclaimed Miss Thesiger, turning with quick surprise. "Pray pardon me! The name is so unusual; and mamma had a letter the other day from a cousin who lives near Grancester, and she told us to look up a friend of hers—Miss Gower, Dorigen Gower. Do say it's the same!"

"It is the same," said Dorigen quietly, and

with a faint flush of mingled pleasure and pain. "Lady Anna told me that she had mentioned my name to Mrs. Thesiger."

"Mentioned your name! I should think she did! There were pages and pages about you. I don't remember exactly what she said; I didn't listen much, but I heard enough to make me think you would be about the most formidable person we were likely to meet in Hild's Haven. I believe mamma herself was half afraid, though she isn't much given to fearfulness, as a rule. . . . I shall go back, and read that letter over again, and then describe you from my point of view."

"Hadn't you better wait a little before describing me?"

"Oh, no! I can tell them what I've discerned this time, and leave the rest to be added after. Lady Anna told us you were very clever, but I shan't find that out, because I'm so stupid myself. You will have the advantage of me there, you see; you can sound the depths of my ignorance. Do you dislike ignorant people?"

"Not because they are ignorant. But don't be under any mistake with regard to my attainments. 'Clever' is the last word that should be applied to me. I don't possess a single accomplishment."

"Can't you play?"

"Not a note."

"And don't you paint?—or draw?—or carve?"

"I can't do one of those things."

"What can you do?"

"I can read and write."

"Arithmetic, of course?"

"Not any arithmetic."

"Then, after all, we may be very good friends," said Miss Thesiger with evident relief. "I shall come and see you to-morrow, if I may? Do you live near Miss Rountree?"

"We live in Tenter's Close," said Dorigen, who had by no means strength of mind enough to utter the words and picture the place to herself without a feeling of something that might be termed "false" shame, though it might have been difficult to say exactly where the falseness lay.

To have been dowered with instincts that crave passionately for a seemly and orderly life with more or less of gracefulness in it, more or less of amenity, and to find yourself compelled to live on terms that preclude gratification of such instincts, is a sufficiently depressing and deteriorating thing, and renders you liable to general misconstruction as few other negations can do.

Mere poverty would have had no especial sting for Dorigen Gower; she knew that the narrowest house was wide enough for a simple and dainty refinement. It was the slatternly confusion that jarred upon her soul, the disorder of the household ways that hurt her, the low bickering that tested her patience and her strength beyond what she could well endure. And this was a cross that in these days had for her no inscription.

She could not find the use or meaning of the sting that pierced her when Gladwyn Thesiger came to see her. Miss Thesiger had to pass across the end of the kitchen where Matty was washing the dinner-plates on one table and Mrs. Gower making tea-cakes on another. Dorigen had been in her own attic-room all the morning, Thomasin and Lydia were in the tiny sitting-room altering a dress, and Lydia was standing on a chair that Thomasin might the better arrange the puffings and flouncings. It was not the dress-making that caused the sting, but the untidiness of the two girls and their surroundings. Mrs. Gower's best widow's cap, with its long gauzy strings, was lying in the middle of the table; Thomasin's hair-pins were on the little sofa, and her brush and comb on the window-sill, with a half-empty cup of tea and a pot of yellow pomade. The little looking-glass had been fastened to the casement with a string.

Gladwyn Thesiger saw it all in a single glance; she had come for the purpose of seeing and trying to understand, having made up her mind decisively before she left Miss Rountree's that previous evening that there was something about Dorigen Gower which she wished to understand. During the morning she had learnt something of Dorigen's history. Mr. Gerard, one of the three curates of Hild's Haven, had been Mr. Kenningham's curate, and he remembered how the latter rector had spoken of her. And, of course, he knew all about her father's second marriage; and he told the story of John Gower's noble sacrifice of his life for the man who had injured him, in a very effective way, so that Gladwyn came to Tenter's Close with a wider knowledge than Dorigen supposed her to possess. It might have eased her pain a little if she had known all that was in Miss Thesiger's mind.

Dorigen was not confused, but she had a pale, pained look, as if she were feeling it all too acutely for confusion. Of course, no apology or explanation could be made. Fortunately Crainie and Lyddy took instant flight, though Crainie said afterwards that

she "did wish she had stayed to be introduced."

Miss Thesiger watched them as they went without betraying any surprise; she betrayed nothing but a warm desire to be friendly. There was no touch of condescension in her manner; nay, rather was there deference, and a perfect unconsciousness of any social or other inequality.

"Not that there is no inequality," she said to Dorigen on a later day. "There is difference enough between you and me, but the superiority is not on my side, and I am well aware of it. It is a condescension on your part to make a friend of me."

To-day she did not speak quite so plainly, but the attitude of her mind was touchingly evident.

"I've read Lady Anna's letter again," she said. "I told you I should; and now I know what it was made me think you would be formidable. . . . But she doesn't appreciate your poems half enough—papa says so. He could hardly believe that one in *Wingard's Magazine* had been written by a lady. . . . But there now! I see you don't like that side of your life to be touched upon—not to your face. Have I offended you?"

"Not at all," said Dorigen, still blushing deeply, and trying to smooth the sudden contraction of pain away from her forehead. "Only I am not used to hearing my efforts spoken of."

"And you don't like it?"

"I don't know yet whether I like it or not. I think a great deal would depend upon the person speaking—probably quite as much as upon the thing spoken. A word might be like wine to one, or it might be like wormwood; and I am not speaking of praise or blame. . . . I had hoped that no one in Hild's Haven would ever know."

"They don't know. . . . I mean to spread it everywhere."

"You will not be so unkind."

"Why should it be unkindness? Why should you live in this secluded way when you might have friends everywhere? Why shouldn't you be known and appreciated among your own people? Don't you care for their appreciation?"

"More for theirs than for any other in the world. But wait, please wait."

"Let be my name, until I make my name."

I have done nothing yet, only dreamed of what I may do; and I think even my dreaming would come to an end if I felt that it was being watched and talked about. Absolute silence is the first condition of

work with me, and, I should say, with many others. I know that Goethe himself declared that he could never create anything if once he had spoken of his purpose. I can understand that perfectly. . . Besides, I have other reasons and strong ones, for wishing to remain in all possible obscurity at present. Promise me, please, that you will not betray me!"

It was quite easy to discern the strong reasons, and Gladwyn Thesiger gave the desired promise unhesitatingly.

"I must tell papa what you say," she added, "or he may be speaking of it all to some one. You can explain matters to him yourself when you see him. And that reminds me, mamma said I was to ask you to come to luncheon on Saturday. She would have written a note, but she was very busy, and we don't stand much upon ceremony at the Rectory. Say you will come!"

"Thank you, it will give me pleasure to come."

The Rectory of those days was a little outside the town, and stood on the brow of a hill half hidden by some of the finest old trees in the neighbourhood. From the windows there was a perfect view of part of the winding valley of the Esk, with the purple moorland hills beyond, darkling to the lightest cloud-shadow that passed, frowning gloomily in storm, standing with solemn serenity in calm, but never keeping quite the same aspect for three hours together.

"It is a perpetual delight to me to watch that ridge of moorland," said the Rector, placing a chair for Dorigen by the drawing-room window. He was an elderly man, with a sprinkling of white in his dark hair, a quiet look of thought and prayer on his worn face, and a most exquisitely simple courtesy of manner. There was no one in the room when Dorigen went in but himself and Mrs. Thesiger, a tall, handsome, picturesque-looking woman, with somewhat grand manners, tempered by the kindest of kind eyes, and a smile as winning as that of her eldest daughter.

"This is very good of you," she said, taking Dorigen's hand, and speaking in clear musical tones. "Especially is it good of you to come on such a windy day, when you have that terrible bridge to cross. It ought to be covered in, as the bridges are at the railway stations. But of course that would destroy even the little picturesqueness it has."

"You must show Miss Gower some of your sketches, Georgina," said Mr. Thesiger,

bringing a large portfolio from its rack. But just then the door opened, and some five or six tall girls came in with their hands full of primroses and daffodils. Gladwyn came up to Dorigen with a kiss, and Mrs. Thesiger introduced her younger daughters. They were bright, handsome, merry-looking girls, with not apparently a touch of shyness among them.

"There is a test for your memory, Miss Gower," Mrs. Thesiger said, when she had mentioned each by name, "Enid, Herta, Mavis, Thyra, Juliet."

"We should be introduced with our specialities tacked on to us," said Gladwyn. "Then people might have some chance of remembering. 'Enid, the musician of the family, the only one; Herta, the family poet; Mavis, do make haste to distinguish yourself in some way; Thyra draws, and Miss Juliet does all the flirting.'"

"No," said Juliet, who being only eleven years old, was the plaything of the family. "Oh, no, I only do the little flirtations that Gladwyn hasn't time for."

When luncheon was over Mrs. Thesiger had some very natural pride in going over the contents of her portfolio with an appreciative visitor. They were water-colour drawings, landscapes, or flowers for the most part, and on the margin of a few there were pencil notes by no less eminent a critic than Ruskin himself, who had evidently been almost as much surprised as delighted by the tender handling, the soft ethereal colouring, the fine sense of the mystery of distance, and the splendid drawing visible in some of the architectural subjects.

"*I have seen nothing so good since Turner,*" Professor Ruskin had written at the foot of a beautiful drawing of Lichfield Cathedral; and though here and there he had not hesitated to qualify his praise, the praise remained generous and gratifying. It was a very pleasant hour that was spent in looking over Mrs. Thesiger's drawings, and not unprofitable.

The visit was pleasant altogether, and seemed as if it might be the beginning of new alleviations.

"You are not to wait to be invited any more, except for special occasions," Mrs. Thesiger said kindly, when Dorigen stood on the terrace steps at the last moment. "The garden will be looking better by-and-by, and I shall be glad if you will come and see my girls as much as you can. And if you are too tired to see any of us, or not in the mood for us, come and go about the

grounds just as you please. And my husband told me to say that you were welcome to any of his books."

It was difficult to understand so much kindness and goodness coming from people who only a few days ago had been utter strangers. And there could be no doubt as to its genuineness, its perfect disinterestedness. Lady Anna's letter might have done something to secure such consideration; but it was easy to see that it had not done all. It was not mere social warmth, but human warmth that had been about her, and was about her still as she went down the avenue of leafless trees that led to the road. She could hardly remember the time when she had felt so peaceful, so hopeful, so encouraged to renew that hard fight to which she was returning. There was a certain placidness on her face, a certain contentedness when she lifted it to the face of a gentleman who was driving by somewhat rapidly.

Michael Salvain stopped instantly, and got down from his dog-cart, holding out his hand, and looking into Dorigen's eyes with some wonder.

"I was going to your house," he said, lifting out from under the seat a small covered basket. "This is from my mother, and the flowers are the first she has raised in her new greenhouse. I was to bring them to you with her love."

"Thank you, and thank her, please. But why doesn't Mrs. Salvain come to see me?" Dorigen asked with all her old half-childish simplicity of speech and manner.

"She intends to come some day soon," Michael replied. There was a great deal behind that he could not say. With all her easy-going amiability Mrs. Salvain had found it hard to forgive Dorigen quite completely. Her son might profess his content with things as they were, but he did not profess it often or loudly, and Mrs. Salvain was not deceived.

Michael could not help wondering, in the brief silence that passed, how it was with Dorigen now, and how much longer she must stay in Tenter's Close before Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe came to take her to some more fitting home. He could not ask the question, but he saw that even as she stood there a swift change came over that pleased, placid look which had been on her face but a minute ago. Indeed it hardly seemed the same face, so touched with care, with anxiety did it appear to be now. It was pain to him, keen pain, that he could

not get behind either the one mood or the other.

He ought to have turned and gone on his way, but it was difficult to do that, as difficult as it was to connect her in his own mind with that newer and happier life which he had been led to believe was awaiting her in the future. It was strange how persistently his imagination refused to realise her happiness.

He could not imagine her life in Tenter's Close with the Miss Cleminshaws; but neither could he for a moment see her as the wife of the man who had been so cleverly described to him by Ermengarde Fairfax. Even as he stood there he sighed for very perplexity.

He broke presently from the reverie which had held him.

"I am very rude," he said. "But you will understand that meeting you, seeing you look less—less happy than I had hoped, has made me thoughtful for you, and you will not forget me if there is aught that I can do!"

"No; I will not forget. . . . I have been feeling afraid that some estrangement might grow up between us."

"And you do not wish that?"

"Assuredly I do not wish it. . . . Let me speak even more plainly: I have other friends, new friends and old; but always when I think of that human happiness which I hope to find in friendship, I think first of you."

Michael Salvain was a strong man, and his strength had been tried in various ways of late, but it had not been strained more than it was at this moment. There was a sudden pallor on his face, an uncontrollable quivering about his mouth as he raised his hat, and gathered up his reins again. Dorigen was left standing by the roadside overcome by the contention of the feelings that were at war within her heart. The one emotion that was victorious was a passionate yearning for the love of Michael Salvain.

CHAPTER XLVL—"EYES LOOKING UPWARD THAT FAIL."

"Day and night
I worked my rhythmic thought, and furrowed up
Both watch and slumber with long lines of life
Which did not suit their reason. The rose fell
From either cheek, my eyes globed luminous
Through orbits of blue shadow, and my pulse
Would shudder along the purple, veined wrist,
Like a shot bird."

Mrs. BROWNING.

THE spring passed on into summer; a hot, dry, pleasant summer. Hild's Haven shook off its wintry deadness; the usual stream of visitors poured into the place; and among

them came an old college-friend of the Rector's, Mr. Harvey Taunton. One hot August afternoon the two men walked up and down by the edge of the cliff, and talked, or were silent, just as their mood was. Their friendship was deep enough for that.

Harvey Taunton was a well-known man in that world of letters through which there is no beaten path but that which each one wears for himself. Mr. Taunton had made his way after years of sore fighting—fighting with poverty, with obscurity, with an indifferent public, with reluctant editors and publishers. He had written dramas, histories, poems, essays, novels, criticisms—in fact his efforts had been made in directions almost as varied as those of Lord Lytton himself. But he had finally come to know that history was his true vocation; and for some years past the world had heartily recognised his talent, and his fitness for the especial work to which he had devoted himself, with such earnest endurance of its pains and its labours.

He was over fifty years of age now; but he looked at least ten years older than he was. His scant grey hair, his worn face, his premature stoop told all too plainly of that fierce fight through which he had passed on his way to distinction.

He had a book in his hand, a tiny volume of poems bound in grey-green cloth; and as he sauntered with Mr. Thesiger round by the cliff-top ways that led to the Rectory, he spoke of the little volume and its reception. He had heard of the book before leaving London, but he had not yet seen the author. He was to see her to-day; she was coming to the Rectory gardens for a cup of five-o'clock tea.

Another friend of hers, a gentleman who was staying at the Victoria Hotel on the Cliff, had also promised to come for tea and tennis. The Miss Thesigers had pronounced Mr. Lancelot Wilderslowe to be the best tennis-player they had ever encountered.

He had only been a few days at Hild's Haven; and Hild's Haven being a place to which everybody came there was no need for him to give special reasons for his coming; if even there had been any one to require special reasons from him. The Rector had called upon him the very day after his name appeared in the list of visitors; and, for Lady Anna's sake, Mrs. Thesiger had received him warmly at the Rectory.

The Miss Thesigers were none of them behind their mother in the cordiality with which they came quickly to greet a young

man who played tennis so well; and who looked so charming in his somewhat elaborate flannel costume. Before that August week was over Lancelot was quite as much at home on the lawn at the Rectory, as on the lawn at St. Dunstan's; and he pronounced the former to be inexpressibly the pleasanter place.

He was there, lying lazily under a copper-beech tree, and being waited upon by the willing and admiring Juliet. The others were sitting near; Mrs. Thesiger was drawing under the verandah; the Rector and Mr. Taunton were now sauntering up and down under the shade of the trees in the avenue.

"You agree with me then?" the Rector had said, when the small grey-green volume was returned to him. "You agree with me that the poems have promise in them?"

Harvey Taunton hesitated a moment, as his way was; and his manner of speaking hardly agreed with the generosity of his words.

"There is more than mere promise," he said brusquely. "Had I come across the book without knowing anything of it, I should never have judged it to be by a 'prentice hand."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Mr. Thesiger heartily; "I am very glad. I wanted to interest you in Miss Gower; to ask you to help her if you can, in any way."

"Help her!" said Mr. Taunton. "That would be difficult now that she has got her poems written, published, reviewed, and apparently fairly floated on the surface of the reading world, nay, below the mere surface, without help from any one. I think it wonderful, the way in which she has scored her first run off her own bat. . . . If I help her at all it will be by advice which she will certainly not follow unless fate drive her to it. But we shall see. . . . You tell me she is not rich?"

There was a slight shadow upon the Rector's face as he replied.

"I fear she is poorer than we know," he said. "That is my one reason for wishing to do something to make the book a pecuniary success, if possible."

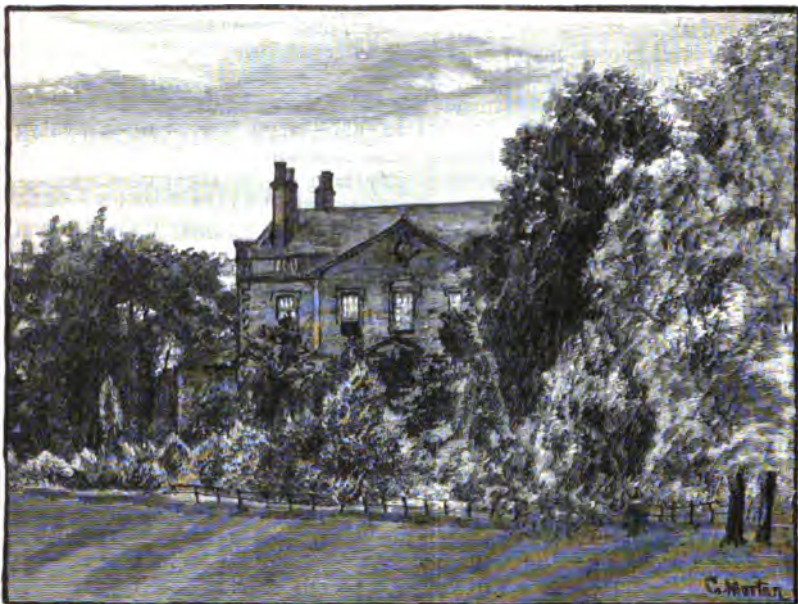
Mr. Taunton smiled. "How impossible it is, I fear I could hardly make you believe," he said. "She will be fortunate indeed if she is not considerably out of pocket."

"And yet you say the poems are good?"

"They are very good. There are faults in them, of course, technical and other; but they have that true poetic quality which one writer will name individuality, another

sentiment, while a third will attribute the charm to some virtue of style. To my thinking her secret lies in her moods, the mood in

The two men went on talking a little while; Gladwyn and Juliet went on trying to amuse Mr. Wilderslowe; Mrs. Theaiger



"The Rectory."

which a poem has been written being certainly communicated to the reader if the expression be forcible enough, and felicitous enough to convey it. To me that is the most striking difference between the two great poets of the time, Tennyson and Browning.

"Browning is the greater, greater far as a thinker; and has more of the poet's true force and fire.

"But I am constrained to admit, half against my will, that Tennyson has in a greater degree the power of entering into a certain finely poetic mood, and taking you into it with him. And he can do it in marvellously little space. Take that brief poem, 'St. Agnes' Eve,' as an instance of what I mean. Nothing can be simpler; there is no straining after effort; and yet how completely one is carried into the atmosphere of that convent where the dying girl is laid! You see the very shadow with its sharp slant-line creeping over the snow that is upon the roof; you feel the chill of the frosty moonlit and starlit night; and then you enter; and if you never felt before what the ecstasy of a dying saint might be you feel it now, pure, intelligible, spiritual ecstasy. And all that is done in thirty-six brief lines."

went on drawing, wondering that Dorigen should be a little late; while Dorigen herself was hurrying up the lane, sorry to be behind the time; but sorrier far to leave old Than, whom she had stayed to comfort a little on her way. He was alone now, and very lonely, since his cousin Leenock had gone away so

suddenly one night in the spring; and Dorigen feared much that his mind might fail him because of this drear loneliness.

"I would have come to live with you, Uncle Than, if I might," she said, "but my place is with,—with them; and I must not leave it."

And the old man only shook his head and wept. "It's no place nohow for her," he said to himself when she had gone. "She looks thinner and whiter every day; and that Crainie Cleminshaw gets fatter and fatter. . . . Eh, but it is a mystery! It is a mystery how they live at all!"

Old Than was right; it was indeed mysterious; and no one knew this better than Dorigen herself. True, the rent of the house was very low, twice over a magazine poem written between dark and dawn had brought enough to satisfy the landlord when the quarter-day came. But this was one of the least of the household expenses. Food of a certain kind had not yet been actually wanting; and as for dress, Dorigen had brought enough with her from St. Dunstan's to have served her for years in Tenter's Close. But even now her drawers were being fast emptied. Hardly a week went by but some gown or cloak or hat was remodelled and made over to Lyddy and Crainie; and for a

time each gift was as a peace-offering, and made life easier. And yet she could not but perceive that her gifts were not sufficient to enable the girls to dress as they did dress; and she could only conjecture that certain articles of adornment had been purchased out of the too-small sums which she set aside for the general housekeeping. The mere idea of girls like those getting dress on credit never occurred to her for a moment.

These were small matters, and would not have been worth a thought but for the increasing fear she had that her money would not hold out till her longer poem was done; or until the small volume but just published should have brought her some return. And the "Idyll" was not going on rapidly.

It was impossible that such a work should go on with any regularity even under the best circumstances; and it could not but seem to Dorigen that her attempt was being made under the worst.

The low, petty cares, the ceaseless jarring distractions broke in upon many a mood that might have been productive; and this disappointment added to the other trials could not but affect her strength, and that grievously; but with failing strength came failing hope, for she knew that these things must tell disastrously upon such power as she had; upon that lightness of touch for which she had been praised; and upon every effort of her imagination. She had thought herself prepared

for all these things; but she saw every day how little prepared she had been. And though her whole soul was yet set sternly toward that spirit of endurance for which she had prayed and striven, there were times

when it seemed but too surely as if her spirit must fail. She might only save herself from failure by keeping that idea of perfect sacrifice for ever in her heart.

She knew of course now that she was on her way to meet a man whose name was just then on everybody's lips; a man who had fought much the same battle as she herself was fighting, and had won at length. She could not fail to have some curiosity mingled with her inevitable trepidations.

Lancelot Wilderslowe she had seen half-a-dozen times during the past week; seeing him always in Tenter's Close, and usually in the presence of the Miss Clemminshaws; a remembrance sufficient to account for the shadow of pain that crossed her forehead as he greeted her this afternoon.

The pain was still there when the Rector came up by the path under the elms with Mr. Harvey Taunton, and Mr. Taunton

saw that and many other things in that first long, keen, unsmiling look of his. He did not offer his hand until he had ended that inquiring gaze; then he shook Dorigen's hand cordially.

"I've been hearing of you from Mr. The-siger," he said in his brusque way, and in his usual low and peculiar voice, the tone of which gave you an instant impression of querulousness and dissatisfaction. But for that grasp of the hand Dorigen had felt sure beforehand of adverse opinions. "I've been

hearing of you," he said. "And I have read your volume of poems. . . . But now come in here—into the study for a few moments—and tell me some things I want to know. Who introduced you to your publisher?"



"Looking over Mrs. The-siger's drawings."

"No one . . . I sent the poems, and they agreed to publish them."

"Some of them had appeared in magazines?"

"Yes."

"And what sort of bargain did you make?"

"I did not make any—it was impossible. I knew nothing of business matters. I was compelled to leave the terms to them."

"Very naturally. And how much are you to pay?"

Dorigen could only smile; and the usual blush came with the smile.

"I am not to pay anything," she said.

"I am expecting they will pay me. . . . They are to give me a certain sum when a thousand copies are sold."

"A thousand copies!" exclaimed Mr. Taunton. Then he laughed a long low laugh of exceeding amusement. "I suppose you don't know that three hundred would be a very fair beginning for you?" he said. "But, however, you have nothing to complain of. The book is well got up, and it is thoroughly advertised. Have you seen any critiques yet?"

"Yes," was the reply, made with a quick flush of pleasure. "Messrs. Mortimer sent me half-a-dozen this morning."

"Leading reviews any of them?"

"Yes," she said, going on to name three or four publications, each of which was an authority to be deferred to with respect.

"And what do they say?"

Dorigen hesitated. "I will send them to you if you would care to see them," she replied. "They are very generous. Even when there is fault-finding it is fair, and kindly, and done altogether without animus. There is not a word in them all that gives me any real pain; though there are many words that give me pleasure. The publishers say that they consider the book already a *literary* success."

"Are you acquainted with any literary people—people who could make interest with reviewers?"

"Not one. I believe Mr. Wilderslowe writes; but he does not publish what he writes."

"Doesn't he? . . . I see! . . . It is rather vulgar to publish one's work. . . . But now with regard to your future. Mr. Thesiger has asked me to give you such help or advice as I may; and I need hardly say that I shall be glad to do anything I can. If experience entitles me to speak, I have had experience. I have been writing for

nearly four-and-thirty years. In the first eleven years my earnings averaged exactly two pounds seven shillings and fourpence per annum. I do not mind telling you that there is no depth of want, no bitterness and humiliation of poverty that I have not known. But I would have died fighting rather than have yielded. And it is because I perceive in you something of the same spirit that I tell you for your enlightenment, that from fifteen to twenty years is the usual term of probation for poets in England, and for some prose writers. . . . You are not a strong man, you are a frail-looking girl. And pardon the question, how are you to live for twenty years? or for ten?"

Dorigen sat silently looking out of the window with some fears in her heart. What was coming next?

"You say the reviewers have been generous," Mr. Taunton resumed. "I should say that more likely they have done you justice, and I am glad that this has happened to you in the beginning. It does not always happen. If you go on you will not escape injustice; but if your work be deserving, rest assured that for one unjust or venomous attack there will be ten critics eager and ready to see the best in you. Your own brief experience proves their disinterestedness. And yet—yet I fear greatly that this experience will mislead you. I know you must be thinking that now you have made so fair a start, your worst difficulties are over; but believe me—for your own sake, believe me, they are but beginning. I acknowledge fully the value of the work you have done; I may even say that it surprised me repeatedly. It is not the work of a beginner. Your poems have a certain simple grace; a certain restrained strength, and there is in them a sense of natural beauty which is most refreshing. And your utterance is eminently sincere, and being sincere it is inevitably original. All that I have read is stamped with originality; and yet I must warn you; yet I must say things that will make me seem harsh and uncomprehending. If I am to give you my best, most honest advice unhesitatingly, I must say this hard saying, *do not write another poem.*"

Again Dorigen made no reply, unless the look on her face were taken for reply. It was the look of one who has received an unexpected blow from a friend, and means to take it quietly. Still there was more behind; and Mr. Taunton saw something of what was there.

"Understand me," he went on again.

"We work that we may live; but we must live first that we may work. If you had standing ground for a few years, I would never try to turn you from what is most evidently your true vocation; but since you have not, why should you not so use the talent that is in you that it may make you ground to stand on by the way. In other words, why should you not write your poems in prose?"

There was a pause, a look of surprise not altogether free from scorn, and then a sudden recovery.

"I would rather fail as a poet than succeed as a novelist," was the reply; but even as the words left her lips she remembered that her failure would not affect herself alone.

"I can understand that that should be your feeling," Mr. Taunton answered. "But remember it has been said, and truly, that 'The Novel at its highest is a Prose Epic'; and apart from the mere rhyme there is hardly a single quality of good poetry which you do not find in really good prose. There is the same care, not merely in the choice of words and phrases, but in the cadence of each sentence; and in the best writing there is always something of the same music and melody which many suppose to belong to poetry alone. And if you look, as I am sure you do, at the good to be done by means of literature—you will perceive that you may reach a far wider audience as a writer of fiction, than you would be likely to do as a poet—that is for some time to come. These considerations alone might influence you, if there were no others."

"It is very kind of you to care so much," Dorigen said with sad earnestness. "And I thank you; but as to writing novels I do not think I *could* write one, not if I tried ever so seriously."

"That is not a bad feeling to begin with," replied Mr. Taunton. "And indeed novel-writing is not quite the easy art it may seem to some to be. No; it is not easy to decide upon a worthy yet unhackneyed *motif*, to invent an original plot by means of which to develop that *motif*, to conceive the chain of circumstances by which you may unfold your central idea, page by page, through three whole volumes. To take care that your incidents shall be sufficiently numerous, sufficiently natural; to conceive a variety of characters strongly in your own individual mind; and to develop these same characters stroke by stroke without seeming effort, these things are not easy. And they are not

all that is required. You must have a fair setting for your characters, and an acquaintance with Nature sufficiently intimate to enable you to describe your scenes with the freshness and new beauty which can only come from your own personal and close observation; and you must be able to do this with clear rapid touches that will not weary. And all these things will fail to charm if you have not the charm of a pure, original, distinctive style. Style alone will not carry you far, not so far as it is said to do, since so few ordinary readers are sensitive to it; indeed no single or separate quality will make a good novel. You may think I am trying to deter you; on the contrary, I perceive that the mere pressure of great difficulty will be very likely to stimulate you to enter upon the wiser way I would have you take. Not that I suppose that even then your life would be too smooth for you. Life is never smooth for the beginner in literature who is dependent upon his own efforts.

"Later you will perhaps find such smoothness as may come from 'purple and fine linen,' and bank-notes. I only hope you will find it before your life has lost its flavour; and has nothing left but the flavour of bitterness.

"That is the saddest part of it all.

"For myself, I cannot but remember that I had the same talent, or perhaps even more, when the world neglected me, when some in it insulted and stung me; and I cannot but perceive that I am popular now, not so much because I am a successful author, as because my success has been a pecuniary one. I regret, much, that I have permitted the world to discern this later fact.

"Do you think that if Milton himself were alive, and had written 'Paradise Lost' for the last publishing season, and it were known that he had received £10 for it, that he would have dinner engagements three weeks deep, because of his eminence as a poet?"

"No; you will certainly find that your work itself will be more of a reward to you than aught else that it will bring. And I do not mean the completed work, but the act of working.

"The best a literary career in these days can bring you will be a few warm friends, who may learn to care more for you yourself than for anything you have done or may do.

"That is the highest reward of literature. I trust you will find it, and prove the value of it, as I have done; as I am doing now. The world has nothing so good as a good friend."

There was a sound of swift footsteps flying along the terrace; Gladwyn's cheery voice crying, "Where are you? Where are you?" coming nearer all the while.

"Oh, there you are!" she said at last, standing by the open window of the study. "Don't you want any tea, good people? Why, how solemn you look! What has happened, Dorna, dear?"

"Nothing has happened; and I want the very best cup of tea you can give me!" Dorigen said, smiling, and looking very pale. She had a strange feeling as if life had been made to stand out in some new cold light that it would not bear. All the afternoon this feeling clung to her; and held her in a strange restraint and bewilderment. Lancelot Wilderslowe could not but wonder what might have passed during that brief interview in the study.

"I think I shall be glad when Mr. Taunton leaves Hild's Haven," he said, as they went up the shabby dusty little lane to Tenter's Close. "I am going to leave it myself for a few hours to-morrow."

"You are going to Thorsgrif?" Dorigen said, brightening suddenly. She remembered that Mrs. Fairfax and Lancelot had been good friends; and she had wondered before that he had not made an effort to see her. "Give my love to Mrs. and Miss Salvain, and my kind regards to Mrs. Fairfax."

"Isn't Mr. Salvain a friend of yours?"

"He is the oldest friend I have . . . But I don't send messages to him."

CHAPTER XLVII.—"AY ME, THE BITTERNESS OF SUCH REVOLT!"

"More leaden than the actual self of lead,
Outer and inner darkness weighed on me.
The tide of anger ebbed. Then fierce and free
Swayed full above my head
The moaning tide of helpless misery."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE way that Lancelot went was not quite the self-same way as that by which Dorigen had gone in the old gig so many years before. He preferred to find for himself a path by farm and field nearer the edge of the cliff; and his horse being one that liked rather to walk through a hedge than to take it in more orthodox fashion, more than once he found himself in a difficulty. Still he was repaid. He did not forget that ride by the rugged cliff edge to Thorsgrif.

It was a grey day, and somewhat chill for August. The clouds were broken into shapeless swiftly-changing masses; rays of silver light gleamed through between fitfully; falling now upon the wide, grey, dreamy-looking sea; now upon the bare desolate rocks, which

had such strange, and rude, and unintelligible form; and now again upon the green upland pastures that rose upon the left, and spread and widened with hardly a tree visible anywhere, except about the hill-top village of Thrieplands. Lancelot rode through the fields below the village; the sleepy cattle lifted their heads for a moment to stare at him as he passed; the long grasses hardly stirred in the light air that came from the sea; the swallows were skimming close to the ground; not breaking that wonderful stillness that was upon the land everywhere.

He stopped for a moment close to the edge of the cliff at Thorsgrif to look down upon the busy scene below. The smoke was coming up out of the tall chimney; the white sulphurous vapour of the burning mine seemed half to hide the men and boys, who were at work among the sheds, and the great piles of alum shale. Beyond, on the ledge of dark grey rock there were groups of children at cottage doors, women were spreading clothes to dry upon the small dark bracken that here and there filled the sloping hollows of the cliff. A few sheep crept about on inaccessible points above. Below all there was ever that grey, placid, fitfully shining sea.

"This is the way to Mr. Salvain's house, I think?" Lancelot asked of an old man as he left the cliff-top hamlet.

"Ay, ay, you're reight, sir!" said the man. "Follow them feätins,* and ya'll seän be there."

And in truth he was there very soon, riding over the grass-grown terrace to the door, startling Mrs. Salvain from her afternoon sleep, and half-alarming poor Joanna, to whom the sight of strangers was never welcome. Still, she was courteous in her shy, sad way, and Mrs. Salvain grew quite nervous in her distress that Mr. Wilderslowe should have come on the very day when her niece had gone over to Hild's Haven, hoping to see him.

"She saw your name in the list of visitors on Saturday, and this morning she had a letter from St. Dunstan's, and she could not rest without making some effort to see you; so Enoch drove her over this morning. She had some shopping to do, and I am afraid she will not get back very early. But you will have a cup of tea or a glass of wine! Oh, please don't say no, and I will send for Michael. Since you are a friend of Ermen-garde's, I should like you to see my son. . . . You will have heard that—that they are about to be married?" the old lady added with a

* Feätins = foot-marks.

little break in her voice. "It is not to be for a little while yet, though."

It was perhaps fortunate for Lancelot that just then Mr. Salvain came up by the road through the copse, being on his way from Hunswyke. Naturally Michael had a moment of surprise. He had not expected that the affianced husband of Dorigen Gower would come to his house alone, and uninvited. There was no reason why he should not; and yet Michael required a moment or two for perfect reconciliation to the idea.

They talked, as was natural, of indifferent things for the first few moments. Mrs. Salvain had gone to help Rizpah to prepare some tea. Joanna was changing Zaré's pinafore for a tidier one, and Valerie was brushing her pretty hair before coming down to see Mr. Wilderslowe. For the moment Michael Salvain and Lancelot were alone.

"I think you said you had been to Hunswyke?" Lance was saying. "Is that the curious-looking collection of houses which appears to be stuck on to the face of the cliff?"

"Yes," Michael replied. "You can see it better from the end of the terrace."

And then the two men went out, and stood talking for a little while in the soft, sunless afternoon. The sea was rippling slowly up the sands, breaking with far, dull echoes. A few gulls were chuckling above the dark crown of the opposite cliff, rising and falling on wide white wing. By-and-by there came a brief silence between the two.

It was broken by Michael Salvain, who turned his strong rugged face to the younger man with a look of infinite pain written there.

"We are strangers to each other," he said, speaking in a manner that seemed to Lancelot a little old-fashioned, "yet I cannot let pass the opportunity of congratulating you. In winning Miss Gower's affection you have won such a prize as does not fall to the lot of every man."

Lancelot paused a moment, seeming surprised.

"If I could only be sure that I had won it, or even that I was likely to win it, I should be very happy to accept your congratulation," he replied, not without some natural confusion. Then he added, with something that was almost tremulousness in his voice, "Would you mind telling me what makes you speak so certainly—that is, if you *can* tell me. Of course I do not ask you for one moment to betray any confidence of hers."

Lancelot did not then understand that long and intense-seeming silence; he did not then understand that strange change which passed upon Michael Salvain's face, making him seem older and greyer, and giving him the look of one who has but just come through some terrible illness, and does not yet see the end.

How should he understand? For a time Michael Salvain himself understood nothing.

As soon as the power was his he went over in his own mind that first meeting after Dorigen's return from St. Dunstan's. He remembered every detail, every word, with exactness. He had suffered then, he suffered now, and an almost maddening bewilderment was added to his suffering.

And yet he began to see—slowly yet surely, as he stood there—he began to see how Dorigen had discerned the treacherousness—he could call it by no milder name just then—the treacherousness of the woman who was to be his wife, and had attained that prospect by guile and subterfuge.

Dorigen had discerned it, but not till after he had declared himself bound to the frail and insidious and disingenuous woman by a tie only not the most sacred that can exist. Dorigen had discerned the lie, and, discerning, had resolved to cover it. And now disclosure had come, as sooner or later it was sure to come.

Was it *too* late?

This was the only question that remained to be considered, and he could not consider it there with a guest by his side to be entertained for the hour—this strange and overwhelming hour! What a passionate yearning he had to be alone!

His emotion had so overpowered him that he had made no answer to Lancelot's last plea; now he recollected himself, and made what answer he could.

"I have no special knowledge of Miss Gower's feelings or intentions," he said, speaking with effort. "I had understood that the engagement between her and yourself was a settled thing. . . . Forgive the mistake!"

"It is easily forgiven," said Lance; "the more easily since I hope it is prophetic. I shall not leave Hild's Haven without making another effort. I came for the purpose of making it." Then, with a touch of that friendliness which always came so easily to him, he added with seeming carelessness, yet with real earnestness, "Wish me good speed!"

"That I *cannot* do!" said Michael Salvain with a sudden fevered haste and intensity in his tone. "I cannot do that—not now. It is impossible. Forgive me if I seem to be in a cruel mood. My cruelty will make no difference to you."

"Perhaps not; perhaps nothing will make any difference," said Lancelot, feeling as if it were a little hard to have to stand outside complications, which, whatever the nature of them, were most evidently of some importance to him. For once Fate was using him rather hardly.

He put it all away to be thought over afterward; the sudden pain and confusion that Michael Salvain had betrayed; the fear that had entered his own heart, explaining all his previous disappointment. He could not disentangle these things, now that Zaré was there, putting up her little face to be kissed, and Valerie was dancing a pirouette on the terrace for very gladness. Lancelot had made much of the children during the time that their mother's sorrow was greatest, and children seldom forget.

"Come and see my darden," Valerie said.

"And I dot a darden too," said Zaré, adding, with a glance at Michael, which was curiously like her mother's glance, "and we dot a new father; *dis* our father now!" And then she put one of her tiny hands into Michael's and the other into Lancelot's, and drew the two men away over the terrace to where her tiny bed of pinks and pansies were doing their best under a system of too active interference. The child did not dream that her baby words were very swords in the heart of one of the two who obeyed her imperious little will. These same words came back with strange force upon Michael Salvain when he sat alone in his own room that night when the house was still.

It *was* too late—all too late—this flash of light upon the thing he had done.

The more deeply he thought the more deeply he felt the strength of the chains he himself had forged.

For awhile, before he thought at all, he had had the feeling that he was free.

Surely a tie like this could not be binding, even to the most sensitive conscience! He had entered into it because he had been made to believe an untruth—made wilfully and with design to believe an untruth. And he had been honest enough himself. Ermengarde had known of his lost hope, his spoiled life. He had only offered her his name, his care, his kindness, his protection, and he had done even this in a moment of com-

passion, a compassion to which he had been moved by the tears of a widow and the words of a fatherless child. Surely, surely that mistake might be undone!

Once as he sat there he blamed Dorigen, and not lightly, for having lent herself even for a moment to the deception another had used. She had done it generously, this he knew, and she had spoken no false word. She had but kept silence, a silence which had perhaps cost her more than he might ever dream. He dared not think of that; he would not, and by-and-by his blame changed to sorrow. Her silence had done nothing, altered nothing. He had been as much bound before it as afterward. Any speech of hers would not have availed for his release.

That was a sore and sorrowful night for him. He perceived now why Ermine had been so anxious to go to Hild's Haven, to spare Mr. Wilderslowe the trouble of coming to Thorsgrif, and he understood also why it was that she had tried to find always some reason for preventing his mother from going to Tenter's Close. He himself had hardly seconded Mrs. Salvain's wish that Dorigen might be asked to spend a few days at Thorsgrif. He could not well have borne to see her there, passing in and out of the old rooms in the old way, flitting about the terrace in the twilight, or wandering up and down on the sands, through the fir-copse, by all the old ways where she had been used to wander so long ago. It was really long now, and yet it seemed as if it had all been but yesterday. That was the worst of his sorrow, that the joy which had been before could not be forgotten, or lie still. It would never again lie still.

He had not seen Ermengarde on her return from Hild's Haven. As soon as Lancelot had gone Michael had started off at once for the works, and had remained in his office there till near midnight so as to free himself for at least that night from the need for acting a distasteful part. Now that he was in his own room at his own home, he knew that he must act a part for evermore.

There was no escape. He was bound in all honour. The manhood within him might be torn two ways, so sorely torn as to leave him hardly strength enough for a right decision. But he must decide; and he must decide now. At any cost to himself he must decide to keep that promise.

The compassion that was in him also helped him to prevail. He believed certainly that such love as Ermengarde had to give was his.

She had been tender in her ways to him, and she had shown him deference as well as affection. There had been times when at least reconciliation with his fate had seemed possible, with enough of peace and trust for the satisfaction of the years that remained to him. Now he knew that he would be reconciled no more. Below every hour of his life there would be this bitter knowledge.

But he would keep the knowledge to himself. There should be no scene, no reproach.

Ermengarde would not question him; this he knew. She would have her fears, her suspicions, since she had become aware of Lancelot Wilderslowe's visit to Thorsgrif. But she was too wise a woman to run any risk she might avoid. She was not at all likely to make any opening for a quarrel.

Still he sat there in the low dull room. The lamp burned dimly on through the night, and by-and-by the crowing of the cock gave notice of the coming day. He had fought his fight. It had wearied him as no physical fatigue could have done. For very exhaustion he did not move to seek complete rest.

And he had, too, the knowledge that his thoughts must no more be as they had been to-night. He must never again think with yearning, with wild, passionate yearning, of the woman he had loved and lost. She might perhaps never be another's—he had certainly the feeling that she would never be the wife of the man he had met to-day. And now he understood that strange feeling as of a barrier between Dorigen Gower and the life he had been made to believe was awaiting her. Still, all the same, there was, and must now for ever be, a perfect separation between his soul and hers, so far as concerned that full and complete love which is the highest end and attainment of human emotion. From to-night, even in thought, she must be to him but the friend he would try with all possible earnestness to be to her.

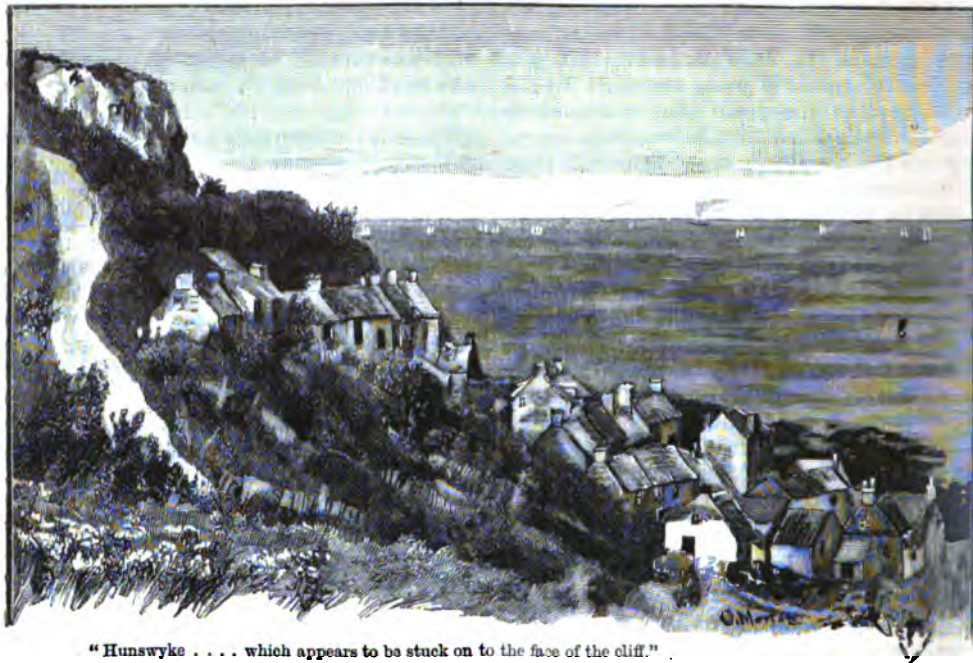
And now more certainly than ever he knew that she must need all such aid as friendship could give. What was she doing—planning, thinking? How was she enduring? What was she hoping? He knew nothing certainly of the new career she had entered upon. That old belief and expectancy was not dead within him, nay, it was at the root of much of the misery he had in thinking of her. For had it not been a certain sense of his own inadequateness, his own inability to be to her a true guide and helpmeet in such ways as he had believed she would be drawn to walk in, which had held him back from full endeavour to secure for himself the hap-

piness his soul had demanded? And now it might easily be that the consequences of his mistake were not falling upon himself alone.

It was terrible to think of her there in Tenter's Close without help or sympathy, or understanding, and in all probability bewildered to distraction by the very weight and strangeness of the burdens she must certainly be bearing there. And he knew well that she would not be enduring aimlessly, supinely, without effort in the present, and outlook for the future. It was not in her to do that. And the things that she had it in her to do might be utterly impracticable in such adverse environment. The more he thought of it, the more certainly he perceived that he must not permit himself to remain in such unhelpful ignorance, not at least without making some effort to acquire knowledge. He might go down into Tenter's Close now, and he might speak there as only a true friend, who might never be either more or less than friend, could speak. He could yet thank Heaven for the good that was left to him.

It was not wonderful that he knew nothing of the attempt that Dorigen was making. No one in Hild's Haven knew, or even suspected, save the inmates of the Rectory, and they had scrupulously obeyed her desire for obscurity. A curious desire it was, for with the strong and natural wish to remain personally unknown was mingled the equally strong and equally natural wish that the work of her brain might have the widest publicity possible; and yet even here she would have made reservations. It was this latter instinct, and this alone, which had prevented her from revealing aught of this travail of her inmost soul to Michael Salvain. It was far too strongly touched and tintured with her saddest and most secret sorrow to permit of her betraying it voluntarily to him. He would be able to read not only all that she had written, but by the light of that, all that she had left unwritten; and this she could not yet contemplate with any calmness. If he came to know of it later she might care less. There is often a merciful vagueness about what is to happen in the future.

The resolution which Michael made to go down into Tenter's Close was not the only resolution he made that night. The flame of suffering burnt on so fiercely within him that he was strengthened to determine to put an end at once to all opportunities for irresolution. Irresolution could only end in pain or wrong. He would have none of it now. His marriage with his cousin Ermen-



"Hunswyke . . . which appears to be stuck on to the face of the cliff."

garde should take place immediately. He would have no difficulty in persuading her to this ; and it would be better—better for every one concerned. There was neither haste nor anger in him when he came to this decision ; but neither was there that emotion that there should have been in his heart.

So it happened that at the very beginning of the next month there was what certain ladies of Hild's Haven termed "a very pretty wedding" in the ancient church on the eastern cliff.

It was Ermengarde's wish that it should take place there rather than at Oswaldthorpe. And although, being a widow, she had no bridesmaids, she yet had attendant friends enough to almost fill the quaint old chancel with bright colour, eminent respectability, and almost boundless wonder and curiosity.

It was told afterward that Mrs. Fairfax passed to the altar with the carriage and dignity of a queen ; and the lady who dared to suggest "a stage queen" was rightly condemned for her uncharitable saying. In all truth, Ermengarde acquitted herself with nothing less than distinction ; and her stately mien and bearing set off her really great beauty almost as much as did her costly and carefully-chosen dress of pearl-white satin and lace. It was no wonder that

some there half-pitied her. For though it was admitted that Mr. Salvain was a fine-looking man, and not without some visible evidences of race, yet it could not be forgotten that he was a maker of alum, and that his wife was in all probability doomed to live out her days in the hollow beyond Thorsgrif.

Was Ermengarde herself conscious of any pang ? Was it possible that the old ambition which had slept so quietly in the house by the sea, should awaken within her as she heard the murmur of admiration which accompanied her passage through the churchyard from the vestry door to the waiting carriages ?

It was well, perhaps, that the pealing bells drowned the question that was in her heart before it fairly formed itself in words.

They went on pealing ; and Dorigen Gower, sitting in her narrow attic in Tenter's Close, heard them, and made no sign. All day she heard them bursting out afresh at intervals, ringing out joy and hope and gladness across the mild September sunshine ; all day she sat alone there. And not on that day could she turn her living sorrow into living song. It is in the fire of long-sufferance that the events of life are fused, and made fit for the poet's uses.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—AFTERWARD.

"The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

INEVITABLY there came the time and the opportunity for suffering long and being kind; and the suffering was keener and more varied than any might dream.

Lancelot Wilderslowe was not slow to perceive the nature of some of the pains and sorrows the woman he loved was called upon to endure. He had not clearly understood the meaning of the things he had heard on the terrace at Thorsgrif; but now that Michael Salvain was actually married, and absent on his wedding tour, it was evident that he had nothing to fear there. But it was not difficult for any frequenter of the house in Tenter's Close to discern that there might be many causes for the wanner and thinner look on Dorigen's face without seeking for a reason in disappointed affection.

Of course Lancelot knew from Lady Anna of Dorigen's efforts, and comparative successes, in the world of letters; almost he envied her the ease and facility with which she had invested her assumed name with a certain deference and expectancy; but he also knew that her success was purely of a literary nature; and it did not need acute perception to enable him to divine that a more mercenary success had been—in a certain sense—more satisfactory. He supposed, naturally enough, that the bare means of living and waiting were hers. If he had known the truth it may be that not only had his hope been bolder, but that his persistency had been such as to preclude all possibility of ultimate denial. He knew that many a woman has been won all against her will, and has lived to bless the day of her reluctant yielding.

But he might not even guess the depth and bitterness of the gulf into which Dorigen was fast descending, and, alas! with so little strength to bear such a descent. Slowly, day by day—it might almost be said post by post—her hope of immediate return for her labour was failing, and finally, in answer to an inquiry of hers, there came a polite letter from her publisher which crushed even the little hope that was left to her.

It was not a desponding letter—quite the reverse. "Her volume of poems had proved to be a decided literary success," but again it was repeated, "not a commercial success." That would doubtless come later, it was added. An excellent beginning had been

accomplished. Messrs. Mortimer begged sincerely to congratulate the author of "Songs from the Northern Sea" on attaining such a position at a single bound.

But alas! alas! with a Crainie Clemenishaw in the background clamouring for a new outfit—a Lydia on the verge of marriage with "a gentleman," and demanding a trousseau, what was to be made of such shadowy congratulations? How look upon them, or classify them, or see the human meaning they might have for the woman pre-doomed to expression by such modes as the writer of to-day must use or forego? It is a canon of modern literary criticism, an unwritten one it may be, and not an unwise one, that no account shall be taken of the circumstances under which the work criticised has been produced.

Afterward, not only shall allusion be made, but every detail, seemly and unseemly, shall be dragged into the light, and the utmost made of it. You shall be asked to witness Beethoven composing the grandest and greatest of his works while harassed by the smallest of cares, the meanest of domestic worries. You shall be permitted to see Burns producing his living song worn by bodily suffering, tortured by pecuniary anxiety, nay, more, by the pangs of conscience for the misdeeds of his youth. You shall be invited to look upon Carlyle, struggling to deliver himself of his noblest ideas while fretted by ill-health, sleeplessness, social incompatibility, and by extremes of nervous exhaustion, the result of overwork. You shall have these and a thousand other such instances brought to your notice, and you shall be asked to take these untoward accidents most seriously into account, as being the lions that stood in the pathway of genius that is dead, lions that did but stand there to prove the courage, the resolution, the grandeur of soul which marked that vanished victor over the world and its manifold hindrances.

But while the victor is still alive, yet but in part victorious, there shall be no hint of hindrance, of palliation. You must judge his work alone, and it must stand on its merits and demerits, as you—the judge—see them. There must be no suggestion of frail health, of darkening and desolating bereavement, of deep and overwhelming misery of many kinds. Produce your work, out of what dark slough of despond you may, it shall not even be placed to your credit that you have wrought at all under such circumstances, nor shall you utter one word that

might seem to claim lightness of judgment by reason of extenuating environment.

This is right, and wise, and good for the true dignity of literature. But why reverse it all so completely—*too late*?

The Thesigers were kind and genial people, and full of faith and admiration, but they were people who had not known sorrow, except as a passing shadow, and were therefore slow to discern it when it did not obtrude itself openly. Gladwyn going to Tenter's Close saw enough to awaken suspicion of much domestic misery, much discord, much that might be a consequence of very narrow means; but she saw no proof of want—of keen, ceaseless, exhausting anxiety. She wondered over her friend's bravery in secret and openly, but she had no true idea of what it meant, what it cost.

No, there was none to see; but Lancelot Wilderslowe, staying on at Hild's Haven, waiting, watching, hoping, began to discern more than he had hitherto suspected. And the things he discerned did not wholly grieve him. They might help much in the working of his fate; his fate and hers. For very misery and hopelessness she might yield, knowing that such yielding would mean the end of misery.

"How much longer do you mean to stay at Hild's Haven, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

It was little Juliet Thesiger who asked him this, one glorious and glowing October afternoon. They were walking up and down the pathway at the lower edge of the Rectory lawn, Juliet's hand within Lancelot's arm, and her happy, smiling, mocking little face turned up to his in unblushing admiration.

"How can you ask me such a question?" he said, speaking with his usual affectation of sadness and languor, and all æsthetic supineness. "How can you ask me? You know that I have been trying to tear myself away from you for weeks past."

"I don't know anything of the kind," said Juliet. "It isn't me. You don't care half so much for me as you do for Gladwyn or Dorna. And I can't make out which of them you care for most. Sometimes I think it's one, sometimes the other. Do you *always* flirt like that?"

"Always. . . . Flirtation is the salt of life."

"I do believe you mean it."

"Most certainly I mean it. How can you think that one would take the trouble to assert a thing that wasn't true?"

"Well, you're going to have another opportunity. Here's Dorna coming up the avenue looking sadder and whiter and thinner

than ever. Don't you think she looks awfully sad? . . . And oh! I've got my practising to do, which makes *me* sad! So I must go; I hate it, but I must. . . . Try to make *her* look less sorrowful, Mr. Wilderslowe."

The child's word lingered on his ear, as he sauntered across the lawn and down the avenue to meet Dorigen, who lifted her wistful eyes to his, and greeted him with pale, unsmiling lips that yet seemed to quiver with emotion of some kind. He might not guess that she had come to walk in the Rectory grounds for awhile to try to calm a brain wearied with jarring, and contention, and re-creation; he might not guess that at that moment she believed herself to be almost willing to lie down and die rather than live and continue the strife to which life had of late reduced itself; he might not guess these things, yet he could not but see the look of tense, bewildering sorrow on her face; he could not but perceive that her very gait and mien were expressive of an extreme weariness, an extreme hopelessness; and the manhood in him was strong as he contrasted his own life with the life of the woman before him. Had there been no thought of love in him at all, his compassion had been moved to the uttermost.

"Will you come across the fields a little way?" he asked, speaking in a tone quite different from that he had used in speaking to Juliet. "It is mild, almost warm, to-day; and you shall not go far enough to tire yourself."

The very manner of his speaking, the kind and tender tone of it, was enough to overcome her strength in that moment of reaction. And the great refinement of his voice and accent falling upon ears yet pained with the rudeness and coarseness of Tenter's Close came as food and wine come to the starving man.

"I will come anywhere," she said, with an inevitable abandonment of tone and manner; and in that moment wholly forgetting that twice Lancelot Wilderslowe had asked her to be his wife, and share such an existence as assuredly would never be hers to accept or refuse again. "I will come anywhere, I will do anything," she said. "Only don't ask me to decide about it. You shall think for me to-day; and you shall let me be idle, and silent, and not ask me to speak, or think, or even look at anything. I am tired of 'ever climbing up the climbing wave.' Let me have a taste—just a little taste—of 'dreamful ease.' It is a very dreamful afternoon."

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

Read Matthew iv. 1-11, and 1 Pet. ii. 17-24.

THOUGH the example of Christ may be dwelt upon to the exclusion of His other work, and thus the supernatural side of His life be lost sight of or put unduly in the background, it is plain that we are called to follow and in one sense imitate Him.

But first, notice that He by no means proposed Himself as a model to be copied. Indeed, there was that in Him which conspicuously eluded imitation. Jesus was notable for His simplicity and severe ingenuousness. His enemies were continually on the watch to entangle Him in His talk. They thought this the surest line to take that they might find wherewith to accuse Him. In their eyes He was continually committing Himself by the freedom of His speech. He was ever stepping out of the familiar ecclesiastical rut of conversation and discourse. There was no knowing what He might not say. His words were so unguarded, and in the ears of the most leading and respectable representatives of religion so lax and blameworthy, that there was no alternative but to declare, with, as they deemed it, justifiable indignation, "This man blasphemeth." This agrees with His last trial before the High Priest, when credence was eagerly given to the charge of His having said something revolutionary about the Temple. And His nearest friends were occasionally aghast. Some of His family said that He was beside Himself; and others, who desired to be well disposed towards Him, marvelled that He had not done or did not do this or that. One day, when a certain Pharisee had besought Him to dine with him, and Jesus had publicly sat down to meat without observing the customary ceremonial ablutions, His host even ventured to express his surprise audibly. He plainly wished that His distinguished guest would conform better to the accepted habits and ritual of religious society. But Jesus was so indignant that, instead of kindly admitting the justice or plausibility of the remark, He turned upon His company with the tremendous sentence, "Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness."

There was, in one sense, no one so free and unsparing in his conversation and carriage

as the Christ. We see in Him a divine and yet surprising fearlessness of demeanour, an utter simplicity of utterance which makes His example in this matter incapable of being followed. We cannot imitate a total absence of self-consciousness. No effort can produce an unstudied mood. But though the divine simplicity of Jesus cannot be copied, it is shared by some. It is a gift which a few possess. Our Lord recognised it, and once at least gave utterance to the recognition. He was terribly severe on some self-conscious punctilious Pharisees, but when He saw Nathanael, He could not refrain from saying to Philip, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" This guilelessness of character is in great measure a gift which may be improved, but can hardly be got by any pains, however great. In this way Christ is not chiefly an "example." And yet even herein there is one very important lesson to be learnt and followed. A man may say, "I can as easily add a foot to my stature, or alter the colour of my eyes, as become ingenuous and impulsive." A man may say this rightly enough. And yet we go a long way towards realising divine ingenuousness when we are honestly true to our lights, and resent an affectation of beliefs which we do not really entertain. We need not do this rudely. We need not go out of the way to censure what we object to, but we need not praise that which we dislike. Many do. This is one of the ways in which society and the Church are tainted. People have not the courage of their opinions. I repeat that they are not called on to flourish their objections in public and make a display of their candour. But a quiet loyalty to conscience comes very near to a very precious Christian grace. Let us try thus to be true to ourselves and so approach the mind of Christ, though we may not have the combined gifts of sacred simplicity and fearlessness.

In looking at the example of Christ there are, however, some distinct ways in which we may daily endeavour to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life. Let us consider the chief of them shortly. The first concerns children. Though we have many pictures of the infant Jesus, the thought of Him is so closely associated with authority, we are so often told of His "power" in heaven and earth, that it is difficult to apprehend his subjection to Joseph and Mary.

And yet indoors at home, and out of doors about the streets of Nazareth, in matters of going and coming, at meal-time and bed-time, in lessons and play, the child Jesus did as He was bid. I have no doubt it was often very disagreeable for Him to do so. But those acts of obedience were the first blessed steps in His most holy life, and they are just such as children may daily endeavour to follow without any very great knowledge of the Church and the world, and without what are called strong religious impressions. For a child simply to do what he or she is told is to bring him or her very near to the childhood of Jesus.

In taking another step in the life of Jesus, we must not at once stride on to the time when He went about doing good. We hear of masterly inactivity and flashes of silence in the career of men who are mostly strenuous in deed and word, but these are mean and paltry moods before the divine seclusion in which Jesus lived till He was nearly thirty years of age. We cannot take in the fulness of the lesson which lies in His laborious obscurity. One thing is sure. There may be a true following of His blessed steps without any honour from men, either in the glare and throng of the world or in the dimness and retirement of a home. His brethren, we are told, did not believe in Jesus. Before He went out into the light of day He was not anywise understood or appreciated. We are not informed what He did or said. Surely He went through what thousands upon thousands go through. He was tempted on all points like as we are. And He suffered being tempted. So says the only record we have of His life. Learn this, however; that the most obscure course, which cannot be called a career, so dull and commonplace are its duties and surroundings, may yet brim with divine performance.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.

Read Mark i. 14-36, and Acts vi.

Let us now take another step. Here we move into a circle of familiar scenes. We look at the well-known work of the Lord. But we ask, What is there in it, and in the way of doing it, which makes Him here an example to us? He went about "doing good." What good? Chiefly, it would seem, healing the sick and feeding the hungry. We may be sure that we are stepping in the footprints of Jesus, following blessed steps in His most holy life, when we concern ourselves for the bodily wants of

men. There is great need of such concern now. We boast of our civilisation and the like, but there are few places, if any, in the world where more underfed, stunted, half-grown men and women can be seen than in the great cities of England, where wealth and intelligence are known to abound. I own that the problem is hard. It is easy to suggest Socialistic rearrangements, and to set class against class. It is also easy to reproach the revolutionist. And yet there is something ominous in the view as we look at the marked social contrasts which abound, and then, anxious to know what the Church says, present ourselves at some hour of common prayer, and hear a congregation comfortably sing or say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord. . . . He filleth the hungry with good things, and the rich He sendeth empty away." Nevertheless, it is often difficult to know how to do bodily good. The mere distribution of alms in money or kind is notoriously an encouragement of degrading pauperism. Friends of mine, devoted assiduous workers in the East of London, have told me that they were in dismay at the rush of shameless beggars during the late Mansion House effort to relieve destitution. What is there in the "way" of the Christ which can help us in the matter? I think there is much in His demand for "faith." He, anyhow, looked for the possession of something more than mere desire for relief. Once we read of a certain place that He could do no mighty work there because of the unbelief of the people. No doubt there were many among them sick and needy. And these the Christ saw. They probably thronged Him. But He would not touch one, and went away, leaving them as they were. When we want to do bodily good, and honestly try to do it, we should help the receptive, the believing, i.e. those who have some faith in progress, in life on a higher level. The others can be aided only by the general uplifting of the level of society, and by a better recognition of the responsibilities which accompany wealth and position. Meanwhile it would seem (we are compelled to admit it) that some of, even many amongst, the most degraded must be left to such machinery as exists to save our society from the charge of permitting starvation. This is the first lesson to be learnt concerning the relief of destitution from the example of the Christ. Another is kin to it, as thus. Christ never appears to have helped a man twice. When He had fed a crowd at a pinch, and they followed Him for more loaves and fishes, He

rebuked them severely. He blamed them for coming to Him only to be filled. His way was, if the man had some promise of future life about him, if he had faith, to set him on his legs, to restore his health or strength so that he might take his right place again in the world of men. He does not seem to have had any train of pensioners and dependants. Moreover (and this is most notable), where a canker of pauperism existed He let it be. There was one in Jerusalem. It took the shape of a multitude of impotent folk at the pool of Bethesda. Christ saw them all there constantly. But he healed only one. And there is reason to suspect that he was an impostor. Jesus, we are told, knew that he had been a long time in that case. Thirty-and-eight years. He was there before Jesus was born. He was the king of the cripples, the patriarch of the sheep-market. No doubt many a grazier and cattle-dealer, coming from the highlands of Hebron or the plain of Jezreel, gave him a few pence, and when he got home said he had seen the very same beggar he had heard his father talk of thirty years before. Jesus says (a most unlikely question unless on the supposition I have suggested), "Wilt thou be made whole?" The man begins to whine about having no one to help him. Not one—for thirty-eight years. This seems unlikely. It is a sad story. It would seem that though he must needs have lacked the pure receptive faith which Jesus loved, he was plucked from a life which, though it involved suffering, was to a considerable extent one of deception. "Sin no more," says Jesus to him sternly, "lest a worse thing happen unto thee." We may fear that he felt little gratitude at the ending of his career as a cripple. This was the man who afterwards went and laid information against Jesus before His enemies among the Jews. Anyhow, Jesus allowed a multitude of impotent folk waiting in the sheep-market for a cure to remain as they were. This, however, gives no handle to any shuffling off of social duty in affording personal and material aid to the sorrowful and needy. In the end, Jesus identifies Himself with them, and makes our care for their state the test of eternal blessedness. I cannot enter into more details on this point. In going rapidly through the blessed steps of the Christ's life with an eye to what they teach us in the way of example, we next come to another matter. His teaching. He was continually teaching. And in this He sets the way in which all men can

best be taught. They *can* be taught like parrots. Children, *i.e.*, can be made to acquire a surprising amount of formulæ, useful enough, no doubt, but barren till the true spirit of inquiry and perception touches them. Thus we find that Christ constantly taught in a way to quicken the inquiring appetite. It is even said of His teaching that without a parable spake He not unto the people. He always suggested something, and never presented a disciple with the complete lesson which He desired to impart. We should endeavour to open all the understandings we can. We should never shrink from questions, but rather promote them; and so far from deprecating a spirit of inquiry as exposing the inquirer to mischief, we should rather nourish it as likely to lead him into fuller light. There is information, in the way of lessons which are laid upon the memory of the scholar, but affect his mind intelligently no more than letters do the paper on which they are written. We are all teachers in some sense. Let us gather, from the example of the teaching Christ, that we best promote His way by stimulating intellectual appetite. It may be in a small way, but it will be better than the mere dry imparting of information, which, however important, kindles no interest. We must not be afraid of curiosity. There may be, no doubt there are, people who have an insatiable relish for anything new. Their craving brings discredit upon wholesome appetites. There is, however, another mood which is sometimes praised as indicating a delightful readiness to acknowledge the authority of pastors and masters, but which is really a tame and unprofitable humour. The mere passive reception or obsequious acceptance of knowledge (the more humbly received because it is reckoned spiritual or religious) is by no means indicative of a healthy mind. It is most worthy of notice that in numerous recorded instances of Christ's contact with a disciple He replied to inquiries by questions; He turned the man back upon himself, and refrained from giving a categorical reply to questions which seemed capable of a simple answer. Here is a guide to ourselves. We all are concerned after some fashion in the spread of intelligence. Do not let us think that this belongs to a department outside the religious or spiritual demands of our calling. But, as we pray that we may daily endeavour to follow in the blessed steps of Christ, and see that "teaching" formed a conspicuous feature of His work, we may here take Him as an example of godly or righteous life.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.

Read John xix. 25-36, and 1 John ii. 1-14.

We have already looked at the example of Christ, who was not only a sacrifice for sin, but marked the ways of men with the footprints of His life. And we will now pass on to a short examination of those features in it which are seen in His personal affection, self-sacrifice, and especially forbearance. It has been noticed that the course of His example may be divided into steps or periods, such as His childhood, his long retirement at Nazareth, and His public ministration, when He went about teaching, and doing good. These steps or periods may shed much light upon the duties and difficulties of our lives. But we will not dwell on the peculiar lessons which may be learnt from them. We will rather look directly at the great features of Christ's character from which, however unique they may seem to be, we are really intended to learn in all that we have to do. There cannot, indeed, be a greater mistake than to suppose that anything is so sublime, or so far out of our reach, that we can only look at, admire, and thank God for it. No doubt every good gift cometh down from the father of lights, and yet He is not so above us as to stop Christ Himself from saying, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect." Thus, what some might call the sublimer lines in the example or life of Christ are full of such lessons as we may daily endeavour to follow.

We will first notice the personal affection He showed towards those whom He loved. Perhaps we are first impressed by the material trouble which He took in bettering their state, and we are tempted to suppose that all Christian ministration should be done at first hand. This, however, is not necessarily the case. Some duties must be delegated. The general does not lie down to fire in the ranks. The hospital physician needs his attendant dresser. But all good officers and physicians know the details of their service. The good officer, *e.g.*, knows when a gun-lock has been too roughly used. He is not above having an eye to the hay set before the trooper's horse. The good physician sees in a moment when a bandage has been improperly put on. Thus though they delegate duties they know how they should be done. Each of these leaders in his profession shows careful personal interest in and concern for the business of his subordinate or the sufferings of patient. They are your second-rate men only who are so high and mighty as to

scorn details of the supervision which they are obliged to exercise, or who smile at the sorrows of ordinary people. The very greatest come nearest to God Himself in concern for the least, while they have charge of the largest. We have it graphically said of our Father by His Son Jesus, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without Him. This is true. God sees to the glow-worm and the dew-drop, though He maketh the sun to rise, and holdeth the seas in the hollow of His hand. And man is so far intended to be as his Father which is in heaven as to take a personal concern in what he has to do, or what has to be done, though he may not be called or able to accomplish the doing of it with his own fingers. This personal devotion and sense of responsibility shines with clearest brightness in the Christ. Here He is a conspicuous example. "I am the good shepherd," says He. Not the one who flinches when the pinch comes, though some daily ministration, during serene hours, may well be committed to a hireling. The hireling is not to be despised. It was far from our Lord to say that. It would be hard for the labourer if no one could be hired, and impossible for the work of the world to be carried on as it is without him. And yet there is a temper, often most discernible in the hireling, which is degraded and untrustworthy, and which does the world harm. The Christian, like the Christ, cherishes and confesses to a personal anxiety about his work, whatever it may be, and loves to think that in the details of its discharge he takes an interest which is really divine, inasmuch as he desires all to be done on the highest lines, counting nothing insignificant. This is the lesson we can learn, or the example we are invited to follow, from the personal affection and devotion of the Christ. It leads us on to see more of His self-sacrifices. In some sense, this (though always present, and underlying all He did) is more plainly perceived as the end draws on, and the shadow of the cross begins to creep over His soul. It reveals itself fully, though we may not be able to apprehend its fulness, on Calvary itself. And the question comes, as we follow the blessed steps of His most holy life, and find them leading to the cross, whether there is anything in this supreme performance which we can properly reckon and follow as an example. Had we not better stop here? Have we not here a deed which lies apart, and which we can only revere and reap the healing fruits of? Surely not. In this pre-eminently the

disciple of Christ must take his master as an example. So said the Master Himself : If any man will come after, i.e. wishes to follow me, let him take up his cross. It may have to be taken in the shape of conspicuous doing, it may have to be taken in the shape of obscure endurance. It may be open, it may be secret. It may be public, it may be private. It may be observed and win respect, it may be wholly unnoticed, and thus be never lightened by the charm of human sympathy. But it has to be borne, and whatever it be it can be borne only after the way of the Christ. Indeed the special point in the teaching of St. Peter in the passage which we read a fortnight ago is that we are bidden to follow Christ in His greatest act. And, moreover, that in so following, so taking Him as an example, we reach the highest level of Christian life, we approach its conduct as God would have us conduct ourselves. This, the Scripture affirms, is "acceptable with God." To provide that, to reach that, has ever been the aim of mankind. The problem of the world has been to satisfy the unseen. This desire lies at the root of all religion. It has shed the blood of every sacrifice. It has built every temple. It has worded every petition ; and here they all seem to be answered. What is acceptable with God ? What enables us to feel a sense of acceptance and safety ? The answer is, nothing but a following of Christ ; especially in submission and forbearance. It is this which has put the "De Imitatione" of Thomas à Kempis into the rank of books which are second only to the Gospels themselves. It is indeed when we set before us the example of Christ that we best apprehend His sacrifice for sin. The following of Him brings a sense of that peace which the world neither gives nor takes away. Contentment, a perception or feeling that we are on the right road, that we have got hold of the right method of doing things, comes as we study and follow His way of acting and speaking. This rule runs throughout the whole of life. It fits every state in which we may be placed, and condition we may have to fulfil.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.

Read Isaiah lili., and Heb. xii. 1-14.

There is a supreme and special way in which this loving spirit of Christ is seen, and in which we are especially called to follow Him. And that is His forbearance, His abstinence from retaliation in word and deed. This is most notable in the Christ. This forbearance is revealed in Him as it

appears nowhere else. And this is the peculiar and characteristic mark of Christianity. He suffered, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps ; who when He was reviled, reviled not again, but committed Himself unto Him that judgeth righteously.

And here comes the pinch, for there is nothing more difficult than to abstain from threat and retort. The prohibition is most vexatious and embarrassing. Not retaliate ? Why, some of the most familiar household words and phrases of conversation have come into existence solely on the understanding that we may. Must they all be expunged or dropped ? Is there to be no *quid pro quo* ? No paying back in the same coin, no game at which two can play, no turning of the tables, no giving as much as one takes, no being quits, no measure for measure, no Rowland for an Oliver, no diamond cut diamond ? Is no biter to be bit, and no old score to be paid off ? Readiness of retort provides the edge and flavour of the most brilliant conversation. There is no end to the use which can be made of well-directed retaliation ; and if we were not allowed to threaten, if we were to keep no rod in store, and not hint significantly at its reservation, life would be more and more difficult to lead. The impudent and aggressive would make it intolerable. How then can we hope to follow the example of the Christ in forbearance ? Shall we not be put wholly down as poor and helpless creatures ? It may be replied that the Christ was not really cringing, that He had no fear of His foes, and did not trouble Himself to make things pleasant to His disciples. But this reply does not suffice. He plainly taught a forbearance inconsistent with the common procedure of the world. And we are bidden to take it as our guide. Here is the pinch, for we think that a neat retort, or a polite intimation of possibly unpleasant consequences, is to be reckoned among the most agreeable conversational experiences.

And yet there have been moments in our lives when we have become conscious of a more satisfactory sensation, when we have been strangely affected, and felt that we have touched something apart from the common taste of emotions. Whence come those peculiar thrills ? They have come after tasting the spirit of the Christ. They have come after a successful resistance to this very same appetite for retaliation which we all feel. There are few indeed who have not thus felt indefinitely better for giving way, for having bitten down the tempting rejoinder, for

having burnt the sharp recriminating note, and not posted it, after all.

Of course it is easy to say that there is nothing to boast of in this. It is quite true that the occasion may not be important, but the feeling of which I speak comes from having touched the mind of Christ who when He was reviled reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not. Be very sure of this: we are always nearer God than we think. The power of using the spirit of Christ is always closer than the conventional Christian deems. And this point in which we are pre-eminently called on to take Him as an example, this forbearance, mostly calls for exercise under no very grand or grave conditions. It is called for at home, in the ordinary unguarded hours of domestic relationship. And we must not wonder at the seeming smallness, and ordinary nature of the room in which we are called to exercise this great grace of the Lord; for it is in hours of retirement, when we take our armour off, that the character of the soul is being formed, fixed, and shown. No doubt occasions arise in which some are publicly challenged, and their temper is tried before all men. But our hopes and fears mostly lie within a small circle. Our future is coloured by the tone of some inconspicuous present, our heavens and our hells are made in the family, or by the personal details which mark the management of our own selves, and by the habits of our own lives. And it is in forbearance, in reticence, in an abstaining from retort and threat, that one very important, indeed cardinal, side of our relationship to Christ is determined. As He overcame death by dying, and won the greatest triumph through the most utter self-humiliation, so our best, our real victories and moments of purest success come as we (in no cringing humour, but with conscious surrender of some point which we think we might have pressed) have held ourselves back from indulgence in retaliation. Herein we have felt strength. And no wonder. For, in fact, herein we have been dealing with and using the last and highest outcome of Divine life. By the great law of development this spirit of self-sacrifice has come to the front, and in the best aspects of Christianity has grown past the old beliefs and forces of mankind. It is an example of the survival of the fittest. In divers unexpected ways God is often choosing the weak things of the world to confound the strong; but the great advance was made when the Son of man, the new head of the race, joined man

afresh to God, and left him an example that we should follow His steps who when He was reviled reviled not again, when He suffered He threatened not.

Need we wonder at the exercise of this forbearance being difficult? Why, when we use it we are using the last or latest stores of spiritual strength which God has placed within the reach of man. Is it matter of surprise that though we may most honestly resolve to govern ourselves better, we continually fail, or come short of our purpose? Still there can be no other purpose or aim seriously proposed to ourselves. The one supreme aim of life is to use better the spirit of the Christ. However respectable, desirable, brilliant, successful any other cause or project may be it is as nothing compared with this; for this touches the very fibres of our souls; in exercising this we move on a level and breathe an air which is the highest and purest reached by man.

No man may here fold his arms and say, "This is too high for me." It is not; this level may and can be reached. We may not be able to move in and to breathe it long at a time. And when we do reach it, perhaps nobody suspects that we are in finer relationship with the unseen. Nothing is altered. Things are going on around us much as usual. The tone of ordinary conversation is unchanged. We hear and tell news. We discuss the events of the day. Meanwhile, here and there, now and then, in this and that soul, there is a consciousness of an effort to live closer to the Divine Christian ideal, and when successful it affects us with a sensation of enjoyment unlike any other emotion we can entertain; for we taste and see how gracious the Lord is.

Once more, we all admit that it is hard to abstain from retaliation. We all know, some more than others, that it is very hard. And we are thus thankful for anything which helps to lessen its hardness. Here, too, we may be aided by the way of the Christ who, in forbearing, "committed Himself unto Him that judgeth righteously." That is the crowning lesson which comes from His example. That is the last of the steps in His most holy life. And the spirit of it is intended to mark all of ours, the spirit of reliance on right and truth. As we touch that we endure, not with the mind of the coward who fears and eludes the blow, but with that of Jesus Christ our Lord, who meets old-world forces with the new growth and strength of self-sacrifice, and thus has and gives all power in heaven and in earth.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—IN TIME OF TEMPTATION.

"Thou who didst make, and knowest whereof we are made,
Oh, bear in mind our dust and nothingness,
Our wordless, tearless, dumbness of distress :
Bear thou in mind the burden thou hast laid
Upon us, and our feebleness, unstayed,
Except thou stay us."

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

DORIGEN had turned as she spoke, half unconsciously, with Lancelot into the pathway that led down under the yellowing maple-trees and the glowing beeches to the field-path, on the edge of a tiny copse. She was silent now, glad to be silent, and Lancelot was too wise—it may be also that his emotion was too strong, to permit of his replying to her last words as he might have done. Latterly he had come to see the value of waiting and restraint.

"If you are so tired now, how will it be in the days to come?" he said presently, lifting an earnest face to hers, and speaking with fervid sympathy. "I have been thinking about your future. Almost continually of late I have found myself wondering about it; and among other things, I could not help wondering what your ideal future was like."

"I could have told you six months ago," she replied, with a deeper sadness and weariness on her face and in her voice. "But now all is changed, confused; and I am beginning to suspect that even my highest ideal was not high at all, but very low."

"You are not speaking of your career as a poet?"

"Yes; in a certain sense. It meant so much more for me than merely writing poetry."

"Very naturally.

*'If art be in truth the higher life,
You need the lower life to stand upon,
In order to reach up unto that higher.'*"

"Yes," replied Dorigen; "but my dream of that lower life was commonplace and mistaken. I wanted it to be all ease and peace, so that my mind should have no hindrance, but be allowed to work its work in an atmosphere of almost unearthly quiet and beauty. Now I am beginning to perceive that I do my best work when I am stung and pierced beyond endurance, when every nerve is quivering under some new pain and humiliation. There have been times of late when I would not have altered one circumstance of

my past or present life, if the power to do so had been given me ever so freely. The smallest pang may have its value; and I don't think we can judge clearly as to the relative depth and intensity either of our own sorrow, or other people's. Bishop Taylor says that a fly may cause one as much annoyance as a wound."

"Exactly; and I suspect that the easiest life possible to such as you would be full enough of flies to satisfy any ordinary desire for annoyance. I can't at all agree with your idea that a life of perpetual pain and negation and contradiction would be the best possible life for any singer of sweet songs vouchsafed to us in these days.

*'It is not sweet content, be sure,
That moves the nobler soul to song.
Yet when did truth come whole and pure
From hearts that only bleed with wrong?'*

And, pardon me, I know you have endured, are enduring, things that seem as wrongs to me. I know more than I can well bear to know. I *cannot* bear it and make no effort."

"Oh, hush! hush!" said the girl, dreading the touch of even a friendly hand upon her worst bruises. "Hush! and wait—wait awhile and you will see——"

"I have waited," interrupted Lancelot. "I have waited to see if there was any one else to make effort; any one else to care for you as I care; any one for whom you cared. And I see nothing to constrain me to wait any longer. And all the while my love for you has been growing, deepening; it has so deepened that it seems to me you *cannot* reject it, *cannot* put it out of your life, and live as if neither I nor my love existed. Day and night I am thinking about you; my thought is one perpetual reverie, with you for its object; and I cannot change it, or break away from it. . . . Dear, you will listen, at least you will listen! Think of what my love has borne—the test of time, the test of rejection, and all this has but strengthened it. Now I cannot imagine a life for myself that I could live without you to share it. With you *any* life would be possible. . . . Say that you will make the best possible for me! I am pleading selfishly now, but I am doing so of set purpose, thinking to touch you more nearly so. Say that you will save my life from

human lowness, from spiritual deadness. Say it, dear, or keep silence. I will understand a long sweet silence."

And for awhile there was silence.

While Lancelot had been speaking there had been emotion enough in Dorigen's heart and brain to have satisfied him if he had discerned its strength wholly. But it was well that he had discerned it only in part.

It was not the emotion he yearned for; but a wild and sudden contention, that threatened to change the whole tenor of her life and thought and hope, even as she stood there. Had she spoken that word he asked for she had spoken it then so passionately, so unreservedly, that no after repentance had served to deliver her soul from the consequence of error and mistake. There was danger in speech, there was danger also in silence.

"Give me one day to decide in," she said, looking up into his face with pale lips and sad, solemn eyes.

"Another day!" he said, perceiving quickly the ground he had gained. "Think of the time that has passed since we first met, of how you have known me in my own home, of the way in which my friends love you and care for you, and desire nothing better for me than that I should call you my wife! . . . It is not like a question between two people who met but yesterday. . . . And I ask so little. I do but ask that you will give me chances of winning your love, chances of being kinder to you, chances of proving to you the influence you may have upon my life. Surely it is little—say that little now, dear! say it now, if it be but a single word!"

But that word was not said; for very confusion and emotion it could not be said. Her heart was beating wildly, more wildly than it was ever likely to beat again for aught but anguish, and her breathing came with so great an effort that no reply in words was possible.

"Tell me one thing—but one," Lancelot said, bending down and taking her hand tenderly in his, "tell me at least that you believe in my love for you?"

"Yes," she said with tremulous simplicity; "yes, I believe in it."

"In its depth, its intensity?"

"Yes."

"And you will try to give me back but a little for all this?"

Again there was silence, utter silence, save for the bird-note in the boughs above, and the gentle stir of the falling leaves, as a light

breeze from the moorlands swept across the valley.

It was Lancelot who broke the silence, breaking it with words yet more earnest and impassioned than any he had yet used, having within himself the certain feeling that the present moment was a decisive one, and that even a temporary delay would be disastrous to the great wish he had.

And yet Dorigen herself was by no means so certain. In that hour, and for some hours after, her heart was oppressed with sinking and fear, and her spirit was faint within her, too faint for the battle that had to be fought and lost—or won. She had gained her request for one more day, yet it did not seem to her as she went down into Tenter's Close alone in the twilight that the few hours' respite would mean much.

She had insisted upon walking back alone, going down into the busy, narrow little streets that were so homelike and so shabby, across by the bridge, where the lights were beginning to twinkle in the river, and down through Shaddocke Lane into Kirkgate. It was always with a little effort that she turned upward to Tenter's Close, and the effort was not less to-night. Dorigen was thankful for the increasing darkness, which hid her tears and her silent sobbing from the people passing in the street.

"You've been longer nor I thought you'd be," said Mrs. Gower somewhat fretfully, as Dorigen went in. "Thomassin's been waitin' with her hat on this hour or more, to go some erran's for ya; an' I had but a shillin' i' the world. It seems to me you're gettin' desper't close wi' money, an' I should never ha' thought *that* o' you. Your poor father allus reckoned 'at you were quite t' other way, an' would give all you had if anybody asked you."

"I will give you all I have now," Dorigen said, laying her purse on the table quietly, and passing through the kitchen to go up to her own room. Her tears were dried; her heart was still. It seemed as if the task before her were simply to reconcile herself to what was inevitable. She lighted the lamp which stood on her writing-table by the white-washed chimney that went up through the attic. There was no fireplace. Her narrow white bed was in the corner by the door. On the wall there were a few photographs, which she had brought from St. Dunstan's; there was one of the Rectory, one of the little church, two or three of the garden, and some portraits. There was Lady Anna herself, and Bertie, and Dr. Wilderslowe. In an

envelope on the table was one of Lancelot, which Lady Anna had sent a day or two before.

Whichever way she looked there was something to remind her of the four years she had spent at St. Dunstan's, of the happiness she had known there, the freedom from care, from pain, from responsibility. Her writing-desk, the lamp, the furniture of the table, had all been sent to her since Lady Anna had divined her need of them; and almost every new book that she had had came to her by the same means. The very atmosphere of the place she loved was there in that little room, and she had always been glad to have it there. To-night it was as a reminder of bondage, from which she might never again be delivered. So far she had no wish to be delivered. As she sat there, with every nerve of her sensitive nature overstrung and tense, she looked quite deliberately upon a future toward which she had hitherto refused even to glance.

As Lancelot had reminded her, it was not a leap in the dark she was asked to take. She might not know very exactly the amount of his present income, but she knew well enough that Dr. Wilderslowe was considered by his neighbours to be a rich man, and that his riches would be nearly equally divided between his two sons. In addition to this Lancelot had expectations from a childless uncle, which were not likely to be disappointed.

"We will live wherever you choose until Adwalton is ours," Lancelot had said. "We will stay in England, or we will go abroad; we will live quietly, or travel ceaselessly, just as you may wish." And nothing that he had said had more weight than these words. Her desire to travel had been an ever-growing passion for years. Only lately she had put out of sight some engravings of Rome and Venice which Dr. Wilderslowe had given to her on her birthday. She could take them out when her hope revived, she had said to herself; but she did not take them out to-night.

There was no doubt about it; this life which was offered to her was a life that promised gratification of every reasonable desire, and Dorigen was capable of appreciating such gratification to the full.

She could realise better than ever before what it would be to be quite free from care about money, to have to be careful for nothing but ease and luxury, and the fulfilment of her lightest desire.

And she knew that she need have no fear as

to her duty to her stepmother and the girls. Lancelot had said as much as he could say, speaking quite delicately, of the power that would be hers of providing for them whatever was needful; and as she sat there, looking into that easeful and tempting future, it seemed as if it might be almost a duty to accept it for their sakes alone. She might never be able to do for them by the labour of her own brain what she could do without any care or thought at all if she became Lancelot Wilderslowe's wife. The thought was like the forging of another link in the chain that was being bound about her. Her heart grew yet fainter within her, and the hour grew darker and more bewildering.

Slight as her experience had been she knew that she might never live the double existence Lancelot had spoken of—the life of a perfect wife and competent mistress of a household, and the life of the absorbed, eager, devoted woman of letters. Others might do this, and do it efficiently; but it was not for her even to attempt it. She knew well enough that her nature failed on the side of desire for simple domestic happiness. It had no charm for her, and never entered into any dream she had.

Drawn by a great and passionate love—such a love as she had had for Michael Salvain—it would have been possible for her to attempt some compromise; but even then she might have failed in the attempt, and have wrecked not her own happiness only.

And yet it would surely now never be possible for her wholly to forego the life that was for her the only true life, and alone enabled her to be true to herself, to the faculties given her! It might not be a higher existence; she had never spoken of it, never thought of it as really higher, having insight enough to perceive that the highest life possible to a woman is the life that permits her the making and upholding of that one earthly paradise—a perfectly happy home, happy for her husband, for her children, for her friends, for her servants, and therefore inevitably for herself also. There is nothing better than this.

Dorigen saw and knew that there was nothing better, nothing so certainly the vocation of a truly womanly woman; but she also saw—how could she help it!—that it is not every woman's vocation. It was not hers, and could never be. Why, then, should a strong temptation deliver her to a life of pain?

If there must be pain, as assuredly it was

written, why should it not be the pain that belonged to her own life?

As she sat there, passing through that night of sore temptation, she knew more certainly than ever that she had not deceived herself as to that life of hers. The mere strength of the pain that came with the thought of renunciation was proof enough of the reality of her conviction.

But what if it were no more than a conviction—self-acquired, self-confirmed? What if it had been permitted so far but to make opportunity for a grander, greater, deeper renunciation than any she had ever dreamed?

Again it was as if thought were silenced within her, silenced by its own weight and stressful importance.

Could it be possible that all her life had tended to this? that stirrings and strivings had been awakened within her from her very childhood, that others had been moved to prophetic words, that, finally, sufficient proof had been given that her desire for utterance was not a vain one, and all for this, that there might be a great and desolating renunciation?

This was the sorest moment of the strife, the hardest, the most perplexing. The very depth and intensity of the sacrifice possible to her at that hour made it seem right and desirable.

And yet, was it a lawful sacrifice?—was it lawful beyond all question? This thought came suddenly, strongly. And it came after a brief and passionate prayer for light—nay, it came in the very midst of the prayer.

She had not made herself, her nature, her circumstances. All that she had done or desired to do had been determined by what she herself was. She could not change herself and be another; why, then, should she dare to attempt to live another's life?

But the other day a writer said that it is an ever-memorable time for a man when he makes the discovery that whatever he is to do in the world must be done in a certain direction. "It is almost as if a star woke to some subtle knowledge of itself, and felt within its shining frame the forces which decided what its orbit was to be. *Because it is the star it is, that track through space must be its track.*"

As strong and as clear as this the feeling is, and in proportion to the depth and strength of the nature, is the impossibility of dragging the instinct from its place in the soul, and living as though it had never been vouchsafed.

All her life the instinct had been there ;

some knowledge of it had been hers from the morning when she had sat at her father's feet in the abbey of St. Hild, and had heard from his lips the story of the "Inspiration of Cædmon."

She had kept these things, and had pondered them in her heart, until at last they had been made plain to her. And now was she to decline upon a luxuriously-furnished house, a comfortable carriage, and a husband with a fine critical ability as to the capacities of his cook? She did not wrong Lancelot Wilderslowe. He cared for more than elaborate cookery; but she knew that he cared much for that, and the knowledge had not increased her regard for him.

Some regard for him she had, some liking for his sympathy, some admiration for his quick and varied talent, for his social adaptability; but there was nothing behind her feeling, nothing that could grow to reverence, or to love. This she saw more clearly than ever, and it helped her in her determination.

She hardly knew how the determination grew up within her, how her intention became a final, settled thing. The temptation was no more tempting. Insensibly relief came, and peace.

There was no joy mingled with the peace—how should there be? She might be free to live her own life, that life which has no earthly life quite like to it, so full of far-reaching possibilities, of half-incomprehensible, ever-increasing aspirations. She was free to wait, and to hope, and to work for all this; but she must wait in Tenter's Close, in a little town that knew not of her, and where not one heart beat in unison with her own heart's high hopefulness. The greatest earthly comfort she had was the word of an unknown critic who had seen the faults of her premature efforts as no other critic had seen them, but who had also seen below the faults as no other critic had done. The concluding words of his long and careful review of her poems echoed the last and fullest assurance that was in her own soul. And to this slight support she turned trustfully; but she did not turn to this alone.

No; there was the Shadow of a Great Rock in this weary land, and in this she might rest when no other rest was possible. Being the overshadowing of Him who had brought her out into this wilderness, and set her there to fight her fight, she need hardly be too anxious for the winning or losing; for her life's success, or what men might term her life's failure.

Supposing it failed here, as it was likely enough to do, what of it?

"Wilt thou trust death or not?" was the question asked of a certain grammarian we know of, and he answered, "yes" heartily, knowing that beyond time and death lie life and eternity, offering opportunity for all that is denied us here. It is much to have arrived at the height from whence we can look calmly upon possible failure.

CHAPTER L—"WHEREFORE I CHOOSE MY PORTION."

"Many are the noble souls who have perished bitterly with their tasks unfinished. Some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that stern fortress, where poverty and cold neglect could not reach them any more."

CARLYLE: *Life of Schiller*.

It was, doubtless, an easy matter for the rich and respectable Herr Körner to perceive that his non-respectable tenant, Jean Paul Richter, had no suitable garments to wear; but Herr Körner could know nothing of the life lived within that "small mean garden-house," of which he was the owner. It is within the limits of possibility that the poverty-stricken tenant would not lightly have changed places with his wealthy and indignant landlord. It is not to be questioned that the life of any artist, poet, painter, or sculptor, has in its such hours of enthusiastic and elevated happiness as may atone for much that is unhappy. These moments of uplifting, of enjoyment of the depths and exaltations of the intellectual life, the world does not see. If sight were vouchsafed, would it understand? Would it sympathise? Would there be as keen perception of these compensations as of the more patent and visible drawbacks which require no fineness of insight for their discernment?

There must be something, some sufficiently deep and high thing to evoke that spirit of martyrdom which is a necessity to him who would enter by the straight gate of poverty and suffering into that region where alone he can live and lift his face as one who lives in freedom.

To Dorigen these hours, when she sat alone in her attic room with her pen in her hand and her idyll of Saint Hild, not yet completed, but seen clearly in her brain to the last line of it, were perhaps the happiest hours she had known, or now ever might know. She had hope to sustain her; and though it was a fluctuating hope, now bright and certain, and now timid and fearful, it

never deserted her. Once let this more important poem be finished, and surely some good would come, some fuller recognition, some more substantial reward. Alas! alas! the need for this reward was growing more pressing every day.

All her little trinkets and ornaments had been sold, though most of them had been birthday or Christmas presents from Dr. Wilderslowe and Lady Anna; and even the cashmere shawl, which Colonel Wilderslowe had sent to her for her kindness to his little boy, was no longer in its place in her drawer. These were small thorns in her path, but they were painful. She saw presently that she might not devote her whole time and strength to this one poem, of which her brain was so full. Briefer ones had to be written, with now and then an article in prose, an essay, a descriptive paper for a magazine. But her heart was seldom wholly in this lower work, and there was no true satisfaction in it. The grain of which it tasted was very common grain indeed, and might nourish no one.

Michael Salvain, coming and going during that time of probation, discerned much to test his strength and his patience. He knew now how Dorigen's time and thought were occupied; Lady Anna had unthinkingly betrayed the secret to Mrs. Michael Salvain, and Mrs. Michael had not considered it to be a secret at all.

"Was ever anything so mad?" she said, after reading the letter aloud at the dinner-table to her husband and his mother and sister. "Fancy being insane enough to attempt to support herself and half-a-dozen other people by writing poetry! But Miss Gower is just the person to do some insane thing. . . . Find out all about it for me, Michael. It will be immensely interesting to watch her progress, whether it be upward or downward. . . . We might ask her to come to Thorsgrif for a few days in the spring."

And her husband smiled, and through his brain swept the words of another woman-poet:—

"Quite low-born, self-educated, somewhat gifted tho' by nature,
And we make a point of asking her, of being very kind."

It was not an easy thing even for him to find out all about the life that Dorigen was living just then. He knew, partly to his satisfaction, partly to his regret, that when Lancelot Wilderslowe had left Hild's Haven in the autumn he had taken with him a very definitely-written letter. Dorigen had taken pains to express her decision in language that

could not be misunderstood or misconstrued. "He will marry Gladwyn before a year is over," she had said to herself as she posted the letter. And in truth she might have predicted unlikelier things.

No; Michael's feelings about this were not all satisfaction. There were times now when he would have been glad to know that Dorigen was protected and cared for, delivered from a life of pain and responsibility, and the low small cares that deaden the soul and dull the brain, and harden the heart. It was written on her face and in her manner that this strenuous experience was drawing the life from the years to be.

One day when he went to Tenter's Close, it was a dull March afternoon, he found that Dorigen was looking paler and more worn than ever. The two Miss Cleminshaws were there in the little room, sitting in the middle of a quantity of white tarlatane striped with pink. Michael stood for a moment biting his lip in the impatience which beset him. The Miss Cleminshaws were apologetic, and began tucking up the heap of finery into the smallest space into which it could be made to go. Thomasin meanwhile was smiling her most fascinating smiles, and darting glances from under her untidy shock of hair in a way that was wonderful to see.

"Couldn't you come up to the cliffs for awhile?" Michael asked of Dorigen. "It is cold, but you could wrap up warmly;" and she instantly consented. It did not take her a minute to put on her black cloak and the crape-trimmed hat which seemed to make her look even whiter and thinner than before. And Michael did not fail to note the weary step, out of which all grace and lightness had gone; and it seemed certainly to him that her smile was "worse than tears." For awhile he walked on quite silently. They went up the narrow lane that led to the cliffs, the dreariest of the dreary lanes in the immediate neighbourhood of Hild's Haven. Out on the cliff-top it was more chilly, but the sea was there, rippling and heaving in the soft grey light; and down on the rocks below the waves were breaking with soothing murmurs that seemed to deepen the silence in Michael Salvain's heart. Quiet, and grey, and sad as the scene was, it yet had beauty in it—a beauty as of beautiful poetry he felt it to be—recognising slowly that the echoes of some poems he had read of late were still sounding in his brain. Involuntarily he turned and looked into the wan, sad face beside him, and the two stood still and silent on the green cliff edge.

"Well," Dorigen said presently, looking up with a smile, "have you *nothing* to say to me to-day?"

"I have much to say," Michael replied gravely, and looking down into her eyes with the same strong, half-pained look of compassion which had been on his face years ago in Wharram's Yard. "I have much to say," he replied, "or rather, what I have to say is of great importance. . . . You must leave that house, and those people. You must leave them at once. You must promise me to-day that you will leave them."

A flash as of pain came over Dorigen's face. The strength, the impetuosity of Michael's tone and manner was more than his words. For one instant the rush of old emotion made her feel as though she might faint, and instinctively she put out a hand to prevent herself from falling. Michael caught it and held her for a moment in dread and in surprise, but she recovered quickly.

"I know why you say that, and all that you mean," she said. "There is no need for us to put it into words. It is kind of you to care; it helps me as nothing else could help me to find that you have thought for me, and that I can speak to you as I can speak to no one else. There is no one now but you who has known me all through, and understood me. And you will understand me still. I cannot leave Tenter's Close; not yet. Besides my father's wish and will, I have the consciousness that it is my place until—until it is changed for me. I should expect no help, no blessing on my life, if I were to desert my appointed place merely because it is difficult. And I shall not be needed here always, perhaps not for long. The girls will marry; Lydia is going to be married soon; and Mrs. Gower will prefer to live with her own children when they have homes into which they can receive her. She has told me that. . . . Besides, I have other hopes," Dorigen continued, smiling that wan smile again, and blushing faintly. "I live on hope."

"It doesn't seem to be a particularly nourishing thing," Michael said sadly. "I suppose your hope concerns your—your other life," he continued, speaking of this "other life" for the first time, and wondering how he should speak with sufficient carefulness. "I should think no hope that you have of that kind is likely to be denied."

"You can say that!" Dorigen exclaimed in a low tremulous voice, and blushing deeply as she spoke.

"I could say much more than that," he

answered, remembering the night he had sat alone with her first book of poems in his hand, knowing that then he saw the inmost heart and soul of the woman he had loved as he had never dreamed to see it, and discerning more clearly than ever his life's loss. Yet no surprise had touched him as it had touched others. This was in her; and more than this, he had said to himself, feeling instinctively that she might never express all herself, or even the best of herself; no poet, no writer does that. Some one else had said it, "The best is that which can never be written."

"Could you tell me more particularly about your hope?" Michael asked presently. "I do not ask for curiosity."

"Don't make little explanations like that," Dorigen pled. "I have no other friend to whom I could speak so utterly without reserve as I can to you, and it is good so to speak sometimes. It is like the sharing of a burden, giving you half its weight. Many a time I feel that certain ideas would crystallize themselves much more quickly if I might but see them through the light from some one else's brain. They would gain in weight and importance. And I think my times of despondency would neither be so dark nor so frequent if my life were but a little shared and understood; and even hope itself would be a finer thing. . . . The hope I spoke of just now has a small foundation; has it not?" she said, taking from her pocket a letter written on half a sheet of note-paper. "I received this yesterday, and it made the brightest day I have had this year."

The note was from the editor of a new magazine, which had already started fairly, and with every prospect of success. It was published by a long-established firm; and the names appended to such of the articles as were signed, were proof enough that the literary standard aimed at was a high one. It was published every two months, and the price of it was three shillings; so that it was not likely to be overlooked in the crowd of monthlies. The illustrations were excellent.

"DEAR MADAM," the note began, "I have read your poem, 'The Idyll of Saint Hild,' which you were good enough to send me, with great interest and pleasure. I should like to have it for *The Trafalgar Square Magazine*, but I fear it is much too long. I could insert a poem in two parts, or even in three, but I should not like to go beyond this; and according to my computation your 'Idyll' would require to be divided into five.

I do not like to ask you to shorten it, for I know by experience what bitter work that is; but in its present state it is quite impossible that I should use it. I believe I could find room for it if it were but twenty-five or thirty MS. pages shorter than it is. Would this reduction be possible to you? I do not ask you to do it; but I mention my requirement as a fact.

"I do not need to refer to the critiques of your published volume. I know your poems well, and have, I assure you, a very strong appreciation of their value. I should much like to have your assistance on the magazine under my charge.

"Very truly yours,
"JAMES D. REIGHTON."

Dorigen did not read the whole of this to Michael Salvain, but she read enough to make him understand her satisfaction. He made no comment, however.

"Are you not going to congratulate me?" she asked in some surprise.

"I congratulate you on having written the poem."

"Thank you," she said; "but

'When you drink
Still wish some happier fortune to your friend,
Than even to have written a far better book!'

"You will shorten your poem, of course?" Michael asked, knowing that she might not refuse a chance so good.

"Yes; as Mr. Reighton says, it will be bitter work, but it will not be so bitter as sending it from publisher to publisher, as I might have had to do."

And in her own heart she added, "And it will not be so bitter as to need bread, and fire, and clothing; not so bitter as to be fighting hopelessly with anxiety; not so bitter as being asked ceaselessly for money which I cannot pay." She was grateful enough for the prospect held out to her, and as she had said, she was living on hope.

But, ah, me! for the hope deferred, and the hope denied, that makes the training of him who would live by his pen alone.

"He must enter," says one who had so entered, "on a scene of oppression, distortion, isolation, under which for the present the fairest years of his existence are painfully crushed down. But this too has its wholesome influences on him; for there is in genius that alchemy which converts all metals into gold; which from suffering educes strength; from error, clearer wisdom; from all things, good."

CHAPTER LI.—TWO LIVES LAID DOWN.

"Was I a careless woman set at ease,
That this so bitter cup is brimmed for me!"
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

It was a few weeks after that day on the cliff top that a sudden failure in old Than Rountree's health became noticeable. For some time Dorigen went frequently; then she insisted upon going to stay in the cottage in Salthouse Garth altogether. The peace of it was appreciably sweet after life in Tenter's Close.

The old man gave no trouble. He would lie silent in the tiny bedroom which opened out of the kitchen, not speaking for hours, and only rousing himself to be polite when the Rector went in, or when Gladwyn Thesiger came to sit with Dorigen, and turned to his bedside for awhile to try to extract from him some wild and wonderful story of the sea.

Mr. Thesiger's curate, Mr. Frank Gerard, would come too sometimes; indeed he got into a habit of coming rather frequently as



"Across by the bridge, where the lights were beginning to twinkle."

the weeks went on, and he was always made to feel that he was welcome. Dorigen enjoyed the coming of the clever, genial, kind-hearted clergyman quite as much as old Than enjoyed it. These were memorable days, and offered some strange contrasts.

There were times when it would certainly seem as if that ancient belief in the jealousy of the gods were not without foundation.

By slow degrees Dorigen's secret had crept out, and had awakened a certain interest, a certain curiosity concerning herself and her

life that was not so wholly unpleasant as she had feared it might be. True, she came but very little into actual contact with it, so that she saw only the kindness, the appreciation, which often enough had such odd little touches in it, as of a kind of pride of local possession. Her days were spent in ceaseless effort, now in this direction, now in that; every exertion that she could make being hardly enough for the home in Tenter's Close. That was her care by day and by night, and failure to do all that was required of her hurt



"Lodbrok Bay."

her conscience as a sin. Of all this there was none to know.

One of the heaviest of her secret troubles was arising out of that "Idyll of Saint Hild," concerning which her hopes had been so high and inspiring. She had spent nearly three weeks in reducing it to suit the requirements of the editor of *The Trafalgar Square Magazine*, re-writing several portions in order that the excisions might leave no very noticeable trace; and doing her best to make the poem worthy of its promised good fortune. This she had done in the spring of the year, sending the MS. off again on the very day after it was completed.

Since that time she had watched the list of contents of each number in vain; and she had waited for proof sheets in vain. And each disappointment fell across the two months to come. So, mainly by old Than's bedside, the summer passed heavily yet not unhopefully. Had she not that kind and appreciative letter in her desk?

No one, save Michael Salvain, knew that she was expecting the appearance of the poem. Not even to Gladwyn Thesiger, who was a friend both kind and true, could she bring herself to speak of a yet unaccomplished purpose. She liked to think of the pleasure there would be at the Rectory, of the congratulations that would come when at last her hope was fulfilled. There was always sympathy there with all she did; and more than once some brief unsigned poem or essay of hers had been recognised when she did not know of it.

"When is your next volume of poems coming out, Miss Gower? May I ask? is it rude to ask?" Mr. Gerard said one day in his usual tone of pleasant raillery. Gladwyn was there, and it was one of old Than Rountree's brightest hours, so that there was no special gloom in the homely little cottage where the old whaler was living out his last few days.

"Softly!" Dorigen said, understanding the tone and the man too well to feel any annoyance. "Softly—

'A poet is a word soon said,
A book's a thing soon written. Nay, indeed,
The more the poet shall be questionable,
The more unquestionably comes his book.'

"Well," said Mr. Gerard, "you haven't over-flooded the world with books so far. . . . But tell me now, how did you feel when you awoke and found yourself famous?"

"That has yet to happen," said Dorigen with a sudden gravity.

"Oh no, it hasn't! I saw your *nom de guerre* mentioned in the *Metropolitan Review* last week with no end of praise and prophecy attached to it. . . . But now do tell me, do you *always* sleep with laurel-leaves under your pillow? That is said to be a sure way of obtaining inspiration."

"No; I have never tried the laurel-leaves."

"You prefer the Grass of Parnassus?"

"I don't know the Grass of Parnassus. Isn't that stupid of me? I am told that some of our cliffs are white with it in its time."

"And you don't know it? Well, that is

surprising! Fancy living on the sacred mount, and not knowing its chief flower!"

"Perhaps it doesn't grow so far down the slope!"

"Now that is mock humility, a thing I have no sympathy with. But do be serious, please! I like talking to a real live author, and one so seldom gets the chance."

"You haven't the chance to-day. I am only half alive."

"Are you not?" Gladwyn Thesiger said sympathetically. "Are you not well? I am sorry. But you work too hard; and you live too much alone. Is it good for you? Is it even quite good for your poetry that you never speak of it, never try its effect upon anybody till it is published?"

"I do sometimes sympathise with Molière," Dorigen replied. "I am told that at one time, having no one else at hand, he used to have his housekeeper into his study, and read his plays aloud to her."

"Ah! I—I sympathise with the housekeeper," said Mr. Gerard gravely. And the next moment the cottage door was thrown open with a burst, and Crainie Cleminshaw appeared hatless and excited on the scene.

"Oh, Dorigen, you're to go home," she said peremptorily, and turning her round eyes from Miss Thesiger to Mr. Gerard, as if determined to make an impression of some kind. "You're to go at once, and I'm to stay with Than till you come back. And if you have any money here, you're to take it with you."

Poor old Than heard as he lay in his little room, and his groan was audible enough. "They'll kill her among 'em," he said to Gladwyn Thesiger, who went to his bedside to offer to stay until Dorigen's return. But Miss Cleminshaw stayed also, and the old man lost an opportunity of saying something he had much wished to say to Gladwyn. He hinted at his desire, but all in vain, and the opportunity never came any more.

Of course it was a sudden demand for money which necessitated Dorigen's presence in Tenter's Close. A stern-looking, but not quite sober man was waiting there with a bill which he insisted should be paid at once. And though Dorigen gave him all that she had it was not enough.

"I will try to send you the remainder this week," she said with pale lips, and a trembling that ran through her whole frame. Then she turned and went to her room to write a letter.

She sat awhile trying to recover herself, trying to see if any alternative were left to

her, but there was none. She must write and ask the editor of *The Trafalgar Square Magazine* if he would be kind enough to advance but a part of the money that would be due to her when her "Idyll of Saint Hild" was published.

It was as if every sentence of that letter was written, if not with her heart's blood, then with her brain's essence. When her task was done she rose up weak and faint as people rise from an illness.

It was the seventh day of September. She might never forget that date. And she might never forget the days that followed—days of waiting, of suffering, of keen, silent, unspeakable suffering.

Those who have known such crises in their life may perhaps comprehend without written details how the hours went on. Those who have not known, could not be shown more than the surface. The depths, the horror, the humiliation cannot be put into words.

Day by day it went on. Morning after morning broke in hope; night sank to night in bitter despair.

The last shilling had been expended two days when the postman came one morning to the door of the cottage in Salthouse Garth. He had a brown-paper parcel in his hand, and Dorigen's heart sank instantly at the sight of it. She knew before she opened it that it contained the manuscript of the one poem of her life.

She had spent above a year in writing it. Her best thoughts had gone to the creation of it; she had given so much of her life, so much of her suffering, of her soul's strength to its production. And there it lay, a soiled, nay, dirty, and torn, and dog's-eared heap of paper.

Neither fiction nor the drama takes much account of the passionate pains, the tragic disappointments of the intellectual side of human life and nature. Are they not as worthy of note, as pathetic, as deeply important as the things which touch the emotions of the heart only? Man does not live by love alone! Is it less to have the hope of your brain struck down by a sudden blow, than to have the hope of your affections destroyed? Is there no interest in human life sufficient for the purpose of him who writes in parables, save that one interest which surrounds love and marriage? Assuredly we do not yet see so far in this matter as those who come after us will see.

There was no letter with the parcel; and when the first stun was over, Dorigen tried

to hope that the MS. might have been returned for further alteration. But the evening post destroyed this hope. A letter came, similar in appearance exactly to that kindly and pleasant one in her desk. But this one had nothing in it of kindness or of pleasantness.

"DEAR MADAM," began the editor of *The Trafalgar Square Magazine*. "I have made a very careful calculation of the length of your poem, and I find that it is longer by several pages than when I sent it to you to be reduced. I don't see that you can possibly shorten it further without destroying all proportion, and weakening it in every way. Under these circumstances I think it would be much fairer both to yourself and to me to withdraw the 'Idyll of St. Hild.' I should be glad to have a poem of suitable length from your pen.

"Yours very sincerely,
"JAMES D. REIGHTON."

The roll of manuscript which Dorigen had taken from the poem in the spring was on the table by the window; sufficient proof, if there had been any proof required, that the accusations contained in this most contradictory note were not true. Of course she was aware that there was something behind all this, though she might not then know what it was. And, indeed, it would have comforted her very little if she had been told—as later she was told—that Mr. Reighton was a very young man, new to the task of editing, and had accepted, or partially accepted a much larger number of manuscripts than he was warranted in doing. Finally he had found it necessary to make a clearance, and very naturally chose to begin with such contributors as he could disappoint with impunity. This it was that was behind that hour of incomprehensible trial.

For some time after reading the letter she sat there silent, motionless, stupefied. Had the means of living been hers, she knew that she might have set to work at once to rewrite the poem and restore it to its original completeness. Then she might have found a publisher for it. She had enough of brief poems, some of which had already appeared in various magazines, to make, with the "Idyll," a volume much larger than her first volume. But all this working and waiting was out of the question without even bread to eat while the working and waiting was done.

Still she sat there. Old Than slept peace-

fully, only waking from time to time to taste of the jelly or the beef-tea that Mrs. Thesiger sent almost daily, less because old Than could not have provided for his small wants out of his own very slender annuity, than because the Rectory cook was clever in making such things, and had all proper appliances. Now and then he spoke of his satisfaction that he should be sailing into port under such easy weather, in his own cottage, with the vestiges of his life all about him; his crutch by the head of his bed; and "Little Peace," as he had come latterly to call her again, always there "to turn his pillow." The old man spoke often of that luxury of having some one to turn his pillow.

"I can hear the knap, knap, knapping o' that crutch on the deck o' the *Narwhal* as fair as owt to-night," he said once when he woke up.

It was about midnight. Dorigen was leaning with her head against the old high-backed, rush-seated chair in which Than had sat for so many years. Her hand was lying upon his, which seemed colder to-night and greyer. When he slept again, she made up the fire and lighted a larger lamp, that the cottage should seem more cheery when he awoke next time.

Then she sat down again, and thought till she was thought-sick, but she could see nothing except that her life was done—all her real life, the life she had cared for, fought for, suffered for. It was over as completely as that life which old Than was so peacefully laying down.

There was no peace in her own heart. There might be quiet, but it was the quiet of utter desperateness.

It was a year now since she had passed through that night of strife and temptation consequent upon Lancelot Wilderslowe's offer of marriage. She had never regretted the decision she had made then; on the contrary, even in the midst of her sorest trials, she had rejoiced in it, and had congratulated herself on being at least free, at least mistress of her own life, her own thought, her own powers. And even to-night she did not regret that resolute decision.

But nevertheless some of that long past night's experience came back upon her now. She had doubted then whether she would have been wholly justified in making sacrifice of a life to which she had been so strongly and manifestly drawn by no will or wish of her own. . . . Now the sacrifice was demanded.

And it was a complete sacrifice that was

demand. There was no tempting alternative awaiting her now.

She must find for herself a home where she could live, and work such work as she could do, and receive such wages as her work might deserve. She had no very definite ideas, and the vagueness of the prospect was an additional terror. Changes were taking place at St. Dunstan's. Bertie had a tutor; Colonel Wilderslowe was coming home, or rather it was arranged that Lady Anna was to meet him in Paris. The very remembrance of St. Dunstan's, and of the fair and bright life she had lived there, awoke in Dorigen's heart the fear that the next experience would in all probability make her acquainted with wide reverses. She could not help shivering as she sat trying to look into that dark, chill future that was before her. Her keen vision did but help to deepen the gloom of it. Mean as was the shelter of Tenter's Close, and full of all pain and humiliation as her life there might be, she yet shrank from the only change that was open to her now. But all the same, she knew that the time for change had come.

Everything was changing. Her whole life had been full of changes; and she could hardly help going back over the past as she sat there, but perhaps the words that old Than was murmuring from time to time helped as much to give colour to her thought as her own grief did. It seemed that once again she was a little child, drinking in eagerly the old tales of the land of ice and snow of which she had never been weary.

"They like the thin bay ice, them whales," the old man murmured. "Then they can break it easy, an' come up to breathe. Eh, I'd like thee to see a whale crackin' a sheet of ice wi' the crown of his head, an' comin' up to the surface. . . . I'd like thee to see it all, honey, but thee'd be despt frightened. . . . It's all so strange i' them Greenland seas; an' it's cold, despt cold."

The whole world was seeming strange and cold to her as she sat there; and life seemed full of that perplexity which comes upon us all when our best efforts are thwarted, our most genuine labour fruitless, our highest hopes denied, our most earnest purpose turned to failure and to shame.

Musing, grieving, praying, resolving, she sat there by the dying man. And the night went on; and she knew that she was living through a crisis which had had none like unto it in her life since that life began.

This last keen agonising sacrifice made, she would have nothing left wherewith to

make any other sacrifice. The rest of her life she might live passively, not caring how the years went, so that each one brought her nearer the end.

"I think I could have borne it all, if I might have *seen*," she said to herself. "If I might have had some vision, if I might have discerned some gain to be won out of all this loss. It is the uselessness, the waste of it all, the waste of life, of suffering. What good can there be in a sacrifice that is demanded, that one would have escaped if one could?"

Then in the silence there was answer made. Was not this very ignorance, this very blindness, the secret of the bitterness of most earthly sorrows? To have knowledge would be to have no bitterness.

"What I do thou knowest not now!"

"*What I do*," said One, knowing always what He does, and asking with beseeching Voice for simple acquiescence, simple submission, simple renunciation.

So to accept a sorrow sent by God is assuredly "to make God's deed ours." This light at least we have.

Waste! No; in all this wide dark suffering world, wherein millions in all ages have lived but to suffer, and have known no end of suffering until the end that death has brought; wherein millions upon millions yet groan, and curse, and sin, and pray, and trust, and bear in silence—in all this there is no waste, no, not so much as a wasted sigh.

By sorrow, by that utmost sorrow of the Cross, was the redemption of humanity wrought well-nigh nineteen hundred years ago. By sorrow, by utmost sorrow alone, can we take our apportioned share in that redemption.

To see this, or even to believe, *not* fully seeing, is to look with newer eyes upon human life.

For a long while Dorigen sat there, penetrated as it were with new light, new strength. It seemed as if she had made her moan for nothing.

And by-and-by there came slowly the feeling that she might yet be glad for this opportunity; that she might yet let into her heart "the joy that is the joy of love, and finds its necessary food in sacrifice."

Though she might not discern her sorrow's end or meaning, she could rest in the thought that He who required it knew. He knew it all. He saw her as she sat there making efforts to pass beyond the testing of the moment to that clearer region of the soul's

life where endurance of earthly ill might pass on, if not to rapture, yet to perfect peace.

Already it seemed as if the old life was behind that night, the new before; and a deed became possible without further strife that would have seemed as if it could but end in madness a few hours earlier.

And yet it could hardly be said that there was no pang in it. Leaving old Than sleeping quietly she went into the outer room and took up in her hand the written poem into which she had condensed so much of her own life's inner experience. She held it only for one sad, passionate, prayerful moment.

Then with reluctant hands, and throbbing heart, and determined spirit, she laid it sheet by sheet upon the fire, till not a word remained save such as remained written for ever in her own memory. These should never again be written elsewhere.

"Some one else will write it," she said half audibly. "Some one else will write that 'Idyll of Saint Hild,' but I shall not know it. I foretell it; but I shall never see it."

Then she sat down again, feeling a great emptiness in the room,—nay, in the world, in life, in all things. The peace which she had expected, and, indeed, had half tasted, was not perfected. Nay, for awhile it had gone out of reach again.

The night was almost at an end now. Old Than was murmuring in his sleep; and it seemed to the watcher by his bed that a change had come over his face during the past half-hour, that change which is so indescribable and yet so unmistakable. She had no fear; yet she knew that it would be well that she should not be quite alone when the end came. She had promised to call one of the neighbours if there should be need.

"Shall I ask Mrs. Rydale to come in, Uncle Than?" she whispered, putting the question mainly by way of ascertaining how far the old man was conscious. He opened his eyes, and looked up with a faint smile.

"Ay, honey, thee can tell her," he said feebly, and seeming to understand for the moment. But Dorigen's hand was in his and she could not easily withdraw it.

"Ay, thee can tell her, Little Peace," he went on murmuring. "But I'd not go yet a bit. . . . No, I'd not go while this snow-fog's so despart thick. Eh, but it is thick! . . . I can't see across the deck."

There was another pause, a brief one, so it seemed in that strong mingling of life's strongest emotions. The dawn-light was

struggling in through the closed blinds, the sparrows were chirping in the old apple-tree at the door, which this year, for the first time, had had no bud or bloom.

Then suddenly—very suddenly, the old man half-raised himself on his pillow, and a great glad light came into his eyes and passed upon his face.

"Eh! at last! at last!" he said in slow tones, tremulous with gladness. "At last! at last, there's the oppen water! . . . Ay, it's yonder, the clear blue oppen water; shinin' again the glitterin' ice; an' surgin' up upon the edges o' the floe! . . . Eh, but I've looked a lang time for the sight o' that! It's dolin' to be closed in i' the thick ice so long, an' at last! at last! I'm fain to reach yon blue water. Eh, I'm fain to see yon shinin' oppen water!"

CHAPTER LII.—"LIKE ONE WHO ONCE HAD WINGS."

"At first I felt in uttermost despair,
And said, 'O Lord, this cross I cannot bear,'
But I have borne it, and I bear it now,
Only, oh only, do not ask me how."

After HENRY.

It is strange how sometimes a life that will seem to onlookers to be uneventful to a most monotonous degree, yet appears to the person living it to be full of event. The cataclysms of fate do not always take such form as would be acceptable to the newspaper; and a man may pass through a series of crises, every one of which he shall hide successfully from his nearest neighbour if he will to do so. And the greater the sorrows and disappointments of life, the greater the need of living it so far to one's self.

To Dorigen Gower life had never seemed flat or empty; rather had it appeared to be full of all storms and changes, of sins and sorrows, of hopes, mistakes, disappointments. It was not otherwise now; and yet people looking on wondered that she could live a life so dreary and tedious, so unbrightened, unrelieved. No one save Michael Salvain knew that the thing she craved above all others was a time of absolute peace.

Though three months had gone by since that night when old Than had found the open water, and when Dorigen had with such keen strife and pain laid down the one great hope of her life, she was still living in Tenter's Close, and still enduring much the same existence as before—the same, yet with a difference that was wider, and went deeper than anybody knew. Not even Michael Salvain could gauge it wholly.

Of course he knew how things were going

with her on the surface—nay, below the surface. He came and went frequently, inventing such small pleasures and surprises as he might do, and having the satisfaction of feeling that his mere coming was always a pleasure to one he cared greatly to please. Sometimes his wife came with him, and more often she sent flowers and fruit, and books and magazines. Was it mere kindness that moved her? Was there aught behind?

Yes. Michael knew all about the little hoard of money that Than Rountree had left for Dorigen, his own savings and Miss Rountree's for many, many years. The old man had put the money into Mr. Salvain's hands some weeks before his death.

"Keep it for her, sir," he said. "An' please try so as she'll hev it for herself. We saved it sixpence by sixpence, Leenock an' me; an' we allus meant her to have it. . . . It's nought, so to speak; an' yet it would do her a bit o' good mebbe i' some strait; an' I'm feared she's like to ha' plenty o' them. . . . But say nought till I'm under the mould, sir. Please say nought on it till then."

And of course Michael kept the old man's wish. He did not speak of the gift till some days after that funeral in the old churchyard, when a coffin had been borne to the grave with a rude wooden crutch lying upon the lid, that same crutch which had washed up by the side of a drowning man when the *Nar-whal* was wrecked upon the rocks at North-scaur.

"You are sure you have not been reading 'Aurora Leigh' lately?" Dorigen said when Michael told her. She spoke with a quick flush of surprise and emotion. "You remember how Romney tried to make Aurora believe in a deed of gift?"

"I remember very well, for I *have* read the book lately, and with a purpose, I confess. But for certain things said there I had doubtless tried some such deception as Romney tried."

There was no doubting Michael Salvain's sincerity; but small as the sum was, it was yet of force enough to move backward, at least for a time, that heavy wheel of fate which had crushed her life's purpose out from her life, and left her standing as a tree for awhile might stand, with its root cut out from the earth beneath.

They were walking up and down the lane near Tenter's Close as they spoke. The hedges were turning to russet and brown; a daisy or two yet studded the scrap of green waste by the road-side; women were spreading clothes to dry on the stunted bushes. Over

the harbour and the town there was a sunny, glittering mist that added a special beauty to the old red gables, the dark wharves and dockyards, and all the signs of life that were about the river-side. The clatter from the ship-yards absorbed all other sounds save the lowing of cattle in the Abbey fields.

"Was there any condition attached to the gift?" Dorigen asked, after a long silence, during which her whole heart and soul had seemed to revive within her.

"No," said Michael. "But it was the old man's earnest wish that it should be for your own use and benefit. Pardon me for saying that I think you should respect that wish."

It was not easy to respect it; and yet it may be that old Than himself would have been satisfied to know of the great glad relief that came by the lifting of burdens that had been almost too heavy to be borne. And even when this was done, there remained still enough to enable Dorigen to hope that she might take up life again almost where she had broken it off on that sad night. . . . Almost; not quite. She could write no other "Idyll of Saint Hild."

No; she would take Mr. Harvey Taunton's advice at last—driven to take it, as he had prophesied she would be, by the strong force of circumstance alone.

She would write no more poetry.

This decision was only arrived at after another struggle, almost as fierce and painful as the last; but the very fierceness of it attested the fact that the decision once made would be irrevocable. There should be no turning aside when once the new path was really chosen. But it might not be chosen without cost. On the face of it, it might seem but a small thing that a writer of poetry should be constrained to write poems in prose rather than in verse; but it could only seem small to one who had no special bent toward either.

That "Unknown Painter" was not moved to lay aside his brushes and palette altogether. He might go on painting, but since he might not obey the inspiration that came to him, he was fain to confess the sinking of his heart as he covered the cloister walls with the monotonous series, "Virgin, Babe, and Saint." He who had so longed to be the messenger of Heaven, the steward of spiritual mysteries, could never contentedly give of the mere mechanical invention of his own brain. It is a far-reaching, much-aspiring soul that vibrates through the words—

"How my soul springs up! No bar
Stayed me—ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!
—Never did fate forbid me, star by star
To outburst on your night with all my gift
Of fires from God."

But his cup was spilt, his sweet treasure wasted by human blindness, human short-sightedness. Life had no more to offer to him.

No; such decisions are not made without cost; and to Dorigen Gower, as the days went on, the cost did not seem less, but rather more. If ever success should come in this new way, it would not be the success she had hoped for. It was as if life were set to a lower key, and the music of it written with incomplete chords, broken harmonies, to which no execution could give the full power and resonant sweetness of the music she had hoped to know.

But these winter days, though lower in their kind, were yet days of comparative peace. They passed on to spring, the spring to summer; and when Lancelot Wilderslowe came to Hild's Haven again, as he did in July, he saw that some change had come over Dorigen's face—a change that was towards a greater quiet, and yet did not seem to him for the better.

"I don't know what it is," he said to Gladwyn Thesiger one day at the Rectory. Thyra was there, and Juliet, the irrepressible; and he had been inviting them to drive over to his new lodging at Lodbrok Bay, where he was painting a picture which he was unwise enough to say he intended for the Royal Academy.

"I should like you to see it," he said, speaking more especially to Gladwyn. "Couldn't you drive over—you and Miss Gower, and as many of your sisters as the pony-carriage would hold?"

"I should like it immensely," said Gladwyn with eagerness; "but I doubt whether Dorna would go. She doesn't go anywhere now."

It was then that Lancelot wondered aloud what change had come over the face he had recently watched with some surprise, some disappointment. And Gladwyn was quick enough to feel the significance of the fact that he was able to speak critically of one whom only two years before he had hardly cared to speak of at all, except in rare moments of confidence. But she was loyal, and admitted no touch of disparagement.

"I don't know what it is," Lancelot had said; "but certainly Miss Gower has changed. She looks older, thinner, and some indefinite charm that she had is gone from her manner altogether."

"It is only that she is weary," Gladwyn

replied loyally; "and it is not only her work that worries her, she has other things. And her life has no happiness in it, no tenderness, no beauty. How can you expect a woman to go on looking well out of whose life all that a woman most cares for has gone? All that you say you miss in her would come back in six weeks if it had the chance."

"But we will try to persuade her to come to Lodbrok Bay," said Juliet. "When shall we come, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"The first fine day you *can* come."

"Then we will come to-morrow if we can have the carriage," she said quickly. "Are we to come to luncheon?"

"To luncheon!" said Lancelot gravely, and looking suddenly serious. "Are you particularly fond of the dried heads of cod-fish? Because there isn't anything else at Lodbrok Bay. They bring them round in a cart. A dreadful woman in man's clothes stands in the middle of the cart, and holds up salted fish-heads strung on a string. I thought at first—I did really—that they were the scalps of her enemies; and all the while she was uttering something that sounded like an incantation in a foreign tongue. She goes on uttering this for a while, then she begins a denunciation, and then you go out and buy. They are eighteen for a shilling."

"I say! How cheap!"

"They are very cheap. If you like, I will have a shilling's worth cooked for you to-morrow."

"Very well," said Juliet. "Any potatoes?"

"I don't know about potatoes," said Lancelot, with a new accession of gravity. "I fancy you eat seaweed with salted cod-fish—at least I think it was seaweed that was in the tureen to-day. But you can never tell at Lodbrok Bay; the place has a flavour of its own, and everything tastes of that. It is a very strong flavour, and somewhat peculiar. It is not exactly sea-wrack, and it is not exactly salt fish, nor is it exactly oilskin clothing; I should say it was a rather careless combination of the three. But come to-morrow and taste it for yourself. You begin to taste about half-way down the bank."

"Oh, we know the Bay Bank!" said Juliet; "and I know why the place was called Lodbrok Bay. It was because the sons of Ragnar Lodbrok landed there when they came over to avenge the death of their father. You know about Ragnar Lodbrok?"

"Well, yes; but I'm afraid I couldn't stand an examination."

"Couldn't you? Well, then, I'll tell you. He was a Danish sea-king—a Viking:

one noon; and it had a raven on it, and the raven used to seem as if it were flying when the Danes were going to be victorious."

"How *very* interesting! I am sorry I haven't my note-book."

"Never mind; I will tell it to you all over again to-morrow."

But, unfortunately, when the morrow came it was a wet day, and the day after that was a thick, damp sea-fret on the coast, so that it was not till the afternoon of the Monday following that the Rectory pony-carriage stopped at the lower edge of Tenter's Close. Dorigen was quite ready, waiting there in the warm sunshine that was upon the tiny scrap of front garden, where nothing grew generously save marigolds and chickweed.

"Ah! There you are!" exclaimed Gladwyn in her cheery and rather boisterous fashion.

"Come along; you're going to drive, you know, and I'm going to sit beside you and chatter; and Mavis is to feed us with grapes as

we go; and Juliet's basket is full of gingerbread nuts. I am glad it's a fine day! We're going to have the jolliest drive we've had this year!"

And, in truth, it was a pleasant drive. Nearly six miles had to be overpassed before they came to the top of the steep road that leads down into Lodbrok Bay. The quaint fishing-town lies nestling in the hollows made by the irregularities of the cliffs, where they divide to let the little beck come gurgling down from the wide green upland that rises above the bay. Some of the houses stand in the "Bank" by the roadside, some are perched on little rocky plateaus, some stray quite down to the edge of the sea. The wide bay has a sweep of at least three miles: and when the tide is out it is the dreariest, weariest, most fascinatingly picturesque bay that an artist could come upon—picturesque, that is, as Tennyson's Lincolnshire fens are



"Where Burtree Beck was trickling down to the beach."

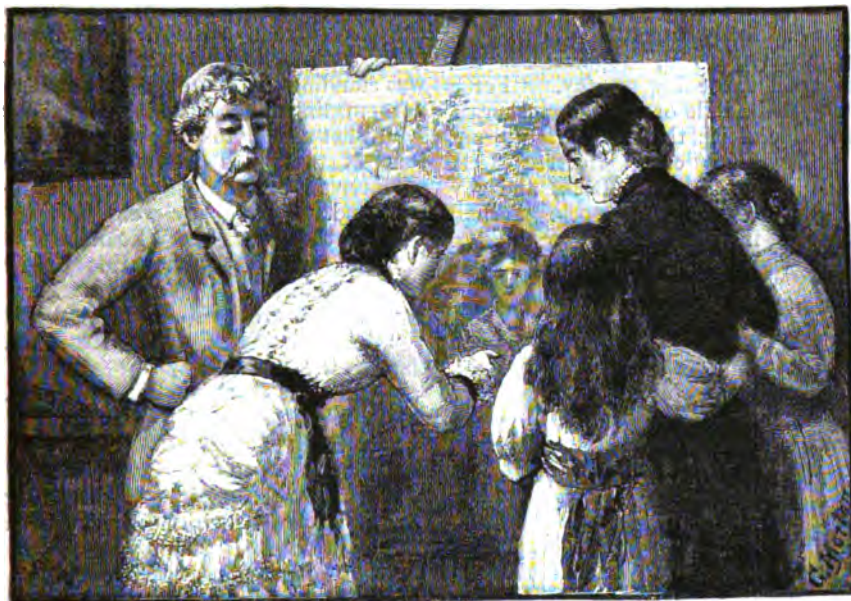
and he built two ships, larger than any that had ever been built in the north before—they were so big, indeed, that he couldn't manage them, and he was shipwrecked on the coast of Yorkshire. It was called Deira then, and Ella was the king of it; and when Ragnar Lodbrok was shipwrecked, instead of helping him and his crews, Ella took him prisoner and put him into a dungeon full of vipers that stung him to death, and he never once uttered a groan; they say, indeed, that he laughed, but I never feel quite sure about that. And then his sons, Ivar and Hubba and Halfdene, came over to take revenge, and they landed at Lodbrok Bay and set up their standard on Ravenhill—that is the high point of land at the south end of the bay. It was a magic banner; Ragnar Lodbrok's wife, Aslauga, and her daughters wove it in

picturesque, "With level waste, and round-
ing grey." No huge boulders break the line,
as on the scaur at Hild's Haven; no tall,
dark, rugged rocks stand out with bold, frac-
tured angles. In the centre of the sweep of
the bay the cliff slopes backward and upward
gently, the stunted grass and the various
wild things creep downward to the edge of
the shingly beach; but at each end of the
bay the cliffs rise again and stand out with a
grandeur all their own. To see "the Bay,"
and the Bay town from the top of the Bank
is to be well rewarded for your trouble in
going there.

With a thoughtfulness hardly to have been

expected, Lancelot had come half-way up the
steep hill-side to meet the carriage, bringing
with him a boy, who took out the pony and
conveyed it safely to a stable belonging to
one of the small inns down in the town.

"Knowing how enterprising you are, I
was afraid you might be attempting to drive
all the way down," he said, handing the four
ladies out, and turning downward with a
certain feeling of gratification. Even at Lod-
bruk Bay it pleased him to have visitors, three
of whom at least satisfied his artistic instinct
for colour and brightness. Gladwyn's dress
of creamy lawn, with ribbons of subdued
carnation red, touched him like a piece of



"The picture we've come to see."

soft, exhilarating music. He was drawn to
her side, as he had been drawn to Dorigen's
side at the Musical Festival at Kirk-Leighton,
hardly knowing what it was that drew him,
and finding a curiously fresh pleasure in
watching the winning blue eyes, over which
the long lashes seemed to droop as they had
never drooped before, and the rich tint on
the sunburnt and sea-tanned face, which
seemed every moment to be growing richer.
Gladwyn's brown rippling hair looked pret-
tier than ever under the broad-brimmed hat
of drawn cream-tinted silk. There were
some carnations among the trimming of ivory
lace, and a cream-coloured parasol, lined
with pure, low-toned red to match the

flowers, gave a pretty finishing touch to her
costume—a costume which had required
more study than Gladwyn was in the habit
of giving. Juliet quite understood.

Mavis, with her pretty blue-and-white cot-
ton frock, and Juliet with her pale pink, were
walking with Dorigen down the hill, one on
either side of the white, weary-looking woman
dressed in shabby black, who could not even
then forget her weariness or her hidden
pain, but who made successful efforts to seem
forgetful. Juliet clung to her, and put her
pretty pink and white wrist within her arm,
and tried all day to make the time a pleasant
time for one whose pleasant days were so
few. And her effort was not unnoticed.

"It's all a mistake," Juliet said once to Mavis, when Dorigen had joined Gladwyn for a few moments as they entered the small, unsavoury town. "It's all a mistake. I'm sure Dorna doesn't care for him, and I'm sure Gladwyn does; and I believe he's going to care for Gladwyn. Why, he's never spoken to either of us, and I don't think he knows we're here. I shall remind him presently."

They went onward through the town, down by the narrow street where the small shops displayed their miscellaneous wares to such doubtful advantage; then, quite suddenly, the street ended in boats, and sand, and wrack-strewn beach, and sea.

"Are we going into the German Ocean?" asked Juliet in her little, high-pitched voice, and with a childish coquettish glance.

"Not exactly *into it*," replied Lancelot with his usual exceeding gravity. "For a little way—half a mile or so—we must walk along the edge of it; then we turn upward into a small ravine called Burtree Beck. My rooms are at Burtree Beck, and my landlady's name is Jean Laverock. I shall have pleasure in introducing you to Mrs. Laverock."

CHAPTER LIII.—MARGERY LAVEROCK.

"JEAN LAVEROCK! It must be the Jean I used to know," Dorigen said musingly, yet audibly. She and Juliet were walking first, slipping upon the wet shingly beach, where the long tangle was lying in rich brown heaps that glittered in the sun. There was a portion of a wreck in one hollow by the cliff, and a group of little children were pretending to do lessons among the black timbers, leaning their slates upon the splintered ribs of the bulwarks. They stopped to stare as the prettily-dressed ladies went by with the gentleman who was living at Jean Laverock's, and who gave them pennies; and one girl among them wondered as they passed if Margery Laverock were at home. Dorigen heard the question.

"Of course it's the same Jean," she said to Juliet. "I used to know them quite well—indeed Margery was the only child-friend I had. I knew they had come to live at Lodbrok Bay, but I fear that I had forgotten them of late. Margery will be grown up—quite a woman. She was such a pretty little thing when she was a child, and so good, so winning. She was lame then, and suffered a good deal, but she used to endure with touching patience. I heard afterwards that she had outgrown her lameness a little, and that the doctor said she would probably out-

grow it altogether. I shall be very glad to see her again."

Gladwyn and Lancelot had sauntered so much that they had to be waited for at the turn of the brown cliff where Burtree Beck was trickling down to the beach. There was a rude wooden bridge above, and beyond that a water-mill, with a miller's cottage. The other cottage stood much higher, and was perched upon a barren rocky slope of the opposite cliff, a slope that was strewn with oars, masts, fragments of net, old ropes, and lobster pots.

"That will be Peter Laverock's cottage," Dorigen said, and just afterward Lancelot and Gladwyn came up, looking too much preoccupied to care about the wildness, or the shadowiness, or the picturesque rudeness of the little hollow between the rocks. Juliet was standing on the edge of the beck that was gurgling and trickling among the stones.

"What are we to do now?" she said, in a tone of pretended fretfulness, which the laughter in her large dark eyes quite contradicted. "*Don't* say we've got to walk through the water, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"You can cross by the bridge," said Lancelot languidly.

"But how are we to get to the bridge?"

"Oh, you walk up the stream till you come to it."

"And then climb up that steep bank to get on to it?"

"Precisely!"

"Thanks. You *are* cool!"

It was not really a difficult matter crossing by the big stones that were strewn about the bed of the stream. There was a little path-way up the green rocky slope on the other side. The whitewashed cottage stood at the top in a neglected garden; tall blue monkshood straggled up through the gooseberry bushes, great currant sprays flung themselves over the paling. A kitten was blinking in the sun, a big tortoise was crawling among the stones that were about the water-butt.

"My door is round here," Lancelot said, leading the way by a tiny cross path to the end of the cottage. Then he half-stopped, and looked, if not confused, then certainly surprised. It was a moment of surprise for everybody.

And yet it was only Margery sitting there upon the stone seat by the cottage wall—little soft-eyed, beautiful, blushing Margery. She seemed to have been disturbed in the middle of some dream which she could not quite shake off in a moment. Were these richly-dressed ladies, and this tall, languid,

kind-eyed gentleman part of it? She rose to her feet to make her escape, blushing, growing pale, seeming ready to cry.

"I thought you were going to Langthorpe this afternoon, Miss Laverock?" Lancelot said. And then a tall dark figure came forward and took the girl's hand kindly.

"Don't you remember me, Margery?" said a voice that was half strange to the girl, half familiar. She looked up in wonder while recollection came slowly to her eyes. Was this pale, sad, worn-looking lady the girl who had lived by Wiggoner's Wharf, and who had been so kind years and years ago? Margery did not know what answer to make in her surprise; but Jean Laverock, who had been watching from the window, saw and understood at once when Dorigen took Margery's hand, and held it with a smile and a look of questioning on her face.

"Eh, but I knew it was you, Miss Gower!" Jean said, coming on to the scene with excitement in her great black flashing eyes, and a mingling of old regard and new deference on her handsome face and in her manner. "I knew it was you, though you are so changed, and so—so different. Maybe it's the black dress, partly, an' the sorrow you've had, for there's naught takes the light from a woman's eyes an' brings the lines to her brow like sorrow. An' you've had grief upon grief, and none to take the burden from your shoulders for an hour. I've heard of you; though I've not seen you—yet over and over I've heard; but never naught to make me glad i' the hearing. . . . But now, now I'm forgettin' myself, as is always the way wi' me. Come in, come in, ladies, all of you. Mr. Wilderslowe told me to expect a carriage full of ladies, but I'd never a thought that one o' them would be a lady I'll be glad to see so long as I've eye-sight. . . . Come in then, come in. . . . Margery, see to the boilin' o' the kettle, and ask your father to sort out the biggest o' the shrimps, an' to get up some fresh lettuce out o' the bed. I'll go myself to the hen-house to see for the eggs."

They sat down presently in the small, neat cool room where an ample tea was already spread. "I hope, Gladwyn, you see how we're finding Mr. Wilderslowe out," Juliet said mischievously. "You remember what he said the other day about salted cods' heads. Now you hear, fat shrimps, fresh lettuce, new-laid eggs; now also you see, jams in glass dishes, quantities of delightful-looking butter, brown bread and white, two cream cheeses, Scotch bread (a thing I love), cheese-cakes, cream, brown scones, and

the delightfulest old china I ever saw. . . . Aren't you ashamed, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"Of the tea-table?"

"No, of being found out. I expect we shall find you out in some other things before the day is over."

Not only Juliet, but Dorigen and Gladwyn also, noted the quick and curious change that appeared for an instant like a flash on Lancelot's face; and one at least of the trio noticed that immediately afterwards his eye sought a large canvas which was standing upon the easel in the corner, but turned with its face to the wall.

"Is that the picture we've come to see?" Mavis asked, by way of breaking a little silence which even she felt to have in it some element of discomfort.

"Yes," Lancelot replied; "but we will have tea before we trouble ourselves about such unsatisfying things as pictures."

"Why should they be unsatisfying?" Gladwyn asked, speaking in a new, soft, dreamy way.

"Everything I do is unsatisfying," he said, turning to her as if there was relief in turning from the chance of further badinage. "If I really complete anything—which comes to pass but seldom—there is no joy in it when it is done. As a rule, I break down about the middle, if I get so far; but it frequently happens that I get disgusted before that. And it is not only in painting: if I try to write anything longer than a sonnet, it is the same. . . . Do you suffer from such miserable unsteadfastness of purpose, Miss Gower? But I need not ask such an idle question—I am sure you don't."

"I have not the same temptation to be changeful that you have," she said, wondering within herself how it would be if she had. "It is the penalty you pay for having ten talents instead of one."

"Thanks! that is consoling. I will try to remember it. All the same, I think versatility is of the nature of a curse. Don't you agree with me?"

"No, assuredly no," Dorigen said, thinking sadly of her own oft-wearied brain, and lonely resourcelessness. "There are times when I crave passionately for the power which I see quite young and half-taught children possess—the power of sitting down to a piano and making such music as must at least be a relief, a pleasure, a distraction from care for such as are old enough to be care-burdened; while if I had the gift of painting or drawing, I think I could never know a weary hour. . . . And, apart from the re-

freshing, there must be such teaching, such culture, such training for eye and hand in these things. They must tend to round and widen the whole nature. . . . Remember, *it was the man who had only one talent who went and hid it in the earth!*"

"And are you going to hide yours in the earth?" asked careless, thoughtless little Juliet, knowing nothing, suspecting nothing, but remembering that she had heard her father wondering over Miss Gower's long silence. Yet child as she was she perceived the quick flush of pain that came to the worn face, and everybody was glad to see Jean Laverock come bustling into the room with her best cap on, and her big, bright copper tea-kettle in her hand. Jean's red ribbons were fluttering, the kettle was steaming and hissing; there was a little vibration as of anger in the draught from the open door.

"Excuse me, ladies," said Jean half-breathlessly; "the tea should have been in sooner, but that spoilt child of mine has failed me altogether this afternoon. I don't know what's come to her. She's so good, so obedient as a rule, an' now she wouldn't even bring in the eggs, or the lettuces, or the plate o' warm cake, let me say what I would. An', worse than all, she's gone off up the cliff, an' left me to do everything alone—the wicked girl! . . . But it's my own fault; I've spoilt her, as I spoilt her elder sister, an' I'll ha' the penalty to pay now as I had then. . . . An' yet, what am I saying? The child's as dear to me as the apple o' my eye. . . . Mr. Wilderslowe, you're a scholar, tell me how it is that one can get so angered wi' the people one would shed one's heart's blood for? . . . Angered? Ay, an' bitter against them, an' unforgivin', while all the while it's death to want the lovin' word. . . . But there now, ladies! What else will I bring you? Please say if there's anything I've forgot!"

Jean had been arranging the plates and tea-cups while she spoke, and Lancelot had been placing the chairs.

"This is your chair, Miss Thesiger," he said, indicating the one he had placed before the tray. "You make such excellent tea at the Rectory that I hope you will oblige us this afternoon!"

"But you ought to have asked Dorna," said Juliet. "She is older, nearly three years older."

"And thrice three years more tired," said Dorigen, "tired enough to want to rest, and be waited upon by such young people as you are, for all the rest of my natural life."

It was very pleasant sitting there with the

breeze from the sea blowing in at the open window; with bright faces and kindly words and pleasant ways to fall back upon when thought grew perplexing. Dorigen could not help wondering about Margery, and as she wondered her glance rested involuntarily upon Gladwyn and Lancelot. They looked strangely in earnest, both of them; but Dorigen could not help discerning that neither was quite happy, quite at ease. Lancelot had not been at ease since the moment when he had come upon Margery sitting upon the stone seat by the cottage wall, and Gladwyn seemed to be studying the sudden change in him. A little she tried to find the cause of it; then she tried to win him back to be himself; but in neither effort was she quite successful.

There was a little mystery somewhere, this Gladwyn felt. And it seemed to deepen when at last, tea being over, Lancelot was constrained by force of unanimous request to turn his half-finished picture to the light. There was a general exclamation, which on analysis might have been found to represent a curious mingling of feeling. But at least there was as much of admiration as of anything else. "But I thought it was a picture of Lodbrok Bay we had come to see!" said Juliet, the inquiring.

"No," said Lancelot, feeling that here exactly was the opportunity he had desired for explanation. "Now you have another proof of the vacillation of my tutelary genius, another evidence of my inability to choose for myself. I came here on purpose to paint a view of the bay. I selected a canvas of a size and form to suit my ideas of it. I bought an easel expressly intended for out-door work, and a new white sketching umbrella. Then, the very morning I was going out to paint, I came upon Margery—Miss Laverock, sitting exactly as you saw her sitting this afternoon, on the rustic stone seat at the back of the cottage, with that woodbine climbing and straggling all over the fractured whitewash of the wall behind, and tall hemlocks and sword-grass growing up about her feet. The effect was irresistible."

"And she was looking just as you have painted her?" Gladwyn asked, looking intently into the brown, soft, dreamy eyes, and wondering what might be the meaning of the gentle smile which seemed to contradict the sad pathetic expression of the face.

"Yes; exactly like that," Lancelot replied. "I think that brilliant scarlet handkerchief thrown so picturesquely over the soft dark mossy hair is the most delightful bit of colour-

ing I have ever achieved. And the whole of the dress, the earrings, the coral beads, the flowered muslin gown, is something to demand one's best efforts in the way of colouring. I have given my best, and yet—and yet! at the present moment I feel as if I should never touch that canvas again."

Dorigen looked up quickly, involuntarily. Something in Lancelot's tone made his words seem like the history that a man discloses while he is sleeping. By-and-by he awakes, not knowing that he has spoken.

"I should like to see Margery again," Gladwyn said after a time, and still looking intently into the picture as she spoke.

"Oh, I dare say you will see her next time you come," Lancelot replied with designed carelessness. "You will come some day soon, will you not?"

"I don't know," Gladwyn said. "I fear not. Mamma didn't give her consent at all readily this time. . . No; let us go up to the cliff now. We shall be sure to find her."

"Mr. Wilderslowe knows exactly where she is," said Juliet, with mischief in her glance. "Don't you, now? Hasn't she some favourite spot up in those cliff fields?"

"Do you remember, that I have only been at Lodbrok Bay about a fortnight?"

"A fortnight! Time enough for you to flirt with all the pretty girls in the place. And this one is pretty! She's a dear! And she looks like a little lady too, in spite of all those tawdry things you admire so. Oh! we must see her again! I shall ask her to come to the Rectory to five-o'clock tea the next time she comes to Hild's Haven. Will you bring her, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do wish it; but more still I wish to see her now. If you don't come and help me to find her I shall go alone. Dorna, I know you will go with me? You always do everything I ask."

"Do I? I wasn't aware of it. But we will all go together. There, you see, Mr. Wilderslowe is doing what you ask also."

"Was ever anything so obliging!" said the mocking Juliet, whom everybody loved, her mockery notwithstanding.

Lancelot made no pretence. At once he led the way up the stony, dusty, narrow road to the cliff-top pasture that he knew. The blue sea was changing with the changing day to a sunny green. The lark's song and the sea-gull's scream met upon the warm soft air. Cattle were straying about the barren-seeming hillocks; swallows darted by on swift quiet wing.

There was silence for awhile, a placid, expectant, nature-wrought silence. The five stragglers went onward. Dorigen and the two younger girls were in front. Lancelot and Gladwyn had dropped behind. It was curious how by common consent this had come to be the natural way of things.

Presently, on the edge of the second field, the silence was broken. Lancelot and Gladwyn came up with the others. "If we are to find Miss Laverock anywhere it will be behind that hillock," he said. "The well is there; it is a spring, and it is enshrined in a most picturesque spot. If I had discerned it before I began my picture I should have decided to begin it here. I may yet change for this if I finish the painting at all."

They were close upon the well now; and it was indeed a picturesque spot. It seemed as if the hillock had been hollowed out underneath to form a sort of natural well-house; the water trickled down through moss, and fern, and various water-weeds; all manner of creeping, and hanging, and budding, and blooming things had gathered about the place; wild roses and woodbine were there in their season; with bramble in fruit or flower. Just now the woodbine berries were beginning to redden among a few late white blossoms of the bindweed, and underneath the drooping straggling archway was a trembling little figure, now as red as the reddest berry, now almost as white as the whitest flower. What fear was in the child's heart that she trembled so? that she should seem so faint, so overpowered, so unhappy?

Gladwyn and Dorigen saw it all; and Lancelot saw it too, and was angry rather than unhappy. "What a little fool!" he was saying in that incomprehensible heart of his.

And yet what a lovely little fool! Gladwyn Thesiger saw all the loveliness, the refinement of feature and complexion, the subdued, yet evidently deep emotion. And she understood, perhaps better than any one there, she understood what was in the heart of the child who stood there by the big brown pitcher of water, plucking the changing berries from the spray of woodbine nearest her with tiny, nervous, trembling fingers, not daring to look up, not daring to speak, even in answer to a question. How should she dare, when only that morning Mr. Wilderslowe had told her that she must learn to speak English rather than North Yorkshire? He would give her lessons, he had said kindly; but the lessons had not even begun, so how could she speak before all these clever and beautiful ladies, who

were chattering so easily and so very prettily about the picture, and the well, and the beauty of Lodbrok Bay, as seen from the cliff-top fields? She half understood that they were talking, looking away over the scene, to relieve her from embarrassment and confusion; but how could she feel relieved when *he* was glancing at her like that, so coldly, without a smile, without any kindness in eyes that had seemed so very, very kind. Ah, the cruelty of that careless, costless kindness!

Costless! Ah, no, for the cost falls always somewhere. Even now Margery's heart was throbbing; something within her was swelling, overflowing; and just when she ventured to look up, as if appealing from her pain, her most undeserved pain, Mr. Wilderslwe was bending to look down into the beautiful blue eyes of the lady who had the lovely dress of cream-colour and carnation red. All the afternoon it had been this one lady who came before Margery's vision when she thought of *him*. Now it seemed as if she saw everything in that glance that was passing between them, and the sight was more than the loving, susceptible, undisciplined heart of the child could bear.

Nobody was prepared. Margery's burst of wild, passionate, unrestrained tears came like a shock, and even as they came she turned and fled, flying with a pathetic unsteadiness of movement along the broken field-edge down to a hollow where she might weep as long and as wildly as she would.

"I think I will go to her," Dorigen said, feeling much distressed and pained; but Lancelot begged her very earnestly not to go. He spoke quite kindly. "It will be better that you should not," he said. "Better for her. Mrs. Laverock told me that the child's tearfulness had been a trial to her for years, and she begged me not to be sympathetic." . . . Then he stopped, and added in a lower tone, "I'm afraid I haven't obeyed her as I ought to have done."

"Was this a confession?" Dorigen felt as if it were, and as if even more might have been confessed if this had been the time or the place for it. For Lancelot, the afternoon he had so looked forward to was spoiled, utterly spoiled, he felt as they walked back to the cottage, Gladwyn and Dorigen, arm-in-arm, the former evidently not desiring to walk alone with him again to-day. . . . And a little pride, a little sorrow, a little petulance kept him at a greater distance than was absolutely needful. And for Gladwyn, too, the light was gone from the day.

"I rather envy Margery," she said, trying to speak in her usual light and airy way; but Dorigen saw the signs that were gathering about the beautiful blue eyes. "I rather envy her. I should like to have been born in that class of life that cries when it wants to cry, and doesn't have to wait till bedtime. . . . It's hours and hours to bedtime yet!"

"You care so much as that?" Dorigen said gently.

"A good deal more than that. . . . I must tell you, dear; I must speak of him. I know I may. He told me two years ago that you did not care for him, that you never had cared, and never would; and I had seen for myself that it was true, or perhaps I should never have let myself love him as I did, even then. And that is my misery, that he has seen that I love him, before he knew that he had any real love for me. . . . He has not spoken—perhaps now he may never speak; but I know it all. He was growing to love me because I loved him; and now that child has come in his way, and he has won her love, unconsciously, I grant you, but not unwillingly, and it is not in him to refuse to give love in return. He is fighting against it; he is annoyed with her and with himself; but he half loves her already. Can't you see that he does? Can't you see it all? . . . Dorna! Dorna! How will it end? Say something to comfort me! How will it all end?"

MORNING.

By WILLIAM HENRY GOSS, F.G.S.

HENCE on thy shadowy wings, thou Queen of Rest,
 Enchantress of the night, soft Sleep—away!
 Hence on thy shadowy wings to the far west
 Where shades await thee; haste, the King of Day
 Is fast approaching to resume his royal sway.

But welcome to my chamber, early ray
 Of morn; hail, sky of azure, gold, and rose:

Hail, silent hour, blest harbinger of day !
 Thou, gorgeous Day-king, hasten to disclose
 The charms of eager Nature waking from repose.

Awake, ye slumbering herds in yonder mead ;
 And joyful lambs, your gambols now renew,
 Or in your heaven-provided pastures feed—
 Your sweet green pastures strewn with pearly dew ;
 Awake, ye flocks and kine, the morning breaks for you !

Ye glancing fishes, hiding from our sight—
 Silent inhabitants of yonder stream—
 The morning breaks for you ; the genial light
 Reaches your caverns, and ye too, I deem,
 Rejoice when from the east morn's splendid glories beam.

As in the water, so beneath the ground,
 A thousand tribes their habitations hold—
 In how small compass wisdom may be found !—
 The ant, skill'd architect and warrior bold,
 Hails morning from his dusky city in the mould.

Rouse up and hail the day, ye aerial things
 That slumber in the bosoms of the flowers !
 Spread in the perfumed air your beauteous wings,
 And hail the foremost of the happy Hours ;
 Rejoice till in the ruby west the Day-car lowers.

The flowers, which droop'd and seem'd to pine for day,
 Towards the light their shapely heads now raise ;
 They own the joyous morn : and who shall say
 The sweets they breathe are not their silent praise—
 That they are joyless while on heaven they daylong gaze !

See, while I watch, the influence of the morn
 Wakens the flowers to hail the new-born day !
 Their petals open, and the emerald lawn
 Below is diaper'd with bright display
 Of starry daisies op'ning while I pen my lay.

O where can fancy reach or eye survey
 Through all this scene, but joys and beauties are,
 And wonders infinite ? Stay, Fancy, stay !
 Lead not my spirit to that waning star ;
 'Tis vain for human thought to penetrate so far !

Of earth—among the astral host a grain—
 Speck of that gold-dust sprinkled o'er the sky—
 Man seeks to grasp the knowledge all in vain.
 Vain were it then for human thought to try
 To solve the wonders of the countless orbs on high.

Meantime, hail warblings sweet ! Released from Night,
 A thousand throats welcome the morning rays
 With songs of gratitude, and sweet delight.
 O Father of the Universe, these lays
 Are Nature's hymns to Thee—thy creatures' grateful praise !

Then hail ! increasing choir : sweet to mine ear
 Your morning hymns of praise. O all I see,
 And all beyond surveyance ; all I hear—
 All nature, Mighty Father, praises Thee,
 All lovely scenes and sounds, all varied harmony !



Judengasse, Frankfort.

THE STORY OF A STREET.

TO the ear and eye that can find sermons in stones, streets, one would fancy, must be brimful of suggestive stories. There might be differences of course. From a stone of the polished pebble variety, for instance, one could only predict smooth platitudes, whilst the romance in a block of the regulation stucco would possibly turn out a trifle

prosaic. But the right stone and the right street will always have an eloquence of their own for the right listener or lounge, and certain crumbling old tenements which were carted away as rubbish a year or two back in Frankfort must have been rarely gifted in this line. "Words of fire," and "written in blood," would, in truth, have no parabolic

meaning if the stones of that ancient *Judengasse* suddenly took to story-telling. A long record of sorrow, and wrong, and squalid romance, would be unfolded, and, inasmuch as the sorrows have been healed and the wrongs have been righted, it may not be uninteresting to look for a moment at the picturesque truths that lie hidden under that squalid romance, which, like a mist, has hung for centuries over the Jews' quarter.

The very first authentic record of the presence of Jews in Frankfort comes to us in the account of a massacre of some hundred and eighty of them in 1241. This persecution was probably epidemic rather than indigenous in its nature, its germ distinctly traceable to those conscientious and comprehensive attempts of Louis the Saint, in the preceding year, to stamp out Judaism in his dominions. At any rate, for German Jews, and



"Squalid romance."

era of protection began under Frederick Bar-
barossa, and the Frankfort Jews among the
rest, during the next hundred years, enjoyed
the 'no history' which to the Jewish, pre-
eminently amongst all nations, must have
been synonymous with happiness. But the
story begins again about the middle of the
fourteenth century when the Black Plague
raged, and sanitary inspection, old style, took
the form of declaring the wells to be poisoned,
and of advising the burning and plunder of
Jews by way of antidote. Jews were pro-
lific, their hoards
portable, their
houses slightly
built, so the
burnings and
the massacres
and the liftings
become inter-
mittent and a
little difficult to
localise, till
about the year
1430, when
Frederick III.,
egged on by his
clergy, made an
order for all
Jews in Frank-
fort to reside out
of sight and
sound of the
holy Cathedral.
A site just with-
out the ancient
walls of the
town, and be-
longing to the
council, was al-
lotted to them,
and here, at their
own expense,
the Jews built
their *Judengasse*.

The street con-
tained originally some hundred and ninety-
six houses; and iron-sheeted gates, kept fast
closed on Sundays and saint days, grew
gradually to be barred from inside as well
as outside on the Ghetto. The pleasures and
hopes Jews might not share, they came by
slow degrees to hate and to despise, and the
men with the yellow badges on their gar-
ments learnt to cringe and stoop under their
load, and the dark-eyed women with the
blue stripes to their veils lifted them only to
look upon their children. Undeniably, by
every outward test, the poor pariahs of the

Ghetto were degenerate, and their sad and
sordid lives must have looked both repellent
and unpicturesque to the passer-by. But it
may be doubted whether the degeneracy went
much deeper than the costume. If the passer-
by had passed in to one of these gabled
dwellings, when the degrading gaberdine and
the disfiguring veil were thrown aside, he
would have come upon an interior of home
life which would have struck him as strangely
incongruous with the surroundings. Amid
all the wretched physical squalor of the

street he would
have found little
mental and less
spiritual desti-
tution. If the
law of the land
bid Jews shrink
before men, the
law of the Book
bid them rejoice
before God. Both
laws they obeyed
to the letter. Beating
vainly at closed
doors, they learnt
to speak to the
world with bated
breath and whis-
pering humble-
ness, but "His
courts" they en-
tered, as it was
commanded them,
"with thanksgiving,"
and "joyfully"
sang hymns to
Him. And the
"courts" came
to be compre-
hensive of appli-
cation, and the



"The Law of the Land."

"hymns" to include much literature. There
was a vivid domestic side to the religion of
the Jews, and the alchemy of home life went
far to turn the dross of the Ghetto into gold.
Their Sabbath, in the picturesque phrase of
their prayer-book, was "a bride," and her
welcome, week by week, was of a right bridal
sort. White cloths were spread and lamps
lit in her honour. The shabbiest dwellings
put on something of a festive air, and for
Sabbath the poorest *haus frau* would manage
to have ready at least one extra dish and
several best and bright-coloured garments for

her family. On the seventh day and on holy days the slouching peddler and hawker fathers, with their packs cast off, were priests and teachers too, and every day the Ghetto children, for all their starved and stunted

growth, had unlimited diet from the *Juden-gasse* stores of family affection and free schooling. They were probably, however, at no time very numerous, these Ghetto babies, for up to a quite comparatively



"The Law of the Book."

recent date (1832) Jewish love affairs were strictly under State control, and only fifteen couples a year were allowed to marry. Ludwig Börne, or Löb Baruch as he is registered in the Frankfort synagogue (1786), was a result of one of these eagerly-sought privileges, and it is easy to see how he came to write, "Because I was born a slave I understand liberty; my birthplace was no longer

than the *Judengasse*, and beyond its locked gates a foreign country began for me. Now, no town, no district, no province can content me. I can rest only with all Germany for my fatherland." An eloquent expression enough of the repressed patriotism which was, perforce, inarticulate for centuries in the *Judengasse* of Frankfort. Prison as the street must have seemed to its tenants, there

was at least one occasion when its gates had the charms rather than the defects appertaining to bolts and bars. In 1498 a harassed, ragged little crowd from Nuremberg fled from their persecutors to find in our Frankfort *Judengasse* a safe city of refuge. For a century or more the Imperial coat-of-arms was gratefully emblazoned on the Ghetto gates as a sign to the outer world that the Frankfort Jews, though imprisoned, were protected; yet we may fairly doubt if the feeling of security could have been much more than skin-deep, since in 1711, when nearly the whole of the street was burnt down, we find that some of the poor souls were so afraid of insult and plunder, that many refused to open their doors to would-be rescuers, and so to prevent being pillaged perished in the flames. An oddly pathetic prose version of the famous Ingoldsby martyr, who "could stand dying, but who couldn't stand pinching."

When, in 1808, Napoleon made Frankfort the capital of his new grand duchy, the Ghetto gates were demolished, and many vexatious restrictions were repealed. Such new hopes, however, as the Frankfort Jews may have begun to indulge, fell with Napoleon's downfall in 1815. Civil and political disabilities were revived, and it was not till 1854 that the last of these were erased from the statute-book.

The one house in that sad old street, the stirring sermons in whose stones might be "good in everything," would be No. 148; the little low-browed dwelling with the sign of the Red Shield, where, more than one hundred years ago, Meyer Anselm Rothschild,

the founder of the great Rothschild house, was born. Every one knows the fairy-like story of that old house; how the boy born there, and intended by his parents to be a rabbi, as many of his ancestors had been before him, chose for himself a different way of helping his fellow-men; how he went into commerce, and made commerce, even in the Ghetto, dignified and honourable, as he would have made chimney-sweeping if he had adopted it; how he became agent to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, how faithfully he discharged his stewardship, and how his money took to itself snowball properties, and changed the tiny *Judengasse* tenement into gorgeous mansions. And the old stones would tell, too, of how faithful were the old merchant prince and the wife of his youth to early associations; how sons and daughters grew up and married, and moved to more aristocratic neighbourhoods, but how Meyer Anselm and his old wife clung to the shabby old home in the Ghetto, and lived there all their lives, and till she died, some seven-and-thirty years ago.* The very iron bars of the windows would speak if they could, saying never a word of their old bad uses, but telling only how kind and wrinkled hands were stretched out through them day by day, and year after year, dealing out bread to the hungry. No. 148 could certainly tell the prettiest story in all the street, and preach the most suggestive line in all the sermons carted away with the stones of the *Judengasse* of Frankfort.

KATIE MAGNUS.

* Grette Rothschild, née Schnapper, died May 7, 1849. Her eldest son, Amschel Meyer Rothschild, was born June 12, 1773, died December 6, 1856.



"Fled from their persecutors."

ALLAN RAMSAY AND "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD."

EXACTLY two hundred years ago, on the 15th day of October, 1686, in the parish of Crawford, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, there was born a lad who was destined to give a great impetus to the study of letters in his day, to exercise a considerable influence on the literature and national life of his country, and to leave a name to live in the memories of the people of Scotland and all lovers of genuine poetic feeling and of faithful portraiture of the characters and customs of the common people. The name of Allan Ramsay is also known all the world over as the author of the first genuine pastoral poem since the days of Theocritus, and probably, if fidelity to nature be the test, the finest pastoral in any language.

His father was manager of Lord Hoptoun's lead mines in Crawford Moor, a post which seems to have been held by several of his ancestors. The Ramsays belonged to the Dalhousie family, and our poet addresses the Earl of Dalhousie of that day, "boast of the Ramsay's clannish name," as

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

He is no less glad to think that on his mother's side he can also in a general way claim a worthy pedigree. Her name was Alice Bower, the daughter of a Derbyshire miner, who had been brought north to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Her mother had been a Janet Douglas, and he is thus able to boast—

"He was a poet sprung from a Douglas loin."

Little is known of his early years. The home of his childhood was evidently dear to him, for he describes himself with loving and graphic minuteness as a native—

"Of Crawford-moor, born in Lead hill,
Where mineral springs Glengour fill,
Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
Between auld Crawford-Lindsay's towers
And where Deneestine rapid pours
His stream through Glotta's tide."

While attending the parish school and learning, among other accomplishments, to read Horace "faintly in the original," he probably had often to make himself useful, like many another Scottish lad, in "herding the kye" and looking after the sheep. No doubt it was when doing so and when wading "thro' glens wi' chorking feet, when neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weat," that he got that intimate knowledge of country life of which he was afterwards to make such good use, and learned that philo-

sophy of happy contentment under all circumstances, of which his verses are so full.

He was not, however, to enjoy such an experience long. His father died when he was a child, and his mother having married again, he was sent to Edinburgh, at the age of fifteen, and was apprenticed to a wig-maker—a calling of considerable repute in those days, in the exercise of which he had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the gallants and beaux, the celebrities and characters of the time. He seemed to succeed in it, for in 1712 he married Christian Ross, the daughter of an "inferior lawyer," by whom he had a large family.

The early part of the eighteenth century was pre-eminently the age of the coffee-house and the club. As in London, so in Edinburgh, men were fond of gathering themselves together in coteries for the promotion of good-fellowship and social recreation. Many of these societies were characterized by a distinct literary tone and a fine spice of wit which gave them a charming flavour to those who were privileged to belong to them. Ramsay's pleasant, companionable, mirth-loving, and humour-provoking nature found in some of them a congenial home. We find him thus petitioning for admission into the Whin-bush Club, a society of Lanarkshire gentlemen who met not only for social relaxation but also for the promotion of charity among their own poorer shire-men:—

"By birth my title's fair
To bend wi' ye and spend wi' ye
An evening, and gaffaw."

More ambitious and more famous was "The Easy Club," the basis of which was literary. Each member had probably to qualify himself for membership by the production of some composition in prose or in verse, and was required to assume the name of some celebrity. In it Ramsay was at first known as Isaac Bickerstaff, and subsequently, when the club resolved to adopt Scottish patrons, as Gavin Douglas. For three years this "blithe society" held merry meetings, and many would be the well-told tale, the witty verse, the piquant jest, the broad joke which would go round the social board before it was suppressed by the rebellion of 1715. That Ramsay was a popular and constant member of it we gather from the fact that one of its latest acts was to declare that *Dr. Pitcairn* and *Gavin Douglas*, having behaved themselves three years as good members of

this club, were adjudged to be gentlemen, and that latterly he was its poet-laureate. No doubt many of his early verses were written for the gratification and amusement of its members.

He seems to date his literary career from 1711, for in his letter to Simbert the painter he says—

"Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
My muse was neither sweer nor dorty."

And once having found an outlet, it was not so quickly suppressed as the Easy Club. Missing its congenial haunt, his muse appealed to a larger audience. He addressed Edinburgh and the country by publishing his verses at cheap rates. He soon became known to persons of rank and taste, as well as popular with the people. He was "diligent to gain friends by panegyrics, and attentive to lose none by his satire, as his satiric muse properly confined her reprehensions to crimes and not to persons." And so popular was he that it was customary for the women of Edinburgh to send out their children with a penny to buy "Ramsay's last piece."

Specially popular were the two additional cantos which he wrote to the old Scots poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," attributed to King James I., and of which five editions were exhausted in four years. These genuine pictures of homely rustic life, very coarse no doubt in parts, but full of reality and true to life—their broad humour and the pawkey way in which the moral teaching he always keeps in view is introduced—along with the many other verses his prolific pen gave forth, stamped Ramsay as a true poet of the humorous and *vers de société* (of their day and class) order, and also as a keen observer, with an eye full of merriment and a heart full of love. And it is as such a graphic delineator of the manners and morals of his time that he lives, rather than as a lyric poet, though perhaps "An thou were my ain thing," "Through the Wood, Laddie," "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," are known to many who have not read his pastoral; and "Lochaber no more" is better known than even some of these. Leaving the scenes amid which he is most at home, he is apt to become stilted and artificial, a tendency which may be seen by any who contrast the interluded songs with the natural course of the story in "The Gentle Shepherd."

One of the scenes from "Christ's Kirk on the Green," that of a husband lured home from a bacchanalian carousal by the persuasions of his wife, was made admirable use of

by Wilkie, who, as a painter, had many of the qualities which characterized Ramsay as a poet; and we know how congenial and useful many of his sketches were to Hogarth.

We have so much evidence of his tastes being purely literary that we are not astonished to hear of him leaving the wig-making business and "setting up" as a bookseller in a shop opposite Niddry's Wynd, in the High Street of Edinburgh, over which he placed the sign of Mercury. Here he had abundant opportunity of cultivating that passion for "collecting, adapting, and publishing 'ancient' poems and getting 'ingenious' friends to assist him in the production of 'modern' poems," with which, according to his own confession, Watson's "Choice Collection of Scots songs, Ancient and Modern," had inspired him. "And his shop," says Professor Minto, "became the headquarters of a school, in which he was the acknowledged master; and the productions of this school, written in the dialect of a peasantry, among whom it was a disgrace not to be able to read, and coming home to their business and bosoms, were popular as no literature had ever been before."

Amid such productions, indeed among books of all kinds, he was in his element. We see his love for them coming out repeatedly in "The Gentle Shepherd." His hero Patie is represented as being so fond of them that whenever he drove the sheep to Edinburgh Port, he bought "some books of history, songs, or sport," and in returning to his work carried "aye a pouchfu' to the hill." The old shepherd with whom he was brought up thus speaks of the young fellow's reading, and it may well be Ramsay himself who speaks:—

"About ane Shakespar and a famous Ben
He often speaks, and ca's them best of men,
How sweetly Hawthorneden and Stirling sing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fraise
About fine poems, histories and plays,
When I reprovd him anes, a book he brings;
'With this,' quoth he, 'on brass I crack with kings.'"

No wonder "Sir William" is pleased to hear this, and answers—

"Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd."

Nor is Patie himself slow to own his debt to books and to advise his brother shepherd to possess them in this verse, the last fine words of which will surely live.

"Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to were some stanes of cheese
To gain these silent friends that ever please."

Like his own Patie, Ramsay was anxious that the love of reading should grow; and it is as much to his credit, as it is interesting to us at the present day, to bear in mind that he started the first circulating library in Scotland.

In 1721 he published a collection of his own poems, which not only added to his fame, but was also a pecuniary success—his gain by the volume, it is said, being about four hundred guineas. Thereafter in rapid yearly succession he produced his "Fables and Tales," his "Tale of Three Bonnets" (1722), his "Fair Assembly" (1723), his poem on "Health" (1724). And while his own muse was thus active, he was very busy with his work as a collector. His "Scots Songs" proving a success, in January, 1724, he published the first volume of "The Tea-Table Miscellany, a Collection of Songs Scotch and English," and dedicated it

"To ilka lovely British lass,
Frae lady Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Who dances barefoot on the green."

It ran through twelve editions, and three other volumes were added, followed by "The Evergreen, being a Collection of Scots Poems written by the ingenious before 1630." In this volume he is specially accused of having tampered to a considerable extent with the originals, and it is evident that the Jacobite allegory "The Vision" did not exist in ancient manuscript, but was the fruit of his own genius. If his reputation as a faithful collector thus suffers, his power as a poet does not, for in "The Vision" "he rises into the higher regions of inspiration, apparently imitating, and certainly rivalling, Dunbar."

While Ramsay was thus steadily gaining a reputation, and winning a place in the hearts of his countrymen, the Queen Anne wits in the great city had been busy discussing the subject of pastoral poetry, disputing about its nature, and waging a keen war over Pope's "Windsor Forest." This discussion called forth, in the pages of *The Guardian*, a description of a true pastoral poem, which, says the writer of the sketch of our author in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "was afterwards realised by Ramsay in 'The Gentle Shepherd' with such scrupulous fidelity in every detail, that the criticism might fairly be described as the recipe from which the poem was made. There is not a clearer case in literary history of the influence of criticism on creation." *The Guardian* told a would-be writer of a true pastoral to "paint the manners of actual rustic life, not the manners of artificial shepherds and shepherdesses in a

fictitious golden age: use rustic dialect." This is what Allan Ramsay did. He threw together two stories he had previously written, "Patie and Roger" and "Jenny and Meggy," and produced "The Gentle Shepherd" in 1725.

"The Gentle Shepherd" is worthy of all the praise it has received, and of the popularity it achieved in Scotland and elsewhere. It is in its own country, of course, that it is best known and loved. It was felt that here was a writer who gave a faithful transcript of the daily life he saw around him, that he was really using what he called the poet's privilege—"To speak what everybody thinks." In his creations the people recognised themselves, and the scenes amid which they moved—their every-day life, their loves, their aspirations were all mirrored in its pages. Their emulation was roused, and Patie and Peggy have lived as an ideal hero and heroine in the minds of many a Scottish lad and lass. It must be remembered that "The Gentle Shepherd" does not pretend to convey any exalted philosophy of life or morals. It is purely and simply a love story, and its "summons" to lads and lasses to "pu' the gowan in its prime" is no more "pagan" than similar advice given in higher quarters. There are, of course, some suggestions of coarseness in it; it would not be the graphic portraiture of peasant life of the eighteenth century that it is, if there were not; but for the time at which it was written it is singularly free from such blemishes, and its teaching is on the side of contentment and virtue. Its influence could not fail to be for good among those who read it, or who listened to some clever brother and sister gifted with the histrionic faculty acting it in the barns of farm-houses. How the rafters must have resounded with applause as the successful issue of the fortunes of the lovers was described; and what peals of rustic laughter would greet the discomfiture of Bauldy in the clutches of Madge or frightened to death by Mause, "like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk," and when he was "laboured as he was wont to be at school!" How many a lad would see a vision of his lass in Patie's glowing description of Peggy's charms, and be all the better a man, and all the tenderer, truer, and more respectful a lover for doing so!

"Last morning, I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glow'ring about
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kilted, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight, bare legs that whiter were than saw;

Her cockernony smooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear."

How many a country girl in those days would learn a lesson from Peggy's maidenly modesty and virtue, and be taught what to admire and respect in her swain when she has to acknowledge

"His words they thrill like music through my heart!"

What wise philosophy the rustics would learn in Jenny and Peggy's talk about marriage! While they would see both sides of the picture, their conception of the duties and responsibilities of a wife could not fail to be elevated as they read of Peggy's aspirations. She thinks that when things are not right at home "tis ten to ane" the "wives are maist to blame," and wisely thus resolves:—

"Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill
I'll have a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A blessing-ingle and a clean hearth-stane,
And soon as he stings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to take aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face to keep his love for me."

To this Jenny objects—

"A diah of married love right soon grows cauld
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld."

Whereupon Peggy conjures up this fine picture:—

"But we'll grow auld together and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See you twa elms that grow up side by side:
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airt mann bow."

Love of nature must also have been awakened and stimulated by some of the fine descriptions of natural scenery with which "The Gentle Shepherd" abounds. Ramsay must have made others feel how a sunny morning cheered the blood and put "all nature in a cheerful mood."

"How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing vanta,
How halsome is't to snuff the cauler air
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!"

He must have made others listen for the music of

"A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,"

and appreciate the beauty of such a spot as this:—

"Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How
Where a' that's sweet in spring and summer grow;

Between twa birks out o'er a little lin
The water fa's and makes a singan din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bodd'ring grass."

The moral, too, of the story, as somewhat sententiously enunciated by Sir William, leaves nothing to be desired, and must have had its due effect upon its readers or auditors.

"My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguild;
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care."

The pastoral, from a literary point of view, has many graces, and there is something delightfully charming and naively artful in the way in which the pretty ball of coquettish compliment is bandied from Patie to Peggy and back again time after time.

It is no wonder that "The Gentle Shepherd" gave Ramsay fame far beyond the bounds of his own country. Nor are we surprised to hear that Pope admired it, and that "Gay, when he was in Scotland, sought for explanations of its phrases that he might communicate them to his friend at Twickenham."

It is pleasant to think of the merry coterie of Edinburgh wits which Gay, a "little pleasant-looking man with a tye wig," would meet at Ramsay's new shop, which had been the London Coffee House, at the east end of the luckenbooths overlooking the Exchange—the sign of the Mercury, now giving place to the heads of Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson—all the figures long since vanished, all the witty sallies and laughter long since silenced. And how amid them all looked the *genius loci*, our "renowned Allan, canty callan"? We know pretty well from himself what manner of man he was, and the well-known portrait of him we should imagine to be an excellent likeness. As we look at the expressive face, the broad forehead, the keen penetrating eye, the inquiring and inquisitive nose, the mobile mouth which seems to smile even as we look, his long but firm chin, we have not much difficulty in conjuring up this "little man that lo'es his ease," in height about five feet four inches, when young

"A black-a-vice dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid with tallow:"

but afterwards to become more portly in appearance, and perhaps on this account to look more what he was "proud to be thought, a comic poet."

He seems to have been a moderate man

in all things, seeing good in everything, choosing rather to "laugh at folly, than shew dislike by melancholy." With all his social and convivial proclivities, he has left it on record that he hated a drunkard or a glutton. Though a strong Jacobite as we learn, he says he was neither Whig nor Tory; and as for religion, he was content to be a Christian :

"Believing truths and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties would agree."

With such a temperament, life would pass easily and pleasantly. We know that for many years before his death, he was content to rest upon his poetic laurels; for after publishing in 1730 "A Collection of Thirty Fables," he gave up writing "before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired." But he had his share of misfortunes. He suffered pecuniary loss, as well as the pain of relinquishing a pet idea, by the Edinburgh magistrates refusing to grant him a license for "a playhouse new at vast expense," which he had built, and he was made the subject of many attacks by the Puritanical satirists of the time. His wife died in 1743, but he evidently had great comfort in his family. His eldest son Allan became well known to fame as a painter and scholar.

Ramsay gave up shop-keeping latterly, and spent much of his time in the company of Sir John Clerk, of Pennycuik, and Sir Alexander Dick, of Prestonfield, "who," we are told, "courted his company because they were delighted with his facetiousness."

They were probably welcome guests at the "fantastical house of an octagon form which he had built on the north side of the Castle Hill, and which he thought a paragon." Showing this house one day to Lord Elbank, he told his lordship that some of the cits said it resembled a goose pye; whereupon his lordship replied, "Indeed, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the term is very properly applied."

In some unpublished verses addressed to a friend, he gives us a glimpse of the frame of mind in which he passed the later years of his life:—

"Born to not e'en ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and sound,
And tho' I ne'er was a rich keeper,
To make that up, I live the cheaper.
By that ae knack, I've made a shift
To drive ambitious cares adrift,
And now in years and sense grown anld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor and plan to be
Frae shackling trade and danger free,
That I may, loose frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life;
And, when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave.
Now seventy years are o'er my head
And thirty mae may lay me dead."

Alas, he was only to see three of the thirty years of which he spoke. He had suffered much from "scurvy in the gums, which had deprived him not only of his teeth, but even of a part of the jawbone." He died on the 7th of January, 1758, at the age of seventy-two years. And a grave in the Old Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, holds the dust of one of Scotland's best-known and most loved poets; more popular in his day than most, and still gratefully remembered two hundred years after his birth.

W. W. TULLOCH.

SHORT BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS.

By PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER.

V.—WEIGHING, BUYING, AND SELLING.

WHEN we have known a child in its earliest youth, carried it in our arms, played and romped with it, petted and patted it, and then meet it, or rather him, again, grey-haired and grave, a husband, a father of a family, it may be even a grand-father, we often wonder whether a being so totally changed can really be the same being.

A similar wondering comes over us whenever we meet with words in English, French, or German, which we have known in their earliest childhood, whether in Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit. We know they are the same

words, but they have assumed an expression and character so totally different from that which we remember when we first met them, that with them too we can hardly believe that they are the same words, and that there is an unbroken continuity between their childhood and their old age.

Spandate in Sanskrit means he shakes, he quivers, *il pense* in French means he thinks. We know that these two words have sprung from the same root, have grown almost on the same stem, but through what ramifications they have spread in such different directions and become so widely separated, is

difficult to imagine. Let us try whether we can discover some of the missing links.

Spandate means he shakes, he moves, he kicks, he quivers. Any kind of spasmodic motion can be expressed by that Sanskrit verb. Corresponding to it we find in Greek *σπαδάειν*, to toss the body about, to struggle, *σφοδρός*, impetuous, and *σφενδύνη*, a sling.

Before tracing the same word in Latin, we must remember two things. First, almost every root may give rise both to a transitive and intransitive verb; *spand*, therefore, may be used not only in the sense of shaking, i.e. being in a state of shaking, but likewise in the sense of shaking, i.e. shaking or moving anything up and down. Secondly, the initial *s* before *p* is an uncertain consonant, and comes and goes, we cannot tell how or why. Thus we find in Sanskrit itself *spas* and *pas*, to see; *stan*, to sound, to thunder, and *tan*, to stretch; *stanayitni*, thunder; *tanayitni*, thundering; *skar* and *kar*, to make, &c. We may also add that the aspiration of *p* after *s*, *sp* for *ps*, is common in Greek, but in Greek only.*

After these preliminary remarks we can rest assured that the equation between the Sanskrit *spand*, the Greek *σπᾶνδ*, and the Latin *pendo*, is correct. But what about the meaning? *Pendo* in Latin means I weigh and I pay, and the first question is how it could have assumed that meaning, if it meant originally I shake? It is generally supposed that the first meaning of *pendere* was to fasten something to a balance, and thus to weigh it. But *pendere* is never used in that sense in Latin. It always means either to weigh or to pay. In fact, if we wish to account for the transition of meaning from shaking to weighing, we must at first forget the balance altogether. A balance, though, no doubt, a very ancient invention, is nevertheless an artificial machine, and such machines do not belong to the earliest periods in the growth of civilisation, of thought, and of language. Nor has the balance a common Aryan name, though the necessity of weighing things had probably been felt long before the Aryan separation. We must remember, however, that even at present, when we possess every kind of contrivance for weighing, we may often see a peasant, if he is asked the weight of a goose, lifting up the bird bodily by its legs and shaking it, and then putting it down and saying, "About ten pounds, I guess." This was the oldest balance, and it is also the most modern, for we have only to watch ourselves

in order to find that we constantly lift and shake a thing in our hand in order to find out roughly how much its weight might be. Any railway-porter will guess the weight of a portmanteau by that rough-and-ready prehistoric process, while a letter-sorter will, in the same way, tell the true weight of a letter within half-an-ounce. The man with his outstretched arms, holding something in each, was the type of the *balance* with two scales; the man lifting and shaking something with his right hand was the type of the *statera*. From this point of view, too, it is true that, as Protagoras said,* "Man is the measure of all things," *παντῶν μέτρον ὁ ἄνθρωπος*.

Pendo, therefore, meant really first to shake, to lift, and afterwards only to weigh. The common idea that *pendere* meant to weigh, because originally it meant to attach something to the beam of the balance, has no foundation whatever. It is generally said that *pendere*, to hang, was derived from *pendere*, to weigh. Correctly speaking, however, both are derived from the same root, one as an intransitive, *pendere*, to swing; the other as a transitive, *pendere*, to swing, to shake, to lift, to weigh.

From meaning to weigh, *pendere* came to mean to pay, because one of the earliest forms of payment in Italy consisted in weighing metals. Thus, *pretium quod emptor penderet* meant originally "the price which the buyer should weigh out on the balance," i.e. the price which he should pay.

The transition from this to weighing in the sense of pondering, valuing, considering, thinking is easy enough. We find *magni pendere*, to esteem highly, *parvi pendere*, to esteem lightly, or *vilipendere*, to consider things as vile, a word which is still used in English, to vilipend.

Pensum was originally anything weighed out, such as, for instance, a portion of wool weighed out for a day's work to the slaves at Rome. From it came a new verb, *pensare*, meaning again to weigh. Thus the Romans said *pensare aliquos eodem trutinā*, to weigh persons in one and the same balance. It was more frequently used, however, in the sense of requiting, or, as we now say, compensating, as in *beneficia beneficiis pensare*, to requite, or to recompense benefices by benefices. It also meant to make up for and to purchase. But the meaning of weighing is never entirely lost; and even in such expressions as *ex factis, non ex dictis, amicos pensare*, "to judge one's friends, not by words, but by deeds," we could easily substitute to weigh for to judge.

* Kuhn's "Zeitschrift," xxii. p. 106.

* Plato, "Krat." 886.

The gap between shaking (Sk. *spandate*) and thinking (*il pense*), wide as it seems, has thus been bridged over, and in reconstructing that bridge we come across many more traces of the steps by which, here as elsewhere, the human mind climbed up from the lower valleys of mere matter of fact to the commanding heights of abstract thought.

We saw that *pendere* and *pensare*, when used in the sense of paying, meant originally to weigh the rude metal, the *aes rude*, such as it was used at Rome before the adoption of coined money. It was supposed, therefore, that in *aestimare*, to value, to esteem, we had a similar relic of the ancient custom of weighing metal. Some scholars, like Corssen,* saw in the second half *timare* the Greek *τιμα*—of *τίμημα*, valuing, but they forgot that *τιμᾶν* was a Greek word, unknown in Latin, and that such compounds of Latin and Greek words are not admissible. Others thought that the second portion had something to do with *τέμνω*, to cut, and that cutting the metal meant fixing the proper prices. But the same objection applies to this derivation. Latin does not know *τέμνω*, nor does it often form such hybrid compounds. The explanation of *aestimare* is by no means easy, and to derive it from the Sanskrit root *ish*, to wish, or the Sabine *sisas*, prayer, a derivation which Professor Skeat sanctions by his authority, is no more than to confess that its derivation is impossible. If I may venture on a new etymology, I should compare Latin words formed by *timus*, such as *mari-timus*, close to the sea, *fini-timus*, close to the frontier. Closeness to a thing came to mean occupation with a thing, so that *aedi-tumus* occurs as one connected with the temple, a sacristan, and from it *aeditumari*, to act the part of a sacristan. Now as *aeditumari* pre-supposes *aeditumus*, *utumari*, to surmise, like *augurari* and *auspicari*, pre-supposes *au-tumus*. This word is lost in Latin, but its meaning could hardly have been anything but one conversant with birds and the auguries of birds. Applying this to *aestimare*, I should feel inclined to derive it from a lost word, *aes-tumus*, one conversant with *aes*, an *aerarius*, who fixes the true value of metal. This would give to *aestimare* the meaning which it possesses, namely to appraise, to value, to esteem.

But to return to *pendo*, we can trace back to it a large class of words familiar to us in Latin, French, and English.

Thus *dependere*, or *dependere*, to weigh out,

from, to pay, accounts for the French *dépenser*.

Expendere, to weigh out, to pay, explains the English to expend, expenses, and expensive.

From this, or, more properly, from *dispendere*, comes our *spending*, which sounds very much like a Saxon word, particularly in such a compound as *spendthrift*, but is, nevertheless, borrowed from Latin. The proposition *dis* appears in French as *dis* and *di* in old compounds, as *dis*, or as *dés* (before vowels), and *dé* (before consonants), in new formations. In Italian *dis* before consonants often dwindles down to a mere *s*, as in *s-traziare* for *dis-traziare*, to distract, *spendere* for *dispendere*, to spend. The same change appears already in mediæval Latin, as in *spendium*, *spensa*, for *dispensium* and *dispensa*. So far, no doubt, as phonetic rules are concerned, Italian *spendere* and *spendio* might come from *expendere* and *expendium*, as well as from *dispendere* and *dispendium*, for *ex* as well as *dis* dwindles down to *s* in Italian, as we see in *spandere* from *expandere*, *spedire* from *expedire*, &c.* Historical tradition, however, points to *dispendere* rather than to *expendere* as the original of our *spending*.

Spencer, now a very aristocratic name, was originally a *Dispenser*, the official employed in a dispensary; nay, a *spence* was an old English word for buttery or cellar.

Appendere in Latin does never mean to append, but to weigh something to one, and *appendix* was originally what was thrown in, the same as *mantissa*. After a time, however, *appendix* came to mean any appendage or addition, and the word, or its derivative *appendium*, we find under a strange disguise as *penthouse*. For *penthouse*, a projecting shed, is a corruption due to a popular etymology of *pantice*, for *appentice*, and had originally nothing to do either with *pent* or with *house*.

Impendere, again, meant originally to weigh out, to expend, then to devote, to apply.

Compendere meant to weigh together, not one by one; and hence *compendium*, a weighing together, a short process, and *compendious*, brief. Even *Compiègne*, the beautiful *Compiègne*, where Napoleon III. used to pass the summer, was originally *compendium*, i.e. *compendium viae*, a short cut, and occurs under that name as early as the time of King Chlodwig.

Perpendere is to weigh carefully or to

* Professor Skeat in his "Etymological Dictionary," which is a mine of useful information, gives the same derivation, but he takes *dispendere* for another form of *dispendere*, "to spread, to expand."

* *Aussprache der Lateinischen Sprache*, ii. p. 427.

examine, *perpensus* meant deliberate, which likewise comes from *libra*, balance; and what we now call "of malice prepense" was originally, I believe, "of malice perpenſe," i.e. with deliberate malice.

Rependere means to weigh back, to pay back, to repay, to requite, though also to weigh again, to ponder.

In all these compounds the original meaning of *pendere*, to shake, to lift, to weigh, is still clearly visible. In one compound only, in *suspendere*, it has almost vanished, for *suspendere* is always used in the sense of suspending, hanging up, stopping, supporting, never, I believe, in that of weighing.

We could collect nearly as many derivative meanings from compounds formed with *pensare*; such as *compensare*, to counterbalance, to recompense or to compensate; *dispensare*, to weigh out, to pay out, to distribute, to manage, to order; *expensare*, *perpensare*, *rependere*, &c., all showing the different ways in which language, like a good *dispensatrix*, managed with a very limited supply of material to satisfy every possible wish or whim of the human mind.

Nor have we mentioned yet a large number of derivatives formed directly from the root *pend*, such as *pondus*, weight, now a *pound*, *pensio*, payment, or pension, *stipendium*, for *stipi-pendium*, originally the payment of the *stips*, the small piece of money paid to the soldier, whom we now call soldier because he receives a *sou* or a *sol*, a *solidus*, a hard coin, or, what is the same, because he receives his pay, in German *Sold*.

The French *pois*, weight, was formerly written *pois*, which is preserved in *avoirdupois*, because it was derived from *pensum*, *pesum*, and not from *pondus*. Probably in order to distinguish *pois*, pea, from *pois*, weight, a learned printer introduced the diacritical d, which he remembered in *pondus*, just as an English printer introduced the s into *island*, because he remembered the s of *isle* and *insula*, and forgot the AS. *īgland*, the M.E. *īland*, the German *Eiland*. The Middle High-German *Einland*, from which Kluge has again derived *Eiland*, as if "land lying alone," is entirely due to a popular etymology. The High-Germans, as land-lubbers, had forgotten the original meaning of *Eiland*, i.e. water-land, and therefore misinterpreted it as *Einland*.

We have thus seen how with such heavy words as *pendere*, shaking and lifting, *pensare*, weighing, language managed in the end to express such abstract and airy notions as *recompense*, *dispensation*, *pensive*, and even *imponderable substances*. One unbroken chain con-

nects the two extremes, and the further we grope our way back by means of that unbroken chain, the clearer shall we see how language becomes an historical guide, and reveals to us chapters after chapters in the early history of civilisation which no other guide could have pointed out. It shows us the Aryan peasant lifting and shaking his goods, before selling or buying them. It shows us the Aryan trader weighing his rude metal in paying his customer. It shows us the Roman soldier receiving his *stips*, possibly at first a mere bar of metal, as a compensation for his military service, and likewise a *pension*, when he had become unfit for active service. We also see the origin of the balance, originally in Greek *stathmos*, i.e. an upright post, representing the man standing, with a beam, representing his outstretched arm. The weight which made the arm or beam stand in different positions was called *statēr*, from which the Romans formed *statera*, balance. The Sanskrit name for balance is *tula*, and the verb *tolayati* means to lift in order to weigh. Both words seem connected with the Latin *tulo*, *tetuli*, (*t*)*latus*, also *tollo*, to lift, and *tolerare*, to bear, and with the Greek *πολύ-τας*, much-enduring, *τάλ-αντον*, weight and balance. From this to *talent*, to putting one's *talent* in a napkin, i.e. to *talent* in the sense of natural endowments, there is again a clear and intelligible transition.

Balance, It. *bilancia*, is of course *bi-lana*, having two scales, and *scales* is now used in much the same sense as balance.

Were we to follow up the various derivatives of the intransitive *pendere*, to swing, to hang, we should considerably increase our store of words. We should easily account for *dependents*, *dependencies*, *independence*; for *impending* dangers and for dangerous *propensities*, for *suspended* animation and *suspension* of judgment, for the *pendulum* of a clock and for all *perpendicular* movements.

But leaving that large family, we have still to deal with two waifs, namely, *Selling* and *Buying*, two words which have hitherto yielded to no etymological analysis, and which may possibly receive some light from the history of the words derived from *pendere*.

We saw that to pay was in ancient times expressed by weighing of rude metal. Now it is well known that in early days not only metal, but other articles too were used as means of exchange or money. Among them we have salt, which even at present is used as money in the interior of Africa. Suidas tells us that a slave bought for salt, ἀλύντρος, was a poor or worthless slave (not

worth his salt?—hardly), and that the Thracians sold slaves for salt. Now in Old Slovenian, as Miklosich states, *prasoliti* means to trade, *prasoliti*, a trader, both derived from *solt*, salt.

Why should not the A.S. *sellan* come from the same source? There is no Aryan or Teutonic root from which *to sell* could be derived, and there is no lack of analogies to show that words for money, for selling and buying, were derived from the name of the articles which were used at different times and in different countries as circulating media. Without mentioning the Latin *pecunia*, the Gothic *faihu*, A.S. *feoh*, English *a fee*, we may point to the Irish *sed*, Old Irish *set*, Mediaeval Latin *sentis*, which is explained as a standard of value among the Gaedhil, by which rents, fines, stipends, and prices were determined. Every kind of property was estimated by this standard, the unit being a *milch-cow*, which was the prime *Sed*.*

Cloth was used as money, and in the north, as Vigfusson tells us, the *vædmal* (cloth measure), was the standard of all valuation and payment, before coined gold or silver came into use. In the Chron. Slav. Helm. lib. i. cap. 28, p. 95, we read of the inhabitants of the island of Rügen *nec est in comparandis rebus consuetudo nummorum, sed quidquid in foro mercari volueris panno lineo comparabis*.† “They do not use coins in buying things, but whatever one wishes to buy in the market, one has to pay for with a piece of linen cloth.” Furs, also, were used like cloth as a means of payment, and thus we find that in old Russian the name for money is *kuna, kuni*, i.e. *vestis pellina*, Med. Lat. *gunna*, English *gown*. In Finnish *raha*, originally fur, came to mean money. The Woguls call a Russian rouble *set-lin*, i.e. one hundred squirrels.

Why then should not the A.S. *sellan*, even if the Gothic *saljan* admits of a different explanation, come from the same source as the Old Slovenian *pra-soliti*, *negotiari*, particularly as salt, and the name for salt, seem to have travelled to the North from the South? Phonetically, this etymology seems unobjectionable. If *sala* meant originally a handful of salt, the Gothic *sal-jan*, the A.S. *sellan* (for *salian*), would have meant to take or to give a handful of salt, to trade, to sell. What must not be forgotten, however, is the sacred

character attributed to salt by different races and at a very early time, and its employment for confirming bargains and for hallowing sacrificial offerings. But though some of the intermediate steps may still be doubtful, I do not doubt that *to sell* sprang originally from the old name for salt, Lat. *sal*, Greek *ἅλ-ς*, and though to an historian this may seem bold, the student of language knows full well that words have taken even wilder leaps in their passage from their distant sources to the wide ocean of literary speech.

My last etymology will seem bolder still. To buy, like to sell, has been an old puzzle to English scholars. It appears in earlier English as *buggen*, *biggen*, and *beyen*; Anglo-Saxon gives us *bycgan* and *bicgan*, and Gothic *bugjan*. Some people have connected this with Sanskrit *bhug*, to enjoy, Lat. *fungor*; but why should the act of buying be called an enjoyment? Others trace it to Sanskrit *bhug*, in the sense of bending, turning, because buying is in one sense a turning, as we see in *αὐτεβόρος*, in Lith. *vertimas*, trade (Lat. *verto*), a change and exchange. It may be so, but is there no better way of accounting for this troublesome word? Let us remember that in Icelandic *baug-r* means money, but originally a *ring* (derived from the root *biug*, *baug*, *bog*), in A.S. *beag*, French *bague*, and let us consider what Vigfusson tells us in the Icelandic Dictionary, namely, “that in olden times, before coined gold and silver came into use, the metals were rolled up in spiral rings;” that “in law the payment of weregild is particularly called *baugr*;” and that *bauga-brot* are cut-off pieces of *baugr*, had money. In old Saxon, too, *wunden gold*, wound gold, is the gold used for buying, as we might say coined gold. A mere lump of gold or any other metal would have been useless for such purpose, because it could not be divided; while, after it had been reduced to a more pliant form, it could not only more easily be carried about in the form of twisted rings or coils, armlets, bracelets, necklets, but could also more easily be bent, broken, and divided. We read in the old ‘Hildebrandslied:’

“Want er dô ar arme wantane bouga
Chelsarungu gitân, so imo sê der chuning gap,
Hûneo truhtin.” . . .

“He wound there from the arm twisted hoops,
Made of imperial rings (coin), as the King had given them
to him,
The Lord of the Huns.”*

This shows that these hoops or armlets were really twisted coils of gold that might be used either for presents or for payments.

* W. K. Sullivan in O'Curry's “Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,” iii. 480, as quoted by O. Schrader in his excellent work, “Linguistisch-historische Forschungen,” p. 116. He also quotes Chr. Crusius, “Commentarius de originibus pecunie a pecore ante nummum signatum, Petropoli,” 1748.

† O. Schrader, l. c., p. 119.

* Max Müller, “German Classics,” vol. i. p. 8.

If then, in Icelandic *baugr*, from meaning coil, ring, came to mean money, why should not a verb, meaning to bend, to coil, have been used in the sense of buying? The formal development of the verb is seen most clearly in Gothic; there, as Grimm has shown, we have the verb *biugan*, *baug*, *bugun*, to bend, and by the side of it, *bugjan*, *bauhta*, *bauht*, to buy, just as in Anglo-Saxon we have *bagan*, *bēah*, to bend, and *bugc(i)an*, *bohte*, to buy. If we once know that *baugr* in Icelandic meant money, because it meant originally bent metal or rings, and that A.S. *byge* meant trade, because it meant originally money, everything else becomes clear. We might then, as Professor Skeat suggests in a letter to me, suppose that *byegan*, i.e. *byg-ian*, was formed from *byge*, as *sallan*, i.e. *sal-ian*, was from *sala*, namely, in the sense of using

rings and using salt for trade and barter. Whether the Saxons, in using *byegan* in the sense of buying, were still aware of the original meaning of the verb, namely, to bend or to twist or to handle a wire of gold, is a question difficult to answer. In Icelandic, where *baugr* has retained both meanings, ring and money, the reason why money was called *baugr*, ring, might have been more easily remembered. But when, as in Anglo-Saxon, such reminders were lost, the memory of *byegan*, to buy, having meant originally to bend or to break off a piece from a coil of gold, would vanish very rapidly, as rapidly as the Romans forgot the original purport of *pensio*, and as entirely as the recollection that to pay is to pacify (*pacare*), and *quits* is connected with *quietus*, quiet, has passed away from our own memory.

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF INSPECTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

IV.—THE TEACHERS AND THEIR WORK.

THE teachers in the Highlands, under the whole circumstances, as already said, do most praiseworthy work. Of course, in such a region, there are all kinds of men in the profession, and, from the nature of the case, the variety of personality is greater than can be found elsewhere. The old Scotch "dominie" has now almost died out as a species in the country, with his authoritative bearing, solemn if not severe aspect and discipline, exaggerated notions of his position personal and social, and peculiar scholastic methods, all united with high personal worth. Specimens, nevertheless, isolated, ancient and peculiar, till recently lingered in some corners, the survivals of a time-honoured class, to whom Scotland owes a deep debt of honour and gratitude.

I have seen them with the primitive badge of authority pendent, like a soldier's medal, from the uppermost button of the black cloth coat even at examination. To many of them, this was a kind of parade day before the commanding officer. But a large number of the older men refused to submit to inspection, to pass under the yoke, *sub jugum*, as they felt and called it, until they were obliged to do so by the irresistible arm of the law, on the passing of the Scotch Act of 1872. As a whole, considering their past and future, they did it with becoming grace, and with but few recalcitrant protests in

look or manner, and still fewer in word; though in some "the ancient spirit was not dead," and did not die till subsequent success or custom reconciled them to what they had wrongly conceived to be bondage.

It was often painful to see a good old man for the first time subjecting his long unchallenged generalship to a new and young commander-in-chief. He would stand nervous, perspiring and awkward before new-fangled ways, with which his pride or pugnacity had prevented him making himself acquainted. One earnest man, apprehensive of the slightest noise incommoding the omnipotent examiner, would suppress all disorder by a continual sibilant hiss. Another would make the most threatening signs to offending culprits, behind the inspector's chair. Another would stand apart in sulky rebellion against hated invasion, with his back to the wall, without taking any part in the process, which he looked on as slaughter. Another would constantly interpose to help a child, by recasting all harder questions in his own suggestive form. Another would object to the modern innovation called Dictation, and propound, in its place, the hardest *sesquipedalia* to the little urchins, who ran their component letters off their tongues with wonderful and accurate glibness; only afterwards to break down utterly, to the astonishment of themselves

and their teacher, when the same words were asked to be written down on the slate. Another would continually interpolate a running fire of angry or encouraging remonstrances to Donald or Flora at the answers they were giving, their eyes fixed only on him, not on the examiner. But most of them passed through the trying ordeal, new, feared and undesired, with dignity, quietness, helpfulness and gentlemanly bearing.

Cases of unworthy or dishonest conduct in teachers, during the many years I have inspected schools, have been gratifyingly rare. I have met men who cooked their registers; who repeated the entries for the same children under different names, to increase the attendance; who would persist in giving forbidden assistance by whisper or sign, behind your back; who told their pupils answers in Gaelic under guise of translating them to unaccustomed ears; and who otherwise disgraced themselves by neglect and evil habit even after warning. But that black list was happily a very short one and was more than eclipsed by an honourable roll of good men and women, hardworking and successful teachers, labouring under trying conditions of which the outer world knows nothing.

In one place in Skye, where I was called in by the first School Board to report, I found that there had been no scholars in attendance at the parish school, which stood in the centre of a large population, for more than twenty years. At my visit, the schoolroom was in a most miserable state, in building, furniture and appliances. It was only eight feet high, had a clay floor, uneven and unsightly, was dirty, dusty, cobwebbed, and ill-lighted. It had evidently been used as a place for lumber, a deal of which still remained after a rough clearing out. It had most of the windows broken, and contained two desks, without any forms, so rickety as scarcely able to stand alone; while the teacher's house above was in a like state of disrepair and discomfort. On my arrival, not a single scholar had appeared even after due notice, no roll-book existed, the teacher showing on a dirty sheet of paper only a few names of children, who were said to have been variously in attendance during recent years. No scholar turned up even on the second day, after being hunted for, except one girl of fourteen. She could read monosyllables with difficulty, wrote badly, and did no counting at all. Yet the teacher showed much mental vigour, if not acuteness, even in old age; so that the disgraceful state of matters, disgraceful far more to the late

authorities than to the incompetent man himself, was due to moral, rather than intellectual causes. Not a few such bad cases existed in the Highlands and elsewhere, and proved the need of legislative interference to correct such glaring abuses.

The eccentric "dominie" had his natural habitat in the Highlands in out-of-the-way corners, corresponding to his out-of-the-way style. From his vigorous individuality, he often produced creditable, though one-sided, work. His peculiarities would require large space to tell, and can here only be briefly indicated. One bent but bright old man decorated in the most wonderful way the interior of his wretched school of thatch, had a flag flying wide from the chimney head on the eventful day, and welcomed you grandly and warmly in a set speech before the pupils, as his friend come to see how school was doing. Another, an old army reader, questioned his shock-headed scholars in the most outspokenly suggestive style possible, all above board, however, like himself. In Geography, for instance, he addressed them in the loudest voice, as if they were a gathered clan on the mountain side, and manipulated the map with the largest of rods. When requested to get the pupils to point out any town, he would ask in succession, as he indicated each spot, "Is this it?" followed by a thunderous "No, sir!" till after the sixth or seventh negative, there came a well-intoned "Is *this* it?" when there burst forth a rapturous, deafening "Yes, sir!" In this simplest of fashions, every question got correctly answered. But, though unsuccessful in such small matters as the "three R's," good man, he regularly gave wonderful discourses to the open-mouthed young Celts on such transcendental themes as ether and the constitution of the sun's atmosphere, and as a Gaelic preacher was an earnest and eloquent Boanerges.

A hundred times over, the risible faculties of even Nestor himself would not have been proof against explosion on examination day, so strange, so irresistible were often dress, gesture, tone and answer. One rare picture would have furnished an admirable sketch for *Punch*, and may be here described, now that the subject, dear good man, has passed to the majority. He was a clergyman well advanced in years, which, hanging lightly and genially upon him, had only induced a slight stoop in the shoulders, but spared his spirits. Every year without fail, as he accompanied me to school, he opened and closed the proceedings with prayer, long after such acknow-

ledgments were abolished under what such men considered the graceless School Board system. In conducting this exercise, he advanced to the middle of the floor, slightly raised both hands, and bent his head in due reverence. He was always accompanied by his attached companion, a little terrier dog. This animal followed his master on the floor a short distance in the rear, stood up on his hind legs, bent his head, with projecting and pendent paws, and presented a curious replica of the minister! The little creature knew the ceremony by heart, performed it with becoming, silent gravity, dropped on his fore paws when it was concluded, and ended by springing merrily to the door, with a delighted bark, which proclaimed that all was over for him as well as the rest, and that the captive was free.

One modest man, whose geniality and hard work were the highest, while his order was the lowest, his over good-nature being taken advantage of by his pupils, used to celebrate the annual inspection by an ode in very blank verse. Another old schoolmaster, unable to get his scholars to use the new-fangled erections known as offices, and seen in that wild region for the first time (for they preferred, like the Hindoos, the healthier, unconventional field), used them as a henhouse; while another utilised them as a wardrobe—the former being a frequent transformation, the latter a patent.

A very common style of teacher in outlying parts was an old Lowland "dominie" with a pension from some School Board in the south, who had wisely retired to those country quarters to easy labour, rather than die of ennui. Creditable work they often did in such small schools; the incongruity, however, between the sonorous formality of their commands and the small classes they had to manage was often very funny. One good soul had a fixed salary and lived in the neighbourhood of a denominational school to which the children were drawn by various temptations, addressed to back and belly. He sometimes had not a single child to present who had made the requisite attendances, but he could not help it, though he tried hard against such odds.

A strange prejudice still exists in the Highlands, a survival, no doubt, of the ancient lower estimate of the female sex. This is an opposition, decidedly active, to female teachers, whom the people ignorantly conceive to be unfit for the responsible task of teaching their children! Nothing, of course, could be more unfounded than such a notion,

which, I am glad to see, experience and success are quietly, though slowly, killing out. In one island, the opposition became so keen to a poor woman who had the misfortune to be sent there, that many of the people not only refused to send their children to school but tried to starve her out by refusing her bread, fouling her well, and making a long and extraordinary petition to the Board and the Education Department to have a male teacher appointed in her place—all in face of good results.

Most female teachers, under the most adverse circumstances, have done and will continue to do admirable work in these outlying regions. One of them, located on a low island off the coast of North Uist, turned ill. While confined to bed, she was still able to teach, and I examined the children in her bedroom as she lay in state, surveying and taking part in the successful results achieved. Many of these good women are young Lowland girls, without one word of Gaelic. The only fault they can be charged with is that they become too attractive to the young Highlanders round, who often carry them off to rule other domains under the Highland thatch. This is the best thing, no doubt, these wise Highlanders could do, for there is no better union than that of a Highland lad with a Lowland lass; the emotional elements of the Celt uniting admirably with the sturdier qualities of the Teut.

One of these good Lowland women, who fearlessly face isolation and solitude, so hard to the female heart, amidst an alien people prejudiced against their order, was located in the bare and rocky islet of Hebridean gneiss that lies to the north of Raasay, known by the common name of Rona, the island of seals. My yearly visit to that wild spot, no mean trial for a Saxon stomach, was more than rewarded by the good work I witnessed in the neat little school that replaced the old thatched hut at the head of the rugged Dry Harbour* there. I have frequently gone to it from Raasay in an open boat, darkness generally descending on me ere I reached the cosy warmth of the hospitable farmhouse that stands at the head of the Big Harbour. Next day, I had to climb by the wildest pathway over the rocks to the school-house, to which the mistress had preceded me in early morn. The examination of that school was always a trial to the examiner, on account of the difficult approach to the unfrequented isle; but it was to me delightful for its wild and sequestered lone-

* So called from its becoming dry at ebb tide.

liness, the good worked by the teacher, and the unique experiences it afforded.

The last time I went there was under uncommon circumstances. I had joined the steamer *Clansman* at bare Loch Maddy, going thence to mountainous Loch Tarbet in Harris, and the rock-enclosed Loch Seaforth in the Lews. We arrived opposite Rona in the dusk, after the sun had descended in unclouded glory behind the Quiraing, in a sky of uncommon beauty. The stars were peeping through the blue as I left the steamer alone, with a hardy crew, to land in the darkness on that seemingly uninhabited rock; for not a house in Rona is visible from the water, all of them being hidden in the grassy hollows of the gneiss. The passengers stood in quiet wonderment and waved their good wishes as we dropped down into the dark. The good ship anchored in the offing to wait the return of the crew, and speedily the only thing visible of the floating village was the bright lantern hung from the foremast. We rowed to what seemed the right bay in the darkness, and hallooed when we reached the shore. We had gone wrong, for no sound replied and not a light glimmered in the gloom. Groping our way into the next opening to the north, we hallooed still more lustily as we passed between two narrow rocks, while the steamer whistled with growing vehemence on her belated sailors. Welcome voices answered ours, and a boat soon boarded us, happily rowed by men I had formerly employed. I was transferred to their boat, and my oarsmen left to hasten back to the steamer. I was carried to the very harbour we had first entered, as from it the pathway was safer over the rocks to the

house of my friends. They had long given me up, and were more than surprised when I entered some time before midnight, with one of the hardy islanders carrying my portmanteau. Next day, after examining the school, I set sail in a stout herring boat. The mistress accompanied me on her way to join her friends in the south during holiday, and for hours we crawled through the Sound of Rona. We landed at last below the picturesque ruin of Bruchail Castle, the ancient seat of the Macleods, on the eastern shore of Raasay. I had to set out alone on foot, leaving the good woman to shelter in a shepherd's hut till the carriage should return for her; for it had left that morning, the driver thinking further waiting useless.

While the new schools were being built, sometimes on the old sites, teaching and examination had often to be carried on under strange conditions. But such scenes are now—shall we say happily? yes, but regretfully—all things of the past. These rude conditions have given place to what cannot be characterized as other than a wonderful transformation, brought about by the action of beneficent and long-needed law, and by the liberality—some have unwisely said the extravagance—of Highland School Boards. But even in view of the welcome change to better things, it would be ungrateful and unjust not to bear strong and emphatic testimony to those churches and societies which for generations so generously carried on the education of our Highland children. While thankful for the present, let us not forget the past and the good work then so well achieved, under conditions so extraordinary that they now can with difficulty be adequately recalled.

THE TIGER.

By THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.



RESTRICTED to Southern Asia, the Tiger is brought into much closer contact with civilisation than is the lion of Africa; and, in consequence, "man-eating" tigers are far more common than lions which possess the same terrible habit.

The population of Asia is much more dense than that of Africa, while the character of the vegetation is such that it affords shelter to the tiger almost on the very borders of the villages. The causes for the practice of man-eating are the same as those which affect the lion.

Were it not for the presence of civilised man, with his flocks and herds, a tiger could

never reach old age. Its stiffening, or rather failing limbs would no longer enable it to capture the deer and other active animals which are its natural prey, nor could its blunted teeth tear the dead carcass in pieces. It would become more and more feeble, and in the course of nature would creep to some retired spot, and there breathe its last.

But the presence of civilised man gives it a longer lease of life. For some time it can haunt the outskirts of the villages, picking up a stray ox or goat, and so sustaining life. As the infirmities of age make themselves felt, even so slight an exertion becomes too bur-

densome, and the animal finds that an old woman or a child that has strayed from the shelter of the house is a still easier prey.

When once established in either of these stages of artificial life, the tiger becomes the most terrible foe that the mind of man can conceive. In the graphic language of Colonel W. Campbell, "a confirmed man-eater always lurks in the neighbourhood of villages, or close to some well-frequented road, and rarely preys upon any other animal but man.

"When a tiger thus quarters himself almost at the doors of the inhabitants a curse has indeed fallen upon them. The ryots cannot



"Creeping after the elephant."

cultivate their fields but at the risk of their lives. The women dare not fetch water from the well. The persecuted labourers, returning at sunset from their daily toil, may be seen hurrying along with headlong speed, and uttering loud yells in hope of scaring their hidden foe.

"Peace and security are banished from that devoted village. Day after day some member of the little community disappears—the land is filled with mourning, and the death-lament comes swelling on the evening breeze, instead of the gay notes of the zittar and the merry laugh of light-hearted maidens. The destroying fiend revels in blood, and becomes daily more open in his attacks."

In one district only, that of Kandeish, the

officer in command reported that during his four years' tenure of the post the tigers killed annually an average of ninety human beings and six thousand cattle.

An old man-eater develops an amount of cunning which is simply appalling. It never remains for any length of time in one place, but incessantly travels from one village to another, concealing itself with the utmost art, carrying off one of the inhabitants, and immediately making its way to some distant spot. A single tiger has been known to paralyse a triangular district of some forty miles in extent.

The natives feel themselves powerless, and all that they can think of is to offer rice to their numerous divinities. Their only real

hope lies in the European, whom they despise and abhor as an unbeliever, but respect for his powers.

Mounted on trained elephants, and guided by native trackers, mostly belonging to the Bheel tribe, the English hunters first discover the beast in its hiding-place, and then destroy it. A remarkable instance of the cunning of an old man-eater is narrated by Colonel W. Campbell in his "Indian Journal."

A man-eating tigress had been tracked for four days by the Bheels, and at last "harboured," as stag-hunters say, in a small thicket. As the party approached the tigress charged them, and then retreated to the thicket. The elephant was taken through the cover, but the tigress had slipped out. Guided by a Bheel, who walked by the elephant's side, the track was followed for some distance. Making a circuit, it led back to the thicket, but again the cover was empty.

On making a "cast" to discover the lost track, a fresh footprint of a tiger was seen over that of the elephant. Again a circuit was made, and with the same result.

Completely puzzled, the Bheel was about to start off on foot in search of the track, when one of the hunters happened to look back and saw the tiger crouching behind the elephant, and scarcely visible. The crafty animal had been creeping after the elephant, waiting for an opportunity of pouncing on the Bheel as soon as he left his shelter.

Had it not been for the casual glance by which the position of the animal was detected the device would have been successful. As it was the hunter placed a bullet between her eyes as she was watching the Bheel, whom she instinctively knew to be the real element of danger to her. The exultation of the little man may be conceived, and has been aptly rendered by the artist in our initial picture.

Comedy and tragedy go hand in hand in these hunts.

An amusing example of the former is given by the same traveller. A tiger had been wounded, but although one of its hind legs was broken it made its way into a patch of high grass, and hid there. Guided by the Bheels, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being."

The Bheel dashed at the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able

to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the Bheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage.

"As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon; pouring out a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or will be committed.

"Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face."

Sometimes the tragic element prevails.

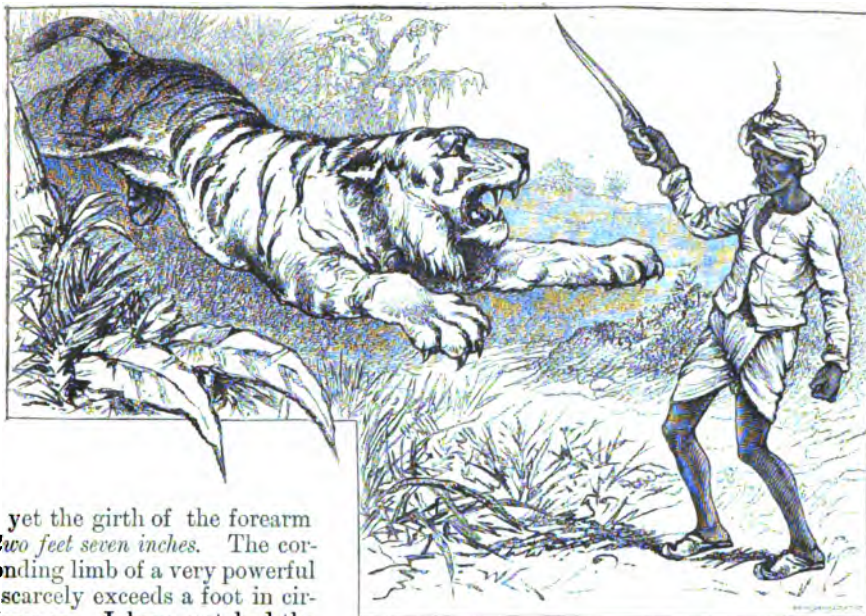
In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighbourhood, had been traced down, and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound.

Unfortunately these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from its refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned to bay.

After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid; the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag.

The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the



"In a moment the animal sprang upon him."

tail; yet the girth of the forearm was *two feet seven inches*. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. I have not had the opportunity of dissecting a tiger, but I have helped to dissect a lion, which is possessed of similar powers, and was struck with wonder at the tremendous development of the muscles of the forelegs.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known, he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm, and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbours with meat.

A remarkable example of this mutual fellowship between man and tiger is narrated by Colonel Campbell.

Hearing shrieks of distress, he ran to the rescue, and found that they proceeded from a young lad of fifteen, on whom his father, a celebrated hunter and bush-ranger named Kamah, was operating with a bamboo.

His crime (?) was that he had killed a tiger! Most people would have thought it a most gallant action, and felt proud of their son. Not so Kamah, who was full of angry regret.

"It is all very well for those who live in the open country to wage war with tigers, but with us, who live on social terms with them in the jungle, the case is different.

"I have no quarrel with the tigers. I never injured one of them—they never injured me; and while there was peace between us I went among them without fear of danger.

But now that this young rascal has picked a quarrel there is no saying where the feud will end."

Whereupon the discipline of the bamboo was renewed.

The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal. Should she happen to have cubs it is necessary to kill the entire family, as the young ones have been accustomed from the first to feed on human flesh, and begin, instead of ending, by being man-eaters.

Sometimes the tiger is captured alive, and then, as a rule, it loses all its fiery courage, and becomes an abject coward. There are a few exceptions, as in the case of "Jungla," the once-celebrated fighting tiger belonging to a late King of Oude. Besides being a singularly fine animal, he was remarkable for having most of the stripes on his sides double. Between many of the double stripes were a number of little spots like those of the leopard, gathered most thickly upon the shoulders and flanks.

In the jungle a tiger would make short work of any buffalo, but when the animals are pitted against each other in an enclosure the tiger shows no fight, letting itself be tossed without offering any resistance.

In one such fight, if fight it could be called, a single buffalo was matched with two tigers, and did what he liked with them, so that at

last the spectators shot the wounded animals out of compassion.

Jungla, however, was made of sterner stuff, and was never vanquished. I had an opportunity of seeing him when he was brought to England in 1869, and a good portrait of him was executed by Mr. Harrison Weir for my "Illustrated Natural History." When pitted against a buffalo he bided his time, sprang at the head, and with a mixed blow and wrench dislocated its neck, his hind feet being on the ground.

These semi-tame tigers, which are kept for fighting purposes, form a connecting link between the wild animals and those which are kept in menageries for the purpose of exhibition.

IN CAPTIVITY, the tiger is a much more troublesome beast than the lion. It is not nearly so amenable to human influence, and, in consequence, is seldom employed in sensational performances. Performing lions are common enough, but performing tigers are very seldom seen.

There are now several lion-tamers, who have trained seven or eight lions to live harmoniously in the same cage, and to go through sundry performances, such as leaping over sticks, through hoops, even when they are wrapped with strips of cotton soaked with paraffin, and then lighted.

This is a most wonderful feat, for all wild beasts, and especially the great carnivora, which are nocturnal in their habits, are very much afraid of fire, and, as is well known to travellers, can be kept at a distance from the camp at night by surrounding it with a circle of fires. Not even the lowing of oxen or the bleating of goats will induce a lion, leopard, or tiger to enter the fiery circle, and it is most wonderful that the animal should be taught by man to leap through a blazing hoop not much larger in diameter than its own body.

But I believe that not the most experienced and daring of wild-beast tamers ever ventured to put eight tigers into one cage, and teach them to perform tricks which are quite at variance with their natural instincts. Of course, there is a distinct individuality among tigers as among ourselves, some being gentle and tolerably tractable, while others are fierce, morose, and not to be trusted. In Mr. G. Sanger's menagerie at Margate there are two tigresses which are of exactly opposite characters. Both go by the name of "Bessy," there being an extraordinary lack of originality in the nomenclature of animals. Even in stables the same monotony is paramount. In great establishments,

for example, where the owner has taken pains to give appropriate names to the animals, the grooms almost invariably ignore the name which has been given by the owner, and employ their own more familiar language. So, though over each stall may be the name "Grand Duke," "Black Prince," "Crusader," or similar names, they are all "Bill," "Tommy," "Dick," and so forth to the grooms, and answer to no other names.

These two "Bessys" are, as I mentioned, of diametrically opposed characters. The difference may partly be owing to the accident of birth, one having been captured while young, and the other born in a menagerie. One might naturally imagine that the latter would be the better tempered of the two, she never having known the freedom of savage life. But, in accordance with the invariable rule, the "forest-bred" animal is the tamer, those which have been born in captivity being always uncertain in their ways, and not to be trusted.

Now, "Bessy the First" is forest-bred. The head keeper, Walter Stratford, has the most perfect confidence in her, and can take any liberties with her. After I had paid several visits to the menagerie, I thought that she began to recognise me, and therefore cultivated her acquaintance. Now, as soon as I enter the house, Bessy tries to attract my attention, expects to be patted and stroked, her ears to be pulled, and her nose rubbed, just as a pet cat would do.

One day I had an unexpected experience with her.

Nearly the whole of the end of the room is occupied by a huge cage, in which Stratford delights in putting all sorts of incongruous animals. There are several varieties of monkeys, a porcupine, a goat, some rabbits and guinea pigs, a few geese and ducks, four cats, a coati-mondi, two racoons, a jackal, a little white Pomeranian dog named "Rose," two hybrids, having the jackal as their father and Rose as their mother, two pigs, and other animals.

Thinking that the goat would like some fresh grass, I went to the lawn, gathered a large handful, and brought it to the goat. Not a blade of that grass did she get. I had hardly held the grass to the bars when Rose and her children flew at it, drove the goat away, and literally tore the grass out of my hands. Three times did I fetch grass before the goat was allowed to eat a blade of it. Ever since that time I have always furnished myself with a good supply of grass before visiting these animals.

On one occasion I stopped as usual at Bessy's cage, and noticed that she stared fixedly at the grass. So I said jokingly, "Why, Bessy, you cannot want grass. However, here it is if you want it." So I put my hand into the cage, and was much surprised by seeing her gently scrape the grass out of my hand with her huge paw. Then she lay down, gathered the grass between her paws, and licked up every particle of it. When she had finished it she looked appealingly in my face as if asking for another supply; so I fetched a fresh handful, the whole of which she took in the same dainty way. Meanwhile, Rose and her children were performing the most extraordinary antics at the end of the room. They had seen me bring in the grass, and naturally imagined that it was intended for them as usual. What with disappointment, and what with jealousy, they were simply frantic, barking, yelping, jumping up and down, scratching at the bars of the cage, and expressing their outraged feelings in the most ludicrous fashion. Now, I always give Bessy her allowance of grass first, and then take another portion to Rose, her children, and the goat.

It is a rather remarkable fact that the carnivora are much more eager for the grass than are the deer, camels, antelopes, and other vegetable feeders.

As to "Bessy the First," she is so fond of Stratford, and places such reliance on him, that when she has cubs she will allow him to enter the cage, take away the cubs, and hand them about among the visitors. In fact, she is quite pleased to see that her offspring attract so much attention.

Very different is "Bessy the Second." She never had a very good temper, but was not considered to be a dangerous animal, until an event occurred which completely altered, or at all events had an evil influence upon her character.

Nearly two years ago three young lion cubs were in the next cage to hers. One day she seemed to be seized with a sudden frenzy, smashed the partition between the cages, flew at the cubs, and killed two of them in a moment. The whole attack was so quick and unexpected that Stratford had only just time to save the life of the third cub. Since that time she has been carefully watched, for when once a lion or a tiger has broken through a cage, it is apt to repeat the operation.

The reader may perhaps call to mind a startling event which took place some years

ago in Ratcliff Highway. A tigress belonging to Mr. Jamrach had broken out of her cage, escaped into the road, seized a young boy and carried him off. The boy, not being a naturalist, thought that she was a handsome kind of dog, and began to pat her, when the animal caught him by the shoulder, and ran down the street. Mr. Jamrach, a man of vast proportions, flung himself on the tigress, caught her by the loose skin of the neck, got his arm round her throat, and garotted her so effectually that she loosened her hold, the boy being not much the worse for his terrible experience.

On seeing the account of this gallant action, I went to see Mr. Jamrach, and learned the details. He treated the matter very lightly, and said, in his imperfect but quaint English, that he "drowed himself upon her and strangled her."

The same animal was afterwards placed in Edmonds's menagerie, the cage next her own being occupied by a lion. She broke down the partition, fought the lion and killed him, she herself suffering much damage. Altogether, she was rather an expensive animal. She cost Jamrach three hundred pounds paid as compensation to the boy, while Edmonds's lion which she killed was worth about as much.

Now, "Bessy the Second" displays a very similar character. She is restless, morose, and suspicious, and if any of the animals make a sudden movement, she starts up, stares at them through the bars, and often sets up a series of roars, which have the effect of causing every lion and tiger in the place to roar for sympathy, so that the noise is deafening.

Last summer she was greatly disconcerted at a photographer, who wished to take portraits of some of the animals, and disturbed them all so incessantly that a really successful portrait could not be secured. The only way in which a photograph of any kind could be taken was to place the camera and black cloth before the cage, leave it there for an hour or two, visiting it at intervals until the suspicious animal had become accustomed to it. Then the operator put the cloth over his head, and threw it off again, until at last the tigress realised the fact that the black cloth was not a personal enemy.

I have tried to make friends with her, but at present without the least success. It is a great pity that her temper is so bad, for she is a fine animal, and being quite young, has in all probability a long life before her.

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

PART I.



Macduff's Cave.

independent section of the old Pictish dominion. But in later times, the Thaneship of Fife was much more extensive than the present county, and included the whole of the lands between the Forth and the Tay. Even as confined within its modern limits, the county holds, geographically, a peculiar position, insulated, or, to speak more exactly, peninsulated, as it is by the two great estuaries which cut it off from the mainland north and south. These troublesome gaps in the eastern seaboard, modern science has put forth, and is still putting forth, extraordinary efforts to abolish by means of stupendous and unparalleled railway bridges. In the eye of the daring engineer, Fife is merely a convenient stepping stone in his northward march, but for which his progress would have been hopelessly arrested. If there had been no Fife there would have been no Thane in ancient times, which would have been a serious matter. But if there had been no Fife, there would have been no direct communication between the south and the north of Scotland on the east coast, which would have been a more serious business not only for Fife and the Fifers, but also for Scotland.

The Fifers have always been, and in spite of railways and bridges are likely to continue to be, a peculiar people. They have a character of their own, due in great measure to their separate and practically insulated position, which has tended to develop and foster a large amount of self-dependence

THERE is something quite peculiar, or as the Scots say, "kenspeckle," about the Kingdom of Fife and its people. The "kingdom" is in a certain sense self-contained. According to tradition, it owed its royal rank to its influence as an

and independence. They have always been shrewd, pawky and douce. They are largely endowed with foresight and worldly wisdom, qualities which have enabled them to render important services to the commonwealth in trying times.

Fife was the birthplace of Scottish naval enterprise. Sir Andrew Barton, commander of the *Great Michael*, and Sir Andrew Wood, of Largo, whose ships, the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, were the terror of the seas in the reign of James IV., were both Fife seamen, before whose names the fleets of England were made to quail.

When the Reformation struggle came on in the times of James V., Fife was again the chosen battle-ground. It was in Fife that Wishart and Patrick Hamilton were burned, that Cardinal Beaton was slain, that John Knox began his wondrous career as a preacher and as a patriot, and that Archbishop Sharpe came to grief on Magus Moor. In short, during these stormy years, the history of Scotland was to a large extent concentrated in the history of Fife.

To King James VI. we owe the fanciful and not very complimentary description of Fife as "a beggar's mantle fringed with gold." The royal sage meant to contrast the bleak and at that time barren interior of the county with the activity of the seaport towns and fishing villages on the coast. There may have been in those days as in these, fertile farms on the seaboard, with smiling fields and golden grain, which would give more precise point to the royal simile. However this may be, the contrast does not now hold good. The gold, in the sense of productiveness, both of manufactures and of agriculture, is no longer confined to the fringe, but carries its threads into the whole texture of the mantle. Many industries little known, or quite unknown, in the sixteenth century have been developed, which have certainly added to the wealth, though they may have added little to the external attractiveness of the "kingdom." Its mineral riches were not unknown in the days of King James VI.; but it is certain that these have undergone an extension and development of which the royal pedant could have formed no conception. Hundreds and thousands of families now find profitable occupation in the coal-fields of Lochgelly and

Cowdenbeath, of Markinch and Torryburn, for every one that was so supported in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Fife, like Warwickshire, has its "black country," but like Warwickshire also, it has reason to be thankful that its dinginess is relieved by the sparkle of the black diamond.

Then, even on the coasts, and within the limits of the "golden fringe," new sources of wealth have been profitably cultivated in the ship-building of Kirkcaldy and Burntisland, in the bleach-fields and linen mills of Dysart, Leslie, and Ladybank, in the floor-cloth manufactures of Kirkcaldy, and in the famous damask manufactures of Dunfermline.

In one respect, however, Fife is very much what it was three centuries ago. Its coasts are as rugged and as stormy as they were in the days of Sir Andrew Wood and Sir Andrew Barton. Civilisation and the advance of manufactures have done much for Fife, but they have not curbed the force of the North Sea waves, or mitigated the cruelty of its iron-bound shores. The remote corner of the county which projects itself into the North Sea is familiarly known as "the East Neuk of Fife." Fife Ness, which is the apex of the triangle, is emphatically a place of storms, and experiences a great deal of what sailors call dirty weather. No other



The East Neuk of Fife.

part of the east coast of Scotland has a more forbidding aspect, or is more exposed to the eastern blast. Ragged headlands stretch themselves like crocodile heads into the ocean, and beyond these there are shelving rocks and treacherous reefs that carry their terrors far out to sea. Woe betide the hapless bark that is driven or allured into these waters on a stormy night! Escape is hopeless, what with the pitiless rocks and the relentless sea.

The East Neuk is by no means the only point of danger on the Fife coast. Others are almost as trying, though they are perhaps less exposed to the full brunt of the North Sea storms. One of these is Kinraig

Point, near Elie, forming the eastern boundary of Largo Bay, commemorated in the old song—

"I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line."

Kinraig Point, though on a small scale comparatively, is one of the grandest headlands on the east coast of Scotland. It presents a gradation of towers and pinnacles stretching from the mainland far into the sea. It is seen to great advantage from the Elie side in calm weather, when the sun is setting behind its rugged points, the irregular masses of dark basalt contrasting with and at the

same time balancing the piles of cloud on the horizon. Still grander, however, is the view from the other side—the Largo side—during a storm. Then the huge waves which the easterly gale drives up the Firth break on the rocks of Kincaig Point, covering them with snow-white foam, and throwing into the air huge clouds of spray. Thus do the forces of nature contribute to the enjoyment of man, who is apt to forget that when these forces are in their grandest turbulence, the fisher-folk and others who have their home on the deep are in greatest jeopardy.

Close to Kincaig Point is Macduff's Cave—a fissure in the rocks leading to a dark

recess or cavern, in which the historic Thane of Fife is said to have concealed himself when a fugitive from the superstitious vengeance of Macbeth. The scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her children is believed to be in the western part of the county. The site of Macduff's castle there is still pointed out on an eminence overhanging the Forth, about half a mile to the west of Culross. But Macbeth was not satisfied with getting rid of "the chickens and their dam." He had still greater reason to remove the Thane himself, who was "a viper in his path." Macduff knew this, and prudently kept out of the way of the usurper. The "cleft in the



Kincaig Point, Elie.

rocks" at Kincaig Point was therefore chosen as one of his hiding-places. It was flanked by tall and steep rocks like those that guard lonely caves on the west coast of Scotland and Norwegian fiords, to which the only possible approach was by the sea. In such a retreat, even if its locality were known, the fugitives would be comparatively safe.

From Elie rocks the best view is obtained of the Isle of May, a greenstone rock in the Firth of Forth, which is now chiefly known as the site of one of the lighthouses of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, whose property it is. It is, however, the home of many kinds of sea-fowl, and its 140 acres of surface afford good pasturage for sheep, and contain a spring of sweet water

and a small lake. It boasts also the ruins of a chapel of St. Adrian which dates from the thirteenth century. Now, however, its only inhabitants are the occupants of three houses, one of which is a pilot station, while the other two are connected with the lighthouse.

The nearest point to the isle on the mainland is Anstruther, six miles distant, commemorated by William Tennant, the Scottish poet, in his "Anster Fair." Anstruther was the birthplace not only of Tennant, but also of his contemporary, Dr. Thomas Chalmers. When Chalmers became minister of Kilmany, in the north of Fife, he used to get his supplies from Anstruther. On one occasion—so the story runs—he sent a written order for a sack of corn to a Mr. Thomson



Isle of May, from Elie Rocks.

there. The corn never came, and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next time he was in Anstruther he called on Mr. Thomson to ask for an explanation. It was soon given. The merchant had been unable to decipher the minister's hieroglyphics and had put the note in his desk until Mr. Chalmers should call.

"Not make out my writing!" exclaimed Chalmers indignantly; "show it to me."

He read a few words, but then he stuck, completely baffled. He was, however, equal to the occasion. With a pawky smile he returned the letter to the merchant, saying, "But the letter is addressed to you, Mr. Thomson: it is your business to read it, not mine."

Anstruther is one of a series of fishing villages scattered along the south-east coast of Fife. Beginning at the east, they are Crail, Cellardykes, Anstruther Wester, Pittenweem, St. Monans, and Elie. Farther west we have Largo and Leven, not very different from the former, but yet not belonging to the antique group. Of Elie also it may be said that it resembles Largo and Leven in having laid itself out as a summer resort. The eastern villages still retain their old-world character, and their ancient and fish-like smell. Their houses—many of them with roofs of red tiles, giving a rich colour to the landscape—are irregularly built along the main street or on the shore. Most of them, and in particular Crail and St. Monans, have old churches with quaint towers and spires. The church of St. Monans has been a favourite study with

Scottish artists time out of mind. Crail church has a stunted octagonal spire, resembling somewhat that of St. Monans. Crail also boasted at one time a royal castle or palace, in which David I., the "sair sanct," occasionally resided.

Pittenweem, which stands between St. Monans and Anstruther, is as good an example as can be found of an old Scottish royal burgh. It had its origin in a priory, built in the beginning of the twelfth century, and it owes its name to a cave or "weem," still discernible. The town dates from the thirteenth century. It was made a burgh of barony by James III. in the fifteenth century, and a royal burgh by James V. a century later.

The beach has the usual character of the Fife villages—a natural harbour, made with the aid of reefs and shelving rocks, and crowded in the busy season with small fishing craft; tall poles, on which nets and lines of buoys are hung to dry; quaint houses with tiled roofs, and groups of the fisher-folk mending their nets, baiting their lines, and gathering tangle on the beach and among the rocks.

Pittenweem has an historic interest of a wider significance from the fact that the robbery of a customs collector there in 1736, by the notorious smugglers, Wilson and Robertson, led first to their trial in Edinburgh, and

ultimately to the famous Porteus Riot, which forms, as all the world knows, the central incident in the "Heart of Midlothian."



Pittenweem.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of a Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK IV.—IN THE NEW LAND.

CHAPTER I.—THE SITUATION.

"LOOK here, Bayle, this is about the maddest thing I ever knew. Will you have the goodness to tell me why we are stopping here?"

Bayle looked up from the book he was reading, in the pleasant room that formed their home, one which Tom Porter had found no difficulty in fitting up in good cabin style.

A year had glided by since they landed, a year that Sir Gordon had passed in the most unsatisfactory way.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"Yes. Didn't I speak plainly? Why are we stopping here? For goodness' sake, Bayle, don't you take to aggravating me by repeating my words! I'm irritable enough without that!"

"Nonsense, my dear old friend!" cried Bayle, rising.

"Hang it, man, don't throw my age in my teeth! I can't help being old!"

"May I live to be as old," said Bayle, smiling, and laying his hand on Sir Gordon's shoulder.

"Bah! don't pray for that, man! Why should you want to live? To see all your pet schemes knocked on the head, and those you care for go to the bad, while your aches and pains increase, and you are gliding down the hill of life a wretched, selfish old man, unloved, uncared for. There, it is all a miserable mistake."

"Uncared for, eh?" said Bayle. "Have you no friends?"

"Not one," groaned the old man, writhing, as he felt a twinge in his back. "Oh, this bitter south wind! it's worse than our north!"

"Shame! Why, Tom Porter watches you night and day. He would die for you."

"So would a dog. The scoundrel only thinks of how much money I shall leave him when I go."

Unheard by either, Tom Porter had entered the room, sailor fashion, barefoot, in the easy canvas suit he wore when yachting with his master. He had brought in a basin of broth of his own brewing, as he termed it—for Sir Gordon was unwell—a plate with a couple of slices of bread of his own toasting, in the

other hand, and he was holding the silver spoon from Sir Gordon's travelling canteen beneath his chin.

He heard every word as he stood waiting respectfully to bring in his master's "levens," as he called it; and instead of getting the sherry from the cellaret, he began screwing up his hard face, and showing his emotion by working about his bare toes.

As Sir Gordon finished his bitter speech Tom Porter took a step forward, and threw the basin of mutton broth, basin, plate, and all, under the grate with a crash, and stalked towards the door.

"You scoundrel!" roared Sir Gordon.

"You Tom Porter, stop!"

"Shan't!" growled the man. "There's mutiny on, and I leave the ship."

Bang!

The door was closed violently, and Sir Gordon looked helplessly up at Bayle.

"There, you see!"

"Yes," said Bayle, "I see. Poor fellow! Why did you wound his feelings like that?"

"There!" cried Sir Gordon; "now you side with the scoundrel. Twenty-five years has he been with me, and look at my soup!"

Bayle laughed.

"Yes: that's right: laugh at me. I'm getting old and weak. Laugh at me. I suppose the next thing will be that you will go off and leave me here in the lurch."

"That is just my way, is it not?" said Bayle, smiling.

"Well, no," grumbled Sir Gordon, "I suppose it is not. But then you are such a fool, Bayle. I haven't patience with you!"

"I'm afraid I am a great trial to you."

"You are—a terrible trial; every one's a terrible trial—everything goes wrong. That blundering ass Tom Porter must even go and knock a hole in the *Sylph* on the rocks."

"Yes, that was unfortunate," said Bayle.

"Here, I shall go back. It's of no use staying here. Everything I see aggravates me. Matters are getting worse with the Hallams. Let's go home, Bayle."

Christie Bayle stood looking straight before him for some time, and then shook his head softly.

"No: not yet," he said at last.

"But I can't go back without you, man;

and it is of no use to stay. As I said before—Why am I stopping here?"

Bayle looked at him in his quiet, smiling way for some moments before replying,

"In the furtherance of your old scheme of unselfishness, and in the hope of doing good to the friends we love."

"Oh, nonsense! Tush, man! Absurd! I wanted to be friends, and be helpful; but that's all over now. See what is going on. Look at that girl. Next thing we hear will be that she is married to one of those two fellows."

"I think if she accepted Lieutenant Eaton, and he married her, and took her away from this place, it would be the best thing that could happen."

"Humph! I don't!" muttered Sir Gordon. "Then look at Mrs. Hallam."

Bayle drew in his breath with a low hiss.

"It's horrible, man, it is horrible!" cried Sir Gordon excitedly. "Bayle, you know how I loved that woman twenty years ago? Well, it was impossible; it would have been May and December even then, for I'm a very old man, Bayle—older than you think. I was an old fool perhaps, but it was my nature. I loved her very dearly. It was not to be; but the old love isn't dead. Bayle, old fellow, if I had been a good man I should say that the old love was purified of its grosser parts, but that would not fit with me."

"Why judge yourself so harshly?"

"Because I deserve it, man. Well, well, time went on, and when we met again I can't describe what I felt over that child. At times, when her pretty dark face had the look of that scoundrel Hallam in it, I hated her; but when her eyes lit up with that sweet, innocent smile, the tears used to come into mine, and I felt as if it was Millicent Luttrell a child again, and that it would have been the culmination of earthly happiness to have said, this is my darling child."

"Yes," said Bayle softly.

"I worshipped that girl, Bayle. It was for her sake I came over here to this horrible pandemonium, to watch over and be her guardian. I could not have stayed away. But I must go now. I can't bear it; I can't stand it any longer."

"You will not go," said Bayle slowly.

"Yes, I tell you, I must. It is horrible. I don't think she is ungrateful, poor child; but she is being brutalised by companionship with that scoundrel's set."

"No, no! For Heaven's sake don't say that!"

"I do say it," cried the old man impetuously, "she and her mother too. How can they help it with such surroundings? The decent people will not go—only that Eaton and Mrs. Otway. Bless the woman, I thought her a forward, shameless soldier's wife, but she has the heart of a true lady, and keeps to the Hallams in spite of all."

"It is very horrible," said Bayle; "but we are helpless."

"Helpless? Yes; if he would only kill himself with his wretched drink, or get made an end of somehow."

"Hush!" said Bayle, rather sternly; "don't talk like that."

"Now you are beginning to bully me, Bayle," cried the old man querulously. "Don't you turn against me. I get insults enough at that scoundrel Hallam's—enough to make my blood boil."

"Yes, I know, I know," said Bayle.

"And yet, old idiot that I am, I go there for the sake of these women, and bear it all—I, whom people call a gentleman, I go there and am civil to the scoundrel who robbed me, and put up with his insolence and his scowls. But I'm his master still. He dare not turn upon me. I can make him quail when I like. Bayle, old fellow," he cried, with a satisfied chuckle, "how the scoundrel would like to give me a dose!"

Bayle sat down with his brow full of the lines of care.

"I'm not like you," continued Sir Gordon, whom the relation of his troubles seemed to relieve, "I won't be driven away. I think you were wrong."

"No," said Bayle quietly, "it was causing her pain. It was plain enough that in his sordid mind my presence was a greater injury than yours. He was wearing her life away, and I thought it better that our intimacy should grow less and less."

"But, my boy, that's where you were wrong. Bad as the scoundrel is, he would never have had a jealous thought of that saint—there, don't call me irreverent—I say it again, that saint of a woman."

"Oh no, I can't think that myself," said Bayle, "but my presence was a standing reproach to him."

"How could it be more than mine?"

"You are different. He always hated me from the first time we met at King's Castor."

"I believe he did," said Sir Gordon warmly; "but see how he detests the sight of me."

"Yes, but you expressed the feeling only a few minutes ago when you said you were still his master and you made him quail. My dear old friend, if I could ever have indulged in a hope that Robert Hallam had been unjustly punished, his behaviour towards you would have swept it away. It is always that of the conscience-stricken man—his unreasoning dislike of the one whom he has wronged."

"Perhaps you are right, Bayle, perhaps you are right. But there was no doubt about his guilt—a scoundrel, and I am as sure as I am that I live, the rascal made a hoard somehow, and is living upon it now."

"You think that? What about the sealing speculation?"

"Ah! he and Crellock have made some money by it no doubt, but not enough to live as they do. I know that Hallam is spending my money and triumphing over me all the time, and I would not care if those women were free of him, but I'm afraid that will never be."

Bayle remained silent.

"Do you think she believes in his innocence still?"

Bayle remained silent for a time, and then said slowly, "I believe that Millicent Hallam, even if she discovered his guilt, and could at last believe in it, would suffer in secret, and bear with him in the hope that he would repent."

"And never leave him?"

"Never," said Bayle firmly, "unless under some terrible provocation, one so great that no woman could bear; and from that provocation, and the death-blow it would be to her, I pray Heaven she may be spared."

"Amen!" said Sir Gordon softly.

"Bayle," he added, after a pause, "I am getting old and irritable; I feel every change. I called you a fool!"

"The irritable spirit of pain within—not you."

"Ah! well," said Sir Gordon smiling, "you know me by heart now, my dear boy. I want to say something very serious to you. I never said it before, though I have thought about it ever since those happy evenings we spent at Clerkenwell."

Bayle turned to him wonderingly.

"You will bear with me—I may hurt your feelings."

"If you do I know you will heal them the next time we meet," replied Bayle.

"Well, then, tell me this. When I first began visiting at Mrs. Hallam's house there

in London, had you not the full intention of some day asking Julie to be your wife?"

Christie Bayle turned his manly, sincere countenance full upon his old friend, and said, in a deep low voice, broken by emotion—

"Such a thought had never entered my mind."

"Never?"

"Never, on my word as a man."

"You tell me that you have never loved Julie Hallam save as a father might love his child?"

Bayle shook his head slowly, and a piteous look came into his eyes.

"No," he said softly, "I cannot."

"Then you do love her," cried the old man joyfully. "Now we shall get out of the wood. Why, my dear boy—"

"Hush!" said Bayle sadly, "I first learned what was in my heart when our voyage was half over."

"And you saw her chatting with that dandy young officer. Oh! pooh, pooh! that is nothing. She does not care for him."

Bayle shook his head again.

"Why, my dear boy, you must end all this."

"You forget," said Bayle sadly. "History is repeating itself. Remember your own affair."

"Ah! but I was an old man; you are young."

"Young!" said Bayle sadly. "No, I was always her old master; and she loves this man."

"I cannot think it," cried Sir Gordon, "and what is more, I am sure that Hallam has plans of his own—look there."

There were the sounds of horses' feet on the newly-made Government road that passed the house Sir Gordon had chosen on account of its leading down on one side to where lay his lugger, in which he spent half his time cruising among the islands, and in fine weather out and along the Pacific shore; on the other side to the eastward of the huge billows that rolled in with their heavy thunderous roar.

As Bayle looked up, he saw Julia in a plain grey riding habit, mounted on a handsome mare, cantering up with a well-dressed, bluff-looking middle-aged man by her side. He, too, was well mounted, and as Julia checked her mare to walk by Sir Gordon's cottage, he also drew rein and watched her closely. She bent forward, scanning the windows anxiously; but seeing no one, for the occupants of the room were by the fire, they

passed on, and Bayle turned to Sir Gordon with an angry look in his eyes.

"Oh, no! Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"There's nothing impossible out here in this horrible penal place," cried Sir Gordon, in a voice full of agitation.

"No," said Bayle, whose face cleared, and he smiled; "it is not even impossible that my old friend will go on enjoying his cruises about these glorious shores, and that the mutiny—Shall I call in Tom Porter?"

"Well, yes; I suppose you must," said Sir Gordon with a grim smile.

Bayle went to the door, and Tom Porter answered the call with an—

"Ay, ay, sir," and came padding over the floor with his bare feet like a man-o-war's-man on a holy-stoned deck.

"Sir Gordon wants to speak to you, Porter," said Bayle, making as if to go.

"No, no, Bayle! don't go and leave me with this scoundrelly mutineer. He'll murder me. There, Tom Porter," he continued, "I'm an irritable old fool, and I'm very sorry, and I beg your pardon; but you ought to know better than to take offence."

Tom Porter, for answer, trotted out of the room to return at the end of a few moments with another basin of soup and two slices of toast already made.

CHAPTER II.—MRS. HALLAM'S SERVANT.

MILLICENT HALLAM had found that all her husband had said was correct. There was no difficulty at all in the matter, and few questions were asked, for the Government was only too glad to get convicts drafted off as assigned servants to all who applied, and so long as no complaints were made of their behaviour, the prisoners to whom tickets were given were free of the colony.

In many cases they led the lives of slaves to the settlers, and found that they had exchanged the rod for the scorpion; but they bore all for the sake of the comparative freedom, and even preferred life at some up-country station, where a slight offence was punished with the lash, to returning to the chain-gang and the prison, or the heavy work of making roads.

The cat was the cure for all ills in those days, when almost any one was appointed magistrate of his district. A., the holder of so many assigned men, would be a justice, and one of his men would offend. In that case, he would send him over to B., the magistrate of the next district. B. would also be a squatter and holder of assigned convict servants. There would be a short

examination; A.'s man would be well flogged and sent back. In due time B. would require the same service performed, and would send an offender over to A. to have him punished in turn.

In the growing town, assigned servants were employed in a variety of ways; and it was common enough for relatives of the convicts to apply and have husband, son, or brother assigned to them, the ticket-of-leave-man finding no difficulty there on account of being a jail-bird, where many of the most prosperous traders and squatters had once worn the prison garb.

Robert Hallam was soon released, and at the end of a couple of months Stephen Crellock followed; the pair becoming ostensibly butler and coachman to a wealthy lady who had settled in Sydney—but servants only in the Government books; for, unquestioned, Hallam at once took up his position as master of the house, and, to his wife's horror, Crellock, directly he was released, came and took possession of the room set apart for him as Hallam's oldest friend.

A strange state of society perhaps, but it is a mere matter of history; such proceedings were frequent in the days when Botany Bay was the depôt for the social sinners of our land.

All the same though, poor Botany Bay, with its abundant specimens of Austral growth that delighted the naturalists of the early expedition, never did become a penal settlement. It was selected, and the first convict-ship went there to form the great prison, but the place was unsuitable, and Port Jackson, the site of Sydney, proved so vastly superior that the expedition went on there at once.

At home, in England, though, Botany Bay was spoken of always as the convicts' home, and the term embraced the whole of the penal settlements, including Norfolk Island, that horror of our laws, and Van Diemen's Land.

Opportunity had served just after Hallam was released, and had taken up his residence in simple lodgings which Mrs. Hallam, with Bayle's help, had secured, for one of the best villas that had been built in the place—a handsome wooden bungalow, with broad verandahs and lovely garden sloping down towards the bay—was to let.

Millicent Hallam had looked at her husband in alarm when he bade her take it; but he placed the money laughingly in her hands for furnishing; and, obeying him as if in a dream, the house was taken and handsomely

fitted. Servants were engaged, horses bought, and Hallam commenced a life of luxurious ease.

The sealing business, he said with a laugh, was only carried on at certain times of the year, but it was a most paying affair, and he bade Mrs. Hallam have no care about money matters.

For the first six months, Hallam rarely stirred out of the house by day, contenting himself with a walk about the extensive grounds in an evening; but he made up for this abstinence from society by pampering his appetites in every way.

It was as if, these having been kept in strict subjection all these years, he was now determined to give them full rein; and, consequently, he who had been summoned at early morn by the prison bell, breakfasted luxuriously in bed, and did not rise till mid-day, when his first question was about the preparations for dinner—that being the important business of his day.

His dinner was a feast at which good wine in sufficient abundance played a part, and over this he and Crellock would sit for hours, only to leave it and the dining-room for spirits and cigars in the verandah, where they stayed till bed-time.

Robert Hallam came into the house a pallid, wasted man, with sunken cheeks and eyes, closely cropped hair and shorn beard. The villainous prison-look was in his gaze, and the furtive shrinking way in his stoop. His aspect was so horrible, that when Millicent Hallam took him to her breast, she prayed for mental blindness that she might not see the change, while Julia's eyes were always full of a wondering horror that she was ever fighting to suppress.

At the end of four months, Robert Hallam was completely transformed; his cheeks were filled out and were rapidly assuming the flushed appearance of the habitual drunkard's; his eyes had lost their cavernous aspect, and half the lines had disappeared, while his grizzled hair was of a respectable length, and his face was becoming clothed by a great black beard dashed with grey.

In six months, portly, florid and well dressed, he was unrecognisable for the man who had been released from the great prison, and no longer confined himself to the house.

Stephen Crellock had changed in a more marked manner than his prison friend. Considerably his junior, the convict life had not seemed to affect him, so that when six months of his freedom had passed, he looked the bluff, bearded squatter in the full pride

of his manhood, bronzed by the sun, and with a dash and freedom of manner that he knew how to restrain when he was in the presence of his old companion's wife and child, for he could not conceal from himself the fact that Mrs. Hallam disliked his presence and resented his being there.

At first, in her eagerness to respond to Hallam's slightest wish, in the proud joy she felt in the change that was coming over his personal appearance, and which with the boastfulness of a young wife she pointed out to Julia, she made no objection to Crellock's presence.

"Poor fellow! he has suffered horribly," Hallam said. "He deserves a holiday."

How she had watched all this gradual change, and how she crushed down the little voices that now and then strove in her heart to make themselves heard!

"No, no, no," she said to them as it were half laughing, "there is nothing but what I ought to have pictured."

Then one day she found herself forced to make apology to Julia.

"You have hurt him, my darling, by your coldness," she said tenderly. "Julie, my own, he complains to me. What have you done?"

"Tried, dear mother,—oh, so hard. I did not know I had been cold."

"Then you will try more, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, caressing Julia tenderly, and with a bright, loving look in her eyes. "I have never spoken like this before. It seemed terrible to me to have to make what seems like an apology for our own, but think, dearest. He parted from us a gentleman—to be taken from his home and plunged into a life of horror, such as—no, no, no," she cried, "I will not speak of it. I will only say that just as his face will change, so will all that terrible corrosion of the prison life in his manner drop away, and in a few months he will be again all that you have pictured. Julie, he is your father."

Julia flung herself, sobbing passionately, into her mother's arms, and in a burst of self-reproach vowed that she would do everything to make her father love her as she did him.

Bravely did the two women set themselves to the task of blinding their eyes with love, passing over the coarse actions and speech of the idol they had set up, yielding eagerly to his slightest whim, obeying every caprice, and, while at times something was almost too hard to bear, Millicent Hallam whispered encouragement to her child.

"Think, my own, think," she said lovingly. It is not his fault. Think of what he has suffered, and let us pray and thank Him that he has survived, for us to win back to all that we could wish."

There were times when despair looked blankly from Millicent Hallam's eyes, as she saw the months glide by and her husband surely and slowly sinking into sensuality. But she roused herself to greater exertions, and was his veriest slave. Once only did she try by kindly resistance to make the stand she told herself she should have made when Crellock was first brought into the house.

It was when he had been out about six months, and Crellock, after a long debauch with Hallam and two or three chosen spirits from the town, had sunk in a brutal sleep upon the floor of the handsomely furnished dining-room. The visitors had gone; they had dined there, Sir Gordon being of the party, and Mrs. Hallam had smilingly done the honours of the table as their hostess, though sick at heart at the turn the conversation had taken before her child, who looked anxious and pale, while Sir Gordon had sat there very silent and grim of aspect. He had been the first to go, and had taken her hand in the drawing-room, as if about to speak, but had only looked at her, sighed, and gone away without a word.

"I must speak," she had said. "Heaven help me! I must speak! This cannot go on."

As soon as she could, she had hurried Julia to bed, and then sat and waited till the last visitor had gone, when she walked into the dining-room, where Hallam sat smoking, heavy with drink, but perfectly collected, scowling down at Crellock where he lay.

That look sent a thrill of joy through Millicent Hallam. He was evidently angry with Crellock, and disgusted with the wretched drinking scene that had had place—one of many such scenes as would have excited comment now, but the early settlers were ready enough to smile at such eccentricities as this.

"Robert—my husband! may I speak to you?"

"Speak, my dear? Of course," he said smiling. "Why didn't you come in as soon as that old curmudgeon had gone? Have a glass of wine now. Nonsense!—I wish it. You must pitch over a lot of that standoffishness with my friends. Julia, too—the girl sits and looks at people as glum as if she had no sense."

Mrs. Hallam compressed her lips, laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder, yielding

herself to him as he threw an arm round her waist, but stood pointing to where Crellock lay breathing stertorously, and every now and then muttering in his sleep.

"What are you pointing at?" said Hallam. "Steve? Yes, the pig! Why can't he take his wine like a gentleman, and not like a brute?"

"Robert, dear," she said tenderly, "you love me very dearly?"

"Love you, my pet! why, how could a man love wife better?"

"And our Julia—our child?"

"Why, of course. What questions!"

"Will you do something to please me—to please us both?"

"Will I? Say what you want—another carriage—diamonds—a yacht like old Bourne's?"

"No, no, no, dearest; we have everything if we have your love, and my dear husband glides from the past misery into a life of happiness."

"Well, I think we are doing pretty well," he said with a laugh that sent a shudder through the suffering woman; he was so changed.

"I want to speak to you about Mr. Crellock."

"Well, what about him? Make haste; it's getting late, and I'm tired."

"Robert, we have made a mistake in having this man here."

Hallam seemed perfectly sober, and he frowned.

"I would not mind if you wished him to be here, love," she said with her voice sounding sweetly pure and entreating; "but he is not a suitable companion for our Julia."

"Stop there," said Hallam sharply.

"No, no, darling; let me speak—this time," said Mrs. Hallam entreatingly. "I know it was out of the genuine goodness and pity of your heart that you opened your door to him. Now you have done all you need, let him go."

Hallam shook his head.

"Think of the past, and the terrible troubles he brought upon you."

"Oh, no! that was all a mistake," said Hallam quickly. "Poor brute! he was as ill-treated as I was, and now you want him kicked out."

"No, no, dear; part from him kindly, but he was the cause of much of your suffering."

"No, he was not," said Hallam quickly. "That was all a mistake. Poor Steve was always a good friend to me. He suffered along with me in that cursed hole, and he shall have his share of the comfort now."

"No, no, do not say you wish him to stay."

"But I do say it," cried Hallam angrily. "He is my best friend and he will stay. Hang it, woman, am I to be cursed with the presence of your friends who sent me out here and not have the company of my own?"

"Robert!—husband!—don't speak to me like that."

"But I do speak to you like that. Here is that wretched old yachtsman forcing his company upon me day after day, insisting upon coming to the house, and reminding me by his presence who I am and what I have been."

"Darling, Sir Gordon ignores the past, and is grieved, I know, at the terrible mistake that brought you here. He wishes to show you this by his kindness to us all."

"Let him keep his kindness till it is asked for," growled Hallam. "He sits upon me like a nightmare. I don't feel that the place is my own when he is here. As for Bayle, he has had the good sense to stay away lately."

Mrs. Hallam's eyes were full of despair as she listened.

"I hate Sir Gordon coming here. He and Bayle have between them made that girl despise me, and look down upon me every time we speak, while I am lavishing money upon her, and she has horses and carriage, jewels and dress equal to any girl in the colony."

"Robert, dear, you are not saying all this from your heart."

"Indeed, but I am," he cried angrily.

"No, no! And Julie—she loves you dearly. It is for her sake I ask this," and she pointed to Crellock where he lay.

"Let sleeping dogs lie," said Hallam, with a meaning laugh. "Poor Steve! I don't like him, but he has been a faithful mate to me, and I'm not going to turn round upon him now."

"But for Julie's sake!"

"I'm thinking about Julie, my dear," he said, nodding his head; "and as for Steve—there, just you make yourself comfortable about him. There's no harm in him; he is faithful as a dog to me, and if I behaved badly he might bite."

"You need not be unkind to Mr. Crellock if he has been what you say. I only ask you for our child's sake to let him leave here."

"Impossible; he is my partner."

"Yes, you intimated that. In your business."

"Speculations," said Hallam quietly. "There, that will do."

"But Robert——"

"That will do!" he roared fiercely. "Stephen Crellock must live here! Do you hear—*must*!—Now go to bed."

"A woman's duty," she whispered softly, "is to obey," and she obeyed.

She obeyed, while another six months glided away, each month filling her heart more and more with despair, as she shunned her child's questioning eyes, and fought on, a harder battle every day, to keep herself in the belief that the pure gold was still beneath the blackening tarnish, and that her idol was not made of clay.

It was a terrible battle, for her eyes refused to be blinded longer by the loving veil she cast over them. The appealing, half-wondering looks of her child increased her suffering, while an idea, that filled her with horror, was growing day by day, till it was assuming proportions from which she shrank in dread.

CHAPTER III.—OUR JULIA'S LOVER.

"WHAT have we done, wifie, that we should be consigned to such quarters as these?" said Captain Otway one day, with a sigh. "I don't think I'm too particular, but when I entered His Majesty's service I did not know that I should be expected to play gaoler to the occupants of the Government Pandemonium."

"It is a beautiful place," said Mrs. Otway laconically.

"It was till we came and spoiled it. It is one great horror, 'pon my word; and it is degrading our men to set them such duties as this."

"Be patient. These troubles cure themselves."

"But they take such a long time over it," said the Captain. "It would be more bearable if Phil had not turned goose."

"Poor Phil!" said Mrs. Otway, with a sigh.

"Poor Phil! Pooh! you spoil the lad! I can't get him out for a bit of shooting or hunting or fishing. Old Sir Gordon would often give us a cruise in his boat, but no; Phil must sit moonstruck here. The fellow's spoiled! Can't you knock all that on the head?"

"I perhaps could, but it must be a matter of time," said Mrs. Otway, going steadily on with her work, and mending certain articles of attire.

"But he must be cured. It is impossible."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Otway, "so I tell him. I wish it were not."

"My dear Mary—a convict's daughter!"

"The poor girl was not consulted as to whose daughter she would like to be, Jack, and she is, without exception, the sweetest lassie I ever met."

"Yes, she is nice," said Otway. "Mother must have been nice too."

"Is nice," cried Mrs. Otway, flushing. "I felt a little distant with her at first, but after what I have seen and know—by George, Jack, I do feel proud of our sex!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the Captain, with a smile at his wife's bluff earnestness. "Yes, she's a good woman; very ladylike too. But that husband, that friend of his, Crellock! Poor creatures! it is ruining them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Otway drily. "That's one of the misfortunes of marriage; we poor women are dragged down to the level of our husbands."

"And when these husbands come out to convict settlements as gaolers they have to come with them, put up with all kinds of society, give up all their refinements, and make and mend their own dresses, and——"

"Even do their own chores, as the Americans call it," said Mrs. Otway, looking up smiling. "It makes me look very miserable, doesn't it, Jack?"

She stopped her work, went behind her husband's chair, put her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek upon his head.

Neither spoke for a few minutes, but the Captain looked very contented and happy, and neither of them heard the step as Bayle came through the house, and out suddenly into the verandah.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried, drawing back.

"Ah, parson! Don't go!" cried the Captain, as Mrs. Otway started up, and, in spite of her ordinary aplomb, looked disturbed. "Bad habit of ours acquired since marriage. We don't mind you."

Mrs. Otway held out her hand to their visitor.

"Why, it is nearly a fortnight since you have been to see us. We were just talking about your friends—the Hallams."

"Have you been to see them lately?" said Bayle eagerly.

"I was there yesterday. Quite well; but Mrs. Hallam looks worried and ill. Julia is charming, only she too is not as I should like to see her."

She watched Bayle keenly, and saw his countenance change as she spoke.

"I am very glad they are well," he said.

"Yes, I know you are; but why don't you go more often?"

He looked at her rather wistfully, and made no reply.

"Look here, Mr. Bayle," she said, "I don't think you mind my speaking plainly, now do you? Come, that's frank."

"I will be just as frank," he replied, smiling. "I have always liked you because you do speak so plainly."

"That's kind of you to say so," she replied. "Well, I will speak out. You see there are so few women in the colony."

"Who are ladies," said Bayle quietly.

"Look here," said Otway in a much ill-used tone, "am I expected to sit here and listen to my wife putting herself under the influence of the Church?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack!" said Mrs. Otway sharply. "This is serious."

"I'm dumb."

"What I want to say, Mr. Bayle, is this. Don't you think you are making a mistake in staying away from your friends yonder?"

He sat without replying for some minutes.

"No," he said slowly. "I did not give up my visits there till after I had weighed the matter very carefully."

"But you seemed to come out with those two ladies as their guardian, and now, when they seem most to require your help and guidance, you leave them."

"Have you heard anything? Is anything wrong?"

"I have heard nothing, but I have seen a great deal, because I persist in visiting, in spite of Mr. Hallam's objection to my presence."

"I say, my dear, that man is always civil to you, I hope?" cried Otway sharply.

"My dear Jack, be quiet," said Mrs. Otway. "Of course he is. I visit there because I have good reasons for so doing."

"Tell me," said Bayle anxiously.

"I have seen a great deal," continued Mrs. Otway: "but it all comes to one point." Bayle looked at her inquiringly. "That it is very dreadful for those two sweet, delicate women to have come out here to such a fate. The man is dreadful!"

"They will redeem him," said Bayle huskily. "Poor wretch! he has had a terrible experience. This convict life is worse than capital punishment. We must be patient, Mrs. Otway. The habits of a number of years are not got rid of in a few months. He will change."

"Will he?" said Mrs. Otway shortly.

"Yes; they will, as I said before, redeem him. The man has great natural love for his wife and child."

"Do you think this?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried excitedly, as he got up and began to pace the verandah. "I stop away because my presence was like a standing reproach to him. The abstinence gives me intense pain, but my going tended to make them unhappy, and caused constraint, so I stop away."

"And so you think that they will raise him to their standard, do you?" said Mrs. Otway drily.

"Yes, I do," he cried fervently. "It is only a matter of time."

"How can you be so self-deceiving?" she cried quickly. "He is dragging them down to his level."

"Oh, hush!" cried Bayle passionately. Then mastering his emotion, he continued in his old, firm, quiet way, "No, no; you must not say that. He could not. It is impossible."

"Yes. You are wrong there, Bel," said the Captain. "Mrs. Hallam is made of too good stuff."

"I give in," said Mrs. Otway, nodding. "Yes, you two are right. He could not bring that sweet woman down to his level; but all this is very terrible. The man is giving himself up to a life of sensuality. Drinking and feasting with that companion of his. There is gambling going on too at night with friends of his own stamp. What a life this is for that refined lady and her child!"

Bayle spoke calmly, but he wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow.

"What can I do?" he said. "I am perfectly helpless."

"I confess I don't know," said Mrs. Otway, with a sigh. "Only you and Sir Gordon must be at hand to help them in any emergency."

"Emergency! What do you mean?" anxiously.

"I don't know what may occur. Who knows? Women are so weak," sighed Mrs. Otway; "once they give their faith to a man, they follow him to the end of the world."

"That's true, Bayle, old fellow—to convict stations, and become slaves," said the Captain.

"Mr. Bayle," said Mrs. Otway suddenly, "I am under a promise to my old friend, Lady Eaton, and I have done my best to

oppose it all; but you have seen how deeply attached Phil Eaton has become to Miss Hallam?"

"Yes," said Bayle slowly, and he was very pale now, "I have seen it."

"He shall not marry her if I can prevent it, much as I love the girl, for it would be a terrible *mésalliance*; but he is desperately fond of her, and as my husband here says, he has taken the bit in his teeth, and he probably will travel his own way."

"Don't you get fathering your coarse words on me," grumbled the Captain; but no one heeded him.

"As I say, he shall not marry her if I can stop it; but suppose he should be determined and could get the father's consent, would you and Sir Gordon raise any opposition?"

"Lieutenant Eaton is an officer and a gentleman."

"He is a very true-hearted lad, Mr. Bayle, and I love him dearly," said Mrs. Otway. "Only that he is fighting hard between love and duty he would have been carrying on the campaign by now; but you must allow Fort Robert Hallam is a terrible one to storm and garrison afterwards, for it has to be retained for life."

"I understand your meaning," said Bayle, speaking very slowly. "It is a terrible position for Mr. Eaton to be in."

"Should you oppose it?"

"I have no authority whatever," said Bayle in the same low, dreamy tone. "If I had, I should never dream of opposing anything that was for Miss Hallam's good."

"And it would be, to get her away from such associations, Mr. Bayle."

"Lady Eaton! Lady Eaton!" said the Captain in warning tones.

"Hush, Jack! pray."

"Yes," said Bayle; "it would be for Miss Hallam's benefit; but it would nearly break her mother's heart."

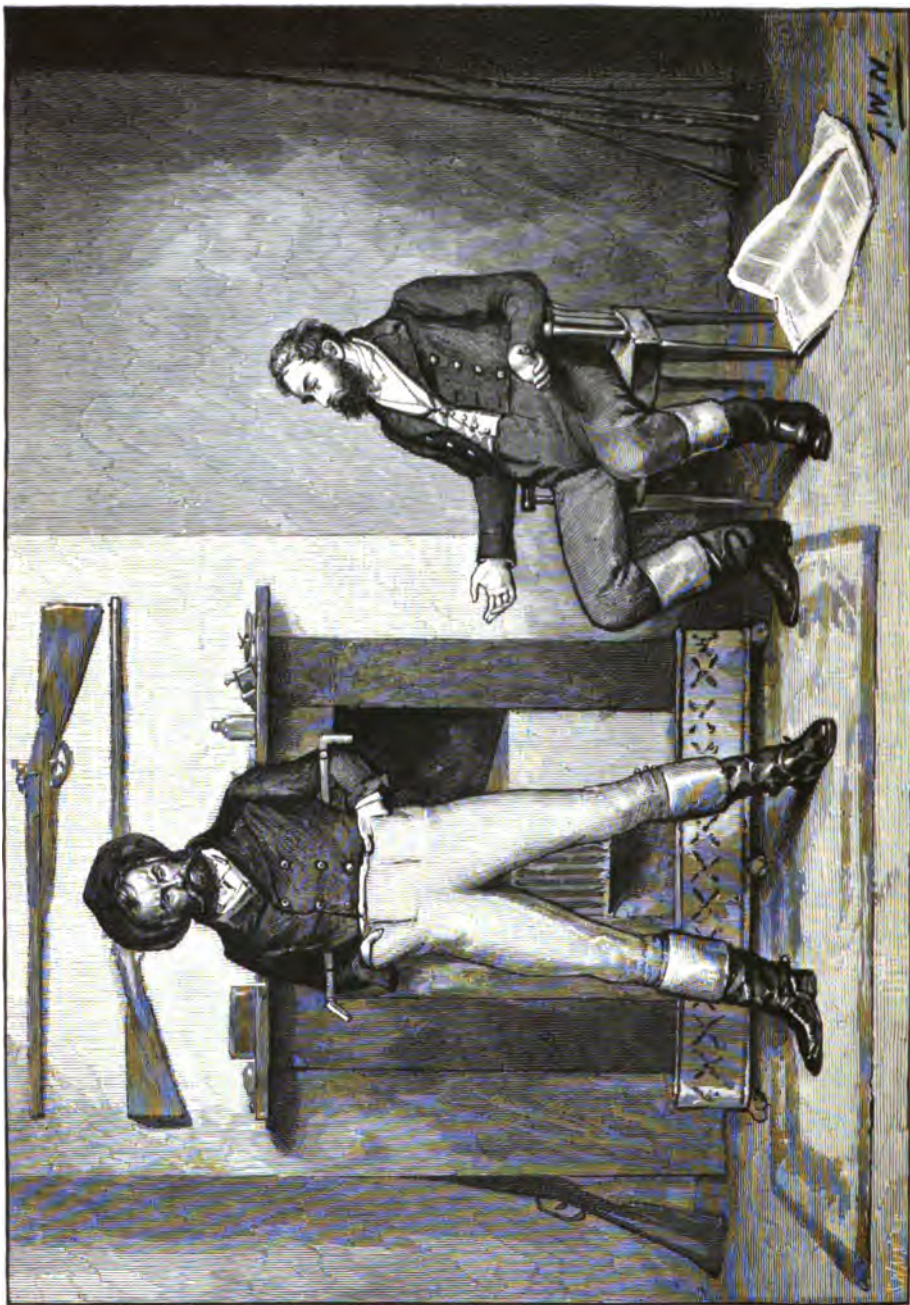
"She would have to make a sacrifice for the sake of the child."

"Yes," said Bayle softly. "Another sacrifice; and then softly to himself, "how long? how long?"

He rose, and was gravely bidding his friends good-bye, when a sharp quick step was heard, and Eaton came in, coloured like a girl on seeing Bayle, hesitated, and then held out his hand.

Bayle shook it warmly and left the verandah, Eaton walking with him to the gate.

"Jack," said Mrs. Otway softly, "it's my



"I want her, and I mean to have her."

belief that the parson loves Julia Hallam himself."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"And will he marry her?"

"No. I'm about sure that she is desperately fond of our boy, and the parson is too true a man to stand in the way."

"Nonsense!" said the Captain. "Such men are not made now."

"But they were when Christie Bayle was born," she said, nodding her head quickly. "Yes," she said, after a pause, as they heard Eaton's returning steps; "it's a knot, Jack."

"Humph!" he replied. "For time to untie."

CHAPTER IV.—STEPHEN CRELLOCK IS COMMUNICATIVE.

"No hurry, Steve, my lad," said Hallam, as he turned over the newspaper that had come in by the last mail, and threw one of his booted legs over a chair.

Crellock was leaning against the chimney-piece of the room Hallam called his study; but one which in place of books was filled with fishing and shooting gear, saddles, bridles, and hunting whips, from that usually adopted for riding, to the heavy implement so terrible in a stockman's hands.

The man had completely lost all his old prison look; and the obedient, servile manner that distinguished him, when, years before, he had been Hallam's willing tool in iniquity, had gone. He had developed into a sturdy, independent, restless man, with whom it would be dangerous to trifle, and Robert Hallam had felt for some time that he really was master no longer.

Crellock had dressed himself evidently for a ride. He was booted and spurred; wore tightly-fitting breeches and jacket, and a broad-brimmed felt hat was thrust back on his curly hair, as he stood beating his boot with his riding whip, and tucking bits of his crisp beard between his white teeth to bite.

"What do you say? No hurry?"

"Yes," said Hallam, rustling his paper.

"No hurry, my lad: plenty of time."

"You think so, do you?"

"To be sure. There, go and have your ride. I've got some fresh champagne just come in by the *Cross*. We'll try that to-day."

"Hang your champagne! I've come to talk business," said Crellock sternly. "You think there's no hurry, do you? Well, look

here, I think there is, and I'm not going to wait."

"Nonsense! Don't talk like a boy."

"No: I'll talk like a man, Robert Hallam. A man don't improve by keeping. I shall do now; by-and-by perhaps I shan't. I'm double her age and more."

"Oh! yes, I know all about that," said Hallam impatiently; "but there's plenty of time."

"I say there is not, and I'm going to have it settled. Your wife hates me. I'm not blind, and she'll set Julie against me all she can."

"I'm master here."

"Then show it, Bob Hallam, and quickly, before there's a row. I tell you it wants doing; she's easily led now she's so young, but I tell you I'm not blind."

"You said that before; what do you mean?"

"That soldier Eaton; he's hankering after her, and if we don't mind, she'll listen to him. It's only your being an old hand that keeps him back from asking for her."

"Well, well, let it go and I'll see about it by-and-by," said Hallam. "Have patience."

"A man at my time of life can't have patience, Bob. Now come, you know I want the girl, and it will be like tying us more tightly together."

"And put a stop to the risk of your telling tales," said Hallam bitterly.

"I'm not the man to tell tales," said Crellock sturdily, "neither am I the man for you to make an enemy."

"Threatening?"

"No, but I'm sure you wouldn't care to go back to the gang and on the road, Robert Hallam. Such a good man as your wife and child think you are!"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" cried Hallam savagely.

"When I please," replied Crellock. "Oh! come, you needn't look so fierce, old chap. I used to think what a wonder you were, and wish I could be as cool and clever, and——"

"Well?" for the other stopped.

"Oh! nothing; only I don't think so now."

"Look here," said Hallam, throwing aside the paper impatiently, "what do you want?"

"Julia."

"You mean you want to try if she'll listen to you."

"No, I don't. I mean I want her, and I mean to have her, and half share."

"And if I say it is impossible?"

"But you won't," said Crellock coolly.

Hallam sat back frowning and biting his nails, while the other slowly beat his boot with his whip.

At last Hallam's brow cleared, and he said in a quiet easy way.

"She might do better, Steve, but I won't stand in your way. Only the thing must come about gently. Talk to the girl. You shall have chances. I don't want any scenes with her or her mother, or any flying to that old man or the parson to help her. It must be worked quietly."

"All right. Order the horses round, and let her go for a ride with me this morning."

Mrs. Hallam was ready to object, but she gave way, and Julia went for a ride with Crellock, passing Sir Gordon's cottage, and then riding right away into the open country. The girl had developed into a splendid horsewoman, and at last, when she had forgotten her dislike to her companion in the excitement and pleasure of the exercise, and the horses were well breathed and walking up an ascent, Crellock, on the principle that he had no time to spare, tried to forward his position.

"I say, Miss Julia," he said, taking off his broad hat, and fanning his face, as they rode on in the bright sunshine, "do you remember when you first came over?"

"Oh, yes."

"And meeting me as I was carried out of the prison on the stretcher?"

Julia looked at him, her eyes dilating with horror as the whole scene came back.

"Don't," she said hoarsely, "it is too horrible to think of; such cruelty is dreadful."

"I don't consider it too horrible to think of," he said smiling. "I'm always looking back on that day and seeing it all, every bit. That poor wretch shrieking out with pain."

"Mr. Crellock!" cried Julia.

"Yes! me. Not hardly able to move himself, or bear his pain, and half mad with thirst."

"Oh, pray, hush!"

"Not I, my dear," continued Crellock, "and out of it all I can see coming through the sunshine a bright angel to hold water up to my lips, and wipe the sweat of agony off my brow."

"Mr. Crellock! I cannot bear to listen to all this."

"But you could bear to look at it all, and do it, bless you!" said the man warmly.

"That day I swore something, and I'm going to keep my oath."

"Don't talk about it any more, please," said Julia imploringly.

"If you don't wish me to, I won't," said Crellock smiling. "I do want to talk to you though about a lot of things, and one is about the drink."

Julia looked at him wonderingly.

"Yes, about the drink," continued Crellock; "the old man drinks too much."

Julia's face contracted.

"And I've been a regular brute lately, my dear. You see it has been such a temptation after being kept from it for years. I haven't been able to stop myself. It isn't nice for a young girl like you to see a man drunk, is it?"

Julia shook her head.

"Then I shan't never get drunk again. I'll only take a little."

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Julia with girlish eagerness.

"Are you?" he said smiling, "then so am I. That's settled then. I want to be as decent as I can. You see you're such a good religious girl, Miss Julia, while I'm such a bad one."

"But you could be better."

"Could I? I don't like being a hypocrite. I'm not ashamed to own that I was a bad one, and got into all that trouble in the old country."

"Oh! hush, please. You did wrong, and were punished for it. Now all that is past and forgiven."

"I always said you were an angel," said Crellock earnestly, "and you are."

"Nonsense! Let us talk of something else."

"No: let's talk about that. I want to stand fair and square with you, and I don't want you to think me a humbug and a hypocrite."

"Mr. Crellock, I never thought so well of you before," said Julia warmly. "Your promise of amendment has made me feel so happy."

"Has it?" he cried eagerly, but with a rough kind of respect mingled with his admiration. "So it has me. I mean it, that I do. You shall never see me the worse for drink again."

"And you will attend more to the business then?"

"What business?" he said.

"The business that you and my father carry on."

"The business that I and your father carry on!"

"Yes, the speculations about the seals and the oil."

Crellock stared at her. "Why, what have you got in your pretty little head?" he said at last.

"I only alluded to the business in which you and my father are partners."

"Pooh!" cried Crellock, with a sort of laugh. "What nonsense it is of him! Why, my dear, you are not a child now. After all the trouble you and your mother went through. You are a clever, thoughtful little woman, and he ought to have taken you into his confidence."

"What do you mean?" cried Julia, for she felt dazed.

"Your father! What's the use of a man like him—an old hand—setting himself up as a saint, and playing innocent? It isn't my way. As you say, when one has done wrong and suffered punishment, and is white-washed—"

"Mr. Crellock," said Julia, flushing, "I cannot misunderstand your allusions; but if you dare to insinuate that my poor father was guilty of any wrong-doing before he suffered, it is disgraceful, and it is not true."

Crellock looked at her admiringly.

"Bless you!" he said warmly; "I didn't think you had so much spirit in you. Now be calm, my dear; there's nothing worse than being a sham, a hypocrite. I never was. I always owned up to what I had done. Your father never did."

"My father never did anything wrong!" cried Julia.

Crellock smiled.

"Come, I should like us to begin by being well in each other's confidence," he said, as he leaned over and patted the arching neck of Julia's mare. "You must know it, so what's the use of making a pretence about it to me?"

"I do not understand you," said Julia indignantly.

"Not understand me? Why, my dear girl, you know your father was transported for life?"

"Do I know it?" cried Julia, with an indignant flash of her eyes.

"Yes, of course you do. Well, what was it for?"

"Because appearances were cruelly against him," cried Julia.

"They were," said Crellock drily.

"Because his friends doubted him, consequent upon the conduct of a man he trusted," said Julia bitterly.

"I never knew your father trust any one, Miss Julia, and I knew him before he went to King's Castor. We were clerks in the same office."

"He trusted you," cried Julia indignantly; "and you deceived him, and he suffered for your wicked sin."

She struck the mare with her whip, and it would have dashed off, but Crellock was smoothing her mane above the reins, and as they tightened they came into his hand, and he checked the little animal, which began to rear.

"Quiet! quiet!" cried Crellock fiercely; and he held the mare back with ears twitching and nostril quivering.

"Let my rein go," cried Julia.

"Wait a bit; I've a lot to say to you yet, my dear," cried Crellock indignantly. "Look here. Did your father say that?"

"Yes; and you know it is true."

"I say again, did your father say that to your mother?"

"Yes," indignantly.

"Then that's why she has always shown me such a stiff upper lip, and been so deadly against me. I wouldn't have stopped in her house a day, she was so hard on me, only I wanted to be near you, and to think about that day coming out of the prison. Well, of all the mean cowardly things for a man to do!"

"My father is no coward. You dare not speak to him like that."

"I dare say a deal more to him, and I will if he runs me down before you and your mother, when I wanted to show you I wasn't such a bad one after all. It's mean," he cried, working himself up; "it's cowardly. But it's just like him. When that robbery took place before, he escaped and I took the blame."

"Loose my rein," cried Julia. "Man, you are mad."

"See here," cried Crellock, catching her arm, and looking white with rage. "I'll take my part; but I'm not going to have the credit of the Dixons' business put on to my shoulders. I'm not a hypocrite, Miss Julia. I've done wrong, as I said before, and was punished. There, it's of no use for you to struggle; I mean you to hear. I want to stand well with you. I always did after you gave me that drink of water, and now I find I've been made out to be a regular bad one, so as some one else may get off."

"Will you loose my rein?" cried Julia.

"No, I won't. Now are you going to call out for help?"

"No," cried Julia. "I'm not such a coward as to be afraid of you."

"That you are not," he said admiringly, in spite of the passion he was in. "Now once more tell me this. I'll believe you. You never told a lie, and you never would. Is this a sham to back up your father?"

She did not answer, only gave him a haughtily indignant look.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know that your father did all that Dixons' business himself?"

"I know it is false."

"And that I only did what he told me, and planted the deeds at the different banks?"

"It is false, I tell you."

"You're making me savage," he cried in his blundering way. "I tell you I'm not such a brute. Look here once more. Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that we have all been living on what he—your father—got from Dixons' bank?"

"How dare you!" cried Julia, scarlet with anger.

"And that you and your mother brought over the plunder when you came?"

For answer, Julia struck his hand with her whip, giving so keen a cut that he loosened his hold, and she went off like the wind towards home.

"What a fool I was to talk like that!" he cried, biting his lips, as he set spurs to his horse and galloped off in pursuit. "I've been talking like a mad man. It all comes of being regularly in love."

CHAPTER V.—"YOU ARE MY WIFE."

STEPHEN CRELOCK was fifty yards behind, with his horse completely blown, when Julia quickly slipped from her saddle, threw the rein over the hook at the door-post, and ran up-stairs to the room where her mother loved to sit gazing over the beauties of the cove marked bay.

Mrs. Hallam started up in alarm, and she had evidently been weeping.

"What is it, my child?" she cried, as Julia threw herself sobbing in her arms.

"That man—that man!" cried Julia.

"Has he dared to insult you?" cried Mrs. Hallam, with her eyes flashing, and her mother's indignation giving her the mien of an outraged queen.

"Yes—you—my father," sobbed Julia; and in broken words she panted out the story of the ride.

Mrs. Hallam had been indignant, and a strange shiver of horror had passed through her, as it seemed as she listened that she was going to hear in form of words the dread that had been growing in her mind for a long time past.

It was then at first with a sense of relief that she gathered from her child's incoherent statement that Crellock had uttered few words of love. When, however, she thoroughly realised what had passed, and the charge that Crellock had made, it came with such a shock in its possibility that her brain reeled.

"It is not true," she cried, recovering herself quickly. "Julia, it is as false as the man who made it."

"I knew—I knew it was, dear mother," sobbed Julia. "My father shall drive him from the house."

"Stay here," said Mrs. Hallam sternly. Then, more gently, "My child, you are flushed and hot. There, there! we have been so happy lately. We must not let a petty accusation like this disturb us."

"So happy, mother," cried Julia piteously, "when our friends forsake us; and Mr. Bayle is as good as forbidden the house?"

"Hush, my darling!" said Mrs. Hallam agitatedly. "There, go to your room."

She hurried Julia away, for she heard the trampling of the horses' feet as they were led round to the stables, and then a familiar step upon the stairs.

"I was coming to speak to you," she said as Hallam opened the door.

"And I was coming to you," he said roughly. "What has that little idiot been saying to Crellock to put him in such a rage?"

"Sit down," she said, pushing a chair towards him, and there was a look in her eyes he had never seen before.

"Well, then. Now be sharp. I don't care to be bothered with trifles; I've had troubles enough. Has that champagne been put to cool?"

She looked, half wonderingly, in the heavy sensual face, growing daily more flushed and changed.

"Come, go on," he said, as if the look troubled him. "Now then, what is it! Crellock is half mad. She has offended him horribly."

"She has been defending her father's honour," said Mrs. Hallam slowly.

"Defending my honour?" he said smiling. "Ah!"

Mrs. Hallam clasped her hands, and a sigh full of the agony of her heart escaped her lips. The scales seemed to be falling from her eyes, but she wilfully closed them again in her passion of love and trust.

But it was in vain. Something seemed to be tossing these scales away—something seemed to be rending that thick veil of love, and the voices she had so long quelled were clamouring to be heard, and making her ears sing with the terrible tale they told.

She writhed in spirit. She denied it all as a calumny, but as she walked to and fro there the tiny voices in her soul seemed to be ringing out the destruction of her idol, and to her swimming eyes it seemed tottering to its fall.

"You are very strange," he said roughly. "What's the matter? I thought you were going to tell me about Julia and Steve."

"I am," she cried at last, as if mastering herself after some terrible spasm. "Robert, I have been told something to-day that makes me tremble."

"Some news?" he said coolly.

"Yes: news—terrible news."

"Let's have it—if you like," he said. "I don't care. It don't matter, unless it will do you good to tell it."

Her face was wrung by the agony of her soul as she heard his callous words. The veil was being terribly rent now; and as her eyes saw more clearly, she tried in vain to close her mental sight; but no, she seemed forced to gaze now, and the idol that was tottering began to show that it was indeed of clay.

"Well, don't look like that," he said. "A man who has been transported is pretty well case-hardened. There is no worse trouble in life."

"No worse?" she panted out in a quick, angry way, as words had never before left her lips; "not if he lost the love and trust of wife and child?"

"Well, that would be unpleasant," he said coolly. "Perhaps the poor wretch would be able to get over it in time. Well, what is your news?"

"I have heard you freshly accused to-day of that old crime of which you were innocent."

"Of which I was innocent of course," he said coolly. "Is that all?"

She did not answer for a few minutes, and then as he half rose impatiently as if to go, she said excitedly,

"That case I brought over, Robert."

"Case?" he said with a slight start.

"From the old house."

"Well: what about it?"

"Tell me at once, or I shall go mad. What did it contain?"

"Papers. I told you when I wrote."

"That they would set him free," the voices in her heart insisted.

"Who has been setting you to ask about that, eh?"

She did not reply.

"You did not keep faith with me," he cried angrily. "You have been telling Sir Gordon, or that Bayle."

"I told no one," she said hoarsely.

"Ah!" he ejaculated with a sigh of relief.

"Stephen Crellock has told Julia what it contained, and she—and I—declare it is false."

"Stephen Crellock is a fool," he cried quickly. "Go and fetch Julia here. She must be talked to."

"Robert! my husband," cried Mrs. Hallam, throwing herself upon her knees and catching his hands, "you do not speak out. Why do you not passionately say it is false? How dare he accuse you of such a crime! You do not speak!"

She gazed up at him wildly.

"What do you want me to say?" he cried angrily. "Do you think me mad, woman? Here, let's have an end of all this varnish. What does Crellock say?"

She could not speak for a few minutes, so overlaid was her heart; and when she did, the words were hoarse that fell upon his ears.

"He said—he told our simple, loving girl, whom I have taught to trust in and reverence her martyred father's name—whose faith has been in your innocence of the crime for which you were sent here—the girl I taught to pray that your innocence might be proved—"

"Will you go on?" he cried brutally. "I'm sick of this. Now, what did he say?"

"That—oh, Robert, my husband, I cannot say it! His words cannot be true!"

"Will you speak?" he cried. "Out with it at once! When will you grow to be a woman of the world, and stop this childishness! Now what did the chattering fool say?"

"That the box I brought over contained the proceeds of the bank robbery—money that you had hidden away."

Millicent Hallam started up and gazed about her with a dazed look, as if she were startled by the words she had heard—words

that seemed to have come from other lips than hers; and then she pressed her hands to her heaving bosom as her husband spoke.

"Stephen Crellock must be getting tired of his ticket," he said coolly. "An idiot! He had better have kept his tongue between his teeth. How came he to be chattering about that? If he don't mind——"

He did not finish the sentence, and his wife's eyes dilated as she gazed at him in a horrified way.

"You do not deny it!" she said at last. "You do not declare that this is all cruelly false!"

"No," he said slowly, "I am not going to worry myself about his words. He can't prove anything."

"But it is a charge against your honour," she cried; "against me. Robert! you will not let this horrible charge go uncontradicted for an hour longer?"

"Stephen Crellock had better mind," said Hallam, slowly and thoughtfully, as if he had not heard his wife.

"But, Robert—my husband! you will speak for your own sake—for your child's sake—for mine?"

There was a growing intensity in the words, whose tones rose to one of passionate appeal.

He made an impatient motion that implied a negative, and she threw herself once more upon her knees at his feet.

"You will deny this atrocious charge?"

"If I am asked I shall deny it of course," he said coolly; "but you don't suppose I am going to talk about it without?"

"But—but—that man believes it to be true!"

"Well, let him."

"Robert—dear Robert," she cried, "you must not, you shall not treat it like that! It is as if you were indifferent to this dreadful charge."

"Because it is better to let it rest, madam; so let it be."

"No!" she cried, with a wave as it were of her old trust sweeping all before it; "I cannot let it rest. If you will not speak in your own defence, I must and will!"

"What do you mean?" he said hastily.

"That if for his child's sake, Robert Hallam will not defend himself against such a cruel lie, his wife will!"

"What will you do?" he said, with an ugly sneer upon his lip.

"See this man myself, and force him to deny this—to declare that it is not true. My

husband cannot sit down patiently with that charge flung against his wife's honour and his own."

He sat gazing at her from beneath his thick eyebrows for a few minutes as she paced the room, agitated almost beyond bearing; and then he spoke in the most commonplace way.

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

"Not speak?"

"No; I forbid it!"

"Forbid it?"

"Yes. Do you suppose I want my leave stopped? Do you want to send me back to the gang, who are chained like dogs?"

"Hush!" she cried, with a shudder; and she covered her face as if to shut out some terrible sight. "Do you not feel that you are running risks by remaining silent?"

"I should run greater risks by having the matter talked about. That great fool, Steve, must be warned to be more cautious in what he says for all our sakes."

"Robert!" in a tone of horror.

"There, there, wife, that will do! Let's talk it over without sentiment; I haven't a bit of romance left in me, my dear—life out here has cleared it off. You may as well know the truth as at any future time. Bah! Let's throw away all this flimsy foolery. You've known it all along, only you've been too brave to show it."

"I—known the truth?" she faltered. "You believe this?"

"Yes," he said, without reading the horror and despair in her eyes; and the brutal callousness of his manner seemed to grow. "What's the use of shamming innocence! You knew what was in the box."

"I knew what my husband told me; that there were papers to prove his innocence," she replied.

"You knew that?"

"They were my husband's words; and in my wifely faith I said that they were true."

He looked at her mockingly.

"You play your part well, Millicent," he said; "but remember we are in Sydney, both twenty years older than when we first met at King's Castor. Is it not time we talked like man and woman, and not, after all that we have gone through, like a sentimental boy and girl?"

"Robert!"

"There, that will do," he said. "You understand now why you must hold your tongue."

It was as if once more she had snatched at the veil and closed it over her eyes, to gaze



STORMY. By WALTER BOTZANS.

at him in the old, old way, as if it were impossible to give up the faith to which she had clung for so many years.

"No," she said softly, "I cannot. Some things are too hard to understand, and this is one."

"Then I'll make you understand," he said, almost fiercely. "If another word is uttered about this it will go like wildfire. Some meddling fool in the Government service will take it up; everything will be seized, and I shall be sent back to the gang, through you. Do you hear? through you!"

She stood now gazing at him with her eyes contracting. Her lips parted several times as if she were about to speak, and as if her brain were striving, indeed, to comprehend this thing that she had declared to be too hard. At last she spoke.

"You shall say," she cried hoarsely. "Tell me what it was I brought over to you."

"What, again!" he cried. "Well, then, what I had saved up for the rainy day that I knew was coming. My fortune, that I have been waiting all these years to spend; notes that would change at any time; diamonds that would always fetch their price. You did not guess all this? You did not see through it all? Bah! I'm sick of all this mock sentiment and twaddle about innocence!"

She drew her breath hard.

"I had to fight the world when I was unlucky in my speculations, and the world got me down. Now my turn has come, and I can laugh at the world. Let's have no more fooling. You have understood it all from the beginning, and have played your part well. Let me play mine in peace."

An angry reply rose to her lips, but it died away, and she caught at his hand.

"It is true, then?" she whispered.

"True? Yes, of course," he said brutally.

"That money, then? Robert, husband, it is not ours. You will give it up—everything?"

"Give it up!" he said, laughing. "Not a shilling. They hounded me down most cruelly!"

"For the sake of our old love, Robert," she whispered, as she clung to him. "Let us begin again, and I will work for you. Let us try, in a future of toil, to wash away this clinging disgrace. My husband, my husband! for the sake of our innocent child!"

"Give up what I have!" he cried. "Now that I have schemed till success is mine! Not a shilling, if it were to save old Sir Gordon's life."

"But, Robert, for the sake of our child. I am your wife, and I will bear this blow, but let her go on believing in him whom I have taught her to love. Let the past be dead; begin a new life—repentance for that which has gone. Robert, my husband, I have loved you so dearly, and so long."

"Bah!" he cried impatiently. "You know not what you say. Lead a new life—a life of repentance! I have had a fine preparation for it here. Why, I tell you they would turn a saint here into a fiend! I sinned against their laws, and they sent me here, herded with hundreds, some of whom might have been brought to better lives; but it has been one long course of brutal treatment, and the lash. Hope was dead to us all, and we had to drag on our lives in misery and despair. I tell you I've had to do with people who sought to make us demons, and you talk to me now of repentance for the past."

"Yes, and you shall repent!" she cried wildly.

"Silence!" he cried fiercely. "You are my wife, and it is your duty to obey. Not a word of this to Julia. I will speak to her; and as to Crellock—oh, I can manage him."

He thrust her aside, and strode out of the room without another word, leaving her standing with her hands clasped together, gazing into vacancy, as if stunned by the blow that had fallen—as if the savage acceptance of the truth of the charges by her husband had robbed her of her reason.

During her long trial, whenever a shadowy doubt had crept into her sight she had slain it. Always he had been her martyr, and she had been ready, in fierce resentment, to turn upon those who would have cast the slightest reflection upon his fame. He, the idol of her young life, her first love, had suffered through misfortune, through an ugly turn of fate, and she had gone on waiting for the day when he would be cleared.

In that spirit she had crossed the wide ocean, bearing with her his freedom, as she believed; and now, after fighting a year against the terrible disillusion that had been showing Robert Hallam in his true light, the veil that she had so obstinately held was rent in twain, torn away for ever—by his own confession the husband of her love was a despicable thief; and as she realised how she had been made his accomplice in bringing over the fruits of his theft, the blow seemed now greater than she could bear, the future one terrible void.

THE PASTORAL FUNCTION OF CHRISTIANS.*

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. FREMANTLE, CANON OF CANTERBURY.

OCTOBER 3RD.

I.—THE EXTENT OF THE PASTORAL FUNCTION.

Read Psalm xxiii. and John xxi. 9—17.

THE pastoral function exercised by Christians has often been limited by being supposed to consist almost exclusively in teaching and imparting truth, and this limitation has been supported by a mistranslation which our new version has set right. Instead of "Feed My sheep," we now read "Tend My sheep." The word means "To do the duty of a shepherd," that is, not only to supply food, but to take care of the sheep, to keep them from wandering, to seek them when lost, to guard them from excess of heat or cold, to guide them into safe places, to sustain and to heal, and—the point on which Christ specially dwells—to risk our life in their defence. In the spiritual sphere the corresponding pastoral work consists not merely in supplying the food of truth, but in the formation of character, the working upon the whole composite nature of the individual and of society, so as to build it up in conformity with the character of Christ.

Another limitation of the pastoral function has come from supposing it to belong only to ordained ministers. But we cannot confine to them that general responsibility which Christians ought to feel for the welfare of those about them or the efforts they must make to promote it. We all have to take our part in the enterprise in which Peter was designated as the leader. The gift bestowed on him was not exclusive, but shared in their degree by all who follow the Master.

It is astonishing how much this aspect of Christianity has been put aside in teaching and in practice. Our religion has been so individual as even to minister to selfishness. We have meant by "saving our souls" personal happiness rather than likeness to the Saviour of men. Even self-sacrifice has been taken on the negative side. "I must give up this or that," we have said; whereas the Christian care and love for men tends to

lose the conscious effort of self-denial in the joy of doing good.

Will it be said that this is too high an aim for most of us? The commission to tend the sheep was given to one who had denied his Lord; and the poignant regret produced by the appeal, "Lovest thou me?" was not only no hindrance to the high calling of a pastor of souls; it was the suitable preparation for it. For the Christian pastorate is not the voice of one who calls from superior altitudes to those below, but the appeal of a fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer, who takes the hand of one like himself and imparts to him his own experience of a help and a healing which is above us all. In this attitude towards those whom we wish to benefit lies a source of influence which will never be gained by those who seem to say, "See how good and how strong I am!"

The spirit of pastoral care which is thus engendered makes use of all the relations of life for its purpose. The father becomes, through its influence, the priest and minister of his family; the schoolmaster, the trainer of his pupils for the Christian race; the employer, a leader in sanctified labour; the ruler, according to the name given him equally by Homer and by Ezekiel, the shepherd of the people. And the same principle will work in all parts of our common life, for what are all professions in which men engage but means by which they may apply their powers to help those who need them? When we can rise above the mere money relation or the thought of getting on in the world, and can look at our work according to its proper effects, we find in every calling the exercise of care for men in God's name. Who has not had cause in times of difficulty to value the help or the advice of a physician, a lawyer, a banker, a trader, a workman? To each at different moments we turn as the one person whom we need; and often their good sense, their uprightness, the pains they have taken on our behalf, have inspired us with new courage or generosity, with new faith in human nature, and thankfulness for the gifts of God bestowed upon men; so that they have ministered to our spiritual as well as our temporal estate. The same thing holds good in the gratitude we feel

* Being the substance of sermons delivered in Canterbury Cathedral.

to poets or artists or men of letters, to orators or statesmen, from whom we have received some inspiration or quickening of our faculties. If we know this as receivers, let us act upon it as givers. Let it be our aim to instil into every walk of life in which we engage, or over which we have any influence, not only the general principles of an honest morality, but the distinctively Christian care for those who need; that so patients and customers and clients and readers may feel that they are dealing not with mere hirelings, but with those who are ministering in a sacred office, through which the care of the great Shepherd of the flock is working upon them for good.

We have not to denaturalise our life or strain after opportunities of influence; we have but to embrace our privilege and our responsibility when the opportunity lies right before us. Let us embrace them heartily, for there can be no greater privilege than to be of use to our fellows, and no blessing so much to be desired as that, at the end of our course, some one should be able to say to us, "You have done me good." "What is our hope," said St. Paul, "or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" What better wish can we form for ourselves and those who are dear to us than that we may partake of that spirit and gain that rich reward?

OCTOBER 10TH.

II.—THE PASTORAL FUNCTION IN THE BIBLE.

Read Isaiah xl. 1-11 and Mark vi. 30-42.

The teaching of the Bible may be summed up under these two heads: The care of God for men, and the care which He induces them to take of one another. I do not propose to quote a number of texts as authoritative statements. The newer and better way of taking the Bible is that of a record of the working of the Divine Spirit among men. The record takes us through many ages and scenes all of which present illustrations of our theme. If we could read the Bible apart from the halo and glamour which almost necessarily surrounds it, we might be astonished at the forms in which the pastorate presents itself there. To a modern Christian the idea of a pastor is that of a solemn dark-clad man, standing in the pulpit or going from house to house, speaking to men about their souls. To the patriarchal age it was that of an Arab sheikh ruling his

tribe in the fear of God, their leader alike in worship, in industry, and in war. To the age of David it meant a king "feeding the inheritance" of Jehovah by righteous administration. To the prophets it was represented by those who had influence of whatever kind over the people. When our Lord spoke of Himself as the good shepherd, the pastors with whom he contrasted Himself were the members of the Sanhedrin.

It has been pointed out that the pastoral spirit flows from the character of God. The favourite representation of the Divine character is that of the shepherd of Israel, who feeds his flock and gathers the lambs in His arms; and again, the father of the fatherless, who sets the solitary in families. The law, which was recognised as expressing this character, is full of the pastoral spirit. It was dear to the people because it cared for the poor and inculcated restraint upon the powerful. Its stress is not laid upon rights; its maxim is not *Beati possidentes*; but it aims constantly at the good of the widow, the fatherless, the stranger, and the bondsman. And the conception of the true ruler which we find in the histories and the Psalms and the prophets, exactly agrees with this. Moses is found in the wilderness wearing himself away with the task of redressing the grievances of the people. David is taken from the sheepfolds that he may feed Israel with the integrity of his heart, and in his last words he shows how he has sought to rule men in the fear of God. The divine King who is to spring from David is to judge the poor, and save the children of the needy, and to exert a refreshing influence like that of the drops that water the earth. When in a later age those who were set over the people declined the task through selfishness, the reproaches of the prophets show what was expected of them. "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye sought that which was lost."

But all these developments of the pastoral office in lawgivers and rulers, in priests and prophets and psalmists, were but dim foreshadowings of the true Shepherd who was to come. We see in the Gospels One who was the supreme Pastor of souls, or rather the pastor of men in their whole estate, raising body and soul alike to purity and honour and happiness. What a description is that which St. Mark gives of him on an occasion when he had sought for rest with his disciples, but had been forestalled by a crowd

of poor wanderers. "And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion towards them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things." If we add to this, from St. Matthew's description of the same occasion, that "he healed their sick," and from all the Evangelists that He supplied them with food, we have the complete picture of the pastor before us; and we may trace it out further by recalling that it was this care for the people which prompted all His teaching, that it was His interest in those outside the fold which stirred up the rulers against Him, and that it was the rage of these false pastors turned to wolves which brought Him to His doom.

If we read the Epistles for lessons in pastoral care we shall find them steeped in its spirit. I must trust my readers to do this for themselves with the clues which I have endeavoured to give, and must sum up the teaching of the Bible on the subject as follows:—

1. The pastoral work of the Church belongs not to one class of men but to all. Moses would not act alone but appointed officers in all the gates of Israel; he would not confine the prophetic office to one or to a few, but wished that all the people of Jehovah might be prophets. Those specially set apart as pastors are not an exclusive caste but leaders of the general function. None of us can say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are all privileged to bear our part under the great Shepherd in restoring His wanderers, and raising them to a share in His glory.

2. This pastoral charge is to be exercised through all the spheres of life. We need not fear to trespass unduly on the work of the ordained preacher or liturgist. Think of David, as he describes his work in Psalm ci., "rising early" to enforce righteousness in his family and court and city; or of those noble politicians, the Jewish prophets, exhorting kings and people to live in just relations, for "Is not this to know me? saith Jehovah;" or of Peter urging the elder men (contrasted not with the laity but with the young) to tend the flock and take the oversight of it with pure motives; and you will see the true extension of the pastorate. Each can be a pastor to others, the parent to the child, the master to the man, the elder brother or friend to the younger. Let every family, every workshop, every office, every ship and regiment, every school, every institution in which authority and influence can be exer-

cised, be a branch of the Church of God in which pastoral care does its blessed work, and all grow together to the full stature of Christ.

3. This demands in each of us justice, earnestness, diligence, and devotion. "He that ruleth men," said David, "must be just." "He that ruleth," said St. Paul, "let him do it with diligence." And again and again let us recall the words of Christ. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." It has often been observed in a school that the best thing that can be done for the character of an elder boy is to get him to take an interest in some younger companion. That brings the realities of life before him by making him feel its responsibilities. The acceptance of the pastoral function through the whole range of its social action is the only hope for the progress of the higher life among us. The law of our existence is community.

OCTOBER 17TH.

III.—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

Read Isaiah lxi. and 1 Corinthians xii. 1—14

It has been shown that the Christian pastorate is exercised in various forms. It may be well to show how it has been exercised at various times. If the teaching of Scripture on which we last dwelt gives us the principle of pastoral work and the primary examples of it, history gives us the lessons of experience, and shows us the aberrations to which the principle is liable, the opportunities which successive ages open out for its exercise, and the difficulties under which it has to be fulfilled.

I wish that it were possible that a Pastoral History of Christianity should be written. But such an attempt would be very difficult, because pastoral care is occupied with humble details, whereas that which strikes the eye and gets itself recorded consists of great events and controversies. For long epochs of history also the pastoral function has almost been held in abeyance; the functions of the clergy and the monks swallowed up those of the rest of the Church; and, among the clergy, the ritual and priestly functions swallowed up their pastoral activity. Yet at all times there have been bright examples of pastoral care.

In the Apostolic age the diffusion of the pastoral spirit in the community was fully recognised. The fact that Christianity was new and militant made its professors embrace their calling as a pledge to do good to all

about them; and the fact that meetings in public were difficult made it necessary that each man should be the pastor of his own family. When the Philippian jailer was baptized with all his house, the family became a little Church: and we may interpret St. Paul's expression, "The Church that is in their house," as implying that the family has become a Christian community or Church. In the glimpses which are given us of Church life in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, we see the ramifications of the pastorate far beyond the sphere of the assemblies for worship, and carried on by various classes of men and women.

In the next or sub-Apostolic age, we find the same condition of things maintained. One of the earliest Christian writers is Hermas, a layman of the Roman Church, who wrote the book called "The Pastor." He tells how, in a vision, his sins were brought to remembrance by a woman who represented the Church. The chief of those sins was negligence of the spiritual interests of the members of his family, which through his mistaken fondness had fallen into corruption to the injury of his worldly business and of those around them. He is then instructed in the ways of true repentance, which he is to communicate first to his family and then to the Church at large. Another writer of the same age, the author of the "Epistle to Diognetus," gives a still wider range to the pastoral efforts of Christians. They are to the world, he says, what the soul is to the body, the vivifying power which is to animate every part.

In the grand development of Christian teaching at Alexandria under Clement and Origen in the third century, this aim is held fast. Clement especially lays stress upon the religion of the family. "Who are the two or three," he says, "of whom Christ declares that when they are assembled in His name He is in the midst of them? Are they not the father, the mother, and the child?" He speaks of prayer as bringing all human life into the presence of God, and of the family meals as having the nature of sacraments.

In the subsequent period, the pastoral energy was hindered by the causes above assigned; and when to these was added, in the Middle Ages, the feudal and lordly position assigned to the clergy, we might think that it had almost ceased. But it cannot cease unless Christianity itself should cease; and at all periods we come upon its traces. In the fifth century, for instance, we have a

description of the pastorate in a letter from Jerome to Nepotianus, a young pastor at Aquileia, in which, though within a narrower range, we have still the spirit which breathes in the pastoral Epistles of St. Paul. If we come to the Middle Ages, we have men like the great missionaries whose lives are given by Neander in his "Memorials of Christian Life," whose pastoral energy lifted up towards God the whole state of the rude tribes around their settlements. Even in monasteries we have such men as Abbot Samson, of St. Edmondsbury, of whom Carlyle has spoken in his "Past and Present," who ruled his monastery, with all its interests, spiritual and temporal, justly and in the fear of God.

The description of the good parson in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," whether or not it be taken, as some suppose, from the model of Wycliff, shows how clear and full was the ideal of the pastorate which some, at least in that age, entertained. He was poor, he says, but rich in holy thought and work. His parish was wide, but neither rain nor thunder could keep him from visiting its farthest parts, staff in hand, whether they were little or great who needed him. He was a shepherd, not a mercenary; an example to his flock, and "drew them to heaven by fairnesse."

When the Reformation cleared the air of unrealities, the pastoral function came more distinctly into operation. Luther and his fellow-workers were conspicuous in their efforts to promote a homely and vernacular religion; and Calvin, notwithstanding the faults of his system, will ever be remembered for his attempt to influence the whole life of the Genevan Republic, and for the pastoral institutions for the good of the young, the sick and the poor which live on after the many changes of three centuries and a half. If we look through these centuries, in which the original impulse of the Reformation has so often been lost in barren controversies or in a reaction to apathy, we still are conscious of innumerable instances of genuine pastoral zeal, of which we may recall the examples—so different in form, and yet so united in spirit—presented by George Herbert, by Baxter, by Bengel, by Martin Boos, by Oberlin and Felix Neff. In all of these we may see that the effort has been to spread the pastoral spirit among the people and make it effectual in their homes and in their ordinary life.

This is the task which lies before the Christian Church in the present day. The pastoral function in the larger sense which

I have given to it—the loving care of man for man in Christ's name—is at length attaining the recognition for which, through the past centuries, it has been struggling. We are coming to perceive that the one thing of transcendent importance is the fostering of the Christian life, and that the matters of doctrine and modes of worship which have caused our divisions must be viewed in their connection with this. We may not be able to sign the same confessions or to use the same forms of worship, but we may all co-operate in the care of the sick and the poor, in the education of the young, in the formation of just relations among men under the sense of the fatherly love of God to us all, and may work together to imbue our country with the spirit of Christ.

OCTOBER 24TH.

IV.—THE PASTORAL FUNCTION IN THE PARISH, THE SCHOOL, AND THE NATION.

Read Psalm lxxii. and Acts xx. 17—28.

St. Paul's ministry was exercised among both Jews and Greeks, the two great sections of society, and apparently not among those only who had joined the Church, but among all whom he could reach. It was exercised also not only by means of public exhortation in the central meeting place, but by going from family to family to urge men to believe and to live as Christians.

We may see here the beginning of a process by which Christianity strove to influence mankind.

The process began with the family. If we read the portions of the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, and that of St. Peter, which relate to the family, we see how all the relations of husband and wife, parent and children, master and servants, are turned to spiritual account. They became the means of the exercise of the pastoral function.

But the process went on to take in the larger units of organization. The city or township became the parish; for although the *paræci* were originally sojourners, like the Jewish settlements in the Romish cities, yet, as the profession of Christianity extended, the whole community became a *parochia*, and its internal relations afforded the channel for the pastoral function. The Roman divisions of the diocese and province similarly were adopted as furnishing the larger means for the exercise of the Christian pastorate; and later, when separate kingdoms were formed, Christianity en-

deavoured, with more or less success, to work through the nation for the elevation of all classes and individuals within it.

Whatever may be our opinion as to the formal organizations to which this attempt gave birth, either in the past or the present, we all agree in the endeavour to get every human society conducted on Christian principles, and for the highest good of all its members. But it may be as well to look for a moment at some difficulties which beset this endeavour.

First, it may be feared that we should deceive men by treating them as members of a Christian society, when they had not fully accepted the conditions of membership in the Church. But I think that in practice a certain indefiniteness is allowed on all sides in the exercise of a pastorate which includes the recovery of the lost. There are erring sheep who yet belong to the fold; there are prodigals who still are members of the family. And so in the larger organizations, though many of their members are weakly, or not at all, partakers of the divine life, this must not hinder the process of reformation and education by means of social institutions and laws imbued with the Christian spirit.

But, again, it may be asked, if the pastoral function is to be diffused throughout the community, what need will there be of ordained pastors? The answer is that the clergyman does not lose his leadership because his functions are not exclusive. We all attend to our own health and that of those about us; yet we need the physician and the officer of health.

The ordained pastor will try to maintain acquaintance, either personally or through his agents, with every family in his charge. He will not rely only on his own direct message, but try and get that message, as it were, repeated on every side. Though the Church services may always be the chief means of influence, yet these services themselves will have a new significance when those who attend them come not merely to seek salvation or edification for themselves, but, as agents of Christ, to gain power for the ministry they exercise among their fellows; and the words of the preacher will be like the word of command, an inspiration and a direction to an organized host.

Moreover, that this may be a reality, the pastor will treat the heads of all organizations with perfect confidence. He will not wish to be the sole or principal worker in every institution formed for the good of the people. If he himself formed these institutions,

he will be glad to see them as soon as possible work alone; if others formed them, he will foster them by his sympathy and co-operation, and extend to those who conduct them his fullest trustfulness. And so in the institutions of ordinary life, the family, or the trading system, he will seek to inspire right principles, but will abstain from interference. Nor will he be anxious that everything should bear a Christian, still less a denominational name, but rather that all should be done in the spirit of Christ's equity and love.

Turning now to the educational system, we can hardly doubt that it presents some of the noblest opportunities for the exercise of the pastoral function. We cannot look upon the school as a mere machine for imparting instruction, or upon the university as a mere scene for professional lectures and examinations. It is a nobler thing to form the whole character than only to instruct the reason; we have to prepare men for the general duties of life, not only for the work of study or research. This truly pastoral work requires two qualities which it is often difficult to harmonize, a quick sympathy with the life of the young, and a steady attempt to raise them to thought and diligence and the sense of responsibility, and to the fulfilment of the highest destiny of which they are capable. It requires also on the part of the teacher sincerity in self-discipline and in his interest in knowledge and in religion; for the influence of example adds immeasurably to the weight of advice, reproof, and exhortation.

Lastly, the spirit of pastoral care must be made to extend to public life. The legislator and the ruler must still be the shepherd of the people, and must aim at spiritual results. Whatever may have been the causes which separated the national from the religious life, this separation is now giving way. The great aims of the public life of the future will be the diminution of poverty, the improvement of the conditions of life, the education, in the largest sense, of the people. We must not be misled by the slur sometimes thrown upon paternal government. The abuses of paternal government in the past were those of a system which looked upon the people as children, and ruled them apart from their own consent, often in the interest of the rulers rather than their own. But the better system which is now coming to light seeks to diffuse power and responsibility throughout all classes. Under this system the community tends to become one great brotherhood, in which each citizen bears his part according to his ability; the

increase of local self-government will draw out in every one the need of care for his neighbours, and the stronger portion will be constantly engaged in devising plans for raising the weaker and in applying the powers of the whole community to do for its members what they cannot do for themselves. This is the true development of pastoral care in public life.

Our Christianity may begin with ourselves and those nearest to us; but it does not end there. We must look on to the ever-enlarging circle of Christian influence, and connect the pastorate with the expansion of the divine love, of which the sound goes out into all lands and its words to the ends of the world.

OCTOBER 31ST.

V.—DANGERS OF MISUSE OF THE PASTORAL FUNCTION.

Read Genesis xiv. 1—16 and Luke xii. 13—24.

In the exercise of the pastoral function there is a great danger to be avoided. It is this, that we may be tempted to go beyond our proper work and to undermine the sense of responsibility in those with whom we are dealing.

If we ask why Christ refused to judge between the two brothers, one of whom invoked his arbitration, the first answer is that this was not His calling. He was a prophetic teacher, not a judge. But involved in this was a deeper reason. In the exercise of His pastorate He always sought to impart principles, to stimulate thought and right feeling and the sense of responsibility. He would not overbear their judgment by giving a ready-made decision. The chief thing needed by both the contending brothers in order that they might act rightly, was to put away covetousness, and on this point our Lord turns the whole force of the earnest discussion which follows.

This educating of the conscience must always be the chief object with those who discharge the pastoral function. We must seek not primarily to get right things done or right words spoken, but to bring men to such a state of heart and mind that they will think and speak and act rightly of themselves. Conviction and spontaneity are the essence of a religious life. We must not force the result.

1. This will affect our method of imparting and handing down truth. Our Lord's method was to wake up the conscience by aphorisms, metaphors, parables, and strong hyperboles, which, if taken literally, would

be impossible or contradictory. If it has been found necessary in later days to run the rich molten metal into moulds and to give it precision by manuals, or catechisms, or other formularies, still the effort must be made to use them not so as to fetter the mind and the heart, and thus produce a fanatical certitude with its surely following reaction, but so as to impress the deeper truth which lies beneath; and it may often be possible to show how the same truth has found many different forms of expression. Not on the expression but on the inner kernel of truth we must fix men's attention.

2. In dealing with men's consciences we must seek to train them to independence. It is not only the clergy of certain churches who are liable to the dangers incident to the practices of confession, absolution, and direction, but all who exercise the pastorate in the wide sense which we have given it. The question has been dealt with too roughly. To suppose that men are so independent as to care nothing for the opinion and advice of their spiritual guides would be contrary to human nature. To decline to help them, and to go even into details which may enable us to help them, would be contrary to the demands of Christian love. Nor is it right to refuse, when the special occasion demands it, to use any authority or ascendancy which we may possess, to assure troubled souls, whether in formal or informal words, of the pardoning love of God. But the limit to this process is obvious. We must not act so as to make men lean upon us instead of leaning upon Christ and the Holy Spirit. One who begins unveiling his inmost thoughts finds a certain pleasure and relief which induces him to repeat the process again and again; and, if this is allowed, all the evils follow of morbid self-scrutiny, of an unreal morality, and of an enfeeblement of the conscience. It is true that a weak man needs supports, and we must give them him; but we must so manage them that he may learn as soon as possible to do without them.

3. The same principles apply to another branch of Christian service, the aid we give to the poor. Any one who has had to do with the administration of relief knows how fatal is the inducement to make it a substitute for labour. Those who would minister aright to the wants of the poor must look to the moral result. They must, as Chalmers used to urge, *consider* the poor. They must understand that they are engaging in a work which, if it is not to ruin the character of the recipients, demands patience, attention,

and ingenuity. We must so give as not to make men depend on us, but to raise them to industry and self-reliance.

4. Let us carry our thought into another region, that of moral and spiritual influence. The greatest care is needed lest we should overbear and crush the personality with which we are dealing. The great art of the true pastor is to use his superiority without obtruding it on the conscience, and to leave men free in the presence of truth and of God. We might have thought that those who companied with Jesus Christ would have so felt His infinite superiority that they would hardly have ventured an assertion or have acted with any freedom. Yet this was not the result. How was it that they spoke naturally, and even rashly in His presence, and dared at times to remonstrate with Him? The secret lies in the words applied to Him by St. Matthew, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." He went about not in the cloak of the sage or in the conscious superiority of the strong man, but as one bowed down under the burdens of mankind, who was meek in heart and came not to be called a benefactor but to give His life for men. And we must work in a similar spirit. If we parade our superiority, men will shrink from us; if we do not win their confidence, we cannot draw them out or beget in them a sense of responsibility. Especially when dealing with the young, severity, contempt, disparagement, will cut up by the roots the first germs of thought and enterprise. The influence which we should seek to exercise is not that which almost forces a man to think or do as we like, but one which raises a man to the dignity and freedom of brotherhood.

5. And this is specially the case when we are dealing with sin. The least tinge of the Pharisaic temper alienates and hardens the sinner. We may make him feel that he is condemned, he may confess in words that he is a miserable offender; but there will be no genuine conviction or wish for amendment. It is when we let him see that we feel ourselves, like him, compassed with infirmity, when we show him that, as we have hope for ourselves, so we have hope for him, when we make an appeal to the nobler qualities which are never wholly dead and which make him capable of generous resolve, that we can wake up conviction and arouse the conscience. Then he will condemn himself, and seek spontaneously to turn from evil to good and claim the mercy and the aid of Christ.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

BY MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.—"YET ONE MORE PASS BETWEEN THE ROCKS."

"'But life is in our hands,' she said,
In our own hands for gain or loss;
Shall not the sevenfold sacred fire
Suffice to purge our dross?"

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

IT is strange how sorrow may sometimes harden a human heart, and destroy such capacity for sympathy as it may once have had. "I have suffered, why shouldn't they?" is the utterance of the soul bruised and torn, and far from any spiritual healing. And as the days go on the callousness grows, and comes to be something that humane people can only wonder over in sadness and in pain.

Sorrow leaves none of us unchanged. While one soul suffers hardening, another shall come to be broken with its weight of tenderness for woes not its own. And by no way so certainly as by the way of suffering shall you learn that apprehensiveness which alone can anticipate, and it may be avert, the stroke that threatens your neighbours.

For reasons of her own Dorigen was glad when Mrs. Thesiger's consent was given for a second drive to Lodbrok Bay. It was not given lightly, for very naturally the idea of her not-too-mindful daughters going with no chaperonage save that afforded by the presence of a friend but a very few years older than Gladwyn, did not recommend itself to the mother's prudence.

"You must not ask me again," Mrs. Thesiger said, as they drove off one mild, sunny September afternoon. There were three of them, Gladwyn, Thyra, Juliet. Juliet declared that she should like to go four times a week, so long as Mr. Wilderslowe was there.

Dorigen was not standing in the little front garden this time, when the carriage drove up to Tenter's Close. There was a figure, conspicuous by its white shirt-sleeves, among the neglected marigolds—a person with a long clay pipe and a thick gold watch-chain. Lydia Cleminshaw, in a bright blue cotton dress trimmed with lace, was leaning against the door. Thomasin came rushing out when she saw the Rector's daughter.

"Won't you come in, Miss Thesiger?" she begged in her most chirping tones.

"Please come in! I'll tell sister you're here. But let me introduce you to Mr. Sladill first—Mr. James Jasper Sladill, Miss Thesiger. Miss Thesiger, Mr. Sladill. . . . But now do come in! Mr. Sladill is the gentleman that is going to marry my sister Lydia. We're going to be married on the same day, Lyddy and me. But I dare say you've heard of it, it's all over the town. An' people are sayin' it's the sixth time we've been goin' to be married, but that isn't true. Lyddy's been engaged three times before, an' me twice."

"Permit me to congratulate you," said Miss Thesiger, with an amount of hauteur that few who knew her would have deemed her capable of. It was fortunate that just then Dorigen came downstairs, exhausted with more than a long morning's work. Even through her thick veil it was easy to see on her face the evidence of tears.

"Don't go without sayin' you're friends," Thomasin said as they went out. "I know I was in a bad temper. Wasn't I in a temper, Dorigen? I'm passionate, I know I am; but it's over with me directly, an' then I never think no more of it. So say you're friends. You know I shall never have to ask you for anything again when once I'm married, an' you shall have the best room in the house if you'll come an' live with me. Isn't that kind of me? But I've a lot of kind ways about me; don't you think I have, Miss Thesiger?"

Thomasin went upstairs to practise Miss Thesiger's bow, the carriage drove away up the lane; the sun struggled through the white silvery mist that was upon the sea. Lodbrok Bay seemed to look more picturesque than ever in the soft light that was upon the old red roofs, upon the wide beach, upon the sloping cliffs. Lancelot was there to meet them; Jean Laverock was prepared to receive them; but there was a change in Jean's manner to Mr. Wilderslowe, a change which was not difficult to understand.

They all went into the little sitting-room, which was strewn with painting materials, half-finished sketches, papers on which specimens of seaside flowers and ferns had been placed ready to be pressed.

"I am increasing my collection of botanical specimens," Lancelot said. "There are several things here which I have never seen

before. Isn't that saxifrage curious? And an old gentleman I met in the library at Hild's Haven yesterday told me that a very rare sea-spleenwort grows somewhere among the cliffs to the south of this bay. Miss Laverock tells me that she knows exactly whereabouts, because she saw some visitors getting it last year. I mean to set out in search of it to-morrow."

"Don't fall and get killed," said Juliet.

"Why not?"

"Because we shouldn't like it. . . We want you to go on staying at Mrs. Laverock's. . . By the way, have you finished Margery's picture?"

"I have not touched it again, and I do not think that I ever shall. I am sorry I began it—very, very sorry."

This was said so seriously that even Juliet caught a glimpse of his meaning, and Gladwyn's colour came and went rapidly as Lancelot's eyes sought hers with a beseeching, half-sorrowful look which perhaps betrayed more than he knew. Gladwyn was very willing to believe in his repentance, very glad that he should turn in his repentance to her. Hope grew rapidly this sweet September afternoon.

Dorigen had left the little room, and found her way into the kitchen, where Jean Laverock was busy baking some cakes and making other preparations for tea. Margery was not there to help her.

"She's gone up to Keld Houe," Jean said. "She was ready enough to go, poor child." And then Jean sighed, and Dorigen sat silent, not knowing how to say that word she had come on purpose to say, and yet feeling certainly that she must use this opportunity.

But by-and-by she perceived that there was no need that ought should be said. Jean Laverock's own experience of life had been of a kind to make her ready enough to perceive when her child was threatened with the sorrows which had darkened her own days, and her mind was so full of the new dread and pain that she could not keep silence. Everything that she knew or feared was told in the sympathetic ear that listened.

"And after all I don't know that I blame him so much," said Jean. "I don't believe he's said a word to her that all the world mightn't have heard, though I do fear that he cares more for the child than he knows himself. An' since I've kept her out of his way he's never settled to nothing, an' he's been as downhearted as a man could be. An' as for Margery herself, her heart is just

breakin', an' mine's fit to break to see it all. But what can I do, Miss Gower? what can I do? It would hurt me desperately to have to ask a gentleman like that to leave my house because of my daughter's folly. An' yet what can I do?"

"You must do that," said Dorigen decisively. "You must ask him to go, and you must do it at once, for Margery's sake. If you do not think for her, care for her, who will? Mr. Wilderslowe can get rooms anywhere. He has nothing to detain him at Lodbrok Bay."

Jean listened, and was evidently impressed. "I believe I'll have to do it," she said. "An' it is good o' you to care, Miss Gower, when you've cares o' your own to worry you, an' take the life out of you. Eh, but it makes my heart ache to see you so heavy-eyed, an' so thin an' pale, an' not even dressed as you should be dressed: though forgive me for sayin' that. It slipped from my lips because of the feelin' that's in my heart that nought that money could buy would be too good for you, so please forgive it."

Dorigen's cares did seem to be very heavy just then. All that afternoon the sorrows of the morning, and of many mornings before, were present with her in the little house by Burtree Beck, pressing upon her brain, silencing her voice, giving to her face that look of age and weariness which Lancelot Wilderslowe had first found to be surprising and then distressing. It pained him to see an unhappy face; but it was much the same pain as he would have found in watching a very ugly face, or in sitting in a room filled with discordant colours.

Almost immediately after tea the little party set out to go back to the bay where the carriage had been left. The tide was coming in swiftly, dashing up toward the foot of the cliff. At the point by Burtree Beck a long swift tongue of foam swept up to the rock just as they passed. There was a little shrieking, much laughing, wet boots and dresses, a sense of escape from danger where very little danger had been. As a matter of course Juliet made the most of it.

"I see now why you wanted to keep us later," she said with tragic horror in her tone. "It was atrocious of you!"

"You think I wanted to drown you?"

"Not at all. You wanted to *save* us. Think of running such a risk as that, bringing us to a point of rock, a perfectly perpendicular wall of hard rock, with the tide running in in great waves, and no way of escape,

just that you might have a chance of showing us how heroic you could be ! . . . I see it all, just as you meant it. . . . You would have saved me first, then Gladwyn, then Dorna and Thyra together. . . . How awfully disappointed you must feel ! Dorna, give me a kiss. There ! that's for making us come away so early."

They went on awhile; then, quite suddenly, Gladwyn stopped, and looked up gravely into Lancelot's face.

"What about yourself ?" she asked with concern; "you must go back at once. You can't stop at the bay till the tide turns."

Lancelot smiled. "You don't think I should leave you to make your way to the town alone, do you?" he asked.

"But what will you do about getting back to Burtree Beck ?" persisted Gladwyn. They were walking on before the others, turning upward toward the back of the bay, where there was space enough uncovered by water.

"Why shouldn't I come along the beach ?"

"Because of the tide; it will be higher then, a great deal. . . . Oh, promise me you won't attempt to do that !"

Her voice sank and grew tremulous, as if it were beyond her control as she spoke, and for a moment Lancelot was silent. Then slowly, deliberately, he drew a little nearer to her, and said with tender tone and meaning—

"If I promise you that, will you promise me something ?"

"Yes, if it is anything I may promise."

"It is something you *must* promise. . . . I am coming over to Hild's Haven to-morrow, to the Rectory. Will you see me alone ?"

"Yes," she said presently. "Yes, if you wish it." Then she stopped, having a natural fear of betraying more than it would be wise to betray.

Had the world changed in that one moment ? Was it suddenly full of a great glad blissfulness ? The very sea as it stretched away to the north and to the south had such a shining light as the sea had never had before ; and the green upland hills seemed to round and melt for very happiness and tenderness, and all that was best and most precious in life. She felt that if she had been alone she would have knelt on the beach, and prayed in her happiness.

Of course nothing more could be said then. The little town was reached ; the carriage was awaiting them half-way up the hill, and Lancelot walked by the side of it till it came to the level land on the top. Then he said "Good-bye," lingering as he said it, and

betraying himself and another. . . . There was no need for that whispered word which Gladwyn contrived to utter when the carriage stopped to set Dorigen down at Tenter's Close.

"Come up to the Rectory to-morrow evening," she said hurriedly. "I shall have something to tell you." And the tremulous gladness in her tone was good, and came like sunny light shining into a dark place. Dorigen had been growing sadder and sadder as she came nearer to Tenter's Close.

It was the old story. Than Rountree's small hoard had melted quickly away in the preparation for the double wedding that was to take place in the beginning of October ; and another crisis, as terrible as any Dorigen had yet passed through, was already at hand.

"I could have borne it," she had said, speaking audibly to herself in her own room that morning after a scene with Thomasin, "I could have borne it easily even with such help, such encouragement, such sympathy, as *they* might have given. But to stand alone in the household, three on one side, and one—one with a failing heart and a weary brain—on the other, is terrible. And what can I do ? The last shilling is gone, and my work is not yet done. Let me work as hard as I may, I cannot finish it in less than three months. And I must finish it. It is only a novel, a thing I have despised ; and it is not even a good novel, I know that. But I have put my soul into it ; and if it were death that threatened me, I feel as if I could not die till it were done. And yet what can I do ? What can I do for ground to stand upon until it is finished ?"

All day these thoughts had pressed upon her brain ; but now after the drive to Lod-brok Bay, and Gladwyn's happy whisper, Dorigen felt stronger and calmer in her sadness than she had felt before ; better able to recognise the fact that she must stand firmly through this later crisis, or be content to fail utterly and for ever.

For awhile she sat in her own room, and thought, trying once more if it were possible to discover any way of deliverance ; then, discerning none, her thought seemed to cease for awhile, and she sat as one waiting, listening.

She knew, as all who strive to pass by the way of the Cross through such straits of life must know, that each hour of agony has its own meaning ; and the soul that tries to arrive at the special secret which underlies each special sorrow alone passes safely.

Yet that very safety may come by sharp

pain—by bleeding feet that find nought save stones and thorns to tread upon, by cruel cords that bind, by cruel nails that pierce, by the faintness of spirit that comes of utter desolation.

She remembered as she sat there that years ago—it seemed a long lifetime—she had stood on a terrace by the sea in the still twilight; and the voice of one who had himself known sore trial had spoken to her, and she had heard. It was as if even now she were hearing that voice again.

All her life long in the deeper moments of life, in the hours that test, and prove, and give to the character its bent and colour, in all such hours she heard the words she had heard on that far-off night.

"All that is best in this life makes for sacrifice," the voice had said. "Some day you will see that no growth, no good, no elevation, no true joy is possible but by pain. Peace comes by pain. . . . In the smallest thing as in the greatest, sacrifice is safety, sacrifice is peace, sacrifice is life. Without sacrifice there is no true living."

Some growth she had possibly attained out of the bitter travail of her life's experience, some strength, some humanity; but hitherto the words joy and peace had seemed to represent heights unattained,—perhaps by her unattainable. Was it possible that by this present hour of darkness, and helplessness, and sordid strife yet another change was to be wrought, yet another gift given? Was this new calmness coming by the patient effort to endure?

To suffer in patience the crosses which we cannot understand, the thwartings which seem to have no end or aim, the humiliations that do but seem to break and scatter the spiritual mood of the soul,—to endure thus is to offer of the best that the soul has to give.

No light came upon the dark pathway, no way of escape seemed possible; yet distress died down, and anxiety relaxed its dreary grasp; and presently, with a prayer on her lip and in her heart she went downstairs in the twilight. Mrs. Gower sat there by the fireside, sad, untidy, broken-spirited. The two elder girls had gone out; little Matty sat working for them by the window.

"Hadn't you better have a light, Matty?" Dorigen asked, but Matty made no answer.

"There's not the means o' makin' a light in the house," said Mrs. Gower, not speaking reproachfully; and her forbearance was worse to bear than reproach would have been.

"I came down to talk things over with

you a little," Dorigen said. "Not that talking will do much good, perhaps; but silence at such times is apt to harden into sullenness and ill-feeling. I want you to believe that whatever you are suffering, I am suffering too."

"I make no doubt but you feel it," Mrs. Gower said. "An' I fear you'll feel it more i' the mornin' when you get up an' find 'at there isn't a mouthful o' bread in the house."

Little Matty, sitting in the window with her sewing, began to weep softly, trying to hide her weeping by turning so as to catch the light from the lamp at the corner of the close which the man had just lighted. The rays fell across the narrow room, making the darkness seem darker.

"You see, if we could only ha' got over the next five weeks or so, all would ha' been well," Mrs. Gower continued plaintively. "James Sladill's determined 'at I shall go an' live with him an' Lyddy, so as to be company for her when he's not at home; an' Thomasin'll take Matty, an' be glad to have such a handy little thing; so as you'll have no one but yourself to work for, an' nobody to harass you, an' fill the house wi' noise an' racket from mornin' till night. An' I shall say nought about the furniture, which I might do; but the girls 'ud never ha' none of it, bein' so old-fashioned, except that centre-table i' the sitting-room which I've promised Thomasin; an' the big chest o' mahogany drawers i' the front bedroom, which Lyddy must have so as no difference may be made atween 'em."

"You can give them anything they wish for," Dorigen said, feeling that the concession was hardly worth the making.

"Well, it's good o' you to say that," Mrs. Gower went on. "An' you'll do better when we're gone, an' be happier, I make no doubt, bein' so fond o' bein' alone. But oh dear me! I do wish 'at you could ha' seen how we are to get over the next few weeks. It would be such a misery to have it known 'at we're i' such a depth o' poverty just when the girls is going to marry, an' do so well. . . . An' if their weddin' clothes are cheapish, why they're nice an' tasty. I'll not say as they aren't; but to think of us all going to bed to-night, an' not a mouthful o' bread i' the house for breakfast! . . . But don't suppose 'at I'm blamin' you. I may ha' said hasty words sometimes, but I've been sorry for it after. You've tried to do your duty by me an' mine. An' if they'd only ha' paid you better for your writin' I

make no doubt but you'd ha' made things easier i' the house."

There was a moment's silence; then Dorigen could not help saying—

"I have never been badly paid. The difficulty has been to get good work done. But that doesn't matter now. The question is, what are we to do for our immediate wants? Can we do anything? I have thought all night and all day, until my brain has seemed to lose its power of thinking. I cannot think any more; but I feel curiously quiet, as if no thinking of mine were necessary. I had the same feeling before, when the little legacy came. I had no ground for it then, I have none now. . . . I am hoping for nothing in particular; indeed, I do not know that I am hoping at all. But I am not despairing. . . . Can we wait a little, just a little, and see what God will do? I feel strangely certain that He will do something."

CHAPTER LV.—"SO NOW IN PATIENCE I POSSESS MY SOUL."

"Angry!
A man deep wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger!"
GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gipsy*.

THOUGH there had been thunder, with heavy rains during the night, the next morning broke as a spring morning breaks, with mildness and soft cool brightness. The grey-blue sea glittered as the sun rose higher in the quiet grey-blue heavens; the tops of the trees in Thorsgrif Gill swayed in the light breeze from the south-west that swept over the moorland beyond. The robin's song was loud and clear, yet scarcely joyous. He seems apt to sing as one singing to keep himself from sighing; and one may discern tears as it were, and heartache, if one be in the mood for such discernment.

It was Joanna's tall slight figure that was moving somewhat restlessly up and down the terrace so early. She could hear Zaré and Valerie as they chattered and laughed together in the room over the porch. "I must go and dress them presently," she said to herself; "but I wish Michael would come. I must see him alone. He will let me do the thing I want to do, and no one else must know—not even my mother. If Ermine were to have suspicions she could extract all about it from my mother."

Joanna's face was the same sad, sweet face it had been for so many years: it did not look much older now than on that evening when her brother had brought into the house a half-bewildered but wholly-happy little

guest, saying, "Take care of her, Joanna." Indeed, it seemed as if Time had dealt lightly with the inhabitants of the alum-master's house generally. If you had been at Thorsgrif that morning you would have seen the elder Mrs. Salvain coming down the stairs about seven o'clock, with light step, and smiling face, and shining black hair which looked much more like seventeen than seventy. Ermengarde came later and more languidly; but it was a kind of graceful languor which seemed to be almost the natural outcome of her beauty and her stately form. Her pale golden hair was as bright, as abundant, and as picturesquely dressed as ever. She wore no cap. Her morning dress of pale grey-green cashmere clung to her tall figure as she moved. Her large, soft, unintelligible blue eyes looked out across the sea with something that might be yearning in them, or might be mere dissatisfaction; and there was a certain fretfulness in her tone when she found that the children had not made their appearance. When they did appear their toilette was not to her taste.

"How could you put those two blues together, Joanna?" she said, leaning back in her chair and clasping her pretty white hands together as if to emphasise her distaste. "And what have you and Michael been talking about on the terrace so long and so earnestly? I am sure it was something important. . . . Michael, what was it?"

There was a curious intonation in her voice as she asked the last brief question—a certain sharpness, a certain determination, such as would have roused resentment in most men. If Michael felt any, he did not display it.

"We were arranging to go over to Hild's Haven," he said quietly. "Have you any commands, Ermine? I am going to drive Joanna over this morning."

"Delightful! I have been wanting to go over this two days." Then there came a sudden change into her voice, and she added, "But if I had asked to go I must either have driven myself, or have had Enoch. . . . It seems you can take a day when you choose."

Michael could not explain then that there was a difference between his spirited, self-reliant wife, and his frail, timid, shrinking sister.

"Joanna so seldom asks to go that I could hardly refuse her when she did ask," he said, hoping that the matter might end there, but it did not.

"I suppose that is a hint for me," Ermengarde said with rising colour, and a certain

flutter of irritability in her manner. "If I did not go over to the town occasionally I believe I should die of sheer weariness and monotony. I dare say it never occurs to you to wonder what a life of this kind means to me. There are times when I feel as if I must go mad with the dreariness of it."

"Don't say such things as that, Ermine," Mrs. Salvain interposed, her voice breaking with its own tremulousness, and her eyes filling with tears. "Don't say things like that! How *can* you say them when Michael is so good to you and to the children!"

"And what should he be but good to us?" replied Ermengarde, rising from the table in her anger, and giving words, hot, unjust, passionate words, to the pent-up feeling within her. Joanna left the room, taking the children with her; Mrs. Salvain sat trembling and weeping; Michael stood by the fire, pale, resolutely silent, and with a look of keenest suffering on his strong, patient face. This was not the first tragic scene he had passed through since his marriage, and experience had taught him the value of silence and self-restraint.

Breakfast that morning was a mere pretence; yet for Michael's sake his mother and sister sat down to the table again, and when the meal was over he suggested that Joanna should get ready at once.

"Are you coming with us, Ermine?" he asked, trying to speak as if nothing had happened.

"No; I will be no check upon your visits to Tenter's Close, neither upon this occasion nor upon any future occasion."

Michael Salvain made no reply, but he turned and looked into his wife's eyes, with a look that she could not fail to understand. Her memory was quick, her conscience not quite dead within her.

"I know what you are thinking," she said, speaking with some defiance, born doubtless of the excited mood she was in. "I know what you would say; you would like to remind me that I told you a lie, that I did it with the deliberate purpose of preventing you from marrying Miss Gower in order that you might marry me. Well, supposing it were true. I have repented in dust and ashes, and bitterness of soul. You can tell her that if you like."

There was silence in the room when this had been said, and Michael Salvain's thought went backward with that swift glance over the dead years with their burden of dead hopes which troubled him so often now.

There was no anger in him. Such moments do not bring anger to such men as Michael Salvain.

"I am not going to Tenter's Close myself, Ermine," he said patiently. "Joanna has asked me not to do so. She wishes to go alone."

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself to make explanations!" Ermengarde replied, leaning back in her chair with her accustomed gracefulness, and speaking with musical voice and accent. "You are quite welcome to your little mysteries. They are always in such excellent taste."

For the first time since his marriage Michael went out without stooping to give his wife a parting kiss. The pony carriage was at the door; Joanna was ready; Mrs. Salvain was putting a basket under the seat. Michael stood a moment with the reins in his hand, then he repented and went back for the kiss.

"Let there be peace between us, Ermine," he said. "I cannot live if we are to live like this!"

The poor unhappy woman burst into tears. "It is my fault; I know it is my own fault," she said, sobbing. "You are too good for me, that is the truth; and I shall never, never be worthy of your goodness. I see it more plainly every day. To a better woman a home like this would be a heaven."

"And it is a long way from being a heaven to you?"

"It is, it is a long way," she said, still crying bitterly. "Let me tell you the truth: the fault is in no one but myself. I want to *live*. That is what I am craving for daily and hourly; and this is not life, it is death, and worse than death, for all the while I know the world in which I might be living—living, breathing, thinking, acting, suffering, enjoying—this world is but just outside my prison gate. I might go back to it. . . . Michael, listen, and listen without being either shocked or angry. I want to go back to it. I will go back to-morrow, to-day if you will let me. I can earn my own living. I know I could leave the children with you until I made a footing for myself. . . . Michael, let me go!"

"You are saying this in earnest?"

"In bitter earnest; and I have longed for weeks, nay, months past, to say it. . . . You will let me go?"

"Let you go, my wife!" Michael said with a great sadness shadowing his kind eyes, and thoughts in his heart that he might not utter. "Let you go! How little you know what it is you ask! . . . But I have been thought-

less, Ermine. I have not considered as I should have done that you must be needing change of air and scene. Forgive me, dear! We will make arrangements at once, as soon as I come back from Hild's Haven; and we will go to London for a few weeks, or to Paris, if you would prefer going there. . . . Thorsgrif will look different after that. . . . Now, kiss me. I must be off. . . . Have a smile ready for me when I come back, Ermine!"

There was no smile on his own face when he went out and drove silently away. All the way to Hild's Haven he went in silence.

There was no need for speech. Joanna had told her desire, and her reason for it, while she stood with her brother on the terrace, knowing that she could not carry out her wish without both his help and consent.

"You have those few pounds of mine yet, Michael," she had said to him in the morning while his heart was yet light, or as light as it was ever likely to be again, and he had answered with a smile.

"They must be a good many pounds by this time, Nanna," he said. "We agreed that I was to pay you interest. Are you going to demand payment without notice? That would be very unbusinesslike."

"Would it? But it won't matter to you, Michael?" Joanna asked, with a look of apprehension.

Michael laughed. "No, thank heaven!" he said. "I have seen the day when a sudden request for fifty pounds would have made me rather miserable. But you shall have five times fifty now, my sister, if you need them. What are you going to do? Something for somebody else, I know."

"Yes; but you will let me do it," Joanna replied, with a new gravity of tone and manner, and her eyes seemed all at once to be filled with a kind of awe. "You will let me do it if it is needed, and I know it is. You will smile, perhaps, when I tell you that *I know* because of a dream, and I shall be glad if I find that you have reason for smiling."

Michael did not smile at all. "What did you see in your dream?" he asked, following Joanna's eyes, which were looking out over the blue-grey distance in the east.

"I saw a sad scene," she said. "There was a vast desert plain, and I was wandering over it, but not aimlessly. I knew quite well that I wanted to reach a certain place, which I could not see, but which I knew to be there if I only went far enough. I seemed

to have it pictured in my mind, as if I had been there before, and the picture represented a ruined tower or abbey. When I came nearer to it I saw that it was the abbey of St. Hild; and I made greater haste than before, for a storm was coming down—a storm of wind, and rain, and great darkness, and I was very cold and tired. 'I will take shelter in the abbey,' I thought; and when I came to it I found that someone else had taken shelter there, someone who seemed to have been exhausted by the storm, and who had lain down to die of exhaustion. It was a woman's figure, a slight figure in a black dress, and from the first I knew it, it was Dorna. She was lying there, white, and cold, and still. Once her lips moved, but I could hear no word. And I could give no help; I was utterly powerless to help. I could only kneel beside her, and beg her not to die. And in that extreme of anguish, because of my powerlessness, I awoke. I did not sleep again, and I have been able to see nothing, think of nothing since, but that prostrate figure, and the white, still face. . . . You will let me go, Michael? You will let me go to Hild's Haven this morning, and you will not let me go without the oil and the twopence? You know what I mean. We have had fears enough. I think my dream has been sent to confirm the worst fears we ever had."

The spell and influence of that strange dream was still upon Joanna when she went alone to Tenter's Close. The house was quiet—quieter far than usual. It was as if some illness or death had entered the door.

"Let me come up to your own room," Joanna said, taking Dorigen's hand in her own, and looking into the wan, worn face with quite new intensity and present intelligence written on her own. Not for years, not since her great trouble had first crushed her with its sudden weight, had Joanna risen to any emergency as she was rising now. Certainly the compassionate find the healing power of compassion.

"I don't want you to tell me anything," she said, sitting down on the chair Dorigen had placed for her in the little whitewashed attic. The walls were barer than they had been; the very books were fewer. But the sunlight came, and the abbey was there across the green sloping fields. Joanna's eyes fixed themselves for a moment or two with a curious gaze upon the towers, and arches, and broken pillars of the Abbey of St. Hild.

"I don't want you to tell me," she said,



"Jean Laverock's cottage."

bringing herself back by an effort of will. "I will tell *you*. I will tell you why I am here, and you are not to smile. I have come because I have had a dream, and my dream was of you. . . . Ah, you are smiling already!"

"But I am not smiling as if I did not believe."

"No, you are not," Joanna said. And then she told the vision of the night in briefer words than she had used in telling it to Michael. And while she spoke the woman who listened yielded to tears and wept, and her weeping was relief.

"And this," said Joanna, laying her hand upon the book into which she had quietly slipped a cheque, "this is quite my own. My father gave it to me *then*—this and a good deal more—to buy my trousseau. I had spent part of it, but I would never spend the other part. I made Michael keep it for me for some special occasion. I knew that some day something would happen to make me glad I had it, and that I should have no doubt about it. I could not have put it to common uses. I believe now that I had to

keep it for this; I am sure of it. So you have not even to thank me; no, indeed you have not. I have only done what I was bidden to do; I had no alternative. . . . Do you think a vision like that—for indeed it was a vision rather than a dream—could be sent for nothing?"

"And you have asked no question?" Dorigen said. "You do not even seem to wish to know whether my extremity was so great as you feared?"

"No," Joanna replied, speaking slowly. "It did not seem to me that I had anything to do with that. I can see enough. It is written on your face; you need not speak of it. But things will be better for you by-and-by, won't they, dear? Is it true this time about the marriages?"

"Yes, it is true. In a few weeks I shall be alone."

"But you will not remain here?"

"I think I shall, for a time, until I see what sort of success my book will have. Everything will depend upon that."

"It is not done yet, is it?" Joanna asked timidly.

"No, it will be three months before it is done. . . . So far as I can see, it would never have been done at all but for you."

"Or but for my dream," Joanna replied gravely. Then she changed the subject, and after awhile she went away. A little later the household in Tenter's Close began to re-

cover from that terrible stillness which had fallen upon it, and Dorigen went back to her desk in a mood which was as deeply charged with quiet wonder as with gratitude. She did not imagine that before the day was over her pen was to be arrested by yet another mystery of fate.



"In the kitchen."

CHAP. LVI.—ABOVE THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

"Perhaps some saints in glory guess the truth,
Perhaps some angels read it as they move,
And cry one to another, full of ruth,—
Her heart is breaking for a little love."
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

It is quite possible that when Lancelot Wilderslowe left Burtree Beck with his guests that afternoon he had no very definite

intention as to the request he had subsequently made of Gladwyn Thesiger. He would make it some time, probably very soon; so far, at least, he had decided. And he had no misgivings. The daughter of the Rector of Hild's Haven was a handsome and fascinating woman; and moreover he knew that at last he loved well one who loved well in return. This was enough to rest upon.

It was just that little tremulousness in her soft musical voice, that glance of timid affectionateness in her appeal when she besought him not to run into any danger, which crystallised his intention on the instant. And on the instant he was glad that he had spoken. Though he had said so little, that little had been received as he had hoped. Lancelot went back through the town calm, quietly elate, and with some natural pride in his gladness. Neither with himself nor with his fate was he dissatisfied.

The evening was calm also, but less pleasant than the day had been. Heavy grey clouds were darkening the sky; the genial warmth had turned to closeness and sultriness. "It looks and feels like thunder," Lancelot said to himself, as he went up the narrow steps in the cliff-side which led to Burtree Beck by a field pathway. At the last moment he had told Gladwyn of that cliff-top pathway, and she had smiled her relief in a way that satisfied him wholly. He was thinking of her smile as he went, unaware of the responsiveness that played about his own handsome and sensitive mouth. His eyes were cast downward, so that he did not see a tiny figure sauntering by the hedgeside, brushing the seeds from the dead tall hemlocks as she passed.

It was Margaret Laverock returning from Keld Houe, and going sadly, heavily, as she had too often gone of late. The brightening, the relaxation which stole unconsciously over her own small, sweet face came there in answer to the look she saw in Lancelot's face; and from the same source she drew temerity to keep on her way, instead of hiding herself under the hawthorns, as she might have done. The pathway by which she was coming from Keld Houe merged itself at the stile into the path by which Lancelot was going to Burtree Beck. They must meet there if Margery kept on her way, and although her foolish little heart palpitated at every step she did not draw back. "He looks as if he would be kind to me," she said to herself, as she went onward. But when Lancelot heard her light step and lifted his face there was more of surprise than of kindness in his glance. And it was not a pleased surprise.

"Is this the nearest way from Keld Houe?" he asked, speaking absently rather than with studied ungeniality.

Margery blushed, and looked up with timid deprecation.

"It's the way I always come," she said gently and shyly. The brightness, the gleam

of hope, died from her eyes as the sun dies from the hills when the sudden cloud comes up, and for awhile they went on silently.

It never occurred to Margery that there could be any reason why—since they were going to the same house—she should not walk by Mr. Wilderslowe's side. It was not the first time she had sauntered by the cliff-top ways with him, as the gossips of Lodbroke Bay were aware. Now, this evening, the miller passed with a curt greeting, and a little farther on they met a woman going to the bay with butter and eggs in her basket and sharp comment on her tongue. Lancelot was newly sensitive to his position, but he saw that Margery was not thinking about it. Her small, downcast face seemed to be full of wonder, and sadness, and pain, as it was but too often nowadays, and he could not see it afresh untroubled. Regret might be idle, and self-reproach useless, but these feelings were his, and not to be put away; not certainly to be put away with Margery there by his side looking to him, as he knew intuitively, for a kind glance, waiting upon his silent lip for a kind word.

And it was harder for him in that his heart was full of kindness toward the child. She had given him "her fine care," doing her best to please him in everything, from the boiling of his eggs for breakfast to the cleaning of his brushes and palette. Then she had sat to him by the hour together while he painted that unlucky picture, sitting with a stillness so wonderful that she seemed hardly to breathe; and when she changed her position, as now and then in his consideration he had compelled her to do, she had displayed a facility for slipping back into the desired *pose* which many a professional model might have envied. More than once he had told himself that he would not have been human if the child's spaniel-like devotedness had left him untouched, unmoved; but he had not been so careful in the expression of his appreciation as he might have been. This he knew, and this he remembered, but not as he was to know and remember later.

Perhaps it might be the deepening twilight, perhaps some more imperative thing that lent Margery courage to speak as they entered the last field which had to be crossed before descending to Burtree Beck. She spoke timidly, hesitatingly.

"Are they gone, Miss Gower and the other ladies?" she asked, knowing well enough that Lancelot must have been to the bay to see them start.

"Yes, they are gone," he replied. Then a little sigh escaped him. Was it quite free from all touch of hypocrisy?

"They will be comin' again?" Margery said, by way of comfort, answering the sigh rather than the spoken word.

"They may, it is not very probable though, not now," Lancelot said half musingly.

A sudden idea had come to him, and he was pondering it in all good faith. Would it not be better, wiser, to tell Margery how it was with him and his hope? Would it not spare her, help her from herself? Would it not seem to her as a little compensation if he should take her into his confidence as he might have taken a sister? As he thought of it, it seemed the only expression of his regret, of his kindly feeling left to him, and no chance would be better than this afforded him now in the descending twilight, nor was it likely that he would again be moved to speak as he was moved at this present moment.

"I have something to tell you, Margery," he said presently, stopping by the last stile, and turning so as to face the girl, who stood before him in her simple straw hat, and with hands lightly crossed upon her pale pink gown. She lifted her face at once, discerning the new seriousness in Lancelot's voice; and her heart began to beat throbblingly.

"What is it?" she said in faint response.

"It is something I could not tell to everyone, not yet," he said, trying to speak in his usual half-languid, half-decisive tone, but not wholly succeeding. "I could only tell it to a person in whom I had confidence, and who would be likely to have some sympathy with me in my hope. . . . You would like to know that I was happy, Margery?"

The child was silent a moment, then she said "Yes," saying it falteringly, as one might admit a truth but half perceived.

"I am sure you would," Lancelot said, speaking as if he were urged to speak the more impressively for her lack of fervour. "But as I said, I am telling you quite in confidence, because it is not settled yet. I only hope, and I shall not be surprised to find that you already know in what direction I am hoping. . . . You have suspected it, Margery? You know which of the ladies who were here this afternoon I am hoping will be my wife?"

Again Margery did not speak—for the very beating of her heart she did not speak.

She stood there, holding by the stile, pressing her tiny hand into the angle of the wood so that it should hurt to the highest point of endurance. Still she did not speak.

Lancelot felt the silence, the depth of it, the meaning of it—he felt these things to the full. Yet he would not seem to feel, not yet.

"Can't you guess, Margery?" he said with assumed deliberateness.

Another minute elapsed before Margery spoke.

"I don't guess," she said in tones that seemed to strike tremulously, and vibrate upon the growing darkness. "I don't guess which of them it is. *I know!* It is the one with the beautiful colour, and beautiful dresses—Miss Thesiger!"

Because of the strength of her emotion, the child paused for a moment. She began speaking again almost immediately.

"Why do you love *her*?" she asked, in wild, resolute, passionate tones. "How can you care for *her*? She is proud and she is hard; how *can* you love her? . . . She will not be your servant as I would have been. You will have to be her servant! She will make you do things for her, and she will hardly even thank you! . . . And—and I would have done everything for you, everything; and I would never have troubled you, no, I'd never have troubled you! And I'd have learnt everything; and I'd never have spoken a saucy word—no, never one. . . . And I *did* love you! . . . I do love you! Oh, nobody in all the world will ever love you as I'd have done!"

And in the darkness, while the sobs went on, Lancelot felt Margery's small, warm hand laid tremblingly upon his. He trembled himself to the passion of this passionate betrayal.

"Listen to me, Margery," he said, speaking as calmly as he might. "I have not been kind to you. Simply by being kinder than I should have been, I have done the unkindest thing I could. . . . Don't you understand? . . . If I find I have made you unhappy, it will take all the gladness out of the new life I hope to live. I could never be happy if I knew that I had left you here, suffering because I had made you suffer. Don't you perceive, Margery?"

The child was making an effort to perceive, a strong, unselfish effort. She did not know how high a point she was touching. Is it the highest a woman may reach?

To renounce all that might have made life good and happy, to renounce all hope of it, all dream of it; to be asked to look upon the prospect of another woman having at her feet all that you had been led to hope was yours if you would have it so, and to do all

this silently, cheerfully, bravely ; this is not low.

Margery would be brave by-and-by ! But now a fresh burst of subdued yet passionate weeping broke upon the still air ; and twice a hot tear fell upon the hand that yet lay under hers upon the stile.

"What can I say ?" she asked presently in broken tones. "What is it you want me to say ?"

"I want you to say that you will both forgive me and forget me."

"I'll never forget you—no, never ; not so long as I live."

"Are you saying that to make me more unhappy than I was before ?"

"No," Margery said, more passionately than reluctantly. "I don't believe you'll be unhappy. You've nothing to make you unhappy. You care for her, and you're happy, both of you. And I'm nothing ; no, I'm nothing at all, and I've no right to think of being happy."

Lancelot felt the touch of race and nature through the girl's gentleness and effort after magnanimity, but he tried to ignore the effect upon himself.

"You will in all probability have a happier life than I shall have," he said sadly. He was really saddened now, impressed by the sorrow that was so near to him, and might be laid so largely to his charge.

Doubtless Margery's love was as Elaine's love, but Lancelot Wilderslowe was aware that he had less excuse for his error than the knightly Lancelot of the Round Table had had for his, and his error had been greater.

There was no one to ask him to use—

"Some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

And if there had been, such discourtesy had been as much "against him" as against his greater namesake ; yet he could not leave the child there in this mood of anguish without some effort to lessen it. But the arguments he used were not new, nor wholly true. He concluded them by saying—

"And you are only a child, Margery, and this is merely a fancy. Let me confess that I have had dozens such since I was your age. Some day you will laugh at yourself, and perhaps at me too. But all the same, it makes me very miserable now to see you like this, so miserable that I must leave this place at once and go back to Hild's Haven. I will go to-morrow, and then perhaps you will be less unhappy. You will be as you were before I came. How I *do* wish that I had never come at all !"

There was a moment's silence ; Margery's sobbing ceased, and her voice had a sort of subdued terror in it when she spoke.

"You will not do that !" she said, grasping his hand again as a passionate child might have done. "Oh, don't do that, don't go away yet, not just yet. . . . I will be good, quite good. I will do everything for you, and I won't forget your coffee after dinner any more, and I will never speak again as I have spoken to-night. . . . Oh, please, sir, don't go away from Burtree Beck !"

"If I were to remain a little would you try to look less unhappy, Margery ?"

"I would never look unhappy any more !"

"And you will not cry nor steal away out of the house and stay away for hours at a time ?"

"No ; I will be quite good, and help mother, and do everything you want. . . . Only say you won't go—not yet awhile. Please say it."

"Very well, Margery. . . . And now you had better go home. It's getting late, and it's going to rain. And there ! that's lightning ! Run at once !"

"But you're not going to stay out ?"

"Only a little while. I want to watch the storm."

He was trying gently to release his hand from Margery's grasp, but she still held it, still stood there by the stile between the hawthorn trees. Suddenly in the semi-darkness she lifted her warm little face, and said in a tremulous beseeching whisper—

"Will you kiss me ? I will never ask you any more. I will never vex you any more."

Lancelot took the fragile tiny figure in his arms, and kissed the small face which he knew was so beautiful, so wistful, so loving. But he uttered no word, and no sound broke that silence save a solitary heart-rending sob which broke from the child as she fled down the sloping field in the darkness, and alone.

For many a year afterward that sob came back upon the ear and upon the heart of Lancelot Wilderslowe.

CHAPTER LVII.—COMING HOME.

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain ;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain ;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

TENNYSON.

It is not often that a man finds himself in sympathy with nature in her wilder moods. The thunderstorm breaks when he would write a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow ; shipwreck, with disaster by land and sea,

occurs while he sits placidly painting a snow-drop. Yet now and then there is coincidence.

Lancelot Wilderslowe, standing there on the cliff-top above the dark waters of the Northern Sea, was almost glad for the gathering, threatening storm that was above upon the moorland height behind him.

The half-hour during which Margery had stood by his side had not been to him as it would have been to many men, a brief episode, to be half-enjoyed at the time, smiled over afterwards, and then wholly forgotten. It is but due to him to say that he was distressed—distressed painfully. Almost it seemed as if each successive lightning flash disclosed to him some new lowness of the lower side of his life, some lapse from the ideal height he had once tried to keep before him. For a long time past he had been conscious of declension, of ease, of the absence of that fine peacefulness which belongs to him whose daily life is made up of small negations. It occupied him while the distant thunder was rolling nearer to trace the source of his present dismay. As befalls most men, he found it in that carelessness, that unwatchfulness, which is the natural result of a continued and unfeared worldly prosperity.

Life had seemed so good; why should he not accept its seeming? He had not asked himself the question, he had asked it in his living.

He was not comforted by recognition of the fact that his present trouble was evidence enough that his soul had not fallen into that deadly asphyxia which is the normal condition of some who apparently live and thrive. He did not seek for comfort, and he did not find it.

He remained there where Margery had left him for longer than it was prudent. When he turned his face towards Peter Laverock's cottage the lightning was flashing about him everywhere, the thunder was rolling overhead, the rain was descending in torrents. The tiny beck was already giving evidence of increased force.

Lancelot went round to his own room. A fire had been lighted, a lamp was burning on the table among his books and papers, and by-and-by Jean Laverock came, bringing a tray with a jar of olives, a plate of biscuits, and a wineglass. Jean had not the heart that stormy night to tell the young man that her roof must shelter him no longer. She would tell him certainly when the morning came.

But when that following morning broke, breaking after a night of such storm, such disaster as had never been known in the neighbourhood of Hild's Haven within the memory of man, Jean's resolution had changed.

It had been late when Lancelot went to bed. All through the worst of the storm he had remained in the little sitting-room which had doubtless in some bygone day formed part of a separate cottage. It had its own entrance, its own stairs to the bedroom above, and the only door of communication being in the narrow passage, he was seldom aware of what was going on under the other half of the roof. But to-night he had heard Pete Laverock praying in the upper room next his own, and he knew that Margery and her mother had remained below in anxious conversation, which every now and then had ceased for awhile when the thunder was at its loudest, the lightning most vivid, the heavy, dashing rain most violent in its descent. Then—it might be two o'clock in the morning, perhaps—there came a lightning flash which could almost be heard, as a sudden heavy breath of wind is heard. The thunder crash which came simultaneously seemed as the rending of a world, and then immediately a strange impressive silence followed.

Was the storm at an end? Lancelot went out into the garden. The great dark clouds were scattered and flying to the sea; the lurid light was gone; the moon was high in the heavens; here and there a silver star shone out between the rifts. Behind, over the moorland, there was a long line of clear sky, above it the dark, ragged cloud-fringe was rising rapidly. For a time, at least, there would be better weather when this sombre canopy was overpast.

Jean Laverock and Margery had gone to bed by the time Lancelot went indoors again. He sat a little longer, thinking, regretting, dreaming, wondering. Afterward he remembered that his thoughts had been at least as much of Margery as of Gladwyn Thesiger, and he was not sorry to remember it.

Naturally, when at last sleep was his, he slept somewhat more soundly than usual; but his awakening was in anxiety and confusion, and a vague, nameless dread which he could not put away.

He hardly knew whether it was Jean Laverock's voice which had awakened him from sleep, or whether it was the sound of the wild rushing of water, which seemed as if the very heavens had burst and were de-

scending upon the land and sea that were there below.

It was daylight, or should have been, being half-past six; but the thick, dusky, yellow light which seemed to be outside the windows, yet not to enter the room, was a very different thing from the common light of a common day. There was a separate terror in that strange light.

"It is a cloud that has burst," Jean Laverock was saying in greater affright of tone and manner than seemed justified. She had brought Lancelot's hot water and set it down within the door as usual; but she had not retired, as she usually did. She stood there, twining her hands one over the other in a nervous, purposeless way that was painful to see, and her voice was full of a new distress.

"It is the burstin' of a cloud, sir—a water-spout, as my husband calls it—an' he's had to go out to seek that child o' mine, my Margery. Oh, Mr. Wilderslowe, what will I do if aught has happened to my Margery!"

"You don't mean to say she's out of doors?" Lancelot exclaimed, sufficiently concerned to satisfy even the mother's need of sympathy.

"Yes, sir, that's what I was sayin'. It was fine enough an hour ago; an' I heard her get up an' go down-stairs quietly, an' I said to myself, 'She's goin' to be as good as her word, and begin to be a better girl this mornin', as she said last night.' An' I lay still, dozin' between whiles; and then all at once the mornin' darkened, an' then with no warnin' but a flash of lightnin' and a peal of thunder that was not so near, the water came burstin' upon us like a sea. I jumped up then an' ran down-stairs, an' to my dismay I found no fire lighted, an' Margery gone, an' the little white straw hat wi' the daisies she'd on yesterday. . . . What can ha' come to her? My heart sinks wi' the wonderin' what can ha' come to her! Ye'll not be knowing at all what was i' the heart o' the child, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"I know nothing. But I'll be out in five minutes, Mrs. Laverock."

And in less than five minutes Lancelot was out upon the cliff. For a time he could hardly stand under that terrible downpour, though he was by no means in the thick of it. And, indeed, on that cliff-side there was no place where a man might stand safely. The uprooted whins and hawthorn-trees were coming down from the cliff-top hedgerows; stakes of wood, masses of rock and earth were following. The scene in the valley below

was as if the day of another deluge had come.

The little wooden bridge below the mill had been torn away; the miller's cottage was half wrecked. Everywhere there was devastation—everywhere that deep roll and thunder of rushing water filled the ear and deadened the brain with its terrible might. For two long, dread hours there was no cessation.

And during those hours, and others that followed, Lancelot Wilderslowe never stayed from his desperate searching. Once, in a hollow of the cliffs to the north, he came across Pete Laverock, an old man with white hair and a grave, noble profile that would instantly have arrested the attention of any artist who might have been wishing to find a model who could sit to him for a St. Peter. The man was graver than usual, and though he was not unperceptive, no resentment beset him. He touched his sou'wester respectfully as Lancelot ascended with difficulty the wet, clayey cliff to the point upon which he stood, and with a fine sense of courtesy he waited for the younger man to break the silence.

"Have you no idea where the child can be?" Lancelot asked with very real anguish in his tone. "I have been as far as the Red Bight, and I have not seen her. . . . Tell me what you think; this is terrible!"

"It's bad to bear, sir!" said the old man calmly. "Me an' her mother'll know that."

"For Heaven's sake, don't speak so! Surely she may have gone to the Bay, or to Keld Houe!"

"I've been to both places, sir. Margery hasn't been there since she left last night. . . . I'm thinkin' you saw her as she came homeward? There's folks that say they met you i' the fields."

"Certainly I saw her. I stood near the stile with her for half an hour."

"An' you parted friends, Mr. Wilderslowe?"

"Yes, in a friendlier way than ever before," said Lancelot, remembering that long, last kiss, which was also the first, and remembering with pain.

There was a minute's silence, which Lancelot broke.

"If you have any suspicion, I beseech you to speak of it," he said, looking with steadfast eyes into the face of Margery's father. "It will be better for you, better for me, if you will speak of it. . . . I cannot bear to think that you may have some thought which you cannot utter."

"I don't know as I'd call it suspicion," the old man replied with calm deliberation. "But a trouble of this kind makes one go back upon the past; an' when I saw you comin' on the sand just now, it sort o' reminded me 'at a few days agone—mebbe now 'twas only yesterday—I heärd Margery speakin' o' the plant 'at you was needin'; an' she asked me as to the safest way o' gettin' up to the Crainie's Ledge. In course I told her there weren't no safe way, neither for her nor for none such. But there was a strain o' wilfulness i' the child, sir; she was a good bairn, an' lovin', but there was allus a strain o' wilfulness in her nature. An' it sort o' came to me 'at if she thought she'd vexed you in any way she'd be bringin' you that sea-plant by way o' makkin' friends again. That was all, sir. But I'd not call it that—not a suspicion—noä, sir. . . . An' when I saw you comin' I was on my waäy to yon ledge."

For a moment, one weighty moment, the two men looked into each other's eyes; and the face of the younger man grew white and rigid.

"We will go together," the latter said hoarsely. And for nearly an hour he said no more.

The Crainie's Ledge, a bold, ragged point of rock beyond the southern angle of the bay, was at a greater distance than it seemed to be. The weather was rapidly changing for the better. The rain had ceased; the clouds were breaking to let the flashes of sunshine through; but yet it was not an easy matter to walk by the sodden cliff-side ways over which old Pete went with such resolute determination. Sometimes he led the way over the cliff-top, sometimes by paths below the top; but everywhere the depth of the strong, wet clay, the loosened masses of stone, the swept look of the scant grasses, gave evidence of the wildness of the night that had passed. Would it be remembered by more than its wildness?

Speech seemed impossible; silence grew terrible. The screams of the gulls close at hand added to Lancelot's foreboding of coming ill, and the monotonous rise and fall of the receding waves came with the rhythmical beat of a slow, sad dirge. He felt as if his brain were beginning to be dulled with the mere weight of dread, of impending calamity. Once it seemed to him as if he could go no farther; but the figure of the old man before him, striding upward and onward with the forceful resolution of one who knows that his journey can only end in pain, precluded the

possibility of failure on Lancelot's part. He must keep on, though the want of hope, the growing sense of certainty that he was on his way to meet some transcendently painful hour of his life left him strangely strengthless. If he had been alone, he had waited for power to meet the moment that was so near.

The moment had come; and Lancelot knew it—a sign was given. And yet, what was it that two strong men should stand in silence beside it, growing paler, growing more silently stricken as they gazed across the narrow, wet chasm between two rocks?

It was only a straw hat, a little white straw hat with drooping daisies upon the brim.

The cruel rains had beaten upon it; the wet clay had soiled it. A piece of rock had fallen upon it, and kept it there to give testimony. There was nothing beside, nothing but the small straw hat.

It was old Pete who stepped across the rift between the rocks, and tenderly took it up from the wet earth.

"Take it, sir; take it to her mother," the old man said with ashen lips, and tearless sunken eyes. "Take it with you. . . . There'll be no need of speech."

It was on Lancelot's lips to say, "I cannot do that; ask anything of me but that." But the words would not come. He took the hat, and held it with hands that trembled pitifully.

"You will search farther?" he asked hoarsely of the old man.

And by way of answer Pete Laverock pointed downward to the almost perpendicular wall of rock which at that point was all that was between them and the sea.

"Will I search there?" he said presently. Then he clasped his brown withered hands, and turned away his face, and again there was silence.

Presently the old man looked up, beckoning to his companion to follow him.

Not more than a dozen steps away there was a kind of plateau upon the rocks, a green space where a solitary whin-bush grew, and a few fronds of bracken, with here and there a spike of faded rest-harrow. Below, fringing a tuft or two of scant grass there was the beautiful little sea-spleenwort.

Old Pete sat down upon the edge of that tiny plateau, and leaned his head upon his hand. His eyes fixed themselves instinctively upon the grey-green water that was tossing its white, crested waves to the foot of the cliffs below.

And Lancelot Wilderslowe stood beside him.

If Margery had come to her death by some actual deed of his own hand he could hardly have felt a keener, a more awful, a more unspeakable remorse. It was alto-



"Keld House."

gether unspeakable. Not even in that hour, to that old man who was her father, could he utter the passionate grief, the passionate desire to recall but one day of his past life which overpowered him as he stood there.

"You will come back with me?" he asked of the fisherman; but the old man shook his head.

"Noä, sir, noä. I'd fain be alone a bit, if so be as you'd leave me."

There was no alternative. Some plaintive touch or tone in the old man's voice broke into Lancelot's aching heart, and forced the tears to his eyes. But they were not of the tears that fall, they were too hot and scant for falling. Almost it seemed as if they were stayed by that oppressive dread which filled his soul, the dread of the task yet before him.

But it was a task which had to be fulfilled. And Jean Laverock's cry, the one bitter piercing cry which she uttered as she fell to the floor, rings through Lancelot Wilderslowe's brain to this hour, when his nights are sleepless, or his days solitary and sad. Almost her unconsciousness was a relief to him, and her return to consciousness a moment to be anticipated with dread.

There is no need to write the words that the bereaved mother uttered in the first hour of her bereavement. As it has been said, Jean was a woman acquainted with grief, grief of many and varied kinds; but nothing had really subdued the strong, stormy passion of her nature. As soon as strength was hers she rose to her feet, and standing in the middle of her cottage floor, she poured out a torrent of words—words of natural anguish, of wild reproach, of fierce rebellion against the ways of God and man; and Lancelot Wilderslowe standing before her in the silence of a deep remorse, uttered no word in extenuation of his own error. It seemed to him that such words could but aggravate his wrongdoing.

If by any reticence, by any painful silence, by any sharp endurance, he could buy back a little peace, a little self-

toleration, he would have been very glad to buy it. So it was that in the least deserved of Jean Laverock's reproaches he found some satisfaction.

He had thought that he would be glad to be alone again; but the loneliness of a stricken conscience is surely a terrible thing. Everything in the little room seemed changed; there was nothing in it that he could bear to look upon. The picture, standing there with its face to the wall, had a power to torture that surely no painted canvas had ever had before. He groaned aloud as he forced himself, for Jean's sake, to touch it, to put it out of sight.

He had instantly and certainly felt the force of Pete Laverock's suggestion as to Margery's desire to do something to propitiate him. He could neither tell to the old man nor to Jean all that had passed at the stile at the top of the field; but going over that hour in his own mind he felt but too surely how the child's mind would be full of him and his fancies. He knew how his threat to leave the place had moved her; he remembered how she had instantly promised all that he desired. Doubtless in her own heart her resolve had

gone beyond any desire he could have entertained.

He tried to picture it all in his own mind—the fair sunrise after the night of storm; the girl creeping silently down the stair in the dawn, and speeding with swift step away over the rocky paths. And then, what had happened then? How had it been with the child when that sudden change had come sweeping up over the morning sky? Had the mere force of the water as it fell from the heavens beaten her from her standing-ground upon the narrow shelving rock? Had her foot slipped? Had faintness come? These questions could never be answered. From the first he had had no hope; and it seemed to him that his mere hopelessness attested the worst.

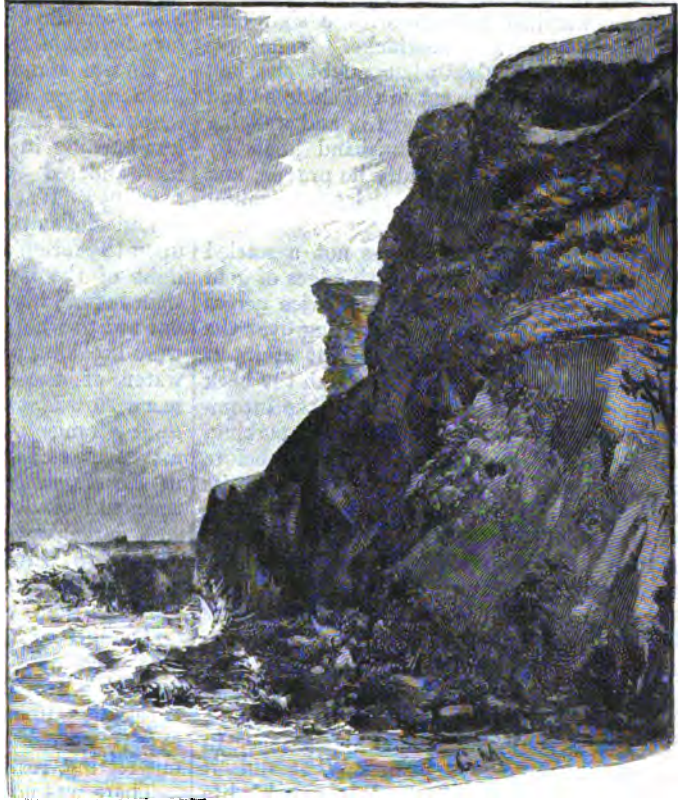
By noon the news was everywhere. Neighbours came and went, sympathising with Jean, conjecturing, wondering, pitying. The girl had been a favourite with the people in the bay. Her prettiness, her gentleness, her refinement, the very frailness of her health, had made them look with kindly eyes upon the child of Pete Laverock's old age; and in the whispering caused by the stranger's presence in the cottage at Burtree Beck there had been more than one whisper as to whether or no so dainty a form and face might not out-balance the mean birth, and help in the bringing about of yet another romance. There had been more than one such romance in the neighbourhood of Lodbok Bay.

And now it was all ended, and there was mystery in the ending. Everyone seemed to feel that there was more than either Jean or old Pete could or would explain.

When the tide was low half the population of the bay went onward in little groups across the beach. Some went up the rocks to where the hat had been found, and some kept close down by the edge of the sea, and stood there watching silently.

And one who was there had need to go to Hild's Haven in the afternoon. He took the news of the morning with him, and Thomasin Cleminshaw being in the street heard it. So it was that the tidings reached that attic in Tenter's Close, and were wept over in sorrowful amaze, though only the bare outline of the truth was known. Later the outline was filled up by one who gave the details with unsparing self-condemnation.

Thus went the day on which Lancelot Wilderslowe was to have gone over to the Rectory at Hild's Haven. Gladwyn would be waiting in the house all day in a very tremor of expectation. And the night would come, and she would know that she had waited vainly.



"Crainie's Ledge."

Of course Lancelot thought of her. It seemed to him as if that day were long enough for thought of everything, past, present, and future. But at last it came to an end. Old Pete came back to the cottage in the twilight, paler, more silent, more stricken than when Lancelot had left him on

the Crainie's Ledge in the morning. He uttered no reproach, no complaint, and even Jean ceased from making her passionate moan when the day was done.

"You're not goin' out, Mr. Wilderslowe!" she said with some concern when she saw Lancelot putting on his coat and hat. It was nearly nine o'clock, and Jean had lighted his fire, and had done all she could to mitigate the sorrow she saw in him. "You're not goin' out, sir!" she said with surprise. "It's late, an' cold, an' though the moon's getting up, the night doesn't look over settled. . . . Where can you be thinkin' o' goin', sir?"

"I hardly know where I am going," he said. "Probably not very far; but I can not stay indoors any longer."

Jean watched him go with a sigh that turned to tears and heartache. If he was wounded and restless what might she be? And a little while she sat in the chair he had left, rocking herself to and fro, and weeping silently. Up-stairs, her husband knelt by his bed and prayed, fervidly he prayed, and his strong desire was that at least he might look on his child's dead face.

As Jean had said, it was not a settled night. Great dark clouds with edges of gold and shades of grey swept slantwise across the heavens. The moon was rising over the moor, throwing a clear bright light at intervals into the ravine, through which the beck ran its impetuous course, meeting the incoming tide at the mouth of the grif, and making, so it seemed, considerable resistance before it could be prevailed upon to mingle its foaming and turbid waters with the mightier waters of the outer sea. The roaring and stirring, the tossing and lashing was as the turbulence of a storm, and yet outside the sea was comparatively calm. A few fishing boats were out upon it. In the far distance there was the light of a passing ship.

Lancelot hardly knew how long he had stood there with his face buried in his hands, his whole soul merged in repentance, in regret, in passionate pain. What did it matter that he was resolved to live his life on a new level, to hold every hour of the time that remained to him as if that hour were a special loan from God—a loan of time to be invested for eternal uses—what did it matter, this high resolve, this deep remorse? No mood, no lasting determination of his, no lifelong contrition, could undo what his thoughtless self-pleasing had done. And he *had* been pleased, he had been amused and contented. He had found gratification

in the child's beauty, in her way of lingering near him, in every sign of her too-evident affection. . . . And this was the end—the end: a home fireside silenced, a mother's heart bereaved, an aged father stricken, a wide, wide sea, and somewhere beneath it—what? . . . "Oh, Margery, Margery! what have I done? What *have* I done, in my selfish folly?"

He expected no answer; but presently an answer came.

The moon had been obscured for a few moments, and now suddenly the clouds were swept from the face of it again. The tide was at its highest, its dashing and tossing at their strongest. The little hillside pathway was half covered with the sweeping tongues of cream-white foam, the tide being higher than even the highest tide that Lancelot had seen before at Burtree Beck.

He was standing but just underneath the little cottage where Margery had lived so much of her simple life. He knew that a light was burning in the window to guide him if he wandered far. Was the old man yet praying? Was the mother yet weeping?

Lancelot's eyes had been fixed for awhile upon the far-off light at sea. But when the light of the moon shone out fuller, clearer than before, his gaze unconsciously travelled onward to where the curving, crested waves were breaking upon the outward rush of the water of the beck, and making there a scene so wild and grand. Then something, some strange thing like the influence which moves us to turn when another is watching us closely, moved Lancelot Wilderslowe to turn, to look downward to his feet.

A large wave which had struck higher and more heavily than the rest, was slowly receding; it was leaving something that had not been there before.

At a glance he saw and understood.

The childlike figure in its pale, wet dress, was lying upon its side; the small, rounded cheek was upon the stony pathway. The eyes were closed. The impression was of one resting, resting sweetly.

There was no terror in the moment. Lancelot took the slight form in his arms gently, and laid it upon the bank among the whitening grasses. Then he spoke softly, with lips that trembled, in a voice that was the voice of one speaking out of a broken heart. "Margery," he said, knowing that there could be no more any hearing or any answer, "Margery, what have I done? Tell me, *what have I done?*"

And it seemed to him that on the wind

from the moorland there came a voice that was soft and gentle. It came like a sob or a cry, and it said pleadingly—

"I will never ask you anything any more. . . . I will never vex you any more. . . . Kiss me. . . . I will never vex you any more."

Late that night, when Jean Laverock unfastened the child's dress, a tiny book, which the Vicar of Keld House had given her, fell out from between the bodice of her gown and its lining. Among the pages of the book were some newly-gathered fronds of the small sea-spleenwort.

Was this an answer to any question that had been asked? Some will say "no," some "yes." Lancelot Wilderslowe said nothing; but later he asked of Jean Laverock the little book that was wet with the salt seawater. Jean gave it to him silently, and silently he took it. But where it lies to-day there seems ever a whispering, a childlike voice saying, softly, sadly, "I will never vex you any more!"

CHAP. LVIII. THE TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

"But I am sad;
I cannot thoroughly love a work of mine,
Since none seems worthy of my thought and hope."
MRS. BROWNING.

THAT grand double marriage of the two Miss Cleminshaws had taken place one day in the autumn. Lydia had gone with Mr. Sladill to live at Otterwell, while Mr. and Mrs. Feaster were living at Hild's Haven—on the west side of the town, of course. For a few days Mrs. Gower had remained at Tenter's Close, and then she, too, had gone northward to the seaport where her second daughter was settled in a bright, newly-furnished house. Little Matty was to remain in the old house for awhile—much to her own satisfaction.

So they were living—Dorigen and her small step-sister—when, one morning in the early spring, a parcel came with some copies of a new book. It was in three volumes, volumes with uncut leaves, and crisp binding of pale, soft, willowy green, and that general air of daintiness which a well-got up book always has. Matty understood, and smiled radiantly; but there was no smile on Dorigen's face. Her hand trembled as she lifted the volumes out one by one, and her thoughts went swiftly to the old churchyard. If only *he*, her father, might have been there, just to take them in his hand, just to look gratified, pleased! But he was gone; and Mr. Kenningham, who had foretold it all,

was gone, and there was none left to care whose caring could make her glad—not very glad; or if there was one it was one upon whose caring she might not dwell with any joy just then. By-and-by the books were left lying on the table in the sitting-room, and in a dim way Matty knew how it was that she was left alone for awhile.

The next step was to write a brief inscription on the fly-leaf of some of the copies. One was to be sent to Lady Anna; one to the elder Mrs. Salvain; one to Gladwyn Thesiger, whose engagement was now a settled and happy thing. Perhaps the letters which came by way of acknowledgment were not the least part of the worker's reward. Lady Anna wrote with an exceeding gladness of appreciation.

"I was just going out for a drive when the book came," she wrote; "but I put off my cloak, and sent the carriage away instantly. Before I went to bed I had read every word, and could almost have dropped a tear because there was no more to be read. Dorna, dear, it is not your book, but *you*. . . . Are you not satisfied, nay glad, that you put aside your poet vision? You could never have had the wide audience you will have now; you could never have helped so many, cheered so many, as you will by such writing of parables as this. You will never know the help you may be to some—some who have troubles, perhaps secret troubles, which always seem to grow as one gazes at them, and yet one cannot help gazing if no distraction is possible. And a good novel is help and distraction in one. One can have it at one's own fireside; one can take it up and put it down as one chooses, and go back to life with a fresher eye for the change. And there is so much to be learnt by means of fiction. One finds out how 'the poor, the tried, the suffering,' really live, and bear their life, and conditions of existence are brought home to one which had never been dreamed of before. And then again the scenery, the beauties of nature, the little beauties which one had passed by a thousand times without once seeing them, one learns to see by reading a well-written description. It is like the opening of a door into a new world, and I for one feel grateful always to the man or woman who opens another door, and leaves it open for my future good. . . . There, dear! That is only half of what I want to say. But Lance is waiting for me to go into Grancester with him to choose some furniture. You shall have the other half in a day or two. And

then, when I am quieted down, and have read your book again, so that I may be fully equal to the task of criticism, I shall insist upon you coming to St. Dunstan's to be criticised. You cannot decline my invitations on the old grounds now, and I do not think you will want to invent new ones. . . . Say that you will come!"

And then Gladwyn Thesiger wrote a note, to which a postscript was added by the Rector, and that little postscript was a precious thing for any earnest brain-worker to have in memory. It came one sunny April morning; and in the afternoon Mrs. Salvain's tremulously-written letter arrived. It was Mr. Salvain who brought the letter. He had not been to Tenter's Close since the first week of the year.

"I don't know what my mother has said," he remarked, as Dorigen folded up the letter after reading it. There was a pleased smile on her face—a face which as Michael saw was as thin, and pale, and worn as ever, but yet had a look of coming peace.

"Mrs. Salvain has not said much," was the reply. "But the little she has said is like herself—overflowing with kindness."

"I suppose the world in general wears a kindly face to you now?"

"I don't know about the world in general. Friends are kind, neighbours are kind, and even critics are kind. . . . Look there! Seven reviews already, and only one severe one!"

"I shall not read the severe one."

"But I should wish you to read it. It is amusing as well as severe. The charges brought against me are three. Firstly, I don't know anything of the dialect; secondly, I have spoken of 'the hot, tremulous, summer air,' and the reviewer wishes to know if I ever saw it tremble? Poor man! Fancy the life he must have lived if he has never seen the vibration of the air above the meadows and cornfields on a July afternoon. Thirdly, I am charged with making the sun set over the sea on the coast of Yorkshire."

"Which it does, of course."

"For some five or six weeks at midsummer. But one couldn't expect a stranger to the coast to know that. The amusing thing is that he has made so much of it. Listen!"

"When we were young we were taught that the sun set in the west, but it seems that things are altered since that distant day. Or it may be merely the geographical position of Yorkshire that is altered, and that it now has a western seaboard as well as an

eastern one.' So he goes on, growing funnier and funnier over this 'absurd mistake.'"

"And that is the worst?"

"The worst so far. The others are all of them fair, and free from anything like spitefulness. Two of them are generous in the extreme."

Michael paused a minute or two, turning over the reviews as he did so. He looked up presently.

"So you are going to be popular?" he said quietly.

"That I cannot tell. The odd thing is that if I were I should probably not know much about it."

"Nor care much?"

"Not for mere popularity. But it may mean more than that. I think I have reason for hoping that it will."

"Could you tell me what you hope?" he asked, lifting his face with deep interest in the expression of it.

"For the one good thing my work can bring me—the friendship of people whose friendship is worth having."

She spoke eagerly enough, yet Michael thought certainly that he detected an undertone of sadness in her words—a tone which found an echo but too readily within himself. He was silent a moment or two.

"But you are not going to remain in Tenter's Close?" he asked, waiting somewhat eagerly for her reply.

"No, I am not going to remain here," she said, speaking with a certain sadness or weariness, as of a subject too much thought about. "Matty is going to her sister's next week, and the week after I am going to Burtree Beck. I have taken Jean Laverock's rooms for awhile—the two rooms which Mr. Wilderslowe had."

Michael Salvain looked at her in astonishment, and his broad white forehead seemed to lift itself into wrinkles by sheer force of perplexity.

"Is that a wise step?" he asked.

"I don't know about the wisdom of it," was the reply. "I have tried to weigh it well, and I can see nothing to balance my strong wish. Lady Anna wishes me to take some rooms she knows of close to St. Dunstan's, and Miss Thesiger has tried to persuade me to find or to make for myself a home near the place where her own future home is to be. It is delightful to find so many people caring; but I have a curious feeling about the matter. It seems to me that though I have now no special tie to this neighbourhood, that the tie of birth is yet a strong

and sufficient tie. I did not choose to be born in Hild's Haven, and I would not choose to leave it without due reason."

"Most people in your position would consider a very natural desire for professional furtherance a sufficient reason."

"Probably. I am aware of the disadvantages of Hild's Haven in that respect. But I shall never again have the same affection for any other place; I shall never feel any place so sacred as I feel this to be. I never lose sight of the idea that I owe much to having opened my eyes upon the same wild and rugged scenes as the eyes of Cædmon looked upon daily, to having breathed the same air, to living within sight and sound of the same sea; and if in this world I am ever to be so free from earthly care and pressure as to have a soul fit to receive the same light from Heaven which Cædmon received, I feel strongly that I must be here to receive it. That is my present conviction. Change may come. I may hear a voice saying, 'Get thee out from thy country!' and if I hear I shall obey. That is all I know about my future."

Michael Salvain listened intently, and yet with a sinking of heart which he could neither explain nor wholly understand. It was as if he saw another and a higher life, another and a purer world—a world with which he might have no concern, and for which he yet had capacity if by any means he might have reached it or touched its border.

There was anguish for him in the sense of constraint to a lower mood, a lower level of life and thought, a kind of anguish which could only be understood by a man of high spiritual and intellectual standing able to imagine himself doomed for evermore to endure his earthly existence with a lower environment; to strive for his soul's life with a spiritual poverty amounting to want and destitution. It seemed to him as he sat there that no human being could ever be grateful enough, if the boon were his, to live his life in such society and companionship as should stimulate his soul's growth instead of dwarfing and hindering it. None could have felt the chilling, the narrowing, the deadening of his spiritual existence more keenly than Michael Salvain felt it. In his daily life he might try to ignore all he was enduring; but now and then moments like this would come, moments in which the future rose up before him, a long and dreary and ever-darkening future, unpenetrated by any light, or any warmth, or any true spiritual good

that he could discern. Already he was conscious of declension, of hours of half content, of days when that inner strife seemed useless and resistance impossible; and across those times there came always the vision of what might have been. . . . Now again that vision came as he sat there, and for awhile he dared not trust himself to speak. Presently he began to feel as if even his silence were betraying him.

"I don't think I like the idea of your going to Burtree Beck," he said at last.

"Have you been thinking of it all this time?" Dorigen asked with a smile.

There was no responsive smile on Michael Salvain's lips.

"No," he said, with a sudden force and fervour. "No; I was not thinking of that at all, but of far greater things—things of which I cannot speak."

"Not even to me?"

"Not even to you. Nay, rather to any one than you. . . . And I must go," he said abruptly, rising to his feet. "I must go at once; and I have said nothing of all the things I came to say. I have not even congratulated you."

"Why should you congratulate me?"

"Because of your book; because of a purpose achieved. A something done—and done successfully."

"Thank you," she said; but she spoke sadly rather than gladly: and he understood how success might not have the taste of success, how it may be as sad as any failure. If it were so with her, what remained?

Something on his face betrayed his inward questioning.

"It is all well," she said. "There is yet something to hope for, something to wish for. Wish it for me."

"What shall I wish you?" he said eagerly.

"Wish for me *peace*—perfect peace of mind, and heart, and soul."

"Is that your highest desire?"

"The very highest."

Michael Salvain understood. The very longing of another for a life that could have no peace in it enabled him to understand. Yet he asked a question.

"Could you tell me what it is that stands between you and peace at the present moment?" he asked.

"What it is?" she said, lifting her eyes to his face in weary surprise. "It is everything! It is all my life! Think of my life from the beginning! Try to enter into it, and you will not wonder that I feel as if my very soul were untuned, and untuned for

ever for peacefulness. It has been all strife, and storm, and change, and amazement. Except for that breathing time at St. Dunstan's, I have never known any calm. And I have paid the full price for that since my return. Do you not think so?"

Michael was silent a moment.

"I think it seems as if compensation were at hand," he said, trying to soothe the spirit he had evoked.

"I am unfitted to receive it," she replied with emotion. "It has come too late. What is the worth of it all now when there is none to see, none to be glad, none to take any pride or pleasure, none to say, 'Well done,' that is, none whose praise would have repaid me tenfold for all that I have undergone."

"Don't say that!" Michael exclaimed with agitation. "I cannot bear that you should say that! . . . Is it *nothing* to you that I care? . . . Is it nothing that I watch your every step, wait impatiently for every word you write, delight in every word that is said concerning the things you have written? Am I nothing to you? Is my friendship nothing? And, let me say it—I say it as in the very hearing of Heaven—is my love nothing? my heart's best, and purest, and highest love, is it *nothing*? . . . I know what I am saying; I know that you will not misunderstand. But give me an answer. Is my life nothing to your life?"

Dorigen turned so as to look full into his face. She was trembling, but she made a strong effort to speak calmly.

"That you are my friend has many a time been the one earthly thing between me and despair," she said. "I ought not to have spoken now so despondently as I have done; not to you, at any rate, who have done so much. . . . If you were to fail me, I think I could scarcely care to live."

"Will you believe that I shall not fail you?"

"I have always believed it."

"Then continue to believe it. Have faith in me when I do not seem to deserve it, and do not measure the strength of the tie that is between your soul and mine by present visible results."

"I have never done that," she said. "The best results of a true friendship are seldom visible or tangible except by moments at a time. They are too high, too wide to be grasped by the narrowed vision that serves for the uses of the day."

"So far that is true. . . . And now, 'Good-bye.' Will you write if you want me to come to Burtree Beck for any reason?"

"Perhaps I may. Something will bring me the happiness of seeing you when I need you. If not, I can wait. . . . If I have learnt nothing else, I have learnt how to wait."

Michael uttered his "good-bye" and turned away abruptly.

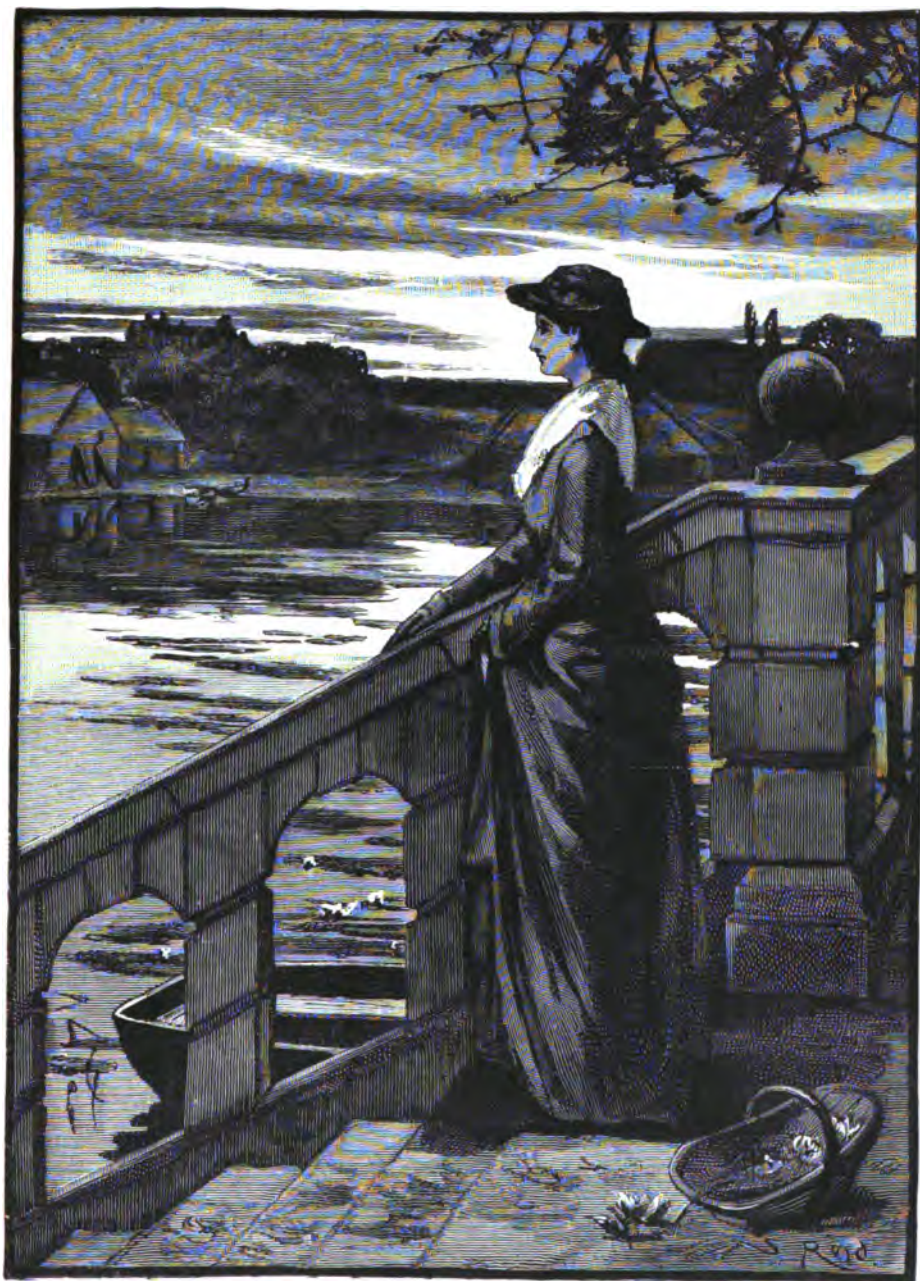
"Your mere waiting is an easy thing," he said half audibly, as he went down into the dull narrow street where the sunshine was not, and where every face he saw seemed to be a marred or worn face, or one crushed with the weight of years of sorrowful living. All the way as he went homeward he went in heaviness of heart, and with that dread reluctance which surely has nothing like unto it, the reluctance a man may have to enter his own home. Ah! that bitter distaste, that most pathetic and sad unwillingness!

"Anywhere, anywhere in the wide world but *there*!" he said, when the gables of his house came in sight, and the ancient chimneys. He forced himself onward, having no alternative; yet all the while his heart was crying out, "Let me have rest! Let me go anywhere, anywhere but *there*!"

AT TWILIGHT.

SINCE from the castle's belfry, old and grey,
I heard the chimes ring out a slow-spaced seven,
The flame-fringed west has burned its fires away.
The lake lies like a downward-curving heaven

All pulsing with the light of coming stars;
And night and rest float downward, hand in hand,
As, merging at the sunset's saffron bars,
A dreaming heaven melts in a dreaming land.



"AT TWILIGHT."

Spirit of Peace ! outbreathed on mere and wold,
 Be with me when the night has passed away,
 And swathe my restless heart, as, fold on fold,
 Thy robes have gathered round the parting day,

Till on my life's brief hours the twilight falleth,
 And far away I see the shadowy hands
 That beckon me, and hear a voice that calleth
 My faltering steps into the unknown lands.

Softly, as yon last lingering flush uncertain
 Faints on the bosom of the darkening west,
 So may my spirit pass the cloudy curtain
 Into the portals of His perfect rest.

S. REID.



The Petersbaude.

THE GIANT MOUNTAINS.

By THE EDITOR.

THERE are mountain-ranges and mountain-ranges ; there are those which, like the Alps or the mountains of the Tyrol, form a country of their own, consisting of little more than innumerable peaks and valleys. If you ascend a summit there you find yourself surrounded by heights which so hem in the view that, except in the case of such monarchs as Mont Blanc, you seldom can command a far-reaching prospect. This

does not render the landscape less interesting ; on the contrary, there is perhaps nothing grander than to gaze over a jagged wilderness of rock and scaur, upon gleaming sheets of untrodden snow, lying smooth and cloudlike against the blue sky, or filling with their dazzling brightness the blackness of the gorge. There is true poetry in a great array of peaks, crowding point beyond point to the farthest distance, this one and that



Street in Hirschberg.

carrying a name famous in the history of ascents—the true battle-fields of the Alps, where man and nature have been engaged in a death-and-life struggle, and now consecrated by deeds of daring. The imagination is readily stimulated as the eye roams over wastes that have never been trodden by the foot of man, or as memory recalls the towns and rivers and sunny lands on which these other peaks are gazing. There is nothing which mountains can give, to those who love them, more precious than such moments of triumph, when the weather-worn, wind-cut “Somme” is reached, and the hiding-places of the heights lie exposed beneath and around.

But there is another kind of mountain-range, which, rising not in the midst of other mountain-ranges, but from the level lands of a continent, commands wide views over surrounding provinces, with their cities and rivers and forests, and a panorama of far-rolling hills and uplands. Every one who has indulged the climbing instinct can recall the variety of the joy he has experienced, and the difference between the vantage-ground afforded by an Alp in the centre of Switzerland and that of such a peak as Etna, rising to its snowy cone in perfect solitude, and from which he can gaze without an obstacle over Sicily and the rugged

hills of Southern Italy, and the blue sea dotted with white sails. It is like the view from a balloon floating near the clouds. In its way, and considering its comparatively low height, there are few finer prospects of this kind than what is gained from the Comaldoli at Naples, or from San Salvatore over Lombardy, or from the Schafberg, with its wide sweep towards the Danube and the Tyrol. I might place among even such names as these the view which can be enjoyed from the hill—unknown to fame or to tourists—which rises behind the house where I now write. It owes the wideness of its command not to height, but to position. On a clear day there can be seen from the Saline hills in Fifeshire parts of fourteen counties, and in one *coup d'œil*—the Forth from Berwick Law, and the Bass Rock, far into Stirlingshire; Edinburgh, with every feature plainly visible, and on to the Pentland Hills and Culter-fell in Peeblesshire; to the westward not only the high chimney of St. Rollox, dimly seen, standing like a giant flag-staff, to mark where Glasgow lies, but the top of Goat-fell in far-away Arran. In the nearer foreground stretches the great plain with Stirling Castle and the Abbey Craig as its boundary, beyond which Ben Lomond, the Cobbler, Ben Ledi, and “The Highland Host,” lift themselves in the blue distance; to the north is the line of the Ochils, touched by sun and shadow; and to the north-east Benarty, the Lomonds, and on to the Tay. And all this from the low elevation of some 1,100 feet!

The Riesen Gebirge, or Giant Mountains, belong to this latter class of mountain-ranges. They do not, except in a very limited sense, form a little Switzerland. They lift themselves in a great ridge between Bohemia and Silesia, and the consequence is that while

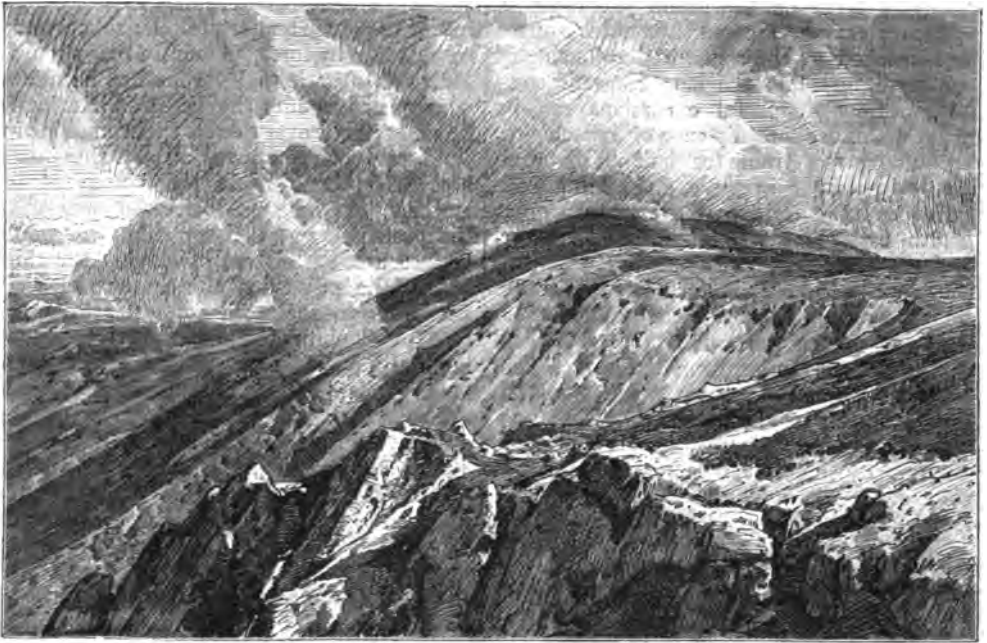


Castle of Kynast.

the scenery of mountain, and valley and crag and precipice, which is embraced within the system, is picturesque, and sometimes exceedingly grand, yet the great charm which the traveller finds who climbs to the summit of the Hohe Rad or the Schneekoppe is the great extent of the prospect gained over surrounding provinces.

The Riesen Gebirge are part of the Sudetic Mountains, which separate Austria and Prussia, and belong to the great system which stretches from the Carpathians into the north-east, branching out into the Erz-Gebirge, the Harz Mountains, and those of the Thuringian forest. They embrace the

highest peaks in Germany, while in extent they are comparatively limited, being only twenty-four miles long by fourteen miles broad. The area occupied by them is about half that of the Harz, but this difference is more than compensated for by the greater grandeur and wildness of the scenery. The Brocken, which is the highest mountain in Northern Germany, and is the monarch of the Harz, is only 3,417 feet high, while the Riesenkoppe rises to 5,266 feet. Indeed the average height of the Giant Mountains (4,000 feet) is considerably above that of the Brocken. The character of the scenery is also much grander than that of the Harz.



The Hohe Rad.

The Brocken is rather a clumsy lump of a hill, but the Giant Mountains are frequently quite Alpine in rugged wildness, especially on the northern or Silesian side.

There are, roughly speaking, two parallel lines of mountains; the one to the north embracing the loftier summits and the grander scenery; and the southern consisting of very high, but more smoothly rolling hills, such as the Kesselkoppe (4,708), Krkonosch (4,849), and the Brunnenberg (5,072). These two chains are separated by the Sieben Gründe, in one of which, the Elb-Grund, the Elbe takes its rise. The best point from which to visit the Riesen Gebirge is the picturesquely-

placed town of Hirschberg, "the Pearl of Silesia," as it is called, with some slight exaggeration of its charms. Its situation is exceedingly fine, as it rests more than 1,100 feet above the sea, in the clearest and most bracing air, and surrounded by hills and streams that lead from one fine point of view to another. The town is ancient, and fragments of the walls are still shown; but there is really little worth seeing in the way of street or church. Many lovely walks in the neighbourhood compensate for the lack of interest in the town. A delicious "anlagen," or promenade, leads to the Cavalierberg. In another direction, and overlooking the spot

where the Bober and the Zacken unite their waters, rises the Hausberg, from which a grand view is obtained of the majestic range of the Riesen-kamm. As no German can really enjoy such a spot without his pipe and his beer, we find the usual restaurant at every good point of view. There are places where such an intrusion on nature seems almost a profanity. The charm of Switzerland is terribly destroyed by the mob of caterers to tourist curiosities and comfort, haunting every interesting spot with their mercenary importunity. But I confess to a perfect sympathy with the Deutscher who, after his hot walk from the town, finds himself supplied with an easy-chair and other comforts, while he gazes forth on the grand panorama of towering ranges, seamed by water-courses and enriched by the contrasted colouring of the pine-woods and the bare sun-smit summits. Many delightful excursions can be made within a short distance of Hirschberg. By taking the train for half an hour to Ermandsdorf, for example, a charming walk across country leads to Warmbrunn, a great health resort on account of its sulphur-springs. Tradition relates how in the twelfth century the Duke Boleslau von Schweidnitz was hunting a stag, who in its despair rushed into one of the warm fountains, then concealed in the unfrequented forest. The healing virtue of the springs has therefore been known for eight centuries. The town is pretty and prettily laid out, the mountains being a continual feature of enjoyment, as they can be seen in all their breadth and glory from every point. The Schloss-garten especially forms a charming spot for lounging.

From Warmbrunn either a return can be made to Hirschberg, or the traveller who intends to make the ascent of the Giant range may with greater convenience proceed to the little town of Hermsdorf, which is within easy distance and makes an excellent starting point. Close to Hermsdorf rises the Castle of Kynast—reduced to a ruin two centuries ago by the stroke of lightning. It stands on a lofty eminence, from which there is a wide and noble prospect of crags and streams and woodlands. The story of Kynast and of the hard-hearted Kunegunde, has been made widely known by the famous ballad of Korner. She was beautiful and cruel, and in a thoughtless humour vowed she would marry no knight but he who would ride his horse round the parapets of the castle. Many a knight, influenced by ambition as much as love, made the attempt

and perished, horse and rider being hurled from the giddy heights. At last one knight came, on whom she herself had fixed her affections; but when he, first of all her suitors, managed to guide his steed in safety and was welcomed by Kunegunde as her accepted lord, to her confusion he turned upon her with well-deserved rebukes and refused to be mated with a maiden so destitute of maidenly feeling.

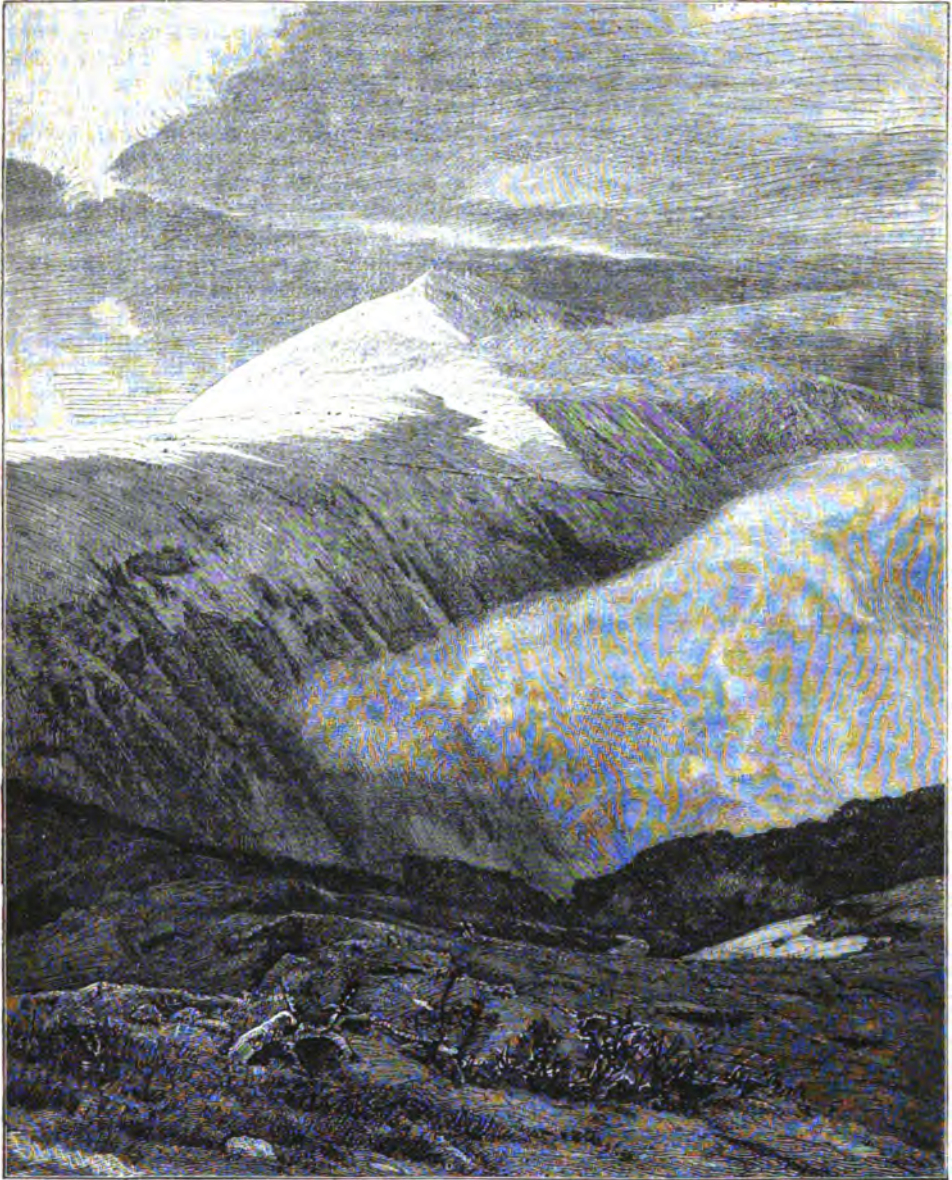
This story, weird as it is, can be more than matched by the terrible legend which clings to the rude Castle of Mingary, that frowns over the stormy waves lashing on the point of Ardnamurchan in Argyleshire. This old keep was in the possession of a MacIan, whose enemy, a MacLean, determined to possess himself of the castle and estate. Unable to make an entrance by force, he found a ready tool in McLan's wife, whose lover he had been, and who opened to him the gates. Entering in he slaughtered every one—the woman's husband and his retainers, all but the infant boy, who was safe in the bosom of his mother. As long as this child was alive the greedy aggressor knew his title would be insecure, but instead of slaying the child himself, he persuaded the mother to walk with him to the brink of a fearful precipice overlooking the sea, and there telling her only one other proof was required of her affection, he called upon her to cast the child from her arms into the yawning gulf. A gleam of moonlight lit up the child's face and the wretched mother replied, "I cannot; the infant smiles to me." "Turn his back to you then," said MacLean, "and you will not see his smiles." She did so and hurled her babe over the dark precipice. MacLean immediately turned to her, and said, "Do you think that a fiend who has given her husband and her son to be murdered can receive respect from any man?" and strided off up the hill, leaving her to her anguish.

One of the chief industries in this district is that of glass-polishing and glass-staining, and at Josephinenhütte, about twelve miles up the valley of the Zacken from Hermsdorf, there is the largest manufactory. The art-products are widely celebrated and exported in large quantities to America. It is interesting to visit the ateliers, where each process in the manufacture can be studied from smelting to polishing. One of the drawbacks, however, to the enjoyment of such a visit is the knowledge of the risk which the glass-cutters and polishers have to run in consequence of the effect of inhaling

the fine glass-dust, which generally proves sooner or later fatal to the lungs.

The little Gast-haus at Josephinenhütte is the head-quarters for the guides who

conduct travellers to the Koppe. They are required not so much from any difficulty regarding the way, because a German society has done all that is possible



The Schneekoppe.

to make the ascent easy, but in case of any sudden mist obscuring the land-marks. There are many things to see on the road up. The Zacken-fall is worth a visit by those who care for the spectacle of water

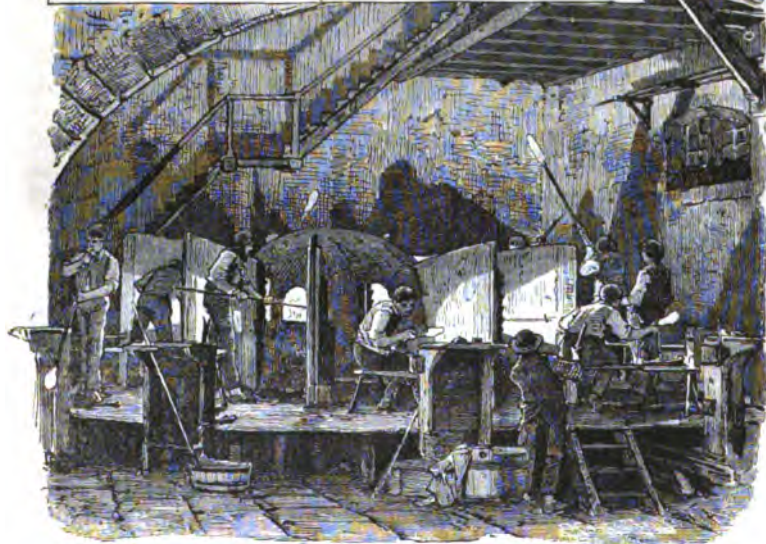
spouting over a rock to a depth of eighty feet, and which in dry seasons has to be rendered effective by opening a sluice! The ascent to the crest of the ridge is easy, along a good path, with many resting places in the shape of inns. Various curious rocks are met with, some of them not unlike the

Storr Rock and the Quirang in Skye. In order to reach the Elb-brunnen—the insignificant-looking spring from which issue the waters destined to flow wide and far to the Northern Sea—the traveller has to make a slight descent from the ridge towards the Sieben Gründe, and instead of walking right on to the Schnee Gruben which lie on the northern slope, he passes to the southern side, where he discovers what the Arab word for a well so graphically pictures—an “eye”—a bright fountain filling a stony basin and giving birth to the tiny stream soon to grow into the giant river. A short walk leads to the Elbfall, where the waters make a leap of some hundred and forty-five feet, also manufactured in dry weather by the opening of a sluice. And near this, almost under the shadow of the giant Krkonosch, stands the Elbfallbaude, a little inn where rest and refreshment may be enjoyed.

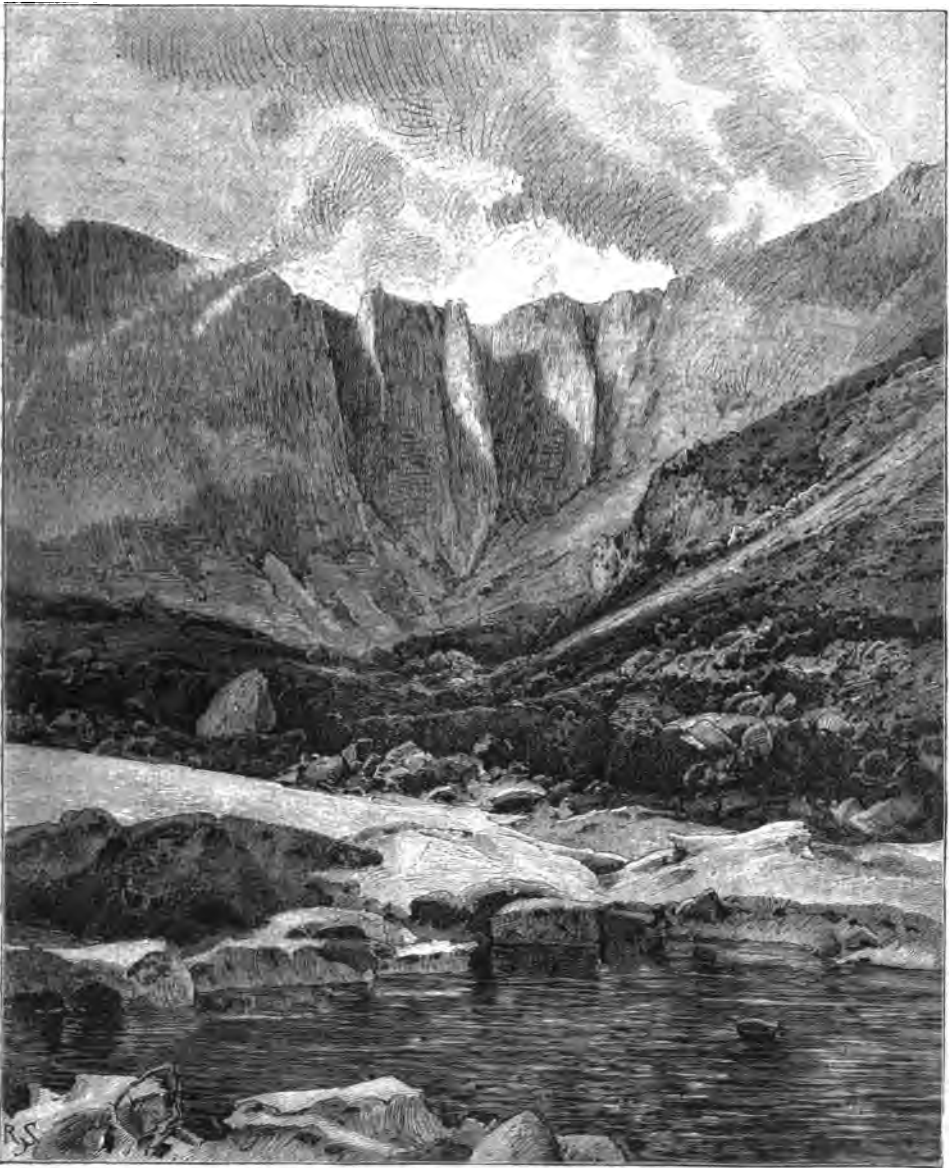
These “baude” or wooden huts are characteristic of the district. There are no stone houses on the mountains. The peasantry live in the wooden “baude” all the year round, and endure frequently the greatest hardships from extreme cold, and, when the snow continues long, from want of food as well as warmth. Like the Swiss with their summer chalets far up in the mountains, the peasants here have their summer “baude” as well as their winter “baude,” and make money not only from their flocks, which they drive to the upland pastures, but also from the crowds of tourists, who are often compelled to take shelter in these rough bothies from the mists and rain, which abound at all seasons. Many amusing descriptions are given of the ridiculous plight in which excursionists arrive at these “sheilings,” as they are termed in our Scottish Highlands. The contrast between the pompous beau-

reaucratic Prussian with be-draggled garments and the miserable stove at which he in vain tries to dry himself, or the querulous fussiness of his fine lady as, compelled by circumstances, she divests herself of shoes and stockings and abides her time in

patience till the weather clears without, or until her nether garments become fit to wear again, has afforded amusement to more than one traveller along these heights. The Germans, however, always strike me as wanting in the sense of the ridiculous. I remember on one occasion being much struck by this, and finding in their gravity one of the most absurd features in an absurd scene. It was at the Salt mines of Halstadt, in the Salzkammergut. Be-



Glass-works at Josephinenhütte.



The Great Schneegruben.

fore visiting the mines, the company of travellers, consisting entirely, myself excepted, of stout Germans, male and female, were dismissed as usual into waiting-rooms, in order to invest themselves in the oilskin garments necessary for the dripping interior. On their return to the general waiting-room the transformation was beyond description, for these rotund women came forth bloomer fashion with sou'-wester jackets and oilskin "continuations." Instead of being struck by

the fun, they went waddling and jabbering about, spectacles and all, without a smile!

Another curious feature in the Riesen Gebirge is the number of little hotels pitched on the very summit of the mountains, at which an excellent *table d'hôte* is regularly spread, and in connection with which there are both post and telegraph offices. This is the case on the Schneekoppe, at an elevation of 5,272 feet above the sea.

But to return. After leaving the Elbfall-

baude, with its fine view over the Elb-Grund, an ascent of about an hour brings the tra-

ground of the fabled "Rübezahl," or "Number Nip," whose freaks are supposed to have so much effect upon the weather. He has his "Lustgarten" as well as his pulpit, and a drearier spot could scarcely be found for the pleasure ground of "Number Nip." The quantity of wild-flowers is probably the origin of the name. "Number Nip" has also his skittle-alley, "Rübezahls Kegelbahn," near Seidorf.

The traveller is now fairly on the ridge of the great mountains, and can without much fatigue reach from summit to summit. Close at hand is the Hohe Rad (4,967 feet), the top of which can be gained in about twenty minutes. It is worth going to for the sake of the wide view it commands over Bohemia and the Sieben Gründe. The path from the

veller to the Schneegrubenbaude, or the little inn which is pitched on the edge of the Great and Little Schneegruben, or snow

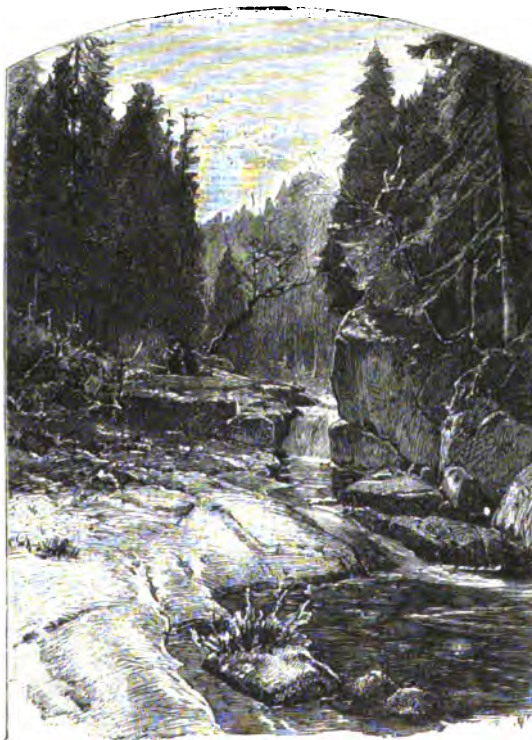
graves. These are immense gullies that lie 1,000 feet below sheer precipices of granite, and are strewn with enormous boulders, covered with a vegetation that seems the stranger in such a region, because of the masses of snow that lie unmelted, even in summer, in the depths of the yawning abyss. Close by the hut is the "Rübezahl's Kanzel," "Number Nip's Pulpit," a projecting mass of rock, rising close to the rest-house, and from whence a magnificent view is obtained. This region is, indeed, the consecrated

Hohe Rad leads by the Sturmhaube and a fresh series of fantastic rocks—the Mannstein, the Madelstein, and the Vogelstein—

that seem more likely to interest tourists coming from the plains than persons accustomed to mountain-lands. In less than a couple of hours the Petersbaude is gained—a wooden rest-house, which commands on a clear day a wide prospect over Bohemia. It is a favourite resort of tourists, who delight to pledge one another in view of the rich land stretched below, and with the sense that there is now but a short pull to the "Koppe," where their toils are to end.



The Source of the Elbe.



Part of the Elb-Grund.



The Grosse Teich.

series of rocks—the Mittagstein, and a semi-circular series called the Dreisteine—there is nothing to interest the tourist before he attacks the “Koppe,” except a view of two mountain tarns, lying deep and dark beneath. These are the Grosse Teich and the Kleine Teich, the former as destitute of trout as the other is full.

After crossing the Koppen plain, covered with weird-looking dwarf pine, another mountain inn is reached with a meteorological station, at which observations are taken. From that point to the summit the ascent occupies about three-quarters of an hour, by a path recently constructed and furnished with the luxurious protection of a wall on either side, and so engineered that it winds gradually to the blunted cone of granite which forms the crown of the great Schneekoppe or Riesenkoppe, the highest point in central Germany. Far from sharing the solitude, which is the usual heritage of such spots, the Schneekoppe possesses a chapel, and has also two comfortable inns. Once a year, in the month of August, service is celebrated in the chapel, which stands on the frontier line between Bohemia and Silesia. But on every day during the “season” crowds of travellers occupy the hotels and make the mountain air noisy with gutturals, and redolent with the tobacco

smoke that curls from the lips of every true Deutscher when in the plenitude of enjoyment.

The view on a clear day from the Koppe is a remarkable one. Near at hand stretches the double line of mountains on either side of the Sieben Gründe, on the right the range just travelled over, with the great scalp of the Hohe Rad, and to the left the southern range with the huge Krkonosch and Ziegenrücken lifting their high ridges of bare rock. Between these chains lie the Sieben Gründe or seven glens, or more strictly still, what in southern Scotland would be termed the seven “grains,” or branches from which streams descend. The Weisswater, rising almost at the base of the Koppe, flows down the Sieben Gründe till it joins the Elbe coming to meet it from the Hohe Rad, and there, when united, their waters dash down the gorge which cleaves the Ziegenrücken and through which the Elbe reaches southward to the level lands of Bohemia. There are other Gründe—some of them wild to a degree—which can be seen from the summit. There is the grand Riesen Grund lying to the south, and at the nearly perpendicular depth of two thousand feet—a majestic gorge—while to the north the picturesque Melzergrund lies wild and open. But it is the distant



The Mittagstein.

view which forms the chief attraction of the Schneekoppe. To the north the picturesque valley stretching up to Hirschberg lies bounded by its embosoming hills. To the east we gaze on the wide expanse of Silesia as far as Breslau, more than sixty miles off as the crow flies; the Eulen Gebirge rise on the south-eastern horizon; to the south-west a glimpse

is caught of the Weissberg, near which we know that the ancient Prague lifts its towers. An equally extensive view is gained to the west. It is rarely that the traveller is favoured on this mist-breeding height with a clear horizon, or is privileged to enjoy the grandeur of a sunset, because of the clouds that so frequently make the Koppe their rest-

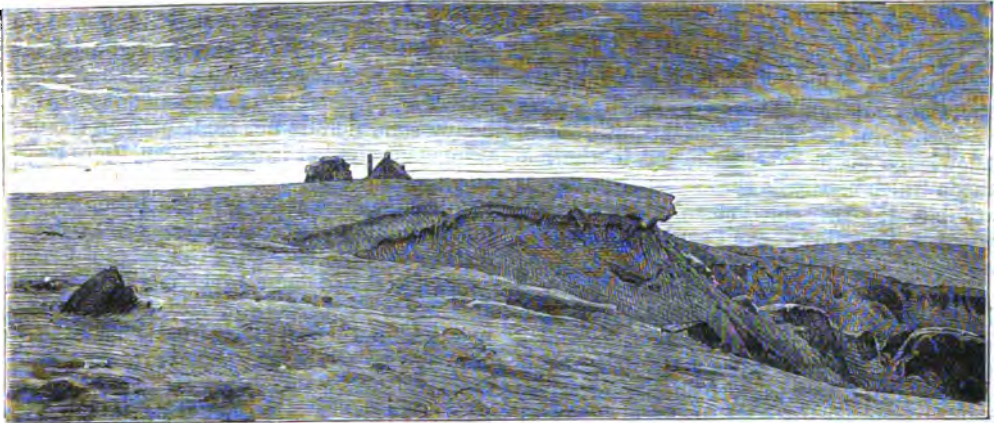


"Number Nip's" Pleasure Garden.

ing-place. But when such a privilege is vouchsafed no language can exaggerate the splendour of the scene. These are moments which form an education, imparting stores of feeling from which impressions of the great and beautiful can be drawn during a life-time.

We have said nothing of the garniture with which nature clothes these Giant Mountains, and to which they owe so much charm

of colour. On the lower ground the woodlands are rich, consisting chiefly of silver firs—and no tree is more in keeping with such scenes—while oaks, beeches, larches, and pines abound. But when the higher zones are reached the richer and more varied forests give place to the dwarf pine, whose stunted growth is twisted by the power of the winds almost entirely in one direction, so that it



The Rest-house at the Schnee gruben and "Number Nip's" Pulpit.

requires some knowledge of their character to find a way through them. They must be taken in a proper line, or they present a hedge not easily penetrated. When the higher zones of the Riesen Gebirge are reached the trees disappear and sweet Alpine flowers take their place—the blue gentian and the hawk's-eye and other hardy species whose habitat is the keen air found at an elevation of thousands of feet above the sea.

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILISATION.

By MARCUS DODS, D.D.

CIVILISATION has for its aim the perfecting of civil society; the discovery and establishment of the happiest possible conditions of social life in this world. All the movements and life of the social organism, all legislation, commerce, war, emigration, administration of justice, exist for the sake of securing further advantages to society and for making life in this world less difficult and oppressive. On all living forms there is impressed a law of growth and improvement; and in accordance with this law society continually strives after a perfect condition in which every man shall have all his rights, and enjoy every aid to self-development and success that society can give him. Now, Christianity seems to propose to accomplish this very thing, to establish the kingdom of God upon earth, or, in other words, to bring all human affairs into the happiest possible condition. And if Christianity be the great civilising power, it would seem to be the duty of every good citizen to uphold and promote it, as far as in him lies.

In order that we may clearly see the relation which subsists between civilisation and Christianity we must first of all apprehend what civilisation is, and what it is not. There is unfortunately no concrete instance of a

perfect civilisation to which we might point. It need scarcely be said that we in this country are not in a perfectly civilised condition. In some respects the ancient Greeks were more civilised than we are. A holiday in Athens was celebrated by magnificent spectacles, by artistically devised choruses and processions, by the public recital of some new work of genius, history or drama; and it was disfigured by no rowdyism. So long as our amusements are so coarse and sensual that the quieter part of the population shrinks from a public holiday; so long as labour remains so much like slavery; so long as hundreds of thousands among us live by vice and crime; so long as there are countless social problems awaiting solution, we cannot suppose ourselves to be perfectly civilised. No doubt when we compare our condition with that of our progenitors five centuries ago, when men lived in mud hovels, when reading and writing were the accomplishments of a profession, when a few powerful nobles kept the entire population in subjection, and often in misery, we may claim to be comparatively civilised. In some outward and material aspects, indeed, we may affirm that we are already perfect. In means of communicating, for example, with distant places, the telegraph cannot be

surpassed. Improvements in the collection and distribution of intelligence may be introduced, but the maximum of rapidity in transmission has plainly been reached. In the enormous multiplication of power by means of steam, in the permanent acquisitions of knowledge made by science, and in the methods which certify us that these acquisitions are but the introduction to a measureless advance, we enjoy the outward equipment of a very advanced civilisation.

But civilisation itself consists not so much in these material advantages and achievements as in the underlying conditions which have made them possible, and in the refinement and intelligence and charity of which they may become the instruments. The civilisation of a country is to be measured, not by its wealth nor by its skilful adaptations of scientific discoveries to social convenience, but rather by the character of the uses to which these things are put, and the aims and purposes they fulfil. Are men better educated, are law and order more generally maintained, are the relations we hold to one another and to other states better understood—these, and such as these, are the questions we must ask if we would learn our stage in civilisation. The vital refinements, as Emerson justly says, "are the moral and intellectual steps." The appearance of great moralists and seers and legislators—

"Are causal facts, which carry forward races to new conditions, and elevate the rule of life. In the presence of these agencies, it is frivolous to insist on the invention of printing or gunpowder, of steam-power or gaslight, percussion-caps and rubber shoes, which are toys thrown off from that security, freedom, and exhilaration which a healthy morality creates in society. These arts add a comfort and smoothness to house and street life; but a purer morality, which kindles genius, civilises civilisation, casts backward all that we held sacred to the profane, as the flame of oil throws a shadow when shined upon by the flame of a Budalight."*

And precisely to the same effect says a higher authority than Emerson, Dean Church:—

"The degree of civilisation depends a great deal more on whether the citizens are manly, honest, just, public-spirited, generous, able to work together in life, than on whether they are rich, hard-working, or cunning of hand, or subtle of thought, or delicate of taste, or keen searchers into nature and discoverers of its secrets. All these things are sure to belong to civilisation as it advances; and as it advances it needs them, and can turn them to account more and more. All I say is, that they are not civilisation itself as I understand it."†

Statesmen and moralists in modern times have frequently had occasion to point out

that mere amelioration of the social condition does not in itself constitute civilisation. Life may be easy and safe, taxation light, labour abundant and remunerative, the sources of health and prosperity open to all; but if this happy condition do not contribute to the development of what is best in man, there lacks an important element of civilisation. In fact, unless humanity itself be developed, unless human nature itself be helped towards perfection, there is not much to choose between a highly civilised and a barbarous social state. In a state of barbarism, as has often been pointed out, there is much from which we are debarred by a highly organized external civilisation. There is—

"The pleasure of individual independence; the pleasure of enjoying oneself with vigour and liberty, amidst the chances of the world and of life; the delights of activity without labour; the relish of an adventurous career full of uncertainty and of exciting peril."*

But the freedom and ease and excitement of this barbaric condition are sacrificed for the sake of those more important functions which can be performed by the civilised. Men submit to the many limitations which a highly organized civilisation imposes, because they are conscious that a higher mental culture and a more extended influence belong to the members of a state than to the loosely cohering individuals of a savage tribe. They perceive that the civilised man is a larger, more capable, finer product than the uncivilised. But if the outward material of civilisation do not secure this finer product, then it fails, and is the mere body of civilisation without the living spirit.

In a word, man himself is the important thing in history. We judge all the past movements of history and of civilisation by the question: What have they done for man? Is the race as a whole distinctly in advance of its former position? Are there even here and there appearances of a promising kind? Do the forces now operating in the world produce a finer type of man than formerly? There is no doubt that in many respects great advances have been made. The rights of the individual are much more considered. The claims of weaker nations to just treatment are at least understood if not always admitted. Social problems are freely and candidly discussed, and must eventually be wisely determined even if after foolish and hurtful experiments. But even though every state in the world had the wisest internal organization, giving to every indivi-

* Macmillan's edition, V. 392.

† "The Gifts of Civilisation," p. 155.

* Guizot, "Civilisation in Europe," p. 40.

dual the utmost of advantage, and though it had a perfectly adjusted relation to all other states, the question would still remain, What type of man is thus produced? It is with what is directly and distinctively human that civilisation has to do. And without attempting to determine whether the individual exists for the sake of society, or society for the sake of the individual, we may safely affirm that neither has attained its end until the best possible in human nature has been developed. Now, the best possible in human nature is certainly that which belongs to character. It is not by what is physical, nor by what is mental, but by what is moral, that men touch their highest.

Without morality, then, civilisation is inconceivable. We cannot imagine a high civilisation existing without law, without literature, without art, without scientific knowledge, without institutions; but least of all can we conceive any high civilisation which is not penetrated by moral principles. An absence of morality or the presence of a very imperfect moral ideal, marks with imperfection any state, however richly endowed and equipped it may otherwise be. High and noble as in many respects the civilisation of Athens in the age of Pericles was, it is yet branded as imperfect by the uncondemned immorality of even its most cultured men.

Herbert Spencer has shown that—

“The character of the aggregate is determined by the character of the units;”

and as a corollary from this principle it may, I think, be affirmed that where the individuals composing a state are immoral, the state itself will be immoral. And if it be true—as without question it is—that “morality is the nature of things,” and therefore an essential element in all permanent success, then it follows that all civilisation must be moral or is destined to decay. In short, as it is true of the individual that in order to his making the most of himself for this life, he must take into account the life to come; so is it true of society, that in order to a perfect civilisation or order of life for this world, it must be founded on a morality which civilisation has no power to create, if it has even the means of preserving and propagating it.

Now here we seem to touch solid ground. There can be no satisfactory or enduring civilisation without morality. And certainly whatever else Christianity may be, it is a religion whose object is to make men moral.

True, it may not have been conspicuously successful in accomplishing this object. But this, as Rousseau had the shrewdness and candour to remark, does not prove that it is superfluous, but only that as yet few persons are Christians. And any one who affirms that Christianity did not introduce into the world new moral forces, merely convicts himself of ignorance of history. Granted that the Christian Church has made many mistakes and committed many crimes; granted that she has on particular occasions retarded science and obstructed healthy political movements; yet it is not to be denied that the Christian religion tends to make men moral, and does so with a persuasive and effective force which belongs to no other influence which has ever been brought to bear upon men. The individual is necessary to society; and the morality of the individual is essential to the well-being of society. In the interests of civilisation, therefore, Christianity is indispensable as the only hitherto discovered efficient and universally applicable conservator of the morality of the individual.

If we descend from the “*high priori*” road of argument from generally admitted premisses and follow the surer path of historical research, we shall be guided to the same conclusion—that Christianity is essential to civilisation. History affords us the crucible in which we can analyse our actual civilisation, and ascertain what ingredients have gone to its composition. History can with exactness answer the question: Are we in any measure indebted to Christianity for such civilisation as we have? Should we have made the same, or even greater progress, supposing Christianity had never been heard of? Is Christianity a factor of any importance in our social well-being? A recent writer of unquestionable authority in his own field has charged Christianity with destroying two civilisations. Can this charge be sustained? These questions will be answered if we allow history to show us what had been accomplished in civilisation before Christianity appeared in the world, and what impulses Christianity has, in point of fact, imparted to modern civilisation. And I think this appeal to history will make it clear that in two respects Christianity has been a most important factor in the production of modern European civilisation. It has (1) supplied the fatal defect in ancient civilisation, the defect of morality; and (2) it has assimilated and adapted to the uses of modern society all that was valuable in

ancient civilisation. These two points I will endeavour briefly to establish.

I.

When we turn our gaze upon that critical period when Christianity was introduced to the world, the eye is at once attracted by a civilisation which, if not of the most refined type, yet possessed many qualities which seemed to promise a great future. In Rome there was amassed an immense accumulation of wealth and of all the raw material of enjoyment, of culture, and of power. Everything which could gratify the taste or contribute to an easy and luxurious life was there in profusion. And yet life in Rome became increasingly hideous and repulsive. The bright cities of the empire, splendid with buildings which are the envy and despair of modern architecture; their baths and gardens and amphitheatres, the mere ruins of which are the wonder of to-day; their streets crowded with tokens of the wealth and power of these masters of the world; their picturesque and peaceful country seats; their wonderful applications of art and mechanical contrivance to all household conveniences, and their power of saturating their whole life with the achievements and spirit of art; their facilities for rapid and safe communication with remote places, and the accessibility of justice—all this which lends to life under the Empire so much brilliance, and makes it live before us in colours so various and so unfading, was after all but the garnish of a sepulchre, only partially hiding away a loathsome corruption.

It is needless here to describe with any detail the licentiousness and degradation which characterized Rome in the first century. The main features of the picture are sufficiently known, and even those who know little else about that period have been made acquainted with its corruption by the powerful condemnation of it which occurs in Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The most decisive and ominous element in the general demoralisation was the shamelessness of the women. Adultery and divorce were so common as to excite no remark. A law had to be passed prohibiting the prostitution of women of rank, who bore the names that were identified with the history of their country. Never surely was a legislative assembly called upon to pass a measure more calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of every member. The dissolute sensuality of the leaders of society betrayed itself in banquets on which the host would spend his whole patrimony,

and terminating in dances compared to which the most shameless of modern performances are decent and respectable. The natures thus glutted with sensual gratifications, and throwing off the guidance and restraint of natural feeling, craved the sharper stimulant of the spectacle of suffering and blood, and found an unnatural and deadening enjoyment in the mutual slaughter of thousands of captives, or the deadly combats of trained gladiators.

In point of fact the world has never been so ingeniously and exhaustively wicked as in Rome during the first century. A writer whose leanings are certainly not unduly Christian says—

"In no period had brute force more completely triumphed, in none was the thirst for material advantages more intense, in very few was vice more ostentatiously glorified."*

This judgment is confirmed by their own contemporary writers. Tacitus finds in the period a subject congenial to his tragic and scathing pen, and concentrates his indignation at the shameless degradation in the epigrammatic but strictly true remark that "Virtue was then a sentence of death." Juvenal, who had an unrivalled genius for holding up the mirror to wickedness, whose every word was a blister, his every adjective a poisoned arrow transfixing character after character for the contemptuous gaze of all time, yet occasionally throws down his pen in despair and contents himself with general invective.

"Vice," he says, "has now attained its zenith; nothing is left for future times to discover or to add; the sons can but repeat the vices of their fathers."

The Emperors themselves were probably the most miserable series of men that were ever mocked by the apparatus of happiness. The throne was fatal. One after another of its occupants died by poison or by the dagger. Julius married four times, Augustus thrice, Tiberius twice, Caius thrice, Claudius six times, Nero thrice; yet not one of these was succeeded by his own son. Domitian caused the ends of the corridor where he took exercise to be lined with highly-polished marble, that he might detect any would-be assassin approaching from behind. Claudius was a gourmand, but could not touch any dish that was set before him till a physician had tasted it, and pronounced it free from poison. Caius, with nerves strained by every caprice of self-indulgence, so that his naturally excitable temperament seemed to totter on the verge of delirium, would, night after night, spring from the wild and terrifying dreams

* Lecky, "History of European Morals," i. 191.

that tormented him, and pace the galleries of his palace, shouting for the dawn. Such were the men who represented the highest point touched by the most powerful of ancient civilisations.

Now in this case it cannot be said that there were racial defects which precluded Rome from enjoying the highest type of civilisation. No race could have more promising natural qualities than those which distinguished the primitive citizens of Rome. They were sober, truthful, hardy, chaste, industrious, daring, enterprising, self-reliant, and eminently gifted for colonizing and governing. Indeed, for the practical work of this world it would be difficult to imagine a race better equipped. Neither were their circumstances unpropitious: they inherited the civilisation of Greece, and their position as masters of the world gave them opportunity of observing and adopting whatever art or useful institution or custom had been in any place developed. But from each conquered province the intoxicated Roman brought back some novel vice, along with the additional wealth which put the gratification of every desire within his reach. The old Roman honour and virtue, the chastity of their women, the incorruptible manliness of their men were broken down by the rapid increase of wealth, and the absence of any worthy purpose, or high aims in conquest. The absence of any ennobling hope, and of any grand exhibition of the spiritual significance of life, left them a prey to greed and lust, to lowering ambitions and degrading appetites. And as the absence of a popular and high morality debased the character of the Roman civilisation, so it prevented it from becoming progressive and permanent.

Had there remained in the Roman the old public spirit that loved country better than sons, and counted it glory to die for Rome; the old reverence for purity that preferred a daughter's death to her dishonour; the old truth which kept faith with an enemy, even when to do so was certain death; the masculine contempt for wealth, in which the breed of conquerors had been nursed, it cannot be doubted that the Empire would have adapted itself to changing conditions, and survived the gravest emergencies.

But what we are here concerned to show is mainly this, that the absence of a high morality fed by a true and popular religion, to a large extent blighted the civilisation of Rome, and deprived it of a chief refining

influence. The manner in which Christianity supplied this lack can be clearly traced. And it may not be out of place to exhibit its work in one or two directions.

1. Perhaps the most striking general result of the introduction of Christianity is the renewal of hope among men. It was as if the race had become conscious of receiving a new lease of life. It was a dying world it entered: full of activity and apparent strength, but full also of despair; ringing with shouts of victory and of amusement, but with a chilling melancholy cramping the heart. As Salvian said, the Empire "*moritur et ridet*," it laughs with the death-rattle in its throat. Pessimism of the most despairing kind possessed many of the best and wisest men. Suddenly in the midst of this sated and despairing world appeared a people with the radiance of renewed youth and undoubted hope on its face; its eye brilliant with new-found truth, its bearing erect from very gladness. The Christians were incomprehensible to the ordinary Roman. Their confidence was judged to be obstinacy; their hope delusion. But as this same hopeful bearing was found to survive martyrdom and every kind of ill-usage, it was examined, and the contagion of the Christian confidence in the future was caught by many.

This hopefulness about the race was partly the hereditary bequest of Judaism. Renan says that—

"What more than all else characterized the Jew was his confident belief in a brilliant and happy future for humanity."

But the Christian hopefulness was fed by the fuller knowledge of God communicated by Jesus Christ. In the life, and especially in the cross of Christ, God was revealed to men as a God of unimagined holiness and unquenchable love. When it came to be understood among men that when they looked for their God they were to see Him bearing their sins upon the cross, loving them and hating their sins with an equal intensity, a new hope flooded their minds. They felt at once that this was a God whose purposes were worth fulfilling, and that they themselves were bound to fulfil them. Once the idea of God as the Father of all men was grasped, the whole conception of history and of the future of the race was altered. It was impossible that God's purpose should fail, impossible that His purpose should not include all men, impossible that it should not be beneficent in the highest degree. The mode in which this purpose was to be fulfilled and the date of its

consummation were misunderstood. So elate was the Christian heart, that at first it anticipated an immediate consummation. But the essential elements of its hope were abiding, and were not mistaken. Men were taught to look at humanity as a whole, and at history as a whole, so that even when the vast and great Roman Empire itself was broken up, and when men bewailed its fall as if the order of nature itself were coming to an end, the Christian knowledge of God as the Father of men and ruler of all events enabled them to believe that still His wise purpose was running on to fulfilment, though on lines that were new and as yet obscure. It was when the profoundest men were exclaiming that human affairs were the sport of the higher powers, and when all men felt as if

"The pillared firmament were rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble,"

that the calm voice of Christianity restored sane strength to men's hearts, by proclaiming, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." To any one who observes the Roman Empire as Christianity dawned upon it, it is obvious that men are conscious that a new life has entered the world, and that germinant ideas and principles of abiding influence have lodged in the human mind.

2. The manner in which Christian principle has permeated society and strengthened all civilising influences, counteracting the results of pagan ideas, is very well seen in the gradual extirpation of slavery.

In empires extended and maintained by conquest and force of arms, slaves were of necessity very numerous, and a very broad and marked distinction subsisted between the conquering race or governing class and the captive slaves. In the palmy days of Rome the number of slaves her citizens owned was enormous. Sometimes a wealthy person left at death as many as four thousand. Many citizens possessed a hundred, and he was a poor man who had not ten. On one occasion it was proposed in the Senate that the slave should wear a distinctive dress, but the proposal was at once quashed on the ground that it would be most impolitic to give the slaves so ready a clue to their own immense numbers. But the abundance of slave labour, which seemed so inexhaustible a source of wealth, really turned to the impoverishment of the Roman Empire. All the ordinary handicrafts being practised by slaves, were considered discreditable to the free-born. Even in the time of Cicero we find that labour was considered unworthy of a gentleman—

"The gains of all hired workmen whom we pay for manual labour, and not for artistic skill, are ignoble and sordid: for in their case the very wages they receive constitute a sort of obligation to serve as slaves. Also, all retail traders are to be considered mean; for they would never get on unless they lied enough. And all artisans are engaged in vulgar business, for in a workshop there is nothing that befits a gentleman."

The free-born citizen thus became an idler, for his legitimate pursuits of law and arms could not occupy his whole time; and as slaves were also employed in manufacture, it became impossible for free labour to enter into competition. Beyond the city of Rome the results of the employment of slave-labour were equally disastrous. The peasantry or yeomen were gradually exterminated, their lands being absorbed in the huge properties of successful courtiers or administrators, and farmed by gangs of slaves instead of the indigenous peasantry. These slaves were treated as we treat convicts, compelled to work in fetters, and lodged at night in huge and unhealthy prison-houses.

Christianity introduced new ideas which have at last made themselves felt. It inherited the Jewish ideas of the dignity of labour, and to this it added its own care for the slave. The gradual amelioration of the condition of slaves, and their eventual emancipation under Christianity, form a history full of significance.

Had our Lord or His Apostles commanded the emancipation of slaves we should have lost one of the most conspicuous and instructive instances of the *manner* in which Christian belief and sentiment do their work in civilisation. No edicts of emancipation were issued by our Lord, nor even by His Church for many centuries after it had power to do so. The earliest trace of a command of the Church to put an end to slavery occurs in the ninth century. They are the words of St. Theodore of Stude:—

"Thou shalt possess no slave, neither for domestic service, nor for the work of the fields; for man is made in the image of God." *

At first there was no thought of emancipation in the Church. Individuals here and there perceived the incongruity of retaining in a servile condition men who were their brothers in Christ, and often their superiors in character and Christian conduct. And sometimes, where a slave belonged to a household in which he was subjected to cruel persecution, or in which it was well-nigh impossible he could live a Christian life, he might be ransomed by the Church. But in general the Christian master retained his

* "Braae," p. 69.

slaves, and the Christian slave was exhorted to be content with his condition. Indeed, one canon of the Church (Council of Gangra) explicitly enacts—

"If any one under the pretence of piety, advises a slave to leave his master and run away from his service, and not to serve his master with good will and full respect, let him be anathema."

What the Christian teachers of the early centuries press upon their hearers is not the duty of emancipating but of instructing and caring for their slaves. Says Augustine, in an address to slaves :—

"Christ did not make slaves freemen and masters, but He made bad slaves good slaves."

Indeed, the Church herself continued to hold slaves as Church property until the Middle Ages. But from the first, although there was no thought of emancipation, which was too large and revolutionary an idea to be soon conceived, the condition of the slave was improved. The Christian master was positively forbidden to ill-use his slave : if a woman even accidentally caused the death of her slave by punishment she was excluded from communion for five years. The gospel was preached as cordially to the slave as to the free-born ; the Church was as open to him. He sat down at the table of communion with his master, and instances are not wanting in which slaves became bishops in the Church. And as early as 321 A.D. the manumission of slaves from religious motives is recognised as common enough to require regulation, and accordingly Constantine encourages it in the enactment :—

"He who under a religious feeling has given a just liberty to his slaves in the bosom of the Christian Church will be thought to have made a gift of a right similar to Roman citizenship."*

In accordance with the growing humanity and the erring piety of the times, the emancipation of slaves came to be looked upon as a good deed which could not fail to redound to a man's credit in this world, and to his advantage in the world to come. The monk, in abjuring all his possessions, necessarily parted with his slaves, and frequently gave them their freedom. Those who to a more limited extent abandoned the luxuries of a merely worldly life often parted with some of their numerous slaves, and these also were commonly emancipated.

Slowly, indeed—very slowly, but surely, all these influences worked in Christendom. Only in our own day has the last blow been given to an institution which has probably

inflicted more suffering than either pestilence or war—which has, indeed, been a perennial fountain of degradation, despair, and vice, wherever it has existed. As mercy is twice blessed, blessing him that gives as well as him that receives, so inhumanity in the form of slavery has been as great a curse to the slave-owner as to the slave. The horrors of a slave-raid as now accomplished in Africa, the physical miseries, the unparalleled cruelties, the ruthless slaughter of the incapable, and the worse fate of the surviving, all these horrors that make the heart sink in helpless indignation, are outdone by the extinction of human feeling, the excitement of the vilest passions, the slow demoralisation of the slave-owning class. This blackest of stains Christendom has at length washed off herself, and there is the clearest evidence that the final extinction of slavery among Christian peoples was due, not to profounder economic views, nor to any natural instincts of humanity, but to the principles of Christianity. Garrison, in the early stage of the final conflict in America, said :—

"Emancipation must be the work of Christianity and the Church. *They* must achieve the elevation of the blacks, and place them on the equality of the Gospels."

And Clarkson, when fighting the same battle in our own country, said :—

"If we oppress the stranger as I have shown, and if by a knowledge of his heart we find he is a person of the same passions and feelings as ourselves, we are certainly breaking by the prosecution of the slave-trade that fundamental rule of Christianity, which says we shall not do that unto another which we wish should not be done unto ourselves."

Here then is a fact in the history of civilisation of a large and easily appreciable kind. It was impossible that the world should be civilised while one half of it lay under disabilities so crushing, and in a degradation so frightful. Indeed, it was impossible that those who were exempt from these disabilities should be civilised, so long as their inhumanity or ignorance of human rights suffered them to hold their fellow-men in such a bondage. Yet no institution seemed so firmly established as slavery. To many most discerning men it seemed an ordinance of nature. It was a universal custom. It appealed to the self-interest of men. But by the slow leavening of Christian sentiment, and by the vigorous assertion of Christian principle, society has at length thrown off this incubus, and in the very act of doing so has made a really measureless stride in civilisation.

(To be concluded next month.)

* "Brace," p. 54.

THE LION.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

CONSIDERED as a direct foe to man, the Lion is not nearly as formidable as its first cousin the tiger.

Formidable it certainly is, but it is losing power yearly. It is being "crowded out," and many lands through which it roamed at will can never again tremble at the thunder of its earth-shaking roar.

Taking, for example, acknowledged history, which is but a grain of sand on the shore of creation, we find that the Lion inhabited Europe. Supposing that a general European war were to break out, neither of the combatants would be obliged to take precautions against the Lion, as a hindrance to the transport service. Yet, we find Herodotus, "the Father of History," as he has often been called, to the utter oblivion of Moses and his unknown predecessor, the writer of the "Book of the Wars of Jehovah," stating that the army of Xerxes was attacked by Lions near Thessalonica (now known as Salonica), and that the Lions only attacked the camels, not meddling with the men, or even with the horses.

The reason is evident enough. The Lions knew by experience that Man possessed bows, arrows, spears, and nets, and was a mysterious animal which could not be attacked without danger. Horses, too, were swift of foot and could not be captured without more trouble than a Lion cares to take. Moreover, the horse has an awkward way of lashing out with its hind hoofs when it can turn upon its enemy. Whereas, the camel is too slow of foot to escape by speed, and has no hoofs of which the Lion would be afraid.

That the Lion was once plentiful we find from many passages of the Old Testament, too numerous for quotation. At the present day, the Lion is as extinct in Palestine as it is in Europe, and the shepherd need no longer fear it as a devastator of his flock. The Lion is "crowded out," obeying the same law as that which has extirpated the aboriginal Tasmanians, and which is gradually destroying the Maori of New Zealand, the Papuan of Fiji, the Black Man of Australia, and the Red Man of Northern America. They want too much room. It is impossible, for example, for a Red Man to maintain his family in comfort on less than a thousand acres of soil, so that when he comes in contact with races to whom a hundredth part of that land

is sufficient, he is obliged to retire before them.

So it is with the Lion. His stronghold is Africa, though he extends partly into Asia, where he overlaps, as has been well said, the domain of the tiger. But Africa is being invaded on all sides by Europeans, and in consequence the Lion has to retire before the conquering race. The animal is as practically extinct in Durban, Graham's Town, Cape Town, or indeed any European settlement, as in Greece or Palestine.

Still, throughout the greater part of Africa the Lion maintains its sway, though it is never as actively aggressive as the tiger. Even when age and infirmity compel it to become a man-eater, it does not desolate whole districts, as does the tiger, but confines its depredations within a comparatively small limit. Except when an intruder passes near the spot where it is nurturing its young, it will seldom take the initiative and attack man, but will try to slip away quietly.

Sometimes, however, there are exceptions to this rule, one of which forms the subject of the illustration on the opposite page.

The celebrated hunter, Gordon Cumming, had halted for the night, and, according to his custom, had protected his camp with a strong hedge of thorn branches, technically named a "kraal." His Hottentot followers, however, preferred to make a fire of their own under a thorn bush, about fifty yards from the kraal. With them was a little Bosjesman (pronounced "Bushesman"), named Ruyter, who was a faithful servant during Gordon Cumming's sojourn in Africa, and afterwards accompanied his master to England.

"About three hours after sundown, I called my men to come and take their coffee; and after supper, three of them, John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter, returned to their own fireside, and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and Stofolus on the other. At this moment, I was eating some barley broth at my fire, which was small, for, owing to our proximity to the village, wood was very scarce. The night was pitch dark and windy.

"Suddenly the appalling and savage roar of an angry Lion burst upon my ears within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots; again and again the mur-

derous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek; still, for a few moments we thought that the Lion was only chasing one of the dogs round the kraal. But, the next instant, Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out,

“The Lion! the Lion!
“He has got Hendrick!

“He dragged him away from the fire beside me!

“I struck him on the head with the burning brands, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.”

Knowing that nothing could help poor Hendrick, Gordon Cumming got all the men into the kraal, loosed the dogs, increased the fires, and waited for sunrise. It appeared



The Lion and Hendrick.

that the Lion had sprung upon Hendrick and Ruyter, as they lay under the same blanket, coiled up in true Hottentot fashion, and had seized the former, only wounding the latter with his claws. Hendrick could not have suffered much, being only able to utter one faint cry for help.

In the course of the day the Lion was tracked and killed, his skin being placed in Gordon Cumming's splendid collection. I

paid more than one visit to the collection when it was exhibited in London, and became very friendly with Ruyter, mostly through the medium of shillings, under which stimulus he became exceedingly communicative. He could speak no English, and I only knew a few words of Dutch, but he possessed to the full the dramatic power which is inherent in the Bosjesman, and gave me a most vivid description of the terrible scene. 

He rolled himself in a blanket, and lay coiled upon the ground. Then he gave the roar of the Lion with appalling power and fidelity, followed by the shriek of the victim and the muffled grumbling of the Lion as he carried off his prey. Then he pointed with immense glee to the skin of the lion, and poured upon it a torrent of voluble abuse, the meaning of which was evident, though I was, perhaps fortunately, unable to understand the words. The Lion was evidently a Man-eater, which was hanging about the village for the purpose of picking up one of the inhabitants who might happen to stray from shelter, and had taken advantage of the reckless conduct of the Hottentots. The animal was known and dreaded by the villagers, and great were the rejoicings over its dead body.

Gordon Cumming expressed his opinion that the man-eating habits of the Lion are often attributable to the laziness of the natives.

"The Bechuanas of the far interior do not bury their dead, but unceremoniously carry them forth, and leave them lying exposed in the forest or on the plain, a prey to the lion and hyæna, or the jackal and vulture; and I can readily imagine that a Lion, having thus once tasted human flesh, would have little hesitation, when opportunity presented itself, in springing upon and carrying off the unwary traveller or Bechuana inhabiting his country."

Some five or six so-called "species" of Lion are said by some zoologists to exist, but I cannot think that they are more than mere varieties of a single species. The "Maneless Lion" of Gujerat, for example, has been conclusively shown to be only a young male whose mane has not had time to grow. As to the Black-maned and Yellow-maned Lions of South Africa, they are, as will presently be seen, merely the same animal at different ages, the mane and tail-tuft beginning to blacken in the third year. The Dutch colonists call them respectively, "Schwartz fore-life" and "Chiel fore-life."

There is in fact but one species of Lion, though it varies slightly according to age and locality. In point of size, the Lion is not so large an animal as the tiger, though the mane and long fringes of the flanks give it the appearance of being much larger. A large South African male Lion measures, on an average, seven feet from the nose to the root of the tail, the tail itself measuring three feet in length. As to the character of the Lion, it may be summed up in a few words.

It is a big cat.

As to its courage, opinions somewhat vary, owing, as I imagine, to the character of the describer. Some travellers, such, for example, as Jules Gerard, the "Lion-slayer," as he modestly termed himself, speak of its courage with the greatest awe. Dr. Livingstone, on the other hand, had a very mean opinion of the animal's prowess.

This is the more remarkable because, as he was once seized by a Lion and his arm crushed in the animal's jaws, he might have been expected to hold a very different opinion. Probably the truth lies between these extremes, and the Lion is neither more or less courageous than might be expected from a cat.

Some years ago, when Mr. J. Cooper was exhibiting his cage of eight trained Lions at the Crystal Palace, some nervous residents objected to the exhibition, on the ground that a Lion or two might escape and devour the inhabitants. I happened to be talking to him when he was "interviewed" by a reporter on the subject. Mr. Cooper laughingly replied that if a Lion should escape, he would be more frightened than anybody else.

A friend of mine, an American lady, well known in the literary world, once met with an adventure which corroborates Mr. Cooper's remark.

She was walking on the outskirts of New York, when she almost stumbled over a Lion. The animal was lying on the ground, and looked so like a sandy hillock that she did not notice it until she was quite close. Rendered motionless by the shock, she could not move, and stared at the Lion. The animal seemed quite as much disconcerted as herself, and stared at her without moving or attempting to spring upon her.

Presently it began to back itself slowly, and then made off. Of course it had escaped from a menagerie.

I HAVE already mentioned that the Lion is losing ground in his own country. It has been said, and I think with some truth, that a "Hunter of the Prairies" must soon visit Europe to see a bison, and that in a few years an inhabitant of Australia, if he should want to see a living kangaroo, will be obliged to go to England and pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens. Perhaps the time may be at hand when a native of Africa or Asia will be forced to visit an English menagerie in order to see a Lion or Tiger. Taking the whole of England, and marking out on the map of Africa or Asia a tract of similar

area, I am inclined to fancy that in England there are at present nearly as many Lions as in either of the African or Asiatic districts.

Why we should want so many Lions seems something of a mystery. They are expensive animals to maintain, they need the constant attendance of skilled keepers, and they endanger the lives and limbs of those with whom they are brought in contact. They cannot even be taught, like the leopards of Bacchus, to draw a two-wheeled chariot.

Yet that they have a real value is shown by the fact that their number is steadily increasing, and that, in spite of that fact, their marketable value remains almost unchanged. A Lion cub, for example, when about three months of age and still in the striped and mottled state of Lion childhood, can be purchased for about twenty-five pounds. At eighteen months of age it will fetch fifty pounds, or even more, while a full-grown male will sell for two hundred pounds, if it be an Asiatic animal, and two hundred and fifty if it be an African specimen with a full, black-tipped mane.

I need not say that the Lion in captivity is solely used for exhibition, and that the business, when rightly managed, is a profitable one.

When treating of the tiger I mentioned that the "forest-bred animals were much more easily tamed than those which have been born in captivity." The same rule holds good with the Lion, and as the forest-bred animals are not only comparatively rare, but more valuable for training purposes, they fetch much higher prices than their offspring which have been born in a menagerie. Still, Lion-breeding is a profitable business in the hands of experienced men; but such men are not easily procured. They must be courageous to the last degree, for if an ill-conditioned Lion, tiger, or other "wild beast," should once feel that the keeper is afraid of it, the man's life is in constant danger.

He must be patient as well as courageous, and never lose his temper under any provocation. Then, he must be a close observer, never allowing the slightest trait of character to escape him. Moreover, he must take an unfeigned interest in each animal under his charge, he must have a bright and cheery manner, and keep himself in constant accord with even the most cross-grained beast in the menagerie.

This is by no means an easy task, for in every collection there are always several animals which are exceedingly trying to the temper. But the keeper who knows and

does his business is especially careful of himself when dealing with these unpleasant creatures. He knows that if he were to display any irritation against one of them it would be noticed by the other animals, and would weaken his moral influence over them.

A good keeper will make his influence felt as soon as he enters the building, as can be seen from the altered demeanour of the animals. The quarrelsome ones subside into quiet, and cast uneasy glances in his direction, and the noisy animals who were worrying their companions by their turbulence, try to look as if they were the most peaceable inmates of the place. Those with which he is on particularly good terms come forward, press themselves against the bars, and do their best to attract his attention.

As an example of the pains which a keeper must take, even in the management of a single species, I will briefly describe the care which must be exercised in rearing the young of the Lion.

For some time the cubs must be watched as rigidly as if they were human babies, being liable to a variety of infantine ailments. As with man, one of the most important periods of a young Lion's life is its teething, which, with these animals, occupies much of the first two years of its life. About the first set, or "milk teeth," there is comparatively little trouble; but when these teeth are shed for the purpose of making way for the permanent set, the troubles of the young Lion and its keeper begin.

As with ourselves, there is much difference in individuals, some getting through the trying process with comparatively little difficulty, while many suffer severely, and some die from exhaustion.

The progress of teething gives both the keeper and owner constant anxiety, because much of the future value of the animal depends upon it. For example, there are now in Mr. G. Sanger's collection at Margate two male Lions in neighbouring cages, one being three years of age, while the other is a year younger. By reason of its age the elder animal has a larger and blacker mane, but the younger is already the superior in general dimensions, and bids fair to become an exceedingly valuable animal.

The cause of this difference is to be found in the teeth. Those of the younger Lion were changed without difficulty, while those of the elder are even yet incomplete. There is one tooth of which the animal has not been able to rid itself, so that there is a constant dribbling from the side of the mouth.

It is not much, but, little as it may be, the growth of the animal is so seriously affected by it that the keeper is anxiously devising some plan by which he can remove the offending tooth.

Under ordinary circumstances, it is sufficient to supply the animal with a bone which is too large for it to break, and on which it can try its teeth, just as a human baby bites upon a coral. It is necessary that the bone should be a strong one, otherwise there would be danger of breaking and swallowing the splinters.

When the bone, as in this case, is of no effect, the keeper contrives to push a thick piece of hard wood between the animal's jaws, and then with a pair of forceps he twists out the tooth before the patient understands that anything is going to happen to it. With this particular Lion, however, the tooth is so much decayed that the keeper thinks that he will be obliged to use chloroform.

The Lions are grateful creatures, and do not forget any kindnesses which are bestowed upon them. Indeed, the old story of Androcles and the Lion finds many unrecorded parallels in modern days. For example, there is in the same building a Lioness who was nursed through a most dangerous illness by Stratford, the keeper. She was afflicted with disease of the lungs, an ailment from which a Lion has hardly ever been known to recover. He never left her day or night, even sleeping in the same cage with her.

In consequence, she allows him to do anything with her, and if she thought that he were in danger would at once go to his rescue. Just at present she is occupying the same cage as the well-known Lion "Wallace." Now, for reasons of his own, Wallace bears a grudge against Stratford, and does not like him to enter the cage. His companion, however, is only too glad to welcome his presence, and if Wallace makes any hostile demonstrations she interferes and drives him back.

Wallace certainly has some grounds for his dislike. There was a coloured man named Humphries, who performed as a Lion-tamer under the name of "Alicamoosa."

In January, 1881, Alicamoosa was performing at the Bingley Hall, Birmingham, and began his performance as usual by driving the Lions round the cage. Suddenly Wallace sprang at him, and struck him on the face, making three deep wounds, two on one side and one on the other. Of course, the force of the blow flung him down, and

while he was lying on the floor of the cage Wallace bit him on the arm.

He had presence of mind enough to lie still while Stratford came to the rescue with an iron bar, striking the lion on the jaws, so that he could not retain his hold of the man's arm. Alicamoosa then crawled slowly backwards, while the animal was confused by the blows on its mouth, and made his way to the door. In the course of his performances he used a revolver loaded with blank cartridges, and fortunately had not reached that part of the "business," so that the weapon was still loaded. He then fired two of the barrels in the animal's face, and was drawn out of the cage under cover of the smoke.

After this mishap, Wallace was not allowed to perform again. Humphries was too much injured to continue his performances, but Stratford dressed himself in Alicamoosa's performing costume, blackened his face and hands, put the Lions through their performances, and so enabled the proprietor to carry on the exhibition as if nothing had happened.

Wallace was born in the Agricultural Hall in 1874. Judging by our own children, or even by our domesticated animals, we might naturally imagine that when a Lion is to be trained for the purpose of going through certain performances, the process cannot be commenced at too early an age, so that the animal's first ideas should be based upon obedience to man.

This is, however, another instance of the diversity between theory and practice. The character of the Lion is not developed until it has at least completed its third year, and therefore an experienced Lion-tamer never takes a pupil until it is fully three years old, so that the keeper has been able to study its disposition.

Even when trained there is a very great difference between the animals. Some will go through their performance as if they enjoyed it, while others are lazy and sulky, and have to be reminded of their duty by the whip. Others, again, resent the whip, but will obey the voice, so that the trainer has to study the individual character of each animal under his charge.

Sometimes the apparent ferocity of a performing Lion is only feigned.

For example, Mr. J. Cooper, one of the best living Lion-tamers, produces a sensational effect at his performances. Just as he closes the door of the cage one of the Lions flies at him with a tremendous roar, and apparently misses him by half a second or so. It is only a trick, the Lion having been trained to

strike at the bars of the cage just above the door, and not at its master. This, however, is not noticed by the spectators, the roar and leap completely diverting their attention.

In the same collection there is a fine Lioness called "Victoria." She has a couple of cubs about four months old, and allows Stratford to pick them up, or even to take them out of the cage for the admiration of visitors. On one occasion, when he entered the cage, I was much amused at the uncereemonious way in which he treated her. She happened

to be standing with her hind quarters partly across the door, so that he could not fasten it. So he set his back against her body, put his foot against the side of the cage, and pushed her aside by main force.

As to its food, the Lion consumes less than might be imagined, and it is better for the health of the animals if they are kept without food one day in each week. Sunday is always chosen as the fasting day, as visitors always look forward to seeing the Lions fed upon the week-days.

PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

SHORT is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

Driver was he for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

Day and night, in all kinds of weather,
He and the engine he drave together.

I can fancy this Phillips as one in my mind
With little of speech to waste on his kind,

Always sharp and abrupt of tone,
Whether off duty or standing on,

With this firm belief in himself that he reckon'd
His duty first; all the rest was second.

Short is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen upon the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were waggons piled up in the air
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rush'd
Through the safety-valves of the engine crush'd

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath
The tender wheels with their grip of death

They drew him, scalded by steam and burn'd
By the engine fires as it overturn'd.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
Then knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four-feet way—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone,

"Signal the South Express!" he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his stoker, dead.

Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet blast of fame,

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, TRAINING SHIPS, AND REFORMATORIES.

By WILLIAM MITCHELL, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE GLASGOW SCHOOL BOARD.



It is my purpose in this closing paper to bring under notice a class of children presenting more difficulties and requiring more thoughtful consideration than probably any other. I refer to those who usually go under such designations as the following—vagrants, waifs, incorri-

gibles, or juvenile delinquents.

It may well be believed that their character and condition are usually the result of the circumstances and surroundings in which they are placed; but there are certain important qualifications. It would seem, from examples frequently brought before us, that there are some children, even of tender years, with very peculiar tempers and dispositions, whom their parents seem quite unable to manage and control. Not unfrequently have decent hardworking fathers or mothers, when dealt with on the subject of their children's irregularity at school or misconduct, declared, and often with tears, that no effort has been spared to bring them up in a right way; that punishment has been resorted to, that kindness and forbearance have been tried, and yet that, in spite of all, they could neither win nor move their boy or their girl to habits of obedience, truthfulness, or regular school attendance. It will probably be maintained, and with truth, that something has been wanting on the part of the parents. It must, however, be kept in mind that the dwellings and surroundings of the poor render it very difficult for them in such cases to enforce the discipline and control which might be exercised in more favourable circumstances. Playing truant, staying out at night, sometimes all night, stealing their fees, or other small articles, going with bad

companions—these are charges frequently brought against children even by parents themselves. Probably the greater number of this class of children are either fatherless or motherless, and the want of home influences and supervision has given them opportunities of being led astray and falling into bad habits, which once acquired seem almost ineradicable. Girls of eleven and twelve years of age left motherless are frequently found in circumstances of unparalleled temptation. A few sentences culled from our records, giving simply the sort of statements made by parents or guardians without going into detail, will convey an idea of the features I desire to portray:—

A mother says:—"Boy's heart disna incline to the schule." "Been carryin' on for two years. Sent him for ham the ither day; he spent the 10d. an' threepit* he gied me the ham." Another says:—"Oot a' nicht"; sleepit in a coal cellar; father beat him till he was black and blue; have tried everything, scoldin', threshin', coxin'; I even bocht him doos,† but a' of nae use." A mother "has left her washing-tub to go after her boy, but he flies off to the country to be oot o' sight o' the Board, and of course she can't get hold of him." The excuse for a truant girl is "that the lassie is kin' o' glaiiket‡ o' hersel';" and for a truant boy, "that he likes to walk about wi' his han's in his pooches.§" There is a mother who complains, "that father has deserted them; that the girls sing in a theatre, and are too tired to get up in time for school." The variety of excuses is quite endless. "Father at sea and mother lost control." "Grannie has rheumatism, and can't look after the boy." "Mother out hawking, and children take advantage of her absence." Too often, I regret to say, do the officers, when the poor children are brought up, tell sad stories of the families to which they belong. Intemperate mothers, disorderly and impure households, reckless, drunken fathers. Whoshall blamethe children for falling into vicious courses? And yet I cannot remember an instance of any poor vagrant, ill-behaved child bringing a complaint against its parents, or laying the blame of its misconduct on their shoulders.

* Insisted. † Pigeons. ‡ Silly. § Pooches.

The excuses of the children themselves are varied and peculiar. "Carters at the bazaar gied me oranges for helping them." "Ither laddies took me awa'." "A wee lassie telt me to plunk."* "Went to the Green wi' Bob and Rab, and we put oor books up inside oor jackets." They confess to frequenting the "Cattle Market," the public "Gymnasium," the "Canal;" they like to "go about horses," "to look at boats," "to do nothing but play at kee-hoy;" and although a parent got a policeman on one occasion to assist in taking him to school, the boy was absent next day.

Some idea may thus be formed of one class of children for whom special dealing is required; but there are also the children who have been brought before a police-court for criminal offences. These are often of the most trivial character. Stone-throwing is a very common charge. Petty thefts come next in order; pocket-picking among older boys; street-begging; helping older hands in acts of robbery or theft. The first offence is often the last, and great care and discrimination should be shown in dealing with young persons so convicted, that the very means used for their reclamation and recovery may not rather tend to fasten upon them the idea and prospect of a criminal career.

How difficult and perplexing the duty which lies upon the shoulders of those charged with the rescue and welfare of such children! Terribly important is the consideration of how such conduct in all its varied and varying aspects should best be dealt with. There are many subsidiary agencies known perhaps only to those who quietly and unostentatiously engage in kindly Christian work within the district in which their lot is cast. But there are four different kinds of public agencies which have been established at different periods for the purpose of meeting the necessities of these different classes—necessities which large and wide experience have made apparent to those called upon to deal with such children. These agencies are—

The Day Industrial Schools, where the children remain throughout the day, returning home at night;

The Ordinary Industrial Schools, where children are boarded and confined for a certain period of years;

The Training Ships, suitable only for a certain class of strong, healthy boys; and

The Reformatories for children and young persons who have been convicted of crime.

* Play truant.

There are specialities and peculiarities connected with each institution to which I shall now advert.

DAY INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

My former reference to Day Industrial Schools had regard to a class of children not necessarily ill-behaved, but who, from one or other or both parents being out all day, required a place where they might get their meals and be properly looked after out of school hours—payment by the parents being of course required.

These institutions, however, are also largely helpful in dealing with delinquent and incorrigible children over whom parents allege they have lost control. They are here separated from the bad companions who may have been leading them astray. They are subjected to a new and kindly female influence which seems most effective in their reclamation. They understand that an opportunity is given them of turning over a new leaf before they are dealt with more summarily by being altogether removed from home and parents for a time. The results have been very gratifying. The greater number of what may be called the milder cases of misconduct have been successfully dealt with, and many a poor boy or girl who was reported as irreclaimably bad has developed qualities of obedience, truthfulness, and honesty, most gratifying to the teachers and directors.

It will be readily understood that there is always a certain number who will not improve. They cannot be got to attend, or they persist in the evil habits of petty pilfering or misconduct chargeable against them on admission. For these, after a fair trial has been made, the next alternative is to get them committed to one or other of the ordinary Industrial Schools, where they will be confined for three, four, or five years, according to the magistrate's discretion, but not after they are sixteen years of age.

There is legislative power in the Act, whereby the directors of the Day Industrial Schools may, after sufficient trial, apply for the transference of irregular, ill-behaved children to an ordinary Industrial School, and this power is taken advantage of as occasions arise.

ORDINARY INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The ordinary Industrial Schools, of which there are four in Glasgow—one for boys and one for girls under Protestant management,

and one for boys and one for girls under R.C. management, are all more or less similar in character. The two Protestant Schools, as well as the Day Industrial Schools and the Reformatories, are in charge of the Juvenile Delinquency Board, constituted by a local Act of Parliament. A brief outline of the Schools under this Board will indicate the leading features of all such Schools, and may not be uninteresting.

The Mossbank Industrial School is the largest of the kind in Scotland. It has been specially constructed for the board, lodging, education, industrial training, and recreation of about four hundred boys. The dormitories are airy and comfortable. The class-rooms thoroughly equipped with educational appliances. The work-rooms well adapted for the trades which are being taught. There is ample playground, and several acres of field and garden ground. The Institution is

under the care of a superintendent of large and long experience, who resides on the premises with his family. It is his aim to bring the friendly and social element into play among the boys as much as possible. There is an experienced teacher with several assistants, and the results educationally, as brought out in H.M. Inspectors' reports, are most gratifying. There are tradesmen suitable for taking charge of the various industrial departments. These consist of such trades as baking, tailoring, shoemaking, &c., and are a source of profit to the Institution. Excellent and abundant food is supplied according to a dietary approved by the Home Secretary.

The children are admitted by order of a magistrate, on his being satisfied that the grounds stated are sufficient, and according to the terms of the Industrial Schools' Act.

These grounds are more or less to the effect that the child has been found begging, or wandering without settled place of abode or proper guardianship, or the parent is in prison, or the child frequents the company of reputed thieves, or is lodging in a house of bad fame. There is a special clause in the Act, to the effect that committal may be made, on the declaration of parents that they are unable to control the child, if the magistrate is satisfied on inquiry of the expediency of such a step.

The age of the child so committed is limited to under sixteen, and in point of fact their ages usually range from eight to fourteen years. The period of committal may extend to five years, but the directors have it in their power to let out a child on licence in eighteen months, if satisfied of the advantage of doing so, and the respectability of the child's home. The licence enables



Serving Dinner.

the directors still to watch over the conduct of the child so licensed, and it may be withdrawn at any time on suitable cause shown.

Government assists by a liberal allowance towards the maintenance of these children, and exercises at the same time a very strict and salutary supervision over the management and administration of the Institution. The Annual Reports in the Blue Book are of a most satisfactory character. The greater number of the boys turn out well after leaving. An interesting record is kept of their future career, and old inmates frequently return to spend an evening with old friends.

A Boys' Home has been established for those who have not a suitable home to which to return on the expiry of their time, and situations so far as possible found for them.



Little Stocking-weavers.

This is a development of the Industrial School system of vast significance and importance. Advantage may be taken of it in the case of boys whose time has not expired, and who, being sufficiently educated and ready for work, are assisted to get a good start in the world. It is warmly supported by H.M. Inspector.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Great as is the benefit of an Industrial School for boys of the class I have indicated, how unspeakable is such a benefit for girls of a similar class! Those who are in the habit of visiting such Institutions must often have been struck with the difficulty of describing in words, or presenting any adequate picture of the interesting sight presented by a large company of poor girls rescued from the vicious surroundings of a life exposed to almost irresistible temptations.

One look upon these faces, where sadness invariably sits, and where past neglect has too often stamped an impress on features which years of kindness cannot efface, will tell a story which the pen in vain attempts to record.

There are about two hundred such girls in the Maryhill Industrial School, under the care of a lady superintendent of large experience, and deeply interested in

their welfare. She resides in the Institution with her daughters, with the requisite assistants for Training, Education, and Industrial Work. Besides the principal building there are four cottage homes, each superintended by a matron, who has twenty girls under her care, thus giving as much as possible the character of home life to the necessary detention which must prevail.

As in the boys' institution, everything is done for the happy and comfortable bringing up of the children that is possible in the circumstances. Excellent food, efficient education, the kind of industrial work best suited for this class of girls—washing, sewing, knitting, kitchen and house duties—all combining to give a good practical training for domestic service.

Many interesting notices might be given of girls whose previous lives had been of the darkest shade, but whose bright and happy experience in school, and after leaving it, impart sufficient reward to those who had been concerned in bringing about a result so unspeakably beneficial both to the girls and to the whole community.

They are not left at the expiry of the period of their committal to return to homes unfitted for their reception, but care is taken in such cases to get situations for them, and they are encouraged to maintain a friendly relationship towards the home and friends where so many of the best years of their lives have been spent.



Industrial Work.

TRAINING SHIPS.



Raw material.

work. The very appearance of the old "man-of-war," lying peacefully at anchor under the shadow of the hillsides, and surrounded by scenes of rare beauty, suggests agreeable emotions to those interested in the rescue and welfare of these four hundred boys who find their home on board.

On the signal from shore a boat leaves the ship, manned by a crew of the lads, with one of the more experienced for coxswain, and the visitor is quickly transferred to the ship's side, where he is made welcome by Capt. Jones Parry, R.N., who has for many years taken command and superintended this youthful ship's company. One is struck, first of all, by the exceeding cleanliness and sweetness of all on board. Above and below, and all round, alike as regards the salubrity of the air and the floors and fittings of the ship, no symptom or suggestion of dirt or dinginess is to be seen.

The sanitary arrangements are admirable. From this may be traced the fact that the health of the boys is excellent, and no epidemic finds place among them. When a boy is taken on board, or returns from visiting his friends, a thorough overhaul of him is made, and fumigation resorted to in every case, so that infection is thus effectually barred at the threshold. Daily washing and frequent bathing form part of the regular discipline. There is a good supply of hot water for moderating the cold water during the

The training ships form an essential part of the Industrial School system. There are two such ships in Scotland—one at Dundee and the other on the Clyde. A visit to the *Cumberland*, which is stationed at the entrance to the Gairloch, will put one in possession of the distinctive features of this important branch of the

winter months, and in summer the sea forms a capacious swimming bath, where the lads learn that most useful art.

The food is plentiful, and, as in other Industrial Schools, supplied according to an approved dietary regimen.

Lessons are taught by competent teachers in all the elementary branches, and an inspection by Government is conducted as in ordinary board schools.

The ship is lit with gas, which tends during the long winter evenings to brighten and enliven the "tween-decks," where the training and educational and sleeping accommodation is found.

The appearance of the lads, with their sailor-like uniform, is cheerful and pleasing. They quickly assume the peculiarities of young seamen, nautical phrases are soon picked up: larboard and starboard—below and aloft and abaft—ashore and aboard, are words constantly heard. They learn to box the compass, to pick oakum and splice ropes, to mend spars, and tar, paint, or wash down their wooden walls. They hitch up their waist-bands and touch their caps quite in the manner of old salts. There is a tailoring department where the boys learn to patch and darn and sew on buttons, and assist in keeping their clothes in repair.

They have a large schooner which the boys, and about sixty off in her each summer cruise extending to the Mediterranean, calling at Madeira or other ports. The lads are in this way trained to practical seamanship, and more than three-fourths of them enter the merchant service when their time in the ship is expired.

A cutter-yacht, the property of the managers, is

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A Cumberland Boy.

chiefly appropriated to cruising with the band; this, by the way, forms a charming feature of the *Cumberland* boys. The most likely of the lads are selected and trained to play well, and their musical performances are much appreciated, not only by the boys themselves, but by the surrounding community, and frequently are their services called into requisition at public festivals, regattas, and entertainments.

The large, roomy upper deck forms an admirable playground, where all kinds of romping games are indulged in.

There is a good library on board, of which the boys learn to take full advantage.

The whole company are assembled for prayers morning and evening, and the lads have a short period specially allotted before going to bed when all are taught to kneel together in silent prayer.

Scripture lessons are given to them twice a-week. Capt. Parry told me that nothing surprised him more than the knowledge of the Bible which most of the boys have: he attributed this to the excellent Sunday-school system prevailing in Glasgow, from which City most of these lads come.

They are allowed an occasional visit of a day or two to their friends, when it is known that they have respectable homes, but Capt. Parry never allows more than half-a-dozen to be away at once, as a precaution against any kind of combination among them.

REFORMATORIES.

The subject of Reformatories, as they have hitherto existed in Scotland, is of a far more difficult and painful character than that of Industrial Institutions. In speaking of the latter there is much to interest and to cheer, and there is about them abundant room for development and encouragement; but with regard to Reformatories there is usually an atmosphere of depression surrounding them which leads one to question whether they might not be dispensed with for young persons altogether, and as far as possible merged into the Industrial School system.

The radical fault belonging to them is that a period of imprisonment in a common jail, for not less than ten days, must be undergone by all the lads and girls who enter their portals. Children are brought before a magistrate for some petty theft or trifling misdemeanour. If a conviction follows, which is a necessary consequence where the crime is proven, the magistrate cannot send such child direct to a Reformatory, but must pass sentence of imprisonment first, and then

after incarceration may order the child for a certain number of years to a Reformatory. Conviction and imprisonment render a child legally ineligible for an Industrial School.

When they are not sent to a Reformatory after conviction, but only to prison for a few days, this shameful brand may be quickly forgotten or looked at in after years as a youthful folly to be lived down. When accentuated, however, by the fact of subsequent detention in a Reformatory, where only those are to be found who have been convicted of crime and have been in prison, the youthful life becomes branded and stained in a manner which after years make it very difficult to purify and sweeten. This matter has been so frequently and urgently brought under notice of Government and the Home Department, that there is good hope of a change being wrought in connection with new legislation, which it is understood will soon be introduced.

Meantime every effort possible is being made in existing Reformatories to make the best of the present system.

The principal Reformatory in Glasgow for boys has been looked after and watched over and made the subject of anxious deliberation for many hours and days and years by the self-denying labours of her best citizens, but they have always realised the chilling atmosphere which surrounds the Institution. The governor, with a large and wide and varied experience, has given the principal years of his life to its best interests, and an able staff has supported him, alike as regards education and industrial training. The Government reports have, as a rule, been satisfactory, and the after career of the lads shows a large percentage who have turned out well.

GIRLS' REFORMATORY.

The delinquent girls, so far as Glasgow is concerned, have always dwelt in a more genial atmosphere. They are subject, of course, to the same brand of imprisonment before entering the Reformatory, which seems even worse for a girl than a boy; but no one who has visited the bright and beautiful building at Chapelton but must feel that, if it is possible to win these poor girls to paths of rectitude and virtue, their residence there ought to have that effect. Situations are found for those who are fitted for domestic service. Certain of them return home, if their parents are respectable, and find work in suitable employment, and a few others are at intervals got out to Canada, after full inquiry as to their prospects there.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of ~~the~~ Roman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER VI.—THE SHADOW ACROSS THE PATH.

WHAT to do? How to bear it? How far she—woman of purest thought—had sinned in participating as she had in Hallam's crime?

It was as if the shock had blunted and confused her understanding, so that she could not think clearly or make out any plan for her future proceeding. And all the time she was haunted as by a great horror.

Now light would come, and she would seem to see her course clearly and wonder that she should have hesitated before. It was all so simple. Sir Gordon was there in Sydney, her oldest friend. He it was who had been the sufferer by her husband's defalcations, and of course it was her duty to go straight to him and tell him all.

No sooner had she arrived at this than she shrank from the idea with horror. What could she have been thinking! To go to Sir Gordon was to denounce her husband as a criminal, and the result would be to send him back to the prison lines and the hideous convict life that had changed him from a man of refinement to a brutal sensualist, from whom in future she felt that she must shrink with horror.

But what was she to do? She could not lead this life of luxury, purchased by the money she had so innocently brought; that was certain. She and Julia must leave there at once. They could not stay.

She shivered as she thought of the difficulties that would rise up. For where were they? Out here, in this half-civilised place, penniless; and what rights had she to bring forward if Robert Hallam, her husband and master, said no, she should stay, and claimed her and her child as his?

There was light again. She could appeal to the governor, for Hallam had forfeited his social rights, and she would be free.

Down came the darkness and shut out that light, closing her in with a blackness so terrible that she shuddered.

It was impossible—impossible!

"He is my husband," she moaned, "and were he ten times the sinner I could not take a step that would injure the man I loved—the father of my child!"

Christie Bayle!

Yes: Christie Bayle, truest and most faithful of friends, who in the days of his boyish love had resigned himself to her wishes, and promised to be her brother through life.

How good he had been; and how she had in her agony of spirit reviled him, and called him her husband's enemy! How his conduct seemed to stand out now, bright and shining! How full of patient self-denial! Brother, indeed, through all; while she had been—she knew it now, and shivered in her agony—so obstinately blind.

Christie Bayle would help her, and protect Julia whom he loved as if she were his child. He would—yes, she reiterated the thought with a strange feeling of joy—he would help her, as he had helped her before, in this time of anguish, and protect Julia from that man.

For now came, in all its solid horror, the reality of that which had only been cast, so far, as a shadow across her path.

This man, Crellock, who had seemed like Hallam's evil genius from the first, but whom she saw now as her husband's willing tool, had conceived a passion for her darling child. More; he was her husband's chosen companion in pleasure and in guilt, and Hallam would—if he had not done so already—accept him.

"And I sit here bemoaning my suffering," she cried passionately, "when such a blow is impending for my darling. Shame! shame! Am I ever to be so weak a woman, so mere a puppet in others' hands? Heaven give me strength to be forgetful of self, and strong in defence of my child!"

She pressed back her hair from her brow, which became full of lines, and, resting her elbows upon her knees, her chin upon her hands, she sat there gazing as it were into the future, as she told herself that her own sufferings must be as nought, but that she must save Julia from such a fate.

Sir Gordon! Bayle! No! no! Only as a last resource. Not even then; they must be left. They had known the truth from the first—she saw it now—and in pity for her bore all she had said, and helped her.

No! to ask their aid was to punish her husband. That could not be. She must act alone, weak woman as she was. No: she

must be strong now, and she and Julia must leave this man at once. They must take some cottage or lodging in the town, and work for a living. That must be the first step.

Then came the black cloud again, to shut out the hope. Hallam would not allow them to go; and if they could steal away they were absolutely penniless.

She sat gazing before her, feeling as if old age had come suddenly to freeze her faculties and render her helpless; but, starting from her blank feeling of misery, she forced herself to think. What should she do? Julia should not be a convict's wife; she felt that she would rather see her dead.

Once more a ray of hope—a thin, bright ray of light piercing the darkness ahead.

Lieutenant Eaton!

Yes, he loved Julia, and it had seemed as if Julia cared for him, but in her maiden innocence had always shrunk from anything more than a friendly show of attachment.

"But he is manly, and evidently devoted to her," said Mrs. Hallam in a low voice. "She would soon learn to love him."

She ran over in her own mind all that had passed since the acquaintance on ship-board began. Eaton's attentions, the pleasant hours Julia had seemed to spend in his company, the young officer's manner—everything pointed to its being on his part more than the gallant attention of one of his stamp. Then there was the life here since they had landed. His occasional calls; his evident hesitancy. It was all so plain. He loved Julia dearly, but he was kept back from proposing for her by her connections.

"But he will ignore them for her sake," she cried at last joyously. "He must be learning day by day how true and sweet she is. He will forget everything and she will be saved."

Mrs. Hallam started up with the ray of hope cutting its way more and more brightly through the dark cloud ahead; and then her senses seemed to reel, a terrible fit of giddiness came over her as she tottered, caught at a chair, and fell heavily upon the floor.

CHAPTER VII.—"TO THE BETTER WAY."

WHEN Mrs. Hallam came to herself, she was in bed, where she had lain talking incoherently at times during the greater part of a week. It was evening, and the sun was shining in at the open window, lighting up Julia's dark hair, as she sat with her face in the shadow, careworn and evidently suffering deeply.

Mrs. Hallam lay for some time feeling

restful and calm. The fevered dream was at an end, and she had slept long, to wake now with that pleasurable sensation upon her that is given to the sick when an attack is at an end, and nature is tenderly repairing the damages of the assault. She was lying there; Julia, her beloved child, was by her side. A veil was between her and the past, and there was nothing but the peaceful sensation of rest.

Then, as her eyes wandered slowly about the room and rested at last upon her child, her mind began to work; the mother's quick instinct awoke, and she read trouble in Julia's face. The memories that were slumbering came back, and she tried to rise in her bed but sank back.

"Mother!"

"My child! Tell me quickly, have I been ill?"

"Yes; very, very ill. But you are better now, dear mother. I am so alone! Ah! at last, at last!"

Worn out and weak with constant watching, Julia threw herself sobbing by the bedside, but only to hurriedly dry her eyes and try to be calm. She succeeded, and answered the questions that came fast; and as she replied, Mrs. Hallam trembled, for she could see that Julia was keeping something back.

"Have I been delirious?" she said at last.

"Yes, dear; but last night you slept so peacefully, and all through to-day. There, let me call Thisbe."

"No, not yet," said Mrs. Hallam, clinging to her child's arm, as a great anxiety was longing to be satisfied. "Tell me, did I talk—talk of anything while I was like that?"

Julia nodded quickly, and the despairing look deepened in her eyes.

"Not—not of your father, my child?" panted the suffering woman.

"Yes, mother, dear mother!" sobbed Julia, with a passionate cry that she could not withhold, and she buried her face in the sick woman's breast.

The sun sank lower, and Julia's low sobs grew more rare, but she did not rise from her knees—she did not lift her tear-stained face, while clasped about her neck, and her fingers joined above the glossy head, as if in prayer, Mrs. Hallam's hands, thin and transparent from her illness, seemed bathed in the orange glow of the sweet, calm eve.

All was so still and restful on the hill-slope above the beautiful Paramatta River, and from the window there was a scene of peace that seemed to hinder the possibility of there being trouble on this earth.

"Julia," said Mrs. Hallam at length; "have you thought of all this—since—since I have been lying here?"

"Yes, dear, till I could think no more."

"It has come at last," said Mrs. Hallam, as she lay with closed eyes.

"It has come, dear?" said Julia, starting up, and gazing at her mother with dilating eyes.

"Yes, my child, our path. I could not see it before in the wild confusion of my thoughts, but I know our duty now. You will help me, dear?"

"Help you, mother? Oh, yes. What shall I do?"

Mrs. Hallam did not answer for a few minutes, and then said softly—

"You know all, you say. It has come to you with as great a shock as to me; but I can see our duty now. Julia, he must love us dearly; we are his wife and child, and we must lead him back to the better way."

CHAPTER VIII.—A CONVICT RISING.

"Ah, Mr. O'Hara," said Bayle, holding out his hand, "I have not seen you for months. Why do you not give a call?"

"Because I am a convict, sir," said the young Irishman, paying no heed to the extended hand.

"Oh, yes; but that is past now," said Bayle. "One doesn't look upon you as one would upon a thief or a swindler, and even if you had been both these worthies, a man of my cloth comes to preach forgiveness, and is ready to hold out the right hand to every man who is sorry for the past."

"But I am not sorry for the past, sir," said O'Hara firmly.

"I've studied it all," said Bayle quietly, "and the rising was a mistake."

"Don't talk about it, please, sir," said O'Hara hotly. "You are an Englishman. You could not gaze upon that trouble for which I was transported from an Irishman's point of view."

"Then we will not talk about it," said Bayle; "but come, I am no enemy of your country."

"I should say, sir, that you were never any man's enemy but your own," said O'Hara.

Bayle smiled. "There, shake hands," he said. "How has the world been using you?"

"Better lately, sir. I am comfortable enough in the Government office, and now I am helping the commission that is investigating the prison affairs. And you, sir?"

"Oh, I am busy enough, and happy enough. Then it was you I caught sight of in the prison yard a month ago? I thought

it was; but it gave me such a chill that I would not look again."

"Why, sir?"

"I was afraid that you had gone backwards, and were there again."

O'Hara's hard, care-lined face relaxed, and there was a pleasant smile on his countenance when he spoke again.

"I heard a good deal about you, sir, in the lines."

"Indeed!"

"The men talked a good deal about you."

"Yes!" said Bayle good-humouredly.

"I'm afraid they laugh at me and my notions a good deal."

"They do," said O'Hara thoughtfully.

"Poor wretches! But you have made more impression and gained more influence, sir, than you think."

"I wish I could feel so," said Bayle with a sigh.

"If you will take my opinion, sir, you will feel so," said O'Hara. "I'm glad I met you, sir, for I have been a great deal in the prison lately, and I can't help thinking there is something wrong."

"Something wrong?"

"Yes, sir. I believe the men are meditating a rising."

"A rising? In Heaven's name, what do they expect to do?"

"Obtain the mastery, or seize upon a vessel or two, and escape to some other land."

"But have you good reason for suspecting this?"

"No other reason than suspicion—the suspicion that comes from knowing their ways and habits. Such a rising took place when I was there years ago."

"Well?"

"It was suppressed, and the poor wretches who were in it made their case worse, as they would now."

"But the authorities must be warned."

"They have been warned," said O'Hara drily. "I am not one of them now, and knowing what I do of the musket and bayonet and the lash, I lost no time in laying my suspicions before my superiors. Yes," he said, "I was right, was I not?"

"Right! Unquestionably. Such men, until they have been proved, have no right to be free. Then that is the meaning of the extra sentries I have seen."

"That is it, sir; but if the sentries were doubled again, I'm afraid the mistaken men would carry out their notions, unless some strong influence were brought to bear. Why don't you try to get hold of the ringleaders,

sir, and show them the madness of the attempt?"

"I will," said Bayle quickly, and they parted; but they were not separated a hundred yards before there was a shout, and Bayle turned to see O'Hara running after him swiftly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I have spoken too late, sir. I heard a shot out yonder, beyond that house where the new road is being made. A strong gang has been at work there for a fortnight past. Do you hear that?"

Two distant shots in quick succession were heard, and Christie Bayle turned pale, for the sounds came from beyond the house pointed out, and that house was Hallam's.

"We had better go and give the alarm at the governor's office."

"No, no," said Bayle. "We may be in time to help up here. Come quickly; run!"

It seemed madness to O'Hara; but there was a decision in Bayle's order that did not seem to brook contradiction, and being a quick, lithe man he ran, step for step, with his companion as they made their way amongst the park-like growth of the hillside in the direction of the spot whence the sounds had come.

Bayle had a very misty idea of what he meant to do, and once or twice the thought came that, after all, this might be only someone amusing himself with a gun after the beautifully plumaged birds that were common enough in the neighbourhood then.

These ideas were quickly overthrown, for soon they could see the white flannel jackets of a soldier or two in the distance, and the gleam of a bayonet, followed by another shot, and some figures running down the side of one of the valleys leading to the Pacific shore.

It was now that Bayle realised his intentions, and they were to go to the help of those who were at Hallam's house, in case it should be attacked.

As they came nearer though, it was evident that the fight which was in progress was more to the right of the house, and becoming fiercer, for some half-dozen shots were fired in a volley from a ravine down among some trees, the hills being occupied by a swarm of men.

All at once three figures came out of the house on the slope, and as he advanced Bayle made out that they were Hallam, Crellock, and one who was unmistakable from his undress uniform.

When they came out it was evident that

the latter was urging his companions to follow him; but they stopped back, and he dashed on, down into the ravine.

It was heavy running for Bayle, and the young officer was far ahead of him; but he hurried on, O'Hara keeping well up to his side; and together they saw him meet a couple of retreating soldiers who stopped at his command, faced round, and accompanied him, the three plunging down among the bushes and disappearing from the sight of Bayle and his companion.

"The men will be very dangerous," said O'Hara. "We shall find them armed with picks, spades, and hammers."

"They will not hurt me," panted Bayle, "and we may save bloodshed."

"I don't think they will hurt me," said the young Irishman grimly. "Are you going on, sir?"

"Of course."

"Good. Then I will risk it too."

They were going forward all the time, hurrying down into the valley, and leaving Hallam's house away to the left, with Hallam and Crellock watching the proceedings, they having a view from their commanding position of that which was hidden from Bayle and his friend.

As they ran on, though, they heard another shot or two, and a loud shouting, while a couple of hundred yards on ahead they could see four soldiers retreating along the slope, pursued by about a dozen of the convicts, another party coming towards them, a glimpse of a bayonet showing that other soldiers were being driven back towards Hallam's house, while in another minute it was plain that Eaton had not been able to join forces with the guard.

In fact the convicts had divided into two parties, and these, going in opposite directions, were driving their guards before them with furious shouts.

The bushes hindered the view, but at last Bayle came in full sight of Eaton and his two men just as a stone was hurled, hitting one of them in the chest, so that he went down as if shot. His companion turned to fly, but a furious shout from Eaton stopped him and he faced the enemy again as the young officer reached over the fallen soldier, took his musket, with its fixed bayonet, and stood his ground, to protect the poor fellow who was down.

It was only a matter of moments, and before Bayle could get up the convicts had made a rush, yelling furiously.

It was hard to see what took place; but

as Bayle ran down the slope, his heart beating fast with apprehension, the soldier dropped, and Bayle had just time to strike one blow on the young officer's behalf, as the convicts closed him in, and bore him back against the scarped face of the little ravine. It was only one blow, but it was given with the full force of a strong arm and had the weight of a well-built man rushing down a deep slope to give it additional force.

The result was that the man Bayle struck, and another behind him, went rolling over, the former just as he had raised a spade to strike at Eaton's defenceless head.

"You cowardly dogs!" roared Bayle, as, failing another weapon, he caught up a spade one of the convicts had let fall.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the men gave way, and stood glaring for a few moments, till one of their number shouted—

"It's only the parson, boys. Down with 'em!" But they did not come on, and taking advantage of their hesitation, Bayle turned to Eaton.

"Quick!" he said, "let's get away from here."

"No," said the young officer hoarsely. "I can't leave my men. Ah!"

He uttered a sharp cry, and sank down, for a piece of stone had been hurled at him with force enough to dislocate his shoulder, half stunning him with the violence of the blow. As the young man fell the convicts uttered a yell of delight, all three of their adversaries being now *hors de combat*; but they were not satisfied, one of their number rushing forward to deliver a cowardly blow with a stone-hammer with which he was armed.

Bayle did not realise for the moment that so brutal an act could be committed upon a fallen adversary, and he was so much off his guard that he only had time to make a snatch at the handle, and partly break the force of the blow, which fell on Eaton's cap.

Then there was a quick struggle, and the convict staggered, tripped over a loose block of stone, and fell with a crash. Bayle stooped down, lifted the insensible man, and strode away. The convicts were taken by surprise at this act, and some were for fetching him back, but the remainder were for letting him go.

"Take the swaddys' guns, lads, and let's be off at once," said one of the party, and the two muskets were seized, a convict presenting the bayonet of the piece he had secured at the breast of one of the fallen men, both of whom lay half stunned and bleeding on the rough ground.

"Shall I, boys?" he said.

"No; hold hard," cried a voice, and a member of the party who had been in pursuit of the other portion of the guard came up. "Tie them hand and foot, and leave them so as they can't give warning. Who's that going up the hill?"

"Parson and the lieutenant," said one of the men.

"And who's that running yonder?"

"That Irishman who was in with us—O'Hara."

"Can any one shoot and bring him down? Give me a musket."

He snatched the piece offered to him, took careful aim by resting the musket on the edge of the scarped bank, and fired.

There was the sharp report, the puff of white smoke, and O'Hara, who was about a hundred yards to the left running hard in the direction of the town, leaped up in the air, fell, and rolled over out of sight amongst the tussocks of grass.

"Now, lads, he won't give the alarm. Come on, and fetch back the parson. We can get something up yonder, too."

There was a shout at this, the thought of getting plunder, and perhaps drink, firing the blood of the wretched men, who let slip the golden moments open for escape, and followed Bayle and his heavy burden up the slope towards Hallam's house.

CHAPTER IX.—LIEUTENANT EATON IS IN THE WAY.

As Bayle toiled up the incline with his load, it seemed as if the house whose shelter he sought to reach, and which seemed so near through the clear atmosphere, kept retreating farther and farther away.

The heat was tremendous, and the wild slope tangled with rough growth in parts that hindered his progress terribly, while he was compelled to keep in the gully from the difficulty of climbing the steep side with so heavy a load, and from the dread that if he exposed himself too much to the view of the convicts he might be inviting a shot.

Panting, and with his throat dry with excitement as much as with exertion, he toiled on, feeling as if every few paces had brought him nearly to a haven of refuge, but only on raising his eyes to see the house apparently as far off as ever, and to hear the voices of the convicts close at hand, the gully acting as a kind of tube to convey the sound. He paused for a moment to get a better hold of his burden, and Eaton uttered a loud groan, but he managed to get him in an easier posi-

tion, and started off once more, toiling on till the gully opened on his left, and he saw O'Hara rise from behind some bushes, where he had been creeping, and begin to run. Then his blood seemed to turn cold, his heart to stop beating, for quicker than it can be told, there was a shout, a dead silence, and then the sharp report of a musket, as O'Hara went down and rolled out of his sight as well.

Bayle ground his teeth, and a chill of despair came over him as he realised that O'Hara had been making for the town to give the alarm and bring help, while now the news might not reach Sydney till the hour when the draft and their guard should return.

"My poor boys!—my poor boys!" moaned Eaton as Bayle toiled on with him, seeing now that Hallam and Crellock were outside the verandah, looking curiously towards him, but not taking a step to his aid.

"I can't ask their help if they do not offer it," muttered Bayle, as he staggered on, growing weaker with his exertion, and finally stopping for a moment or two to get breath.

Then came the confused murmur of voices, when, looking back, he saw that he was pursued; and then, as he pressed forward again, the horrible thought flashed through his brain that he was leading the savage band of utterly reckless men right to the house where two tender women might even then be trembling witnesses of what was going on. The agony he suffered at this thought was so great that he stopped short, his brain swimming; and, in spite of the fact that the convicts were close behind, he would have staggered off to the left, had not a white figure suddenly appeared on the side farthest from where Hallam and Crellock had backed close to the window, and run swiftly to meet him.

It was like some episode in a dream to Bayle, as that white figure flew to his side.

"Quick, Mr. Bayle!" and, catching at Eaton in the belief that she was helping to bear him, Julia pressed towards the house.

"Julie! are you mad?" roared Hallam, as soon as she was seen; and Crellock started out after her.

"Quick! help! help!" she cried in a sharp imperious manner; and, as is so often the case where one quick order is given, those who would not if they had time to think stir a finger in a cause, feel themselves moved by some irresistible influence, and obey. So Crellock seized Eaton, and helped bear him into the dining-room, Hallam banging to the window and fastening it as Eaton was thrown upon the couch.

"You are mad!" cried Hallam passionately. "They'll wreck the place now."

"They won't hurt us," said Crellock coolly; and to Julia's horror he threw open the window as the convicts came up at the double and rushed into the room.

"Steady, mates, steady!" shouted Hallam. "You know us."

The leading men hesitated a moment, and then one of them made a dash at Eaton.

"Now, boys, have him out," he cried.

Julia shrieked, and threw herself before the helpless man, when the convict rudely caught her by the arms to swing her aside, but was sent staggering sideways by a blow dealt by Bayle.

"Save him, Mr. Bayle," shrieked Julia, as she clung to Eaton. "Oh, father, help!"

Neither Hallam nor Crellock stirred as the man whom Bayle had struck uttered a yell which was echoed by his companions, who seized Bayle and held him as others of the party dragged out Eaton, fortunately insensible to all that was going on. In another minute his life would have been sacrificed, when there was the tramp of feet, an order given in a loud voice, and a party of soldiers led by Captain Otway dashed up with bayonets fixed. And then two wounded convicts were lying on the floor, the others were in full flight down the gully pursued by the soldiers, a shot every now and then breaking the silence that had fallen upon the group.

Hallam was the first to speak, and he turned angrily upon Bayle.

"Were you mad to bring him here?" he snarled.

"Father!" cried Julia with a reproachful look, as she knelt down beside Eaton to hold her handkerchief to his wounded head.

Bayle made no reply to the question, but said sternly—"Mr. Hallam, you had better send for medical aid. My dear Julia, you had better go."

"No," she cried with a quick imperious look; "send for help."

Bayle's brow contracted, but he concealed the pain he suffered as he saw Julia bending over Eaton, and was hurrying out, but met Captain Otway, who came in breathless, followed by O'Hara and a couple of his men.

"Is he much hurt?" he cried anxiously. "Carry out these two men, my lads."

He bent down over Eaton as Julia sobbed out, "He is killed! he is killed!"

"Oh, no: not so bad as that; only stunned. Here, you two," he continued sharply, turning to Hallam and Crellock, "don't stand there staring. Lift this gentleman on to the sofa."

Years of slavish obedience to authority had left their traces, and as if moved by one impulse, these two sprang to where Eaton was lying and lifted him to the couch. The moment this was done, though, Hallam gave an impatient stamp of the foot and gazed at Crellock, who ground out something between his teeth.

"Now fetch water—a sponge," said Otway, sheathing his sword, throwing off his cap, and turning up his sleeves.

"This is my house——"

Hallam said no more. He had begun in a fierce, loud voice, and then he stopped as Captain Otway turned upon him with an imperious—

"What's that you say?" Then he seemed to recall where he was, for he glanced at Julia and Bayle. "Look here," he said quietly, and he took a step or two towards Hallam, to whisper something in his ear.

Hallam made no reply, but left the room, and did not return, Thisbe hurrying in directly after with basin and towels.

"Oh, come, come, my dear Miss Hallam," said Otway, after cleverly bandaging the wound, "you must not take on like that. I can't do anything to the shoulder—at least, I will not. Our doctor will soon put him right. There, see! he is coming to."

"I have been trying very hard," said Julia with a gasp; "but it is so dreadful."

"No, no, no! Why, my wife would have seen it all without shedding a tear. It's only dreadful when a soldier is killed, and, thank Heaven! I don't think one of our men has met with that fate."

"I wish I could feel the same about the convicts," said Bayle softly.

"The convicts? Well, I hope so too, Mr. Bayle, but law and order must be maintained, and they know their lives are forfeit if they attempt to escape."

Bayle nodded in acquiescence as he glanced at where Julia knelt beside Eaton, crying softly and fanning his face.

"There, you have nothing to fear, Miss Hallam," continued the Captain kindly. "Eaton has only had a few hard knocks—soldier's salary, I call them. As to the rising, the poor wretches are, I expect, all taken by this time. Yes, here they come."

He had walked to the window and gazed out to see the greater part of the convict gang, hot, bleeding some of them, and dejected, coming along, guarded by the soldiers under the command of a boyish-looking ensign. "Ah, Mr. O'Hara," he said, stepping out, and laying his hand on the young

Irishman's shoulder, "I think we may thank you for getting up in time. Your message set us off, and we met you just in the nick. Why, man, you are hurt."

"Not much, sir. They shot at me, and the bullet grazed my arm."

"Come in," he said, "and let me see."

O'Hara followed unwillingly, but had to submit to have his wound dressed.

"Where is your master?" said the Captain at last, turning to Thisbe.

"In his room, sir."

"Fetch him."

Hallam uttered a furious oath when the message was given, and swore he would not come. Then rising from his chair, he followed Thisbe like one compelled to obey.

"I am going to leave my brother officer in your charge, Mr. Hallam," said the Captain in the quick manner of one giving an order. "You will see that he has every attention? The regimental surgeon will be up in an hour or so. Miss Hallam, thank you for your kindness," he continued, turning his back on Hallam. "Good morning, Mr. Bayle. I'm sorry you have had such an upset. You stay here, I suppose?"

"No," said Bayle quietly; "I am going back to the town."

"Come with me, then."

He stepped out, and Bayle followed, but turned to look at Julia, who gave him one quick look that seemed to say "Good bye," and then as he stepped out into the verandah he saw her bending over Eaton again.

"Nice little girl that," said the Captain, as they marched down behind the guards and the wretched men they drove before them almost at the bayonet's point.

Bayle bowed.

"Sweet and innocent, and all that. Really Mr. Bayle I agree with my wife."

"Indeed!" said Bayle.

"Yes; she thinks that at any cost her friends ought to have kept her in England, and not brought her here."

Christie Bayle made no reply, for he was thinking of Philip Eaton lying wounded up at the house, and Julia installing herself as his nurse. But she was not bending over him at that time, for no sooner had the last of the party gone than Crellock said something fiercely to Hallam.

"No, no, never mind," the latter said savagely.

"I tell you I won't have it," cried Crellock. "Ah, you needn't scowl like that. I'm not afraid of your looks. Will you go and fetch her out?"

"No, I shall not interfere."

"Then I will," cried Crellock passionately. "I've been played with too long."

"Played with!" cried Hallam. "Look here, Steve, if I put up with the bullying of that officer fellow, don't you think I'm going to let you say and do what——"

He stopped short and literally flinched, as if he expected a blow, for Crellock turned upon him sharply, but merely looked him full in the face.

"Well, I—that is—I——"

He faltered and stopped. The old days of his domination had gone by; Crellock had ceased to be slave to the self-indulgent man, who had become servant, first to the strong drinks in which he indulged, and then, as his nerve failed, the obedient tool of him who had once trembled before him.

"Do you want to quarrel and get rid of me?" said Crellock sharply.

"Don't talk like that, my lad," said Hallam piteously. "You know how my health's going, and how nervous I am. It makes me irritable when you are so unreasonable."

"Yes, very unreasonable to bear what I do," roared Crellock. "But reasonable or not, I'm not going to back out of it, and I am not going to let you." Hallam's flushed face turned of a sudden white. "I'd just as soon be back with the gang," continued Crellock, "as be trifled with in this way by a man who used to be one to say a thing and do it. Now he's becoming a miserable, feeble driveller, afraid of every one who speaks to him."

"So were you just now, when that Otway gave his orders."

"Force of habit," said Crellock with a grim smile. "Anyhow, I'm not afraid of you, and if you have not strength of mind enough to carry out what I say, I shall do it without you."

"No, no, Steve; you are so hasty," said Hallam in a feeble, whimpering tone.

"Hasty!"

"Well, as I keep telling you, there's plenty of time."

"And I keep telling you there is not. Look here, Hallam. I'm not blind. That miserable parson wants her."

"Now you are getting ridiculous."

"And this officer fellow will be making such way with her, if I don't mind, that I shall have no chance."

"You're frightening yourself with bogies, Steve."

"You're playing such a double game, Robert Hallam, that either I shall have to

take the reins in my own hands, or we shall come to a breakdown."

"Nonsense! What's the use of talking like that!" cried Hallam.

"What's the use of a man setting his mind upon something and then letting a weak thing like you play with him! I'll have no more of it. Now you have to do as I say or break, and that means——"

"Hush, Steve!" cried Hallam, looking sharply round; but Crellock paid no heed to his words and swung out of the study to walk straight into the room where Julia was kneeling by Eaton, with Thisbe on the other side.

"Come here, Julia," he said roughly, "I want you."

"Hush! Not so loud," she whispered, raising her hand.

"Come here!" he cried with a stamp of the foot, "at once."

Julia started to her feet with an angry look flashing from her eyes; and as she faced him, her countenance full of resentment, Thisbe rose, thinking of her mistress in by-gone days.

"What do you want?" she said firmly.

"Your father wants you in the study at once." Julia flushed slightly, and glanced at Thisbe, whose face looked as hard as if cut in stone, while the resemblance was increased by the position of her eyelids, which were drawn down, as if to veil the anger that was burning in her breast.

Then without a word Julia left the room, closely followed by Crellock, and Thisbe was left with the wounded man alone.

CHAPTER X.—IN THE NIGHT.

JULIA escaped the interview that she dreaded; for, just as they entered the hall, there was the thudding of horses' feet coming over the road, and Hallam came out of his room with a curious startled look in his face, to catch Crellock by the arm.

"There's something wrong, Steve," he whispered hoarsely; "a stranger coming up, and the captain with him."

"Bah! You shivering coward," said Crellock with a look of contempt which made Julia bite her lip, though she could not hear the words. "You have drunk bad brandy till you see a warder in every man who comes to the house. Have a little pluck in you, if you can."

The door was opened directly without ceremony by Captain Otway, who held it back for his companion, who had just dismounted, to enter.

"Sorry to intrude so unceremoniously, Miss Hallam," said the Captain, ignoring the presence of the two men, "but I met my friend here coming up: Mr. Woodhouse, our doctor."

Julia bowed, and the doctor, a little easy-going-looking man, took off his cap.

"I'm a bit of a vulture in my way," he said pleasantly. "I always mount and come out to see whenever anything of this kind goes on. Which room, please?" he added quickly. "I want to get back."

Julia hastily opened the door, and was about to follow them, but the doctor said quietly—

"No, no. You shall hear how he is afterwards."

Julia coloured, for the visitor spoke in a very meaning tone; and, leaving the hall, she hurried to her mother's side, while Hallam angrily backed into his room followed by Crellock.

"They treat me as if I were nobody," he cried, grinding his teeth; and then going to a cupboard he took out a bottle and glass, poured out some liquid and drank it off with a sigh of relief.

"Yes," said Crellock slowly; "they don't forget about our tickets, old fellow. Never mind. No, thank you. I promised Julie to leave the stuff alone;" and he thrust back the offered glass.

"You promised her that?" said Hallam.

"Yes, and I'm going to keep my word. Hang it, Bob Hallam, I wouldn't drink myself into such a wreck as you're getting to be for the whole world."

The spirit was rapidly giving Hallam temporary confidence, and he turned upon his companion sharply.

"Don't speak to me like that," he said, "or you'll regret it."

"Don't speak to you like that?" retorted Crellock, scornfully. "Bah! I shall speak as I please. Look here, Robert Hallam, some of us must be masters, some servants. You've made yourself servant, so keep your place. I'm not going to be turned out of my purpose by a little Dutch courage."

Hallam came at him furiously, but Crellock took him by the shoulders, thrust him back into his chair, and then stood over him.

"It won't do, old fellow," he said; "the nerve has gone, and the more you drink to get it up, the weaker it grows. Now then, we understand each other, so let's settle this matter quietly, and get it over. No more excuses: no more shuffling. Understand me, I don't mean to wait. What's that?"

It was the voice of Captain Otway sum-

moning some one to come; and Julia, who had been anxiously waiting, hastened down as Thisbe hurried to the room.

"The doctor wants to give a few instructions," he said. "Eaton is going on all right, but he thinks he had better not be moved to-night, Miss Hallam, so we must beg your hospitality till to-morrow."

"And there is no danger?" said Julia eagerly.

"Not if he is kept quiet," said the doctor, putting on his gloves. "Let him sleep all he can. Some one ought to sit up with him to-night."

"I'll do that," said Crellock, who had been standing in the door-way.

Julia started slightly, but Crellock's countenance was quite unmoved.

"That will do," said the doctor. "Come, Otway."

The Captain raised his cap, and they left the house. "I don't much like leaving Eaton with a ticket-of-leave man for nurse," said the Captain, as they descended the hill towards their quarters.

"Oh, he'll be right enough there," said the doctor, chuckling. "The young lady will take care of him. I say, does Phil mean to marry her?"

"I don't know," said Otway shortly. "Let's get on."

They cantered away, and for the next two hours the doctor was busy with the injured soldiers; the convicts being safe in the prison, groaning over their wounds and the ill-success of their attempt.

Julia felt a strange anxiety about their patient, as the night drew near; and her anxiety was increased by the behaviour of Mrs. Hallam, who, after keeping her room for some days, declared herself well enough to come down. Opposition from Thisbe and her child was useless, and she descended to sit with the latter, watching by Eaton's couch, which was made up for him in the dining-room, where he lay apparently insensible to all that was going on around.

It was a strange afternoon and evening, the excitement of the early portion of the day having unnerved every one in the house. The meals were partaken of anyhow, and the attention of all was centred in the sleeping man in the dining-room.

Julia, in her anxiety, was for staying with Thisbe and continuing the watch; but Crellock showed that he had not forgotten his promise, and a nameless dread took possession of Julia's breast.

She told herself that it was absurd—that



"Scanning his features well."

in spite of his roughness there seemed to be something genuine about her father's companion; but all the same, her dread increased, and it was the more painful, that she did not dare to communicate it to Mrs. Hallam.

In fact, she was at a loss to explain her reasons for feeling alarmed to herself. Eaton seemed to be sleeping comfortably, and Crellock, when he came into the room, was gentle and respectful, more than was his wont.

"You two had better go to bed," said Hallam at last roughly; and, pale and troubled-looking, Mrs. Hallam rose without a word, took Julia's hand, and they left the room, but not to sleep; while Crellock's watch began by his taking a candle, snuffing it, and holding it down close to Eaton's face, scanning his features well before setting it on the chimney-piece, lighting a cigar, and going out into the verandah, to walk up and down, thinking deeply.

Sometimes he stopped to lean his arms on the wooden rail, and stare up at the great mellow stars that burned in the deep purple sky; but only to start as from a dream, to go back into the room and see if the wounded man had moved.

When in the verandah he ground his teeth and clenched his hands. "The fools!" he muttered; "they might have hit a little harder, and then—Pooh! what does he matter?"

At the end of an hour he stole back softly into the room to look at the sleeping man again. "He's not much hurt," he muttered. "Who's there?"

"Only me," said Hallam in a hoarse whisper. "Just coming to see how you were getting on."

"No, you were not. You were watching me," said Crellock in an angry whisper. "Did you think I was going to kill him, to get him out of the way?"

"No, no. Nothing of the kind, my dear boy," whispered Hallam. "There, I'll go back to my room."

"You'll go up to bed," said Crellock firmly. "You've been drinking again heavily."

"Indeed no. Just a little to steady me."

"You go up to bed," said Crellock, taking him by the shoulder. "I'm not going to let my dear father-in-law elect drive himself mad with brandy. Come, no nonsense! Bed!"

Hallam made a few feeble protests, and then suffered himself to be led up to his bedroom, Julia and Mrs. Hallam sitting trembling in the next, and watching the light flash beneath their door, as they listened to the ascending and descending steps.

A quarter of an hour passed, and they were listening to the heavy stertorous breathing, when a soft tap came at their door, the handle was turned, and Thisbe appeared.

"I only came to see if you were both quite safe," she said. "I could not sleep."

"Dear old Thisbe," said Julia, kissing her.

"Do, do, please go to bed," said Thisbe. "I'll sit and watch by you;" and at last, in obedience to her prayer, mother and daughter lay down, but not to sleep, for the dread of some impending calamity that they fancied was about to befall them.

Meanwhile Crellock had returned to the dining-room and examined the wounded man again. "It wouldn't be hard," he said to himself with a laugh. "He is half killed, so it would only be half a murder. Why shouldn't I? He would be out of his misery; and that drunken wretch gave me the credit of being about to do it."

He stood gazing down at the sleeping face faintly seen by the candle light; and then turned away to go out through the glass door and pace the verandah again.

"I wonder whether that's what they call a temptation," he thought. "It would be very easy, and then—"

He stopped to lean over the rails again, and gaze before him out into the night.

"No," he said softly. "I told the little lass I wouldn't drink again, so as to be more fit to come nigh her, and I don't think I should do to go nigh her if I killed that spark of a fellow so as to be sure of getting her. It's curious what a woman can do," he went on musing. "They can make anything of a man—go through fire and water to get her, but it must be fire and water such as she'd be glad to see me go through. A year or so ago I'd got to that state with the prison life and the lash, that I'd have given any soldier or warder a crack on the head, and killed him and felt the happier for doing it. Since I've been nigh her—since that day she hung over me, and gave me water, and wiped the sweat from my face, I've seemed as if I must make myself cleaner about the heart; and I have, all but the drink, and that was his fault, for he was never happy when he wasn't forcing it on you."

"No, my fine fellow," he said with a sigh, "you're safe enough for me. I won't hurt you—and as to her liking you—bah! If she does I'll soon make her forget you."

He took a cigar from his pocket, and was in the act of placing it between his lips when his gaze became fixed, and he stood staring straight before him.

"Who's there?" he said, in a quick sharp whisper. "I can see you. You there!"

He sprang over the rail, and his hand went by old habit into his pocket in search of a weapon; but the answer disarmed him.

"It is I!"

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night?" cried Crellock.

"I am watching," said Bayle.

"Yes," cried Crellock, wearily. "Me, I suppose. Well, what have you seen? Do you think I was going to finish young Eaton? There, speak out."

"I came up because I could not sleep," said Bayle quietly. "I was anxious about my friends. How is Mr. Eaton?"

"Go in and see," said Crellock roughly; and he led the way through the verandah.

Bayle made no reply, but walked straight to the couch, after taking the candle from the chimney-piece, and examined the injured man. "He is sleeping comfortably and well," he said in a whisper, as he replaced the candle.

"Of course he is," sneered Crellock. "You seem very fond of him." Bayle paid no heed, but stood as if thinking. "Well, are you going to stop? Have a cigar?"

"I will stay and watch with you if you are tired, and relieve you for an hour or two," said Bayle, at last.

"I'm not tired. You can stop if you like. You won't find me very good company." Bayle walked to the couch again, and stood looking down at the handsome dimly-seen face for a few minutes, while, with an impatient gesture, Crellock walked back into the verandah. At the end of a few minutes Bayle joined him. "You are going to stay then?" said Crellock.

"No," replied Bayle, "I am going home."

"Better stop," sneered Crellock. "He'll be safer if you do. I might do him some mischief."

"No, Stephen Crellock," said Bayle calmly, "I am not afraid of that; bad as you are. Good night."

Crellock started at the words "Bad as you are," but the friendly sound of the "Good night" checked him.

"Good night," he said hoarsely; and he stood watching the dark figure till it disappeared among the trees, and then paced the verandah, and sat and smoked till morning.

CHAPTER XI.—THE DOCTOR GIVES WAY.

THE doctor was up there soon after sunrise to find Mrs. Hallam and Julia by Eaton's couch, they having come down to take Crellock's place shortly after daybreak.

"Good morning. How is he?" said the doctor quickly. "Mrs. Hallam, you look ill yourself."

"Nervous excitement. This trouble," said Mrs. Hallam quietly; and she left the room, after answering a few questions, with Julia.

The doctor examined the injury to the head, which was sufficiently grave, and then proceeded to rebandage the shoulder that had been dislocated, watching the young man's face, however, the while.

He felt the strained sinews; pressed on this bone, then on that, causing intense pain, and making his patient wince again and again; but though the muscles of his face twitched and his lips involuntarily tightened, he did not even moan till, passing one hand beneath his shoulder, the doctor pressed on the bones again, when with a sharp cry, Eaton drew in his breath.

"Hang it, doctor," he whispered quickly, "it's like molten lead."

"Ah, I thought that would make you speak, Phil," said the doctor. "You confounded young humbug! I saw you were shamming."

"No, no, doctor, not shamming. My head aches frightfully, and I can't move my arm."

"But you could get up and walk down to barracks to breakfast?"

"No, indeed I couldn't, doctor."

"It's a lie, sir. If the enemy were after you, I'll be bound to say you would get up and run."

"By George, I wouldn't!" whispered Eaton.

"Well, get up and have a go at them, my boy."

"Perhaps I might do that," said the young man, with the blood coming in his white face.

"Pretty sort of a soldier, lying here because you've had your shoulder out, and a crack on the head. Why, I've seen men behave better after a bullet wound, or a bayonet thrust."

"But there is no need for me to behave better, as you call it, and one gets well so much more quickly lying still."

"With a couple of women paddling about you, and making you cruel and sop. There, get up, and I'll make you a sling for that arm."

"No, no, doctor. Pray, don't."

"Get up, sir."

"Hush! Don't speak so loudly," whispered Eaton.

"Ah—h—h! I see," said the doctor, "that's

it, is it? Why how dense I am! Want to stop a few days, and be nursed, eh?"

Eaton nodded.

"Fair face to sympathise. White hands to feed you with a spoon. Oh, I say, Phil Eaton! No, no! I've got my duty to do, and I'm not going to back up this bit of deceit."

"I wouldn't ask you, if there was anything to call for me, doctor," pleaded Eaton; "but I am hurt, there's no sham about that."

"Well, no; you are hurt, my lad. That's a nasty crack on the head, and your shoulder must be sore."

"Sore!" said Eaton. "You've made it agonising."

"Well, well, a few days' holiday will do you good. But no; I'm not going to be dragged up here to see you."

"I don't want to see you, doctor. I'm sure I shall get well without your help. Pray don't have me fetched down."

"I say, Phil," said the doctor; "look me in the face."

"Yes."

"Is it serious? You know—with her."

"Very, doctor."

"But it's awkward. The young lady's father!"

"Miss Hallam is not answerable for her father's sins," said Eaton warmly.

"But the young lady—does she accept?"

Eaton shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; "and now that the opportunity serves to clinch the matter you want to get me away. Doctor, for once—be human." Doctor Woodhouse sat with his chubby face pursed up for a few minutes, gazing down in the young man's imploring countenance without speaking.

"Well, well," he said, "I was a boy myself once, and horribly in love. I'll give you a week, Phil."

"And I'll give you a life's gratitude," cried the young man joyfully.

"Why, by all that's wonderful," cried the doctor with mock surprise, "I've cured him on the spot! Here, let me take off your bandages, so that you may get up and dance. Eh? Poor lad, he is a good deal hurt though," muttered the doctor, as he saw the colour fade from the young man's face, and the cold dew begin to form. "A few days will do him good I believe. He is honestly a little too bad to move."

He bathed his face, and moistened his lips with a few drops of liquid from a flask, and in a few minutes Eaton looked wonderingly

round. "Easier, boy? That's it. Yes, you may stay, and you had better be quiet. Feel so sick now?"

"Not quite, doctor. Ah! I am so glad I really am ill."

The doctor smiled, and summoned Mrs. Hallam, who came in with Julia.

"I must ask you to play hostess to my young friend here. He shan't die on your hands." Julia turned pale, and glanced from one to the other quickly.

"Mr. Eaton shall have every attention we can give him," said Mrs. Hallam, smiling; and the doctor looked with surprise at the way her pale, careworn face lit up with tenderness and sympathy as she laid her hand upon the young man's brow.

"I'm sure he will," said the doctor, "and I'll do my best," he added, with a quick look at his patient, "to get him off your hands, for he will be a deal of trouble."

"It will be a pleasure," said Mrs. Hallam, speaking in all sincerity. "English women are always ready to nurse the wounded," she added with a smile.

"I wish I could always have such hands to attend my injured men, madam," said the doctor with formal politeness. "There, I must go at once. Good-bye, Eaton, my boy. You'll soon be on your legs. Don't spoil him, ladies; he is not bad. I leave him to you, Mrs. Hallam."

"And I will treat him as if he were my own son," said Mrs. Hallam to herself.

She followed the doctor to the door to ask him if he had any directions, received his orders, and then with a bright, hopeful light in her eyes she went softly back towards the dining-room. A smile began to glisten about her lips, like sunshine in winter, as she laid her hand upon the door. Then she looked round sharply, for in the midst of that dawning hope of safety for her child there was a heavy step, and the study-door opened. She turned deadly pale, for it was Stephen Crellock's step; and the words that came from the study were in her husband's voice.

CHAPTER XII.—MRS. OTWAY ON LOVE.

"AH! Phil, Phil, Phil!" exclaimed Mrs. Otway as she sat facing Eaton some mornings later, while he lay back in a Chinese cane chair propped up by pillows. "Come, this will not do."

He met her gaze firmly, and she went on.

"This makes five days that you have been here, tangling yourself more and more in the net. It's time I took you by the ears and lugged you out."

"But you will not?" he said, lifting his injured arm very gently with his right hand, sighing as he did so, and rearranging the sling.

Mrs. Otway jumped up, went behind him, untied the handkerchief that formed the sling, and snatched it away.

"I won't sit here and see you play at sham in that disgraceful way, Phil," she cried. "It's bad enough, staying here as you do, without all that nonsense."

"You are too hard on me."

"I'm not," she cried. "I've seen too many wounded men not to know something about symptoms. I knew as well as could be when I was here yesterday, but I would not trust myself, and so I attacked Woodhouse about you last night, and he surrendered at once."

"Why, what did he say?"

"Lit a cigar, and began humming, 'Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round!'"

Eaton clapped his hands upon the arms of his chair, half raised himself, and then threw himself back, and began beating the cane work with his fingers, frowning with vexation.

"There, you see what a lot of practice it takes to make a good impostor," said Mrs. Otway.

"What do you mean?"

"How bad your arm seems!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the young man, beginning to nurse it, then ceasing with a gesture of contempt, and looking helplessly at his visitor. "The pain's not there," he said dolefully.

"Poor boy! What a fuss about a pretty face! There, I'm half ready to forgive you. It was very tempting."

"And I've been so happy: I have indeed."

"What, with those two men?"

"Bah!—nonsense! It's dreadful that those two sweet ladies should be placed as they are."

"Amen to that!"

"Mrs. Hallam is the sweetest, tenderest-hearted woman I ever met."

"Indeed."

"No mother could have been more gentle and loving to me."

"Except Lady Eaton," said Mrs. Otway.

"Oh! my mother, of course; but then she was not here to nurse me."

"I'd have nursed you, Phil, if you had been brought into quarters."

"Oh, I know that!" cried Eaton warmly; "but, you see, I was brought on here."

"Where mamma is so tender to you, and mademoiselle sits gazing at you with her soft, dark eyes, thinking what a brave hero

you are, how terribly ill, and falling head-over-ears more and more in love with you. Phil, Phil, it isn't honest of you."

"What isn't honest?" he said fiercely. "No man could have resisted such a temptation."

"What, to come here and break a gentle girl's heart!"

"But I'm not breaking her heart," said Eaton ruefully.

"I've written and told your mother how things stand."

"You have?"

"Yes; and that you have taken the bit in your teeth, and that I can't hold you in."

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Eaton gloomily. "I don't want to hurt my dear mother's feelings; but when she knows Julia and Mrs. Hallam——"

"And the convict father and his friend."

"For Heaven's sake don't!" cried Eaton, striking the chair and wincing hard, for he hurt his injured shoulder.

"I must, my dear boy. Marriage is a terrible fact, and you must look at it on all sides."

"I mean to get them both away from here," said Eaton firmly. "Their present life is horrible."

"Yes; it is, my boy."

"My gorge rises every time I hear that drinking scoundrel of a father speak to Julia, and that other ruffian come and fetch her away."

"Not a very nice way of speaking about the father of your intended," said Mrs. Otway drily—"about your host."

"No, and I would not speak so if I did not see so much. The man has served part of his time for his old crime, of which he swears he was innocent, and I'd forget all the past if I saw he was trying to do the right thing."

"And he is not?"

"He's lost," said Eaton bitterly. "The greatest blessing which could happen to this house would be for him to be thrown back into the gang. He'd live a few years then, and so would his wife. As it is he is killing both. As for poor Julia—ah! I should be less than man, loving her as I do, if I did not determine to throw all thoughts of caste aside and marry her, and get her away as soon as I can."

"I wish she were not so nice," said Mrs. Otway thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Because, like the silly, stupid woman I am, I can't help sympathising with you both."

"I knew you did in your heart," cried Eaton joyfully.

"Gently, gently, my dear boy," continued Mrs. Otway. "I may sympathise with the enemy, but I have to fight him all the same. Have you spoken to the young lady—definitely offered marriage?"

"No, not yet."

"But you've taught her to love you?"

"I don't know—yet—"

"Judging from appearances, Phil, I'm ready to say I do know. What about mamma?"

"Ah! there I feel quite satisfied."

"What, have you spoken to her?"

"No, but she sits and talks to me, and I talk to her."

"About Julia?"

"Yes; and it seems as if she can read my heart through and through. Don't think me a vain coxcomb for what I am about to say."

"I make no promises: say it."

"I think she likes me very much."

"Why?"

"She comes into the room sometimes, looking a careworn woman of sixty; and when she has been sitting here for a few minutes, there's a pleasant smile on her face, as if she were growing younger; her eyes light up, and she seems quite at rest and happy."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Otway sadly.

"But there, I can't listen to any more. I am on your mother's side."

"And you are beaten, so you may give up. And besides, who could help loving Julie? Hush!"

There was a tap at the door, and Julia entered.

"Not I, for one," said Mrs. Otway aside, as she rose and held out her hands, kissing the young girl warmly.

"Why, my dear, you look quite pale. This poor bruised boy has been worrying you and your mother to death."

"Indeed no," cried Julia eagerly. "Mr. Eaton has been so patient all the time, and we were so glad to be able to be of service. Sir Gordon Bourne is in the other room with mamma. May he come in and see you?"

"I shall be very glad," said Eaton, looking at her fixedly; and Mrs. Otway noted the blush and the downcast look that followed.

"Phil is right. He has won her."

"He proposes driving you home with him, and taking you out in his boat. He thinks it will help your recovery."

"Oh no, I couldn't move yet," said Eaton quickly.

"I think it would do you good," said Mrs. Otway. "What do you say, Miss Hallam?"

"We should be sorry to see Mr. Eaton go," said Julia quietly; "but I think you are right."

"Phil's wrong!" said Mrs. Otway to herself.

At this moment Sir Gordon entered the room with Mrs. Hallam and proposed that Eaton should return with him, but only to find, to his annoyance, that the offer was declined.

"You will have to make the offer to my husband, Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Otway merrily. "You will not find him so ungrateful." And then she turned to Eaton, leaving Sir Gordon to continue a conversation begun with Mrs. Hallam in another room.

"I do not seem to find much success in my offers," he said in a low voice; "but let me repeat what I have said. Should necessity arise, remember that I am your very oldest friend, and that I am always waiting to help Millicent Hallam and her child."

"I shall not forget," said Mrs. Hallam, smiling sadly.

"If I am away, there is Bayle to act for me, and you know you can command him."

"I have always been the debtor of my friends," replied Mrs. Hallam; "but no such emergency is likely to arise. I have learned the lesson of self-dependence lately, Sir Gordon."

"But if the emergency did occur?"

"Then we would see," replied Mrs. Hallam.

"Well, Philip, my dear boy," said Mrs. Otway loudly, "in three days we shall have you back."

"Yes, in three days," he replied, glancing at Julia, who must have heard, but who went on with a conversation in which she was engaged with Sir Gordon unmoved.

"Then good-bye," Mrs. Otway cried. "Mrs. Hallam, Miss Hallam, accept my thanks for your kindness to my boy here. Lady Eaton appointed me her deputy, but I'm tired of my sorry task. Good-bye. Are we to be companions back, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes—yes—yes," said the old gentleman, "I am coming. Remember," he said in a low tone to Mrs. Hallam.

"I never forget such kindnesses as yours, Sir Gordon," she replied.

"Good-bye, Julia my child," he said, kissing her hands. "If ever you want help of any kind, come straight to me. Good-bye."

"If she would only make some appeal to

me," he muttered. "But I can't interfere without. Poor things! Poor things!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Otway. "What are poor things?"

"Talking to myself, ma'am—talking to myself."

"You don't like Philip Eaton."

"Eh? Well, to be frank, ma'am; no, I don't."

"Because he admires your little *protégée*?"

"I'm sorry to say, madam, that she is not my *protégée*. Poor child!"

"Hadn't we better be frank, Sir Gordon? Suppose Philip Eaton wanted to marry her, what then?"

"Confound him! I should like to hand him over to the blacks!"

"What if she loved him?"

"If she loved him—if she loved him, Mrs. Otway?" said the old man dreamily. "Why then—dear me! This love's one of the greatest miseries of life. But there, ma'am, I have no influence at all. You must go to her father, not come to me."

CHAPTER XIII.—IN THE TOILS.

"So he goes to-day, eh?" said Crellock.

"Yes, I've seen him, and he's going to-day."

"Lucky for him, for I've got into a state of mind that does not promise much good for any one who stands in my way," said Crellock with an unpleasant look in his eyes. "And now, mind this: as soon as he is gone, and we are alone, the matter is to be pressed home. Here, I'll be off. I don't want to say good-bye."

He picked up his whip and stepped out into the verandah, walking along past the dining-room window, which was open, and through it came the voice of Julia in measured cadence, reading aloud.

Crellock ground his teeth and half stopped; but he gave his whip a sharp crack and went on. "A row would only frighten her, and I don't want to do that. The coast will be clear this afternoon."

He went on round to the stable, saddled and mounted his horse, and turned off by the first track for the open country.

"A good ride will calm me down," he said; and he went off at a gallop for a few miles, but with his head down, seeing neither green tree with its tints of pearly grey and pink, nor the curious tufts of grass in his path. All at once he dragged his horse back upon its haunches with a furious tug at the reins, and sat staring before him as in imagination he pictured a scene in the dining-room at the Gully House.

"I'm a fool," he cried savagely; "a fool! I've got the fruit ready to my hand, and I'm getting out of the way so as to let some one else pluck it. Now perhaps I shall be too late." Dragging his horse's head round, he set spurs to its flanks, and in the same reckless manner began to gallop back. This time he was less fortunate though. As he went he left the horse to itself, and the careful beast avoided rough parts or leaped them, carrying his rider in safety. On the return Crellock was bent upon one thing only, getting back to the Gully House at the earliest moment possible. Twice over the horse swerved at an awkward depression or piece of rock, either of them sufficient to bring both to grief, but for reward there was a savage jerk at the bit, a blow over the head from the heavy whip, and a dig from the spurs. The result was that the horse went on as the crow flies at a hard gallop, rushed at an awkward clump of bush, rose, caught its hoofs, and fell with a crash, sending Crellock right over its head to be for a few minutes half-stunned, and when he did gather himself up, with the scene seeming to sail round him, the horse was standing with its head hanging, snuffing at the coarse herbage, and stamping angrily with its off hind hoof.

"You awkward brute!" cried Crellock, catching at the rein, and then lashing the poor animal across the flank.

The horse started to the full length of the rein, but only on three legs; one had had a terrible sprain.

"My luck!" said Crellock savagely, and taking off the bridle, he hobbled the horse's legs, and started off to walk.

Julia went on reading, with Philip Eaton drinking in every word she uttered, and at last, leaning forward from the couch upon which he lay, he felt that the time had come, and, no matter who and what her relatives might be, here was the wife of his choice.

"Julie," he said in a low voice made husky with the emotion from which he suffered. She raised her eyes from the book and coloured, for it was the first time he had called her by her Christian name.

"Have you thought," he said, "that I am going to-morrow?"

"I thought it was to-day," she said naively.

"To-day? Yes, I suppose it is to-day, but I cannot think of anything but the one great fact that all this pleasant intercourse is to be at an end."

Julia half rose.

"No, no," he cried, trying to reach her hand, and then uttering a petulant ejaculation, for Mrs. Hallam entered the room, looked eagerly from one to the other, and came forward, while Julia gave her a beseeching look, and went out.

For a few minutes neither spoke, and then Eaton placed a chair for Mrs. Hallam, and as she took it gazing at him searchingly, he hastily thought over what he should say, and ended by saying something else, for in a quick, blundering way, he cried—

"Mrs. Hallam, I cannot say what I wish. You know how I love her."

Mrs. Hallam drew a long sighing breath, full of relief, and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"Yes," she said at last; "I felt that you did love her. Have you told Julie so?"

"Not in words," he cried. "She disarms me. I want to say so much, but I can only sit and look. But you will give your consent?"

"Have you thought all this over?" said Mrs. Hallam gravely. "You know everything—why we came out here?"

"Yes, yes," he cried quickly. "I know all. I have known it from your first landing."

"Such a union would not be suitable for you," she said gravely.

"Not suitable! Mrs. Hallam, I am not worthy of your child. But you are playing with me," he cried, his words coming fast now. "You will not oppose it. You see I know all. Give me your consent."

She sat looking at him in silence for some moments and then laid her hand in his.

"Yes," she said. "If Julie loves you I will not withhold my consent."

"And Mr. Hallam, may I speak to him now? Of course he will not refuse me. You will tell him first. And Julia, where is she?" In his eagerness his words came hurriedly, and he caught Mrs. Hallam's hands to his lips and kissed them.

"I will fetch Julie here," she said gently, and with a strange look of repose coming over the troubled face.

She left the room and sought Julie, who looked at her wonderingly.

"Come," she said, with her voice sounding broken and strange; "Mr. Eaton wishes to speak to you."

"Mother!" exclaimed Julia, shrinking.

At that moment they heard Hallam's steps as he passed along the hall into his room. Mrs. Hallam's countenance changed, and she shuddered.

"Come," she said; "you are not afraid of him?"

"Of Mr. Eaton? Oh, no," cried Julia with animation; "but——"

"Hush, my child! I will not leave you. Hear what he has to say before you speak."

Julia's eyes seemed to contract, and there was a shrinking movement, but directly after she drew herself up proudly, laid her hand in her mother's, and suffered herself to be led into the room.

"At last!" cried Eaton, flushing with pleasure. "Julie, I dare speak to you now. I love you with all my heart."

He stopped short, for the window was darkened by the figure of Stephen Crellock, who looked in for a moment, and then beckoned with his hand to some one in the verandah. Hallam came forward looking flushed and angry, and the two men entered.

"We are just in time," said Crellock with a half-laugh, but with a savage flash of the eye at Eaton. "Mr. Lieutenant Eaton is bidding the ladies good-bye."

Eaton gave him an indignant look, and turned to Hallam.

"Mr. Hallam," he said proudly, "Mr. Crellock is wrong. I have been speaking to Mrs. Hallam and——"

"Mr. Crellock is right," said Crellock in a voice of thunder, "and Mr. Eaton is wrong. He is saying good-bye; and now, Robert Hallam, will you tell him why?"

"Yes," said Hallam firmly. "Mr. Eaton should have spoken to me, and I would have explained at once that Mr. Stephen Crellock has proposed for my daughter's hand, and I have promised that she shall be his wife."

"But this is monstrous," cried Eaton furiously. "Julie, I have your mother's consent. You will be mine?"

Julia looked at him pityingly and shook her head.

"Speak! for Heaven's sake, speak!" cried Eaton.

"No," she said in a low pained voice. "You have mistaken me, Mr. Eaton. I could never be your wife."

Eaton turned to Mrs. Hallam to meet her agonised, despairing eyes, and then without a word he left the room.

For the blow had fallen; the shadow Millicent Hallam had seen athwart her daughter's life had assumed consistency, and as the thought of her own fate came with its dull despairing pain, she caught Julia to her breast to protect her from Crellock, and faced him like some wild creature in defence of her young—standing at bay.

IDEAL CHRISTIAN LIFE.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By HENRY ALLON, D.D.

NOVEMBER 7TH.

Read Isaiah lviii. and 2 Peter i. 5-9.

THE New Testament has many passages such as that we have just read. In three or four sentences its writers outline for us an ideal of religious life. They do not go into detail, but they grasp distinctive principles of Christian character, indicate their lines of development, and blend the whole into an ideal of perfect religiousness.

We are all incited by ideals; human nature is so constituted that it will imagine the best—picture the perfect. The life would be poor and ignoble that, consciously or unconsciously, did not set before it an ideal perfection—a conception of all imaginable excellences, which it calls God, an image of perfect human character, such as we see in Jesus Christ, a golden age or millennium, in which the race is to find its consummation.

One of the grave objections to materialism is its lack of moral imagination and hope. It has no religious ideal for life. It destroys the conception of God, it disables the perfection of man. All things, it tells us, come by unintelligent forces; man is the mere product and victim of circumstance; he is what matter has made him; his destiny the disintegrated dust and gases of his organism. Not only does this substitute a base prose for the lofty poetry of life, it robs life of its moral inspirations, of the only forces that can make it morally great and heroic. There is in it neither call for, nor possibility of the nobler virtues of religion. Only life can inspire life. Disallowing the inward life of religion as an unreality, and denouncing it as a delusion, its practical fruits become impossible.

Christianity sets forth its sublime ideals—its imaginations and prophecies and earnestness of moral perfection; it summons us with trumpet-calls, it urges us by mighty motives; and, influenced by these, men do attain to lofty character and noble self-sacrifice. Of course the result depends upon what the ideal is.

What is the life which the New Testament portrays and proposes, which, if realised, would be the perfection of human character, and the blessedness of human society?

The apostle Peter here presents to us his imagination of excellence;—these are the proper fruits of Christian faith, which, if

realised, will make us partakers of the Divine nature. Whereas, if they be not realised, we shall proclaim our moral blindness and utterly fail.

How, then, does Peter conceive of the perfect life?

The first suggestion is the contrast between the apostle's robust, ethical religious life, and some popular conceptions of religion. The state of religious feeling which he describes is not a subjective, sentimental, morbid state, in which ecstasy and despondency alternate—a painful self-scrutiny by which the health of the soul is subjected to a spiritual stethoscope, or to the diagnosis of the physician. Of course there can be no spiritual life without inward feeling and process—conviction of sin, repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, with all the subsequent nurture and experiences of the Christian life and consciousness. But this is no more the Christian life itself than the seed-corn is the harvest.

Nor is it an ascetic life of severe self-discipline and mortification that is described—painfully questioning this thing or that; how often and by what rubric we shall pray; how much we shall give; how we shall keep Sundays, or observe institutions; what amusements are lawful, or what forms of literature, or what habits of social life—a sickly, hypochondriacal condition that may well repel from religion all robust and healthy natures.

The life to which men are here called is a robust, practical, inclusive, humane life; in which the noblest virtues of which human nature is capable shall be embodied in all the spheres and forms of their manifestation. It is not of conventional religious things that the apostle is thinking, but of intrinsic character, embodying and expressing itself in everything; life in its utmost fulness, and also in its noblest freedom.

The apostle does not delineate a churchman, a monk, or an ascetic. He says nothing about church-relations or services, traditions, rubrics, or regulations, fastings or festivals; he delineates simply a man, holier, broader, more entire in his moral manhood, than any conception that had before been formed. He sets before us the largest conceivable human life, delivered from all inherent imperfections, realising and enjoying all forms of good—a man perfect in his moral freedom, glorious in his divinely-inspired character.

Churches and Church-services are not the ideal of Christianity. The man is more than the Church. The function of the Church is to enable the ideal human life that Peter here portrays—the man set free from his lusts and filled with the pieties and virtues of the life of God.

So with Christian theology. Peter makes no reference to it. True Christian idea is but the means of a true Christian life. The Christian school of the apostle is not the theological class; it is the market, the family, the ethical sphere of common life. Be manly, pure, temperate, brotherly, charitable.

It is not a complete catalogue, but every department of Christian life is represented. The Christian ideal comprehends all the things of human life. It excludes no relationship, no occupation of a man. It singles out for distinctive religiousness no specific excellency. It does not deem a man perfect because he is very liberal, or very prayerful, or very zealous in feeling or activity. Solitary excellencies are often only splendid enormities, glittering fragments of unworthy character. The gain in one virtue is often deducted from others. The force along one line of excellency may leave all others feeble. Life is full of such amorphous goodness—heroes and anchorites, crusaders and missionaries, the liberal and the churl, the laborious and the parsimonious.

The moral ideal of Christian human life is perfect, rotund and symmetrical. It presents, not fragments of goodness, but character complete, "perfect and entire, lacking nothing." We grow up to "the full stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus."

NOVEMBER 14TH.

Read Psalm cxli. and Heb. xi.

The selected virtues are symmetrically arranged.

Upon the foundation of religious faith there is built an ascending scale of excellencies, each in its natural gradation. They could not be transposed. They are consecutive links in a golden chain of qualities of which religious faith is the staple ring, and divine charity the final link that connects it with the divine nature. Each virtue and grace leads on to the next, and is qualified and perfected by it. The meaning is not simply, "add to your faith virtue," as if the process were simply one of accumulation; it is intermix with, compound with. With your religious faith intermix courage, with your courage intermix knowledge, with your knowledge

temperance, and so on. The ideal character is a compound of all these great qualities; not only has each its own place, each attempters and is attempered by all the rest. In any given moral character no single quality can be independent; character is constituted by fused elements. Each principle or feeling in a man affects all the rest.

"See," says the apostle, "that your religious faith be not feeble; let manly energy enter into it. See that your energy be not violent, injurious force; inform it by knowledge. Let not your knowledge be the minister of licentiousness; rule it by temperance. Do not let the use of faculty and appetite be haughty and self-conceited; imbue it with humility, or rather with lowly patience. And do not permit patience to be a stoical or routine thing; inspire it with godly feeling. Even godliness may be a seclusive, sentimental, selfish feeling; let your godliness, therefore, inspire brotherly affections. And do not let your brotherly affections be partial or sectarian, but large and comprehensive—a universal human love."

It is a noble sequence of high religious qualities—each preceding virtue a foundation for the next, itself receiving perfection from the rest—a glorious structure of symmetrical moral architecture, formed upon profound principles and developed in the most natural order.

The basis of the whole, upon which this ideal religious character is to be built, is "faith."

What is faith? Generally it may be said, faith is trust in things that we cannot personally verify—that the senses cannot testify—that processes of unaided reasoning cannot demonstrate. I have faith in the past history of the world. I have faith in the operation of physical law—that the seed corn which I sow will spring up a harvest. I have faith in the honour and affection of my friend. These cannot be attested by the senses, they cannot be demonstrated by logic; and yet I believe them as confidently as I believe my own existence. The man of science has faith in the properties of things—in the movements of planets, in the behaviour of gases and drugs. May we not say that in his physical domain he has to take upon trust more that neither his senses nor his reason can prove than the Christian believer in his moral domain?

Faith is no peculiarity of the religious life. We all believe a thousand things that neither the senses can attest nor the reason demonstrate; we believe on the ground of

probability ; we believe on the simple intuition of our consciousness.

The peculiarity of religious life is not in its exercises of faith, but in the things that its faith receives.

In religion, faith is belief in an infinite, spiritual, and holy God ; belief in the spiritual and religious nature of man—in religious obligation, in unending existence.

Christian faith is belief in the revelation of God which Jesus Christ has brought us ; belief in Jesus Christ himself as the Divine Son of God, as the redeemer of men from sin, as the giver of eternal life.

And by belief is meant, not mere assent to intellectual notions, but practical trust and conduct of life according to such convictions.

All this Peter assumes ; he spends no time in proving these elements of religious faith. You, he says, are men of Christian faith ; you believe these things about God and Christ ; you have been convinced of them by their own proper evidence—evidence of outward testimony and of inward consciousness—rational evidence and spiritual evidence. In principle and in practical life you are religious and Christian men—pious, holy, reverent, obeying and loving God and Christ. He does not exhort them to be men of faith—he takes it for granted that they are such. We cannot in Christian teaching be always laying foundations—establishing first principles : “leaving the first principles of Christ we press on to perfection.”

It is a natural and reasonable thing to assume that men are religious beings ; the unnatural thing is to assume that they are not—that all man's mysterious moral and religious qualities—his sense of right and wrong, his sense of God, his instinct of worship, his craving for righteousness, the spiritual thoughts and communings of his soul, his idea of immortality and his craving for it—that these all belong to the material part of his nature. Is not the attestation of his spiritual consciousness as valid and as certain as the attestation of his senses or of his reason ? Is not my religious nature as veritable and as integral a part of myself as the senses that hear and see and feel, as the understanding that examines evidence and comes to logical conclusions ?

He who has persuaded himself that he is altogether a physical creature—who has so treated his religious nature that he has disabled spiritual recognition and destroyed religious faith, who has banished God from his soul, who ridicules his religious con-

sciousness, who neither hopes for a life after death nor believes in it, is only a mutilated man ; he has disavowed and disabled the noblest part of his complex nature—deprived himself of the loftiest thoughts, the noblest inspirations, the most constraining obligations of his manhood. He may be a virtuous man—the instincts of his moral nature, the sentiments of social life may be too strong for his infidelity ; but if he be, he is virtuous in spite of this deprivation of the chief impulses of virtue. Other men feel how much religious beliefs help virtue—how difficult it is, even with them, to attain to holy character. “I,” he says, “can be a good man without these, I can do what is right ; I can be inwardly pure ; I can serve others, and even sacrifice myself for them.”

Well, we have no right to question the individual instance. In his honest consciousness the individual man may be all this ; but we are justified in judging from the general experience of mankind ; we know what even the most enlightened nations of antiquity became ; we see what savage peoples are. The world has always had knowledge enough to do right, its great lack has been motive power ; it was not law that was lacking, it was inducement to obey law—the impelling, the dynamic force, the inspiration that makes virtue a passion, the inducement to seek holiness at every cost.

Is there any faith that supplies this motive like the religion of Jesus Christ ? Myriads of men love Jesus Christ with such a passion that they would die for Him. For His sake men break off the vilest sins, change the most indurated habits—men in every circle of life, hundreds of whom every one of us has known.

Wherever nations have become Christian—not only when they have received the pure Christianity of Christ, but even the most superstitious and corrupt forms of it—they have risen in civilisation and virtue and human benevolence—steadily advancing from century to century. In our own day we have seen savage peoples in Central Africa, and in the South Seas, marvellously transformed by the simple power of Christian truth. In the island on which John Williams was murdered are churches and schools and civilised traders and humane institutions.

A man without faith is a very inferior and mutilated type of man.

Clearly Peter is right ; without the foundation of Christian faith it is not possible to erect this superstructure of exalted character.

NOVEMBER 21ST.

Read Psalm xv. and Rom. xii.

"In your faith supply virtue," that is courage, strength, manliness, robustness—intermix with your faith, leaven your faith with the moralities, the fidelities, the nobilities of strong moral life—moral heroism; power to do and to bear, hatred of what is wrong, scorn of what is mean, resoluteness in what is right, chivalrousness in feeling, magnanimity, generosity, modesty, straightforwardness—all that is meant by nobleness of character.

Clearly, then, in Peter's view, piety was not compatible with questionable morality; he would not have deemed much of the spiritual fervours of a man if he was not morally good.

And yet the two do not always go together. There are in our churches men who sing hymns, and pray prayers, and nurture ecstatic emotions, and think that God communes with their souls, who in their business are hard and grasping and tricky, without magnanimity or fairness. One has heard of prominent religious tradesmen scheming to crush out smaller businesses, threatening manufacturers with the withdrawal of their custom if they supplied their competitors with goods—striving, not only to rule the market, but to drive out of it everybody else. In such men there may be faith, there is not manliness; such things are mean, selfish, morally unfair.

One has known religious tradesmen ticket goods fraudulently, take base advantage of the ignorance or necessities of customers, make mistakes in the quality of purchased goods sent home, put their hand into "the bag of deceitful weights," manipulate the "deceitful balance."

One has known religious workmen scamp their work, cheat their employers of time, if of nothing else.

Peter would have denounced such religiousness as worthless and spurious. It is not manly. And yet from the days of Jacob this has been the tendency of a class of religious men, who make much of their faith, and whose talk is very unctuous.

Again, it is clear that Peter did not deem Christianity a religion for only feeble-minded people—for women and children, for sickness and old age. Make religion a thing of churches and sacraments and ceremonies, and it degenerates into this. Strong men recoil from undue prominence given to religious ritualism, to haberdashery, wax candles,

and genuflections. These are poor ways of expressing truth, exciting feeling, meeting the great practical necessities of life.

Make religion a thing of life, of every-day conduct, of hard duties, stern battles, and deep sorrows—the controlling power in everything within and without a man—the house, the market, the senate, literature, law, pleasure-taking—men will feel it to be the most manly of all things. That which rules strong life is greater than it, and wins its respect.

What is meant by the popular axiom that women are more religious than men? Is religion so feminine a thing? Is not the febrile religion of many churches confounded with the masculine life that Jesus Christ inspires? Make religion a thing, not of hymns and prayers and church-services only, but also of manly life and work, and it will appeal to men as strongly as to women. The defect is in the kind of religion presented, not in intrinsic religion itself. Men will go to churches as eagerly as women, if they find there what their distinctive life needs—a strong, practical, inspiring ministry to a noble, courageous life. To be religious is not to count beads, say paternosters, recite liturgies, sing hymns, observe Sundays—it is to be pious, true, virtuous, strong, heroic even in common life. Christ calls to Himself weak and weary souls, but it is to give them strength and rest. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength."

NOVEMBER 28TH.

Read Isa. lxi. and 1 Cor. iii.

"And in your virtue supply knowledge." There may be a rude, rough force even in goodness which is repellent and may be hurtful. There may be the sinew of a Samson, the courage of a bull-dog; perfectly sincere, but ignorant and indiscriminating. We may trample down many precious and delicate things in an indiscriminating zeal. It is not enough to do right things, right ends must be sought by right ways. Men do no end of mischief by their ignorant and awkward zeal; the very passion for good-doing itself may blind us. Is there in English life anything in which we more need courage than sternly to withstand wrong ways of doing right things? If a man is seeking to do good he may not be questioned—the purity of the motive, the excellency of the end, is to sanction the means whereby its achievement is sought. Question the methods of a religious revivalist, of the Salvation Army, of a social reformer, of temperance movements,

you are at once set down as inimical to God and goodness.

Nay, but the end does not justify the means in Protestant enthusiasm any more than it does in Romish casuistry. I am bound to ask, Are you doing the right thing in the right way? There are "orthodox liars for God," supporting God's truth by arguments which history, philosophy, and science declare to be untenable. There are moralists seeking moral ends by theories and expedients which tend to sap and weaken moral principles and feelings. If I hear an orthodox religionist defending the Bible by a false argument, if I see a fervid reformer assailing vice on false principles of morality and religion, it is my imperative duty to demur. False means are as antagonistic to religion as false ends. God's truth does not need my lie for its defence. Christ's salvation does not demand moral fraud, lest it fail. I may not be untrue even to save a soul.

Of course I am reproached as lukewarm concerning the evil that my fervent brother is seeking to remedy; I am deemed selfish or crotchety. Well, this I must bear. If the truth be clear, it must at all risks be maintained. In the long run more good will be wrought by right means than by wrong ones. It is a heavy cross, to dash the perfervid zeal of a good man; good men are more difficult to withstand than bad ones. It needs much moral courage to question the virtues which destroy a people; much discernment to avoid being led astray by lights from heaven. Satan is not the less Satan, but rather the more, when he is "transformed into an angel of light." All risks must be run for the truth's sake.

"Knowledge"—careful study and selection of methods—is as much the obligation of the religious worker as zeal. A man who in his religious enthusiasm goes shouting along, scorning all careful study of Christianity and of human nature in their adaptations to each other, will sooner or later work mischief.

"Ill is done by want of thought as well as want of heart." How often missions have been rendered fruitless, churches wrecked, ministers misrepresented and opposed, good men misjudged and persecuted by ignorant zeal! To manly courage add intelligent wisdom.

"And in your knowledge supply temperance," and through knowledge let temperance mix with your courage and faith. Infuse or compound temperance with your entire character. It is a large word, much used in the Bible. We are to be "temperate in all things."

Our conventional use of the word almost restricts it to eating and drinking. It has a larger reference here. A man may be a vegetarian, or a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and be a very intemperate man. The word means self-control, sobriety of feeling and conduct, a wisely-regulated use of everything, a religious restraint of all the appetites of the body, of all the passions of the soul. In the broad Scriptural sense of the word evil tempers, inordinate affections, are as much intemperance as excess in intoxicating drinks.

Temperance is not asceticism, total abstinence—rather is it the opposite. It is the rightly-regulated use of all things.

The urgency really applies to every department of life—to opinions, habits, methods of good-doing, to all forms and inspirations of feeling and conduct.

Temperance is enjoined here as a qualification of intelligent manly faith, not as a restraint upon evil propensities, but as a regulation of good ones. Avoid extravagance even in good. Do not let faith degenerate into fanaticism, courage into fool-hardiness. Preserve a well-balanced mind. Excess is as much a deformity as defect.

Of course it is not meant that true religiousness can be in excess. Religiousness is the ideal perfection of a man; but it is easy to permit religious feeling to be distempered, knowledge to be in excess of faith, emotion in excess of ethical principle; faith may become fanaticism, feeling wild enthusiasm, obedience self-righteousness or calculated service, worship a ritual form or a Pharisaic self-complacency, liberty licentiousness, zeal a dogmatic intolerance. We may have the faults of our virtues; in excess, and disproportioned they may work as vices.

How moods over-indulged run to excess,—moods of sorrow, moods of joy, moods of petulance, passion, or coldness, moods of melancholy or meditateness, of rest, of contentedness with things as they are!

How habit grows to rigid forms of character,—the casual indulgence of to-day becomes the characteristic of daily life, until usage consecrates it as a kind of natural piety! What constant need there is of firm, vigilant restraint of right principles and feelings! not merely of vices restrained by virtues, but of virtues themselves, attempered, qualified, and balanced.

"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

What an ideal of character it is! How true, how comprehensive, how profound,—"growing up into Christ, the living Head in all things!"

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A Story of Woman's Faith.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIV.—FOR JULIE.

"WHERE are you going?" said Crellock roughly, as, prowling about the verandah, in pursuance of a determination to take care that there should be no further interference with his plans, he carefully watched the place, ready to refuse entrance, in Hallam's name, to every one who came till he had made sure of his prize.

It was very early in the morning, and he had come suddenly upon Thisbe, dressed for going out, and with a bundle upon her arm.

"Into town," she said sharply.

"What for?"

"To stay."

"It's a lie!" he said. "You are going to take a message to that parson, or the lieutenant. You have a letter."

"No, I haven't," said Thisbe, looking harder than ever.

"What's in that bundle?"

"Clothes. Want to see 'em? you can look."

"Come, no nonsense, Thisbe! You don't like me, I know."

"I hate the sight of you!" said the woman stoutly.

"So you may; but look here, you may as well understand that in future I shall be master here, and for your own sake you may as well be friends. Now then, where are you going?"

"Into town, I tell you; and I shall send for my box. It's corded up in my room."

"Why, what do you mean?" he said.

"That I'm going, and I'm not coming back; and you two may drink yourselves to death as soon as you like."

She brushed by him, and before he had recovered from his surprise she was going down the path towards the gate.

A thought struck Crellock, and he ran upstairs to the room Thisbe had occupied, and, sure enough, there was the big chest she had brought with her, corded up tightly, and with a direction-card tacked on, addressed, "Miss Thisbe Bing. To be called for."

"So much the better," he said joyously; "that woman had some influence with Mrs. Hallam, and might have been unpleasant."

That day he went down the town to one of his haunts, and after a good deal of search found out that Thisbe was in the place, and

had taken a small cottage in one of the outskirts. So, satisfied with his discovery, he returned, to find a man with a pony and dray on his way up to the house, where he claimed the box for its owner, and soon after bore it away.

Hallam was in his room, half dozing by the open window, ready to give him a friendly nod as he entered, threw down his riding-whip, and took up his usual position, with his back to the fireplace.

"Well," said Hallam, "what news?"

"Oh, she has gone, sure enough."

"So much the better," said Hallam. "I always hated that woman."

"What news have you?"

"None at all."

"Have you told your wife that I wish the marriage to take place at once?"

"No."

"Then go and tell her."

Hallam shifted uneasily in his chair, but did not stir.

"Look here!" cried Crellock fiercely, "do you want me to go through all our old arguments again? There it is, the marriage or the gang."

"You would have to go too!" said Hallam angrily.

"Oh, no! Don't make a mistake. I did not bring over the plunder; and not a single note you have changed can be brought home to me. Your leg is in the noose, or in the irons again, if you like it better. No nonsense! Go and see her while I prepare Julia."

Hallam rose, went to the cupboard, poured a quantity of brandy into a tumbler, gulped it down, and went to the drawing-room. Mrs. Hallam, who was looking white and hollow of cheek, was seated alone, with Julia, half-way down the garden-slope, gazing pensively towards the town.

Mrs. Hallam rose quickly, as if in alarm, but Hallam caught her hand, and then softly closed the window, in spite of her weak struggle, as she saw Crellock crossing the garden to where Julia was standing.

"Now no nonsense!" he said. "There, sit down."

Mrs. Hallam took the chair he led her to, and gazed up at him as if fascinated by his eyes.

"I may as well come to the point at once,"

said Hallam. "You know what I said the other night about Crellock?"

"Yes," she replied hoarsely.

"Well, he wishes it to take place at once, so we may as well get it over."

"It is impossible!" she said in a low voice.

"It is not impossible!" he said, flashing into anger. "It is necessary for my comfort and position that the wedding should take place at once."

"No, no, Robert!" she cried in a last appeal; "for the sake of our old love, give up this terrible thought. If you have any love left for me spare our child this degradation!"

She threw herself upon her knees and clasped his hands.

"Don't be foolish and hysterical," he said coldly; "and listen to reason, unless you want to make me angry with you. Get up!"

She obeyed him without a word.

"Now listen. I shouldn't have chosen Crellock for her husband, but he is very fond of her, and I cannot afford to offend him, so it must be."

"It would kill her!" panted Mrs. Hallam. "Our child! Robert—husband—my own love! don't, don't drive me to do this!"

"I'm going to drive you to obey me in this sensible matter, which is for the good of all. There, you see the girl is listening to him quietly enough."

"It would kill her! For the sake of all the old times do not drive me to this—my husband!" pleaded Mrs. Hallam again.

"You will prepare her for it; you will tell her it must be as soon as the arrangements can be made; you will stop all communications with Bayle and old Sir Gordon, and do exactly as I bid you. Look here, once let Julia see that there is no other course, and she will be quiet and sensible enough."

"Once more!" cried Mrs. Hallam passionately, "spare me this, Robert, and I will be your patient, forgiving wife to the end! I tell you it would break her heart!"

"You understand!" he said. "There, look at her!" he cried, pointing. "Why, the girl loves him after all."

Julia was coming slowly up the path, with Crellock bending down and talking to her earnestly, till he reached the window, which Hallam unfastened, shrinking back and leaving the room, as if he could not face his child.

As Julia entered Crellock seemed to have no wish to encounter Mrs. Hallam, and he drew back and went round the house to the study window, where he stopped leaning on

the verandah-rail and gazing in, as Hallam stood at the cupboard, pouring himself out some more brandy.

He had the glass in one hand, the bottle in the other, when he caught sight of the figure at the window, and with a start and cry of horror he dropped bottle and glass.

"Bah! where is your nerve, man!" cried Crellock with a laugh of contempt. "Did you think it was a sergeant with a file of men to fetch you away?"

"You—you startled me," cried Hallam angrily. "All that brandy gone!"

"A good thing too! you've had plenty. Well, have you told her?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"The old thing."

"But you made her understand?"

"Yes. What did Julia say?"

"Oh, very little. Told me she could never love me, of course; but she's a clever, sensible girl."

"And she has consented?"

"Well, not exactly; but it's all right. There will be no trouble there."

Meanwhile Julia had gone straight to her mother and knelt down at her feet, resting her hands upon her knees, in her old childlike position, and gazing up in the pale, wasted face for some minutes without speaking.

"There is no hope, mother," she said at last; "it must be."

Mrs. Hallam sat without replying for some minutes; then, taking her child's face between her thin hands she bent down and pressed her lips upon the white forehead.

"Julie," she whispered, "I was wrong. I thought you loved Mr. Eaton, and I believed that if you married him it would have cut this terrible knot."

Julia smiled softly, and with her eyes half closed. There was a curious, rapt expression in her sweet face, as if she were dreaming of some impossible joy. Then, as if rousing herself to action, she gave her dark curls a shake, and said quietly—

"If I had loved Mr. Eaton it would only have cut the knot as far as I was concerned. Mother, he would have broken my heart."

"No, no; he loved you dearly."

"But he would have taken me from you. No: I did not love him, but I liked him very much. But there, we must think and be strong, for there is no hope, dear mother, now. You are right. And you will be firm and strong?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hallam, rising. "For your sake, my child—my child!"

CHAPTER XV.—CRELLOCK ON GUARD.

THAT night, after the roughly prepared meal that took the place of dinner, and at which mother and daughter resumed their places as of old, Hallam sat for some time with Crellock talking in a low tone, while Mrs. Hallam returned to the drawing-room with Julia, both looking perfectly calm and resigned to their fate.

At last Hallam rose and, followed by Crellock, crossed the hall and opened the drawing-room door, where his wife and child were seated with the light of the candles shining softly upon their bended heads.

"It will be all right," he muttered; and he turned round and faced Crellock, who smiled and nodded.

"Nothing like a little firmness," he said, smiling.

Then Crellock went into the verandah to smoke his cigar and play the part of watchdog in case of some interruption to his plans; and, while Hallam employed himself in his old fashion, drinking himself drunk in the house of Alcohol his god, the dark calm evening became black night, and a moist soft wind from the Pacific sighed gently round the place.

Crellock walked round the house time after time, peering in at the windows, and each time he looked there was the heavy stolid face of Hallam staring before him at vacancy; on the other side of the house Julia gazing up into her mother's face as she knelt at her feet.

It must have been ten o'clock when, as Crellock once more made his round, he saw that Hallam was asleep, and that Mrs. Hallam had taken up the candle still burning, and with Julia holding her hand, was looking round the room as if for a last good-night.

Then together they went to the door, hand in hand; the door closed; the light shone at the staircase window, then in their bedroom, where he watched it burn for about a quarter of an hour before it was extinguished, and all was dark.

"I shan't feel satisfied till I have her safe," he said, as he walked slowly back to his old look-out that commanded the road.

The wind came in stronger gusts now, for a few minutes, and then seemed to die quite away, while the clouds that overspread the sky seemed to grow so dense that it was hard to distinguish the trees and bushes a dozen yards from where he stood.

He finished his cigar, thinking out his plans the while, and at last coming to the conclu-

sion that it was an unnecessary task this watching, he was about to make one more turn round the verandah, and then enter by the window and go to bed, when he fancied he heard a door close, as if blown by the wind that was once more sighing about the place.

"Just woke up, I suppose," he said, and he walked towards the study window and looked in.

Hallam had not moved, but was sleeping heavily in his old position.

Crellock listened again, but all was perfectly still. It could not have been fancy. Certainly he had heard a door bang softly, and the sound seemed to come from this direction.

He stood thinking, and then went round and tried the front door.

"Fast."

He walked round to the back door, following the verandah all the way, and found that door also fast.

"I couldn't have been mistaken," he said as he listened again.

Once more the wind was sighing loudly about the place, but the noise was not repeated, and he walked on to the dining-room window; but as he laid his hand upon the glass door and thrust it open, a current of air rushed in and there was the same sound: a door blew to with a slight bang.

Crellock closed and fastened the glass door as he stepped out and ran quickly round to the drawing-room, where it was as he suspected; the glass door similar to that he had just left was open and blew to and fro.

"There's something wrong," he said excitedly, his suspicions being aroused; and, dashing in, he upset a chair in crossing the room and it fell with a crash, but he hurried on into the hall, through to the study, and caught Hallam by the arm.

"Wake up!" he said excitedly. "Hallam! Wake up, man."

He had to shake him heavily before the drink stupefaction passed off, and then Hallam stood trembling and haggard, trying to comprehend his companion's words.

"Wrong?" he said, "wrong? What's wrong?"

"I don't know yet. Quick, man! Run up to your wife's room. Take the candle. Quick, man; are you asleep?"

In his dazed state, Hallam staggered and his hand trembled so that he could hardly keep the light anything like steady. There was the knowledge, though faintly grasped, that something was terribly wrong. He

gathered that from his companion's excited manner, and, stumbling on into the hall, blundered noisily up the stairs while Crellock stood breathing hard and listening.

"Here, Millicent! Julie!" he cried hoarsely; "what's the matter?"

Crellock heard the door handle turn, and the door thrown open so violently that it struck against the wall, but there was no reply from the voices of frightened women.

"Do you hear? Milly—Julie! Why don't you answer?" came from above, and Crellock's harsh breathing became like the panting of some wild beast.

For a few moments there was absolute silence; then the sound of stumbling, heavy steps, and Hallam came out on the landing.

"Steve!" he cried excitedly, perfectly sober now, "what is it? What does it mean? They've gone!"

"I knew it," cried Crellock with a furious cry. "I might have seen it if I had not been a fool. Come down quick! They've not gone far."

Candle in hand, Hallam came staggering down the stairs with his eyes staring and his face blotched with patches of white.

"They've gone," he stammered hoarsely. "What for? Where have they gone?"

"Out into the dark night," cried Crellock furiously. "There is only one way that they could go, and we must have them before they reach the town."

"Town!" faltered Hallam; "town!" for in the horror of his waking and the conscience hauntings of the moment, he seemed to see two ghastly white faces looking up at him from the black waters of the harbour.

"Yes, come along, follow me as quickly as you can," roared Crellock, and going swiftly through the dining-room, he crossed the verandah and dashed out into the thick darkness that seemed to rise up as a protecting wall on behalf of those whom he pursued.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FLIGHT.

"I AM so weak, my child," sighed Mrs. Hallam, "that my heart fails me. What shall I do?"

Julia stood over her dressed for flight, and a chill of despair seized her.

"Oh, mother, try—try," she whispered.

"I am trying, Julie. I am fighting so hard, but you cannot realise the step I am trying to take; you cannot see it, my child, as it is spread before me."

"Let us stay then," whispered Julie, "and to-morrow I will appeal to Sir Gordon to come to our help."

"No," said Mrs. Hallam firmly, as if the words of her child had given her strength, "we can ask help of no one in such a strait as this, Julie; the act must be mine and mine alone; but now the time has come, my child, I feel that it is too much."

"Mother!" sobbed Julie, "that man horrifies me. You heard all that my father said. I would sooner die than become his wife."

Mrs. Hallam caught her arm with a sharp grip and remained silent for a few moments. "Yes," she said at last, "and much as I love you, my own, I would sooner see you dead than married to such a man as he. You have given me the courage I failed in, my darling. For myself, I would live and bear until the end; but I am driven to it—I am driven to it. Come."

They were standing in the dark, and now for the time being Mrs. Hallam seemed transformed. Gathering her cloak about her, she went quickly to the door and listened, and then turned and whispered to Julia.

"Come at once," she said. "Follow me down."

Julia drew a long breath and followed her, trembling, the boards of the lightly-built house cracking loudly as she passed quickly to the stairs. And again in the silence and darkness these cracked as they passed down.

In the hall Mrs. Hallam hesitated for a moment, and then, putting her lips to Julia's ear, "Stop!" she whispered.

Julia stood listening, and with her eyes strained towards where a light shone beneath the ill-fitting study-door from which, in the stillness, the heavy stertorous breathing of Hallam could be heard. She could hear, too, the faint rustle of Mrs. Hallam's dress as she paced along the hall; and as Julia gazed in the direction she had taken, the light that streamed from beneath, and some faint rays from the side, showed indistinctly a misty figure which sank down on its knees and remained for a few moments.

The silence was awful to the trembling girl, who could not repress a faint cry as she heard a loud cough coming from beyond the dining-room.

But she too drew her breath hard, and set her teeth, as if the nearness of her enemy provoked her to desperate resistance, and she stood waiting there firmly, but wondering the while whether they would be able to escape or be stopped in the act of flight by Crellock, whom she knew to be watching.

She dare not call, though she felt that her mother was again overcome by the terrors of the step they had resolved to take, and the

moments seemed interminable before there was a change in the light beneath the door, and a faint rustle mingled with the heavy breathing. Then her hand was clasped by one like ice in its coldness, and, as if repeating the prayer she had been uttering, Julia heard her mother say in a faint whisper,

"It is for her sake—for hers alone."

Julia drew her into the drawing-room as they had planned, and closed the door. Then Mrs. Hallam seemed to breathe more freely.

"The weakness has passed, Julie," she said softly. "We must lose no time."

They crossed the room carefully to where a dim light showed the French window to be, and Mrs. Hallam laid her hand upon it firmly, and turned the fastening after slipping the bolt.

"Keep a good heart, my darling," she said. "You are not afraid?"

"Not of our journey, mother," said Julia in agitated tones; "but of—a listener."

"Hist!" whispered Mrs. Hallam, drawing back; and the window which she had opened swung to with a faint click, as the firm pace of Crellock was heard coming along the verandah; and as they stood there in the darkness they could see the dim figure pass the window.

Had he stretched forth a hand, he would have felt the glass door yield, and have entered and found them there; and, knowing this, they stood listening to the beating of their hearts till the figure passed on and they heard the step of the self-constituted sentry grow faint on the other side of the house.

"Julie, are you ready?"

"Yes, mother; let us go—anywhere so that I may not see that man again."

Mrs. Hallam uttered a sigh of relief, for her child's words had supplied her once more with the power that was failing.

"It is for her sake," she muttered again. Then, in a low whisper, "Quick! your hand. Come." And they stepped out into the verandah, drew the door to without daring to stop to catch it, and the next minute they were threading their way amongst the trees of the garden, and making for the gate.

The darkness was now intense, and though the faint twinkling of lights showed them the direction of the town, they had not gone far before they found themselves astray from the path, and after wandering here and there for a few minutes, Mrs. Hallam paused in dread, for she found that there was now another enemy in her path upon which she had not counted.

She spoke very calmly though, as Julia uttered a gasp.

"The wind is rising," she said, "and it will soon grow lighter. Let us keep on."

They walked on slowly and cautiously in and out among the trees of what was in the darkness a complete wilderness. At times they were struggling through bushes that impeded their progress, and though time after time the track seemed to be found, they were deceived. It was as if nature were fighting against them to keep them within reach of Hallam and his friend, and though they toiled on, a second hour had elapsed and found them still astray.

But now as they climbed a steep slope, the wind came with a gust, the clouds chased before it, there was the glint of a star or two, and Mrs. Hallam uttered an exclamation.

"There!" she cried, "to the left. I can see the lights now."

Catching Julia's hand more firmly, she hurried on, for the night was now comparatively light, but neither uttered word of their thoughts as they gave a frightened glance back at a dim object on the hill behind, for they awoke to the fact that they had been wandering round and about the hill and gully, returning on their steps, and were not five hundred yards away from their starting post.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the stars were out over half the vault of heaven, and to their great joy the path was found—the rough track leading over the unoccupied land to the town.

"Courage! my child," whispered Mrs. Hallam; "another hour or two and we shall be there."

"I am trying to be brave, dear," whispered back Julia as the track descended into another gully; "but this feeling of dread seems to tire me, and—oh! listen!"

Mrs. Hallam stopped, and plainly enough behind them there was the sound of bushes rustling; but the sound ceased directly.

"Some animal—that is all," said Mrs. Hallam, and they passed on.

Once more they heard the sound, and then, as they were ascending a little eminence before descending another of the undulations of the land, there came the quick beat of feet, and mother and daughter had joined in a convulsive grasp.

"We are followed," panted Mrs. Hallam. "We must hide."

As she spoke they were on the summit of the slope, with their figures against the skyline to any one below, and in proof of this there was a shout from a short distance below, and a cry of "Stop!"

"Crellock!" muttered Mrs. Hallam, and she glanced from side to side for a place of concealment, but only to see that the attempt to hide would be only folly.

"Can you run, Julie?" she whispered.

For answer Julia started off, and for about a hundred yards they ran down the slope, and then stopped, panting. They could make no further effort save that of facing their pursuer, who dashed down to them breathless.

"A pretty foolish trick," he cried. "Mercy I found you gone, and came. What did you expect would become of you out here in the night?"

"Loose my hand," cried Julia angrily; "I will not come back."

"Indeed, but you will, little wifie. There, it's of no use to struggle; you are mine, and must."

"Julia, hold by me," cried Mrs. Hallam frantically. "Help!"

"Hah!"

That ejaculation was from Crellock, for as Mrs. Hallam's appeal for help rang out amongst the trees of the gully into which they had descended, there was the dull sound of a heavy blow, and their assailant fell with a crash amongst the low growth of scrub.

"This way," said a familiar voice. "Do you want to join Thisbe Bing?"

"Yes, yes," cried Julia, sobbing now; "but how did you know?"

"How did I know!" was the reply, half sadly, half laughingly. "Oh, I have played the spy: waiting till you wanted help."

"Christie Bayle!" wailed Mrs. Hallam; "my friend in need."

He did not answer. He hardly heard her words as Mrs. Hallam staggered on by his side, for two little hands were clinging to his arm, Julia's head was resting against him, as she nestled closer and closer, and his heart beat madly, for it seemed to him as if it was in his breast that Julia Hallam would seek for safety in her time of need.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN SANCTUARY.

"LET them come if they dare, my dear," said Thisbe stoutly. "I've only waited for this. You know how I've never said word against him, but have seen and borne everything."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mrs. Hallam.

"For, I said to myself, the day will come when she will see everything in its true light, and then——"

Thisbe said no more, but cut her sentence in half by closing her lips more tightly than they had ever been closed before, as, with a

smile, she busied herself about Julia and her mother.

"I was in a way last night," she said cheerily, as she straightened first one thing and then another in the modest lodgings she had secured, "but I daren't come away for fear you might get here while I was looking for you. You don't know the relief I felt when Mr. Bayle knocked at the door with you two poor tired things. There, you needn't say a word, only be quiet and rest."

Thisbe nodded from one to the other, and smiled as if there was not a trouble in the world. Then she stood rolling up her apron, and moistening her lips, as if there was something she wanted to say but hesitated. At last she went to Mrs. Hallam's side, and took hold of the sleeve of her dress.

"Let me go and ask Mr. Bayle to take berths for you on board the first ship that's going to sail, and get taken away from this dreadful place."

Mrs. Hallam gazed at her wistfully, but did not answer for a few moments.

"I must think, Thibbs," she said; "I must think; and now I cannot, for I feel as if I am stunned."

"Then lie down a bit, my dear Miss Milly. Do, dear. She ought to, oughtn't she, Miss Julie? There, I knew she would. It's to make her strong."

It was as if old girlish days had come back, for Mrs. Hallam yielded with a sigh to the stronger will of the faithful old servant, letting her lift and lay her down, and closing her eyes with a weary sigh.

"Now I may go to Mr. Bayle, mayn't I?"

"No," said Mrs. Hallam sternly.

"Then to Sir Gordon, and ask him to help us?"

"No," said Mrs. Hallam again; "I must work alone in this—and I will."

She closed her eyes, and in a few minutes she seemed to have dropped asleep, when Thisbe signed to Julia to accompany her out of the room.

"Don't you fret and trouble yourself, my darling," she whispered. "I'll take care no one comes and troubles you. She's worn out with suffering, and no doctor would do her good, or we'd soon have the best in Sydney. What she wants is rest and peace, and your dear loving hands to hold her. If anything will ease her that's it."

She kissed Julia, and the next moment the girl's arms were clasped about her neck, as she sobbed upon her breast.

"It's so terrible," she cried. "I can't bear

it! I can't bear it! I tried so hard to love him, but—but——"

"An angel with wings couldn't have loved such a father as that, my dear."

"Thibbs!"

"Well, there, then, I won't say much, my darling; but don't you fret. You've both done quite right, for there's a pynte beyond which no one can go."

"But if we could win him back to——"

"Make you marry that man Crellock! Oh, my darling, there's no winning him back. I said nothing and stood by you both to let you try, and I was ready to forgive everything; but oh, my pet! I knew how bad it all was from the very first."

"No, no, Thibbs, you didn't think him guilty when he was sent out here."

"Think, my dear! No, I knew it, and so did Sir Gordon and Mr. Bayle, but for her sake they let her go on believing in him. Oh! my dear, only that there's you here, I want to know why such a man was ever allowed to live."

"Thibbs, he is my father," cried Julia angrily.

"Yes, my dear, and there's no changing it, much as I've thought about it."

Julia stood thinking.

"I shall go to him," she said at last, "with you, and tell him why we have left him. I feel, Thibbs, as if I must ask him to forgive me, for I am his child."

"You wait a bit, my dear, and then talk about forgiveness by-and-by. You've got to stay with your poor mother now. Why, if you left her on such an errand as that, what would happen if he kept you, and wouldn't let you come back?"

Julia's eyes dilated, and her careworn face looked paler.

"He would not do that."

"He and that Crellock would do anything, I believe. There, you can't do that now. You've got to sit and watch by her."

"Julia!" came in an excited voice from the next room.

"There, what did I tell you, my dear?" said Thisbe; and she hurried Julia back and closed the door.

"They'll go back and forgive him if he only comes and begs them to, and he'll finish breaking her heart," said Thisbe, as she went down. "Oh, there never was anything so dreadful as a woman's weakness when once she has loved a man. But go back they shall not if I can help it, and what to do for the best I don't know."

She went into the little sitting-room, seated

herself, and began rolling her apron up tightly, as she rocked herself to and fro, and all the time kept on biting her lips.

"I daren't," she said. "She would never forgive me if she knew. No, I couldn't."

She went on, rocking herself about to and fro.

"I will—I will do it. It's right, for it's to save them; it's to save her life, poor dear, and my poor darling from misery."

She started from her chair, wringing her hands, and with her face convulsed, ending by falling on her knees with clasped hands.

"Oh, please God, no," she cried, "don't—don't suffer that—that darling child to be dragged down to such a fate. I couldn't bear it. I'd sooner die! For ever and ever. Amen."

She sobbed as she crouched lower and lower, suffering an agony of spirit greater than had ever before fallen to her lot, then rose, calm and composed, to wipe her eyes.

"I'll do it, and if it's wicked may I be forgiven. I can't bear it, and there's only that before he puts the last straw on."

There was a loud tap at the door just then, evidently given by a hard set of knuckles.

"It's them!" cried Thisbe excitedly; "it's them!"

The door was locked and bolted, and she glanced round the room as if in search of a weapon. Then going to the window, she looked sidewise through the panes, and her hard, angry face softened a little, and she opened the window.

"How did you know I was wanting you to come?"

Tom Porter's hard brown face lit up with delight.

"Was you?" he cried; "was you, Thisbe? Lor! how nice it looks to see you in a little house like this, and me coming to the door; but you might let me in. Are you all alone?"

"Don't you get running your thick head up against a wall, Tom Porter, or you'll hurt it. And now, look here, don't you get smirking at me again in that way, or off you go about your business, and I'll never look at you again."

"But Thisbe, my dear, I only——"

"Don't only, then," she said, in a fierce whisper; "and don't growl like that, or you'll frighten them as is up-stairs into thinking it's some one else."

"All right, my lass; all right. Only you are very hard on a man. You was hard at King's Castor, you was harder up at Clerkenwell, while now we're out here rocks is padded bulkheads to you."

"I can't help it, Tom; I'm in trouble," said Thisbe, more gently.

"Are you, my lass? Well, let me pilot you out."

"Yes, I think you shall," she said. "I wanted you to come."

"Now that's pleasant," said Tom Porter, smiling; "and it does me good, for the way in which I wants to help you, Thisbe, is a wonder even to me."

"Oh yes, I know," she said grimly. "Now then, why did you come?"

"You said you wanted me."

"Yes; but tell me first why you came."

"The Admiral sent me, to say that he was waiting for the missus's commands, and might he come down and see her on very particular business? He couldn't write, his hand's all a-shake, and he ain't been asleep all night."

"Tell him, and tell Mr. Bayle too, that my mistress begs that she may be left alone for the present. She says she will send to them if she wants their help."

"Right it is," said Tom Porter. "Now then, what did you want along o' me?"

Thisbe's face hardened, and then grew convulsed and the tears sprang to her eyes. Then it seemed to harden up again, and she took hold of Tom Porter's collar and whispered to him quickly.

"Phe-ew!" whistled Sir Gordon's man.

She went on whispering in an excited way.

"Yes, I understand," he said.

She whispered to him again more earnestly than ever.

"Yes. Not tell a soul—and only if——"

"Yes."

"Only if——"

"Yes, yes," whispered Thisbe. "Mind, I depend upon you."

"If Tom Porter's a living soul," he replied; "it's done. But you do mean it?"

"I mean it!" said Thisbe Bing. "Now go."

"One moment, my lass," he said. "I've been very humble, and humble I am; but when this trouble's over and smooth water comes, will you?"

Thisbe did not answer for a few moments, and then it was in a softened voice.

"Tom Porter," she said, "there's one upstairs half dead with misery, and her darling child suffering more than words can tell. My poor heart's full of them; don't ask me now."

Tom Porter gave his lips a smart slap and hurried down the street, while Thisbe Bing closed the window and went back to her

chair, to rock herself to and fro again, with her hands busily rolling and unrolling her apron.

"I've done it," she said; "but it all rests on him. It's his own doing."

Then, after a pause—

"How long will it be before they find out where we are? Not long. Hah!"

Thisbe Bing passed her hands up and down her bare brawny arms, and her face tightened for the encounter which she felt must come before long.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE BLOW FALLS.

It was close upon evening before the trouble Thisbe expected came. Tom Porter had been again, tapped at the door, and when Thisbe went to the window he had contorted his face in the most horrible manner, closing his left eye, and then walked off without a word.

Thisbe watched till he was out of sight, and then returned to her chair.

"He's to be trusted," she said to herself. "It's a pity he wants to marry me. We're much better as we are; and who knows but what he might turn wild? There's only one thing in his favour, he ain't a handsome man."

Now Tom Porter at fifty looked to be about the last person in the world to turn wild, but Thisbe's experiences had done much to harden her virgin heart.

At least a dozen times over she had slipped off her shoes and ascended the stairs to find that, utterly exhausted, Mrs. Hallam and Julia were sleeping heavily, the latter on a chair, with her arms clasped about her mother's neck.

"Poor dears!" said Thisbe, as she descended; "I daren't wake them, but they ought to have a cup of tea."

"Ah," she exclaimed softly, "what would she say? I shall never dare to look her in the face again."

At last the trouble came.

"I knew it," said Thisbe, as she heard the steps at the door. "He was bound to find us. Yes, they're both there. Well, it's his own work and not mine. What shall I do?"

She rose from her chair, looking very resolute.

"I'll face them bold. It's the only way."

She heard the murmur of men's voices, and then there was a rap at the door given with the handle of a whip. Thisbe went to the door, unfastened and threw it open.

"What is it?" she said.

Hallam and Crellock were on the thresh-

old, and the latter exclaimed, as soon as he saw her—

"I thought so."

They stepped in quickly, and Thisbe's lips tightened as she was forced to back before them, and the door swung to.

"Where is your mistress?" said Hallam sharply.

"Asleep. Worn out and ill," said Thisbe sternly.

"Where's my daughter?"

"With her mother, up-stairs."

"I'll soon have an end of this fooling," he exclaimed; and as Thisbe stood with her arms folded, she seemed to see a flash of the old look she remembered—the look she hated—when they were at Castor years before.

Hallam threw open the door at the foot of the narrow staircase, while Crellock seated himself astride a chair with his hat on and beat his boot with his whip.

"Millicent! Julie!" cried Hallam fiercely, and there were footsteps heard above, for the arrival had awakened those who slept. "Come down at once."

He let the door swing to and began to pace the little room, muttering to himself, and evidently furious with rage at his wife's desertion.

Crellock watched him from the corner of his eyes, and from time to time unconsciously applied his hand to a great discoloration on the cheek. He was evidently quite satisfied, for Hallam needed no egging on to the task, and he felt that this episode would hasten his marriage with Julia.

"Are you coming?" cried Hallam, after a few minutes, and as he flung back the door that of the bedroom was heard to open, and Mrs. Hallam and Julia came down, both very pale, but with a firmness in their countenances that sent a thrill of joy through Thisbe.

"There you are then," cried Hallam, as they stood before him. "Ah! I've a good mind to—"

He raised his hand and made a feint, as if to strike the pale, suffering woman. With a cry of horror, Julia flung herself between them, her eyes flashing, her dread gone, and in its place indignant horror sweeping away the last feeling of pity and compunction for the brutalised man to whom she owed her birth.

"Now then," cried Hallam. "You've both had your fool's game out, so put on your bonnets and come home."

Mrs. Hallam passed her hand round Julia and remained silent.

"Do you hear?" cried Hallam. "I say, put on your things and come home. As for you, madam, you shall have a home of your own, and a husband, before you know where you are. Come; stir!" he cried with a stamp.

"This is my home," said Mrs. Hallam sternly.

"What!"

"Robert Hallam, the last thread that bound me to you is broken," she continued in a calm, judicial voice. "We are separated for ever."

"You're mad," cried Hallam, with a laugh. "Come, no nonsense of this kind! Don't make a scene, for I'm not in the humour to put up with much. Come out of this house or—"

He made a step or two towards the door, for Thisbe had thrown it open, having seen Bayle pass the window with Sir Gordon. Then he seized the door to fling it in their faces; but Thisbe held it firmly, and they walked in, Hallam himself giving way.

"Coward!" snarled Crellock in his ear, as he started up, whip in hand.

"Mrs. Hallam," said Sir Gordon, "you must forgive this intrusion. I am sure we are wanted here."

"Wanted here!" cried Hallam savagely; "no, you are not wanted here. I'll have no more interferences from such as you; you've both been the curse of my life."

Sir Gordon turned upon him with a calm look of disgust and contempt, which at another time would have made him quail; but fevered with brandy as he was, the effect was to make him more beside himself.

"As you are here, both of you, let me tell you this: that I don't kick you out because one of you is a weak doddering old idiot, the other—oh, his cloth must protect Mr. Bayle. Now what do you want to know?"

"Be calm, Julia," whispered Bayle. "No harm shall befall either of you."

Crellock advanced menacingly, but Sir Gordon interposed.

"Mrs. Hallam, as your father's old friend, I must interfere for your protection now."

"Must you?" cried Hallam fiercely, "then I tell you that you won't. This is my house, taken by my wife. That is my wife. That is my child, and in a few days she will be the wife of this gentleman, my oldest friend. Now go. Millicent—Julie—get on your things, and come, or by all that's holy we'll drag you through the streets."

Julia clung to Bayle, and turned her flushed face to him as if asking help; while, with a

look of calm contempt, he patted the hand he held, and glanced at Mrs. Hallam, for something seemed to warn him that the crisis had arrived.

"I have told you, Robert Hallam," she said, in a calm firm voice, that grew in strength as she went on, "that from this hour we are separated, never to be man and wife again. I clung to you with all a woman's proud faith in her husband. I loved you as dearly as woman could love. When you were condemned of all, I defended you, and believed you honest."

"Bah!" he exclaimed; "enough of this!" and he took a step forward, but quailed before her gaze.

"You crushed my love. You made me your wretched innocent tool and slave when you brought me here, and at last you brutally told me all the cruel truth. Even then, heart-broken, I clung to you, and suffered in silence. God knows how I tried to bring you to penitence and a better life. I forgave all for the sake of our child; and in my love for her I would have gone on bearing all."

"Have you nearly done?" he said mockingly.

"Nearly," she said, in the same firm, clear tones; and she seemed to tower above him, pale and noble of aspect, while he, drink-brutalised and blotched, seemed to shrink.

"I say I would have borne everything, even if you had beaten me like a dog. But when—oh, may God judge between us and forgive me if I have done wrong—when I am called upon to see my innocent child dragged down by you to the fate of being the wife of the villain who has been your partner in all your crimes, my soul revolts, and I say—from this hour all between us is at an end."

"And I say," he yelled, "that you are my wife, this my child, and you shall obey me. Come; I am master here."

He made a snatch at her arm, but she raised it before him, with outstretched palm, and her voice rang out with a cry that made him shrink and cower.

"Stop!"

There was a moment's utter silence, broken by the softly heard distant tramp of feet.

"Husband no longer, father of my child no more. Robert Hallam, you are my convict servant! I discharge you. Leave this house!"

Hallam took a step back, literally stunned by the words of the outraged woman, who for so long a time had been his slave, while Bayle exhaled a long sighing breath as if relieved of some terrible weight.

For a time no one spoke, but all turned

from gazing on the prominent figure of that group to Hallam, who stood clenching and unclenching his hands, and gasping as if trying to recover from the shock he had received.

He essayed to speak as he glared at Mrs. Hallam, and scowled at her as if each look were an arrow to wound and bring her to his feet humbled and appealing as of old; but the arrows glanced from the armour of indignant maternal love with which she was clothed; and, drawn up to her full height, scornful and defiant as she seemed, her look absolutely made him quail.

Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp.

The regular march of disciplined men coming nearer and nearer, but heard by none within that room, as Crellock, with a coarse laugh, bent forward, and whispered in his companion's ear—

"Why, man, are you going to submit to this?"

"No," roared Hallam, as if his gang companion's words had broken a spell. "No. The woman's mad. Julia, you are my child. Come here!"

Julia met the eyes that were fixed fiercely upon her and stepped forward.

Bayle tried to arrest her, but she raised her hand to keep him back, and then placed it on her father's arm, trembling and looking white. Then she reached up, and kissed him solemnly upon the cheek.

"There, gentlemen," he cried mockingly, "you see. Now, wife—my wife, come to your convict servant—come—home."

He passed his arm round Julia's waist, and signed to Crellock to come forward, but his child glided from his grasp.

"Good-bye—father—good-bye—for ever."

He made a snatch at her hand; but she had gone, and was clinging to Bayle.

Hallam uttered a fierce oath, and then listened: stopped short with his head wrenched round to gaze at the door.

For at that moment the tramp of feet reached the entrance, and a voice rang out:

"Halt!"

There was the rattle of muskets on the path, and as, ghastly of face, and with starting eyes, Robert Hallam saw in imagination the interior of the prison, the grim convict dress, the chains, and the lash, the door was thrown open, and Captain Otway entered, followed by a sergeant and a file of men, a squad remaining outside, drawn up before the house.

Otway glanced round, his brow furrowed, and his lips tightened, as his eyes fell on Mrs. Hallam and her child.

It was but a momentary emotion. Then the stern military precision asserted itself, and he said quickly—

"Robert Hallam, number 874, assigned servant, I arrest you for breaking the terms of your ticket of leave. Sergeant, remove this man."

Two men stepped to Hallam's side on the instant.

"Curse you," he yelled, as he started forward to reach his wife, but a strong hand on either arm stayed him. "This is your work."

She shook her head slowly, and Julia darted to her side, for the firmness that had sustained her so far was failing fast.

"No," she said slowly; "it is no work of mine."

"Then I have to thank my dear friend the Baronet here," he cried with a vindictive look at Sir Gordon.

"No, Hallam. I have known for months past that you have been living in wild excess on the money you stole from me, but I spared you for others' sake."

"Oh, I see then," cried Hallam, turning to Bayle; "it was you—you beggarly professor of—"

"Stay your reproaches," cried Bayle sternly. "I could not have taken steps against you had I wished."

"If it'll make it easier for Mr. Hallam to know who gave information against him," said a voice at the door, "it was me."

"Tom Porter!" cried Sir Gordon.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Remove your prisoner," said Captain Ottway sternly.

Crellock stepped forward with a blustering swagger.

"Am I included in this?" he said.

"No, sir," said Captain Ottway sternly. "I have no orders about you—at present. Take my advice and go."

Crellock made a step to go to Julia, but she shrank from him in horror, and the next minute he was literally forced out by the soldiers with their prisoner, the door closed, and a low wailing voice arose—

"Julia!"

"Mother, dear mother, I am here," cried Julia, kneeling and supporting the stricken woman on her breast.

"Hold me, my darling, tightly," she moaned. "It is growing dark—is this the end?"

CHAP. XIX.—THE GOOD THAT WAS IN HIM.

"Hi! Sir Gordon!"

The old gentleman turned as a big-bearded

man cantered up over the rough land by the track, some six months after the prison gates had closed upon Robert Hallam.

"Oh, it's you!" said Sir Gordon, shading his eyes from the blazing sun. "Well?"

"Don't be rough on a fellow, Sir Gordon. I've been a big blackguard, I know, but somehow I never had a chance from the first. I want to do the right thing now."

"Humph! pretty well time," said Sir Gordon. "Well, what is it?"

The man hesitated as if struggling with shame, and thought himself weak, but he struck his boot heavily with his whip, and took off his broad felt hat.

"I'll do it," he said sharply to himself. Then aloud, "Look here, sir, I'm sick of it."

"Humph! then you'd better leave it," said the old man with an angry sneer. "Go and give yourself up, and join your old companion."

"That's rough!" said Crellock with a grim smile. "How hard you good people can be on a fellow when he's down!"

"What have you ever done to deserve anything else, you scoundrel?" cried Sir Gordon fiercely. "Twenty thousand pounds of my money you and your rogue of a companion had, and I'm tramping through this blazing sun, while you ride a blood horse."

"Take the horse, then," said Crellock good-humouredly. "I don't want it!"

"You know I'm too old to ride it, you dog, or you wouldn't offer it."

"There, you see when a fellow does want to turn over a new leaf you good people won't let him."

"Won't let him? Where's your book and where's your leaf?"

"Book? Oh, I'm the book, Sir Gordon, and you won't listen to what's on the leaf."

Sir Gordon seated himself on a great tussock of soft grass, took out his gold-rimmed glasses, put them on deliberately and stared up at the great, fine-looking bronzed man.

"Hah!" he said at last. "You, a man who can talk like that, why you might have been a respectable member of society, and here you are—"

"Out on ticket in a convict settlement. Say it, Sir Gordon. Well, what wonder? It all began with Hallam when I was a weak young fool, and thought him, with his good looks and polished ways, a sort of hero. I got into trouble with him; he escaped because I wouldn't tell tales, and I had to bear the brunt, and after that I never had a chance."

"Ah, there was a nice pair of you."

Crellock groaned, and seemed about to turn away, but the man's good genius had him tightly gripped that day, and he smiled again.

"Don't be hard on me, Sir Gordon. I want to say something to you. I was going to your friend, Mr. Christie Bayle, but—I couldn't do that."

Sir Gordon watched him curiously.

"You haven't turned bushranger then? You're not going to rob me?"

"No," said Crellock grimly. "Haven't I robbed you enough?"

"Humph! Well?"

"Ah, that's better," said Crellock; "now you'll listen to me. The fact is, sir, I've been thinking, since I've been living all alone, that forty isn't too old for a man to begin again."

"Too old? no, man. Why I'm—there, never mind how old. Older than that, and I'm going to begin again. Forty! why you're a boy."

"Well, Sir Gordon, I'm going to begin the square. I gave up the drink because—there, never mind why," he said huskily. "I had a reason, and now I'm going to make a start."

"Well, go and do it then. What are you going to do?"

"Oh, get up the country, sir, stockman or shepherding."

"Wolfing, you mean, sir."

"Oh no, I don't, Sir Gordon," said Crellock, laughing. "There's plenty of work to be got, and I like horses and cattle better than I do men now."

"Well, look here," said Sir Gordon testily: "I don't believe you."

"Eh?"

"I don't believe you, sir. If you meant all this you'd have gone and begun it instead of talking. There, be off. I'm hot and tired, and want to be alone."

Crellock frowned again, but his good genius gave him another grip of the shoulder and the smile came back.

"You don't understand me yet, Sir Gordon," he said.

"No, I never shall."

"I wanted to tell you, sir, that since Hallam was taken, I've been living up in the Gully House. I'd nowhere else to go, and I was desperate-like. I thought every day that you or somebody would come and take possession, but no one did. Law seems all anyhow out here. And the days went on. This horse had been down—sprained leg from a bad jump."

"Confound your horse, sir! I don't want to hear your stable twaddle," cried Sir Gordon.

Crellock seemed to swallow a lump in his throat, and paused, but he went on after a while.

"The poor brute was a deal hurt, and tending and bandaging his leg seemed to do me good like. Then I used to send one of the blacks to town for food."

"And drink?" said Sir Gordon acidly.

"No; for tea; and I've lived up there with the horses ever since. There's——"

"Well, why don't you go on, man?"

"Give me time," said Crellock, who had stopped short. "There's Miss Hallam's mare there, too. She was very fond of that mare," he added huskily.

Sir Gordon's eyes seemed half shut, as he watched the man and noted the changes in his voice.

"Well, sir, I've lived there six months now, and nobody has taken any notice. There's the furniture and the house, and there's seven or eight hundred pounds left yet of what Mrs. Hallam brought over."

"Well?"

"Well! why, Sir Gordon, it's all yours, of course, and I've been waiting for weeks to have this talk to you. I couldn't come to the cottage."

"Why not?"

Crellock shook his head.

"No, I couldn't come there. I've laid in wait for you when you were going down to your boat for a sail, but that Tom Porter was always with you; and I didn't want to write. I didn't think you'd come if I did. You'd have thought it was a plant, and set the authorities after me, and I didn't want that because I've had enough of convict life."

"Humph! Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Come and take possession, Sir Gordon, and have the house taken care of. There's her mare there, you see. Then there's the money; no one but Hallam and me knows where it's hidden. I shouldn't like the place to fall into anybody's hands."

"But you? You want to give all this up to me?"

"Of course, sir. It's all yours. It was the bank money that bought everything."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm sick of it all, sir, and I want to start clear. I shall go up the country. I think I'm a clever stockman."

"And you give up everything?"

The man set his teeth.

"Yes, sir," he said firmly as he turned and patted the horse's neck as it stood close by, cropping the tender shoots of a bush; and it raised its head and laid its muzzle in his hand. "I should like you to see that Joey here had a good master. I threw him down once, and doctoring seemed to make him fond of me. He's a good horse. It's a pity you're too old to ride."

"Confound you! how dare you?" cried Sir Gordon. "I'm not too old to ride, sir. I—I—" he started up with his lip quivering. "Here! here! sit down, Crellock. Confound you, sir, I never met with such a scoundrel in all my life!"

Crellock looked at him curiously, and then, throwing the bridle on the ground, he sat down, while Sir Gordon paced up and down in a quick, fidgety walk.

"Have you got anything more to say, sir?" he cried at last.

Crellock was silent for a few moments, and then drawing a long breath he said—

"How is Mrs. Hallam, sir?"

"Dying," said Sir Gordon shortly. "It is a matter of days. Well, is that all?"

There was another interval before Crellock spoke.

"Will you take a message from me, sir, to those up yonder?"

"Yes."

The words would not come for some moments, and when they did come they were very husky.

"I want you to ask Mrs. Hallam to forgive me my share of the past."

"Is that all?"

"No, Sir Gordon. Tell Miss Julia that for her sake I did give up the drink; that I'm going up now into the bush; that for her sake I'm doing all this; and that I shall never forget the gentle face that bent over me outside the prison walls."

He turned to go, and had gone a score of yards, walking quickly, but with the horse following, when Sir Gordon called out—

"Stop!"

Crellock stood still, and Sir Gordon walked up to him slowly.

"You are right, Crellock," he said in a quiet, changed tone. "I believe you. You never had a chance."

He held out his hand, which the other did not take.

"Shake hands, man."

"I am a convict, sir," said Crellock proudly.

"Shake hands," cried Sir Gordon firmly.

and he took the strong, brown hand slowly raised.

"There is my forgiveness for the past—and—yes—that of the truest, sweetest woman I ever knew. Now, as to your future, do as you say, go up country and take up land—new land in this new country, and begin your new life. I shall touch nothing at the Gully House—place, horses, money, they are yours."

"Mine?" exclaimed Crellock.

"Yes; I have more than ever I shall want; and as to that money which I had always looked upon as lost, if it makes you into what you say you will strive to be, it is the best investment I ever made."

"But——"

"Good-bye."

CHAPTER XX.—OVERHEARD.

SIR GORDON BOURNE looked ten years younger as he walked towards the cottage on the bluff. The hill was steep to climb, and the sun was torrid in its heat; but he forgot the discomfort and climbed higher and higher till he reached the rough fence that surrounded the grounds, and there stood, with his hat off, wiping his brow and gazing at the glorious prospect of sea and land.

"I feel almost like a good fairy this morning," he said with a laugh. "Ah! how beautiful it all is, and what a pity that such an Eden should be made the home of England's worst."

He opened the rough gate and entered the grounds that were admirably kept by a couple of convict servants, watched over by Tom Porter, crossed a patch of lawn, and was about to go up to the house, but a pleasantly-placed rustic seat, beneath the shelter of a gum-tree, and nearly surrounded by Austral shrubs, emitting their curious aromatic scent in the hot sunshine, tempted him to rest; and in a few minutes, overcome by the exertions of the morning, his head bowed down upon his breast, and he dropped into a light doze, from which he was aroused by voices—one low, deep, and earnest, the other low and deep, but silvery and sweet, and with a tender ring in it that brought up memories of an old, low-roofed drawing-room in the quiet Lincolnshire town; and a curious dimness came over the old man's eyes.

The speakers were behind him, hidden by a veil of soft grey-green leaves; and as Sir Gordon involuntarily listened, one voice said in trembling tones—

"I dared not even look forward to such an end."

"But ever since others began to set me thinking of such things I always waited; for I used to say, some day he will ask me to be his wife."

"And you loved me, Julie?"

"Loved you? Did you not know?"

"But like this?"

"Like this? always; for when you came, all trouble seemed to go, and I felt that I was safe."

The voices paused, and Sir Gordon sat up, leaning upon his stick and thinking aloud.

"Well, I have always hoped it would be so—no, not always; and now it seems as if he were going to rob me of a child."

He sat gazing straight before him, seeing nothing of the soft blue sea and sky, nor the many shades of grey and green that rolled before his eyes, for they were filled with the face of Julia Hallam.

"Yes," he said at last; "why not? Ah, Bayle! where is Julie?"

"With her mother now. Sir Gordon——"

"Hush! I know. I've nought to say but this: God bless you both!"

CHAPTER XXI.—REST.

THERE had been some talk of a speedy return to the old country; but the doctor shook his head.

"Let her live her few hours in rest and peace," he said. "It would be madness to attempt such a thing."

And so all thought of the journey home was set aside, and Mrs. Hallam was borne up to Sir Gordon's house.

In her weakness she had protested, but Sir Gordon had quietly said—

"Am I your father's oldest friend?" And then: "Have I not a right to insist—for Julie's sake?"

She yielded, and the cottage for the next few months became their home, Bayle going down into the town and spending much of his time amongst the convicts and seeing a good deal of the Otways.

"That's how it's going to be," said Mrs. Otway. "I always said so, Jack."

"Nonsense! he's old enough to be her father."

"Perhaps so in years; but he's about the youngest man in his ways I ever knew, while she, like all girls who have gone through much trouble in life, is old and staid for her age."

"Time proves all things," said Captain Otway. "Phil won't get her, that's certain."

"No; that's all over, and he is not break-

ing his heart about her, in spite of all the fuss at first. Well, I'm glad for some things; I shall be able to look Lady Eaton in the face."

"A task you would very well have fulfilled, even if he had married Julia Hallam. It would take a very big Lady Eaton to frighten you, my dear. Been up to see Mrs. Hallam to-day?"

Mrs. Otway nodded.

"No hope?"

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Otway quietly. Then after a pause: "Jack," she said, "do you know, I think it would be wrong to wish her to live. What has she to live for?"

"Child—her child's husband—their children."

Mrs. Otway shook her head.

"No; I don't think she would ever be happy again. Poor thing! if ever woman's heart was broken, hers was. I don't like going up to see her, but I feel obliged. There are so few women here whom one like her would care to see. Ah, it's a sad case!"

"Does she seem to suffer much?"

"She does not seem to, but who knows what a quiet, patient creature will bear without making a sign?"

The months glided on, and still Millicent Hallam lingered as if loth to leave the beautiful world spread before her window, and on which she loved to gaze.

She had half-expected it, but it was still a surprise when Julia whispered to her, as she sat beside her couch, that she was going to be the wife of Christie Bayle.

Mrs. Hallam's eyes dilated, and she turned slowly to her child.

"He has asked you to be his wife?" she said, in her low, sweet voice.

"No, mother," said Julia, as she laid her head beside her, and gazed dreamily before her; "I don't think he asked me."

"But, my child—you said——"

"Yes, mother dear," said Julia innocently, "I hardly know how it came about. It has always seemed to me that some day I should be his wife. Why I have always loved him! How could I help it?"

Mrs. Hallam laid her hand upon her child's glossy hair, and closed her eyes, wondering in herself at the simple, truthful words she had heard. One moment she felt pained, and as if it ought not to be; the next, a flood of joy seemed to send a wave through her breast, as she thought of the days when Julia would be alone in the world,

and in whose charge would she rather have left her than in that of Christie Bayle?

The battle went on at intervals for days; but at last it was at an end, and she lay back calmly as she said to herself—

"Yes, it is right. Now I can be at rest."

Another month passed. Doctor Woodhouse came, as was his custom, more as a friend than from the belief that his skill could be of any avail. And one particular morning he stopped to lunch, and went up again afterwards to see Mrs. Hallam, staying some little time. He left Julia with her, and came down to where Sir Gordon was seated on the lawn with Bayle.

The latter started up, as he saw the doctor's face, and his eyes asked him mutely for an explanation of his look.

The doctor answered him as mutely, while Sir Gordon saw it, and rose to stand agitatedly by his chair.

"Bayle," he whispered, "I thought I was prepared, but now it has come it seems very hard to bear!"

Bayle glided away into the house, to go upstairs, meeting Thisbe on the way, wringing her hands, and blinded with her tears.

"I couldn't bear to stop, sir—I couldn't bear to stop," she whispered. "It's come—it's come at last."

Bayle entered the room softly, steeling his heart to bear with her he loved some agonizing scene. But he paused on the threshold, almost startled by the look of peace upon the wasted face, full in the bright southern light.

She smiled at him as she saw him there; and as he crossed the room and knelt by her side, she laid her hand in his and feebly took Julia's and placed them together.

"The rest is coming now," she said softly.

Julia burst into a passion of weeping.

"Mother! mother! if you could but live!" she sobbed.

"Live? No, my darling, no. I am so tired—so worn and weary. I should faint by the way."

She closed her eyes, smiling at them tenderly, and for the space of an hour they watched her sleeping peacefully and well.

And as Julia sat there with her hands clasped in Christie Bayle's strong palms, a feeling of hopefulness and rest, to which she had long been a stranger, came into her heart. The doctor had once said that there might be a change for the better if his patient's mind were at rest, and that rest seemed to have come at last.

The afternoon had glided away, and the fast-sinking sun had turned the clear sky to

gold; and as the great orb of day descended to where a low bank of clouds lay upon the horizon, it seemed to glide quickly from their view. The room, but a few moments before lit up by the refulgent glow, darkened and became gloomy; but as the glorious light streamed up in myriad rays from behind the clouds, there was still a soft flush upon the sick woman's face.

A wondrous stillness seemed to have come upon the watchers, for the hope that had been warm in Julia's breast was now chilled as if by some unseen presence, and she turned her frightened eyes from her mother to Bayle, and back.

"Christie!" she cried suddenly. "Oh, help!"

"Hush!"

One softly-spoken, solemn-sounding word, as Christie Bayle held fast the hand of his affianced wife, and together they sank upon their knees.

The glowing purple clouds opened slowly, and once more as from the dazzling golden gates of the great city on the farther shore, a wondrous light streamed forth, filling the chamber and brightening the features of the dying woman.

The pain and agony of the past with their cruel lines had gone, and the beautiful countenance shone with that look of old that he who knelt there knew so well. But it was etherealised in its sweet calm, its restfulness, as the still, bright eyes gazed calmly and trustfully far out to sea.

Julia's fingers tightened on her mother's chilling hand, as she gazed with awe at the rapt look and gentle smile that flickered for a few moments on the trembling lips.

Then, as the clouds closed in once more and the room grew dark and chill, the passionate yearning cry of the young heart burst forth in that one word, "Mother!"

But there was no response—no word spoken, save that as they knelt there in the ever darkening room, Christie Bayle's lips parted to whisper, in tones so low that they were like a sigh—

"Come unto Me all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DOCTOR'S GARDEN.

THE place the same. Not a change visible in all those years. The old church with its mossed tiles and lichen walls; the familiar tones of the chiming clock that gave notice of the passing hours, and at the top of the market-place the old Bank—Dixons'

Bank, at whose door that drab-looking man stood talking for a few minutes—talking to Mr. Trampleasure before going home to feed his fishes in the evening light, and then take Mrs. Thickens up to the doctor's house to spend the evening.

And that evening. The garden unchanged in the midst of change. The old golden glow coming through the clump of trees in the west beyond the row of cucumber-frames—those trees that Dr. Luttrell told his wife he must cut down because they took off so much of the afternoon sun. But he had not cut them down. He would as soon have thought of lopping off his right hand.

Everything in that garden and about and in that house seemed the same at the first glance, but there had been changes in King's Castor in the course of years.

There was a stone, for instance, growing very much weatherstained, relating the virtues of one Daniel Gemp; and there was the same verse cut in the stone that had been sent round on the funeral cards with some pieces of sponge cake, one of which cards was framed in the parlour at Gorrings's, his crony, who still cut up cloth as of old.

Mrs. Pinet, too, had passed away, and the widow who now had the house, and let lodgings, painted her pots green instead of red, and robbed the dull old place of one bit of colour.

But the doctor's garden was the same, and so thought Christie Bayle, as he stood in the gathering gloom six months after his return to England, and shortly after his acceptance of the vicarage of King's Castor—at his old friend's wish.

There were the old sweet scents of the dewy earth, that familiar one of the lately cut grass; there was the old hum of a beetle winging its way round and round one of the trees; and there before him were the open French windows, and the verandah, showing the lit-up drawing-room furniture, the old globe lamps, and the candles on the piano just the same.

Had he been asleep and dreamed? and was he still the boyish curate who fell in love and failed?

Yes; there was little Miss Heathery going to the piano and laying down the reticule bag, with the tail of her white handkerchief hanging out. And there was Thickens with his hands resting on his drab trousers; and there was the doctor and little, pleasant Mrs. Luttrell, going from one to the other

and staying longest by, and unable to keep her trembling hands off that tall, dark, beautiful woman, who smiled down upon her in answer to each caress.

No change, and yet how changed! How near the bottom of the hill that little grey old man, and that rosy, little white-haired woman! How querulous and thin sounded Mrs. Thickens's voice in her old trivial troubadour Heathery song! The years had gone, and in spite of its likeness to the past, what a void there was—absent faces!

No; that carefully dressed old gentleman was half behind the curtain, and he has risen to cross to the doctor, pausing to pat the tall, graceful woman on the arm, and nod at her affectionately by the way. There is another familiar face, too, that of Thisbe's, in a most wonderful cap, carrying in tea, to hand round, and Tom Porter obediently "following in his commodore's wake," his own words, and handing bread-and-butter, sugar and cream.

And still Christie Bayle gazes on, half expecting to see the tall, dark, handsome man who cast so deep a shadow across so many lives; but instead of that the graceful figure that is so like Millicent Hallam of the past, appears framed in the window to stand there gazing out into the dark garden.

Then she looks back sharply, to answer some remark made in the little drawing-room, and looks quickly out again with hands resting on the door.

It is very dark out there, and her eyes are accustomed to the light of the drawing-room; but in a minute or so she sees that which she sought, and half runs over the dewy lawn to where she is clasped in two strong arms.

"You truant!" she says playfully, as she nestles close to him. "Come in and sing; we want you to make the place complete. Why, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of the past, Julie," he says.

She looks up at him in the starlight; and he gazes down in her glistening eyes.

"The past? Let me think of it too. Are we not one?"

And as they stand together the little English interior before them seems to fade away; and the light they gaze upon to be the glowing sunshine of the far South, blazing down in all its glory upon the grassy grave and glistening stone that mark the resting-place of This Man's Wife.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY AT HOME.

III.—THE LIVE STOCK OF THE COTTAGE.

By W. B. TEGETMEIER.



BOOKS without number have been written on the live stock of the farm, and numerous periodicals are devoted to its consideration. The rearing of various breeds of exhibition animals, so dear to the heart of the fancier, is a pursuit which has its own special literature, but the consideration of those animals that may be reared to profit by the English peasantry, regarded solely from the cottager's point of view, has hardly met with the attention it merits. In the present article I propose to consider prac-

tically the live stock of the poor, and to show that the keeping of animals may be made not merely interesting and educationally instructive, but valuable as supplying additions to the home comforts of the cottage. I do not propose to advocate the proverbial "three acres and a cow" as the panacea for all political evils; and it needed not the admirable communication of Lady Verney to the British Association to convince me that peasant-proprietorship, as now existing in France, Norway, and other

countries, entails far harder work and gives poorer returns, than falls to the lot of the worst-paid agricultural labourer in England. Poultry farms, so attractive to the imagination of the small capitalist who seeks a country life, I shall not describe, as they exist only in the conception of ignorant enthusiasts, and rabbit farms have proved too disastrous to the promoters to require any detailed description from me. None of these Utopian schemes will come within the scope of my paper, which will treat of the animals that may be profitably kept as accessory to the occupation of the cottager, provided he has a given amount of ground around his home. The animals that commend themselves to this service are pigs, goats, rabbits, fowls, ducks, geese, and bees.

Within the last few years the system of bee-keeping has been entirely changed, the old straw hive or conical skep, which was formerly to be seen in every district covered with a straw hackle, or maybe a broken milk-pan, to keep off the rain and the heat of the autumn sun, has entirely disappeared from the garden of the intelligent and advanced bee-keeper. It is true that the hives were cheap, the management inexpensive, and so simple that the most ignorant could master its details; all that was required was to put the swarm issuing from an old stock into a new hive, and at the end of the first, or more frequently the second season, to place the colony over a small pit of burning sulphur, by which the lives of all the industrious workers were destroyed, and the bee-keeper became the undisputed possessor of the contents of the hive, which consisted of comb, honey, bee-bread (the pollen of various flowers), and a number of unhatched grubs or larvæ in various stages of development. The endeavour to separate these was only partially successful; the honey obtained was impure, being mixed with bee-bread, fragments of comb, juices of the grubs, &c., and was worth but a few pence per pound. At the present time the most skilled and intelligent bee-keepers employ hives in which the surplus honey is stored in small frames, each made of a slip of thin wood, nearly two inches wide and sixteen inches in length. This is folded into a square, open at the sides, and when filled by the bees with a single comb it contains exactly one pound of honey, in pure white virgin comb, in a condition admirably suited for the retail market, and worth more than double the value of the run honey obtained by burning the bees.

Under the modern system of bee-keeping,

every comb in the hive itself is in a separate movable frame, from which, if desired, the honey can be extracted, the comb itself being reserved for use again. This is a most important improvement in bee-keeping, as comb is a most expensive article for the bees to produce, each pound of wax requiring the consumption of twenty pounds of honey.

Bee-keeping on the modern system is much more profitable than that on the old plan, but it requires some skill and the exercise of some ordinary intelligence. The British Bee-keepers' Association has done much towards extending the knowledge of profitable bee-keeping, and the cottager who wishes to gain particulars of the system now in practice cannot do better than consult the cheap pamphlet on "Modern Bee-keeping," by their secretary, Mr. J. Huckle, of King's Langley, Herts.

The fact that many millions of eggs are imported annually into England from France, and even from countries farther distant, as Italy, has given rise to the strange delusion that farms in which poultry are kept in large numbers are common in those countries, and that they could be advantageously introduced into England. Never was a prevalent idea more destitute of any foundation. There are no poultry farms in France or elsewhere; they have been tried in this country repeatedly, but always with the same result, namely, disastrous financial failure. In fact, poultry cannot be kept in large numbers together without the soil becoming tainted, when disease breaks out and carries off the greater number, and rearing chickens successfully under such conditions is quite out of the question.

The cause of so many eggs being produced in France is the condition under which the land is cultivated. There are numerous small landed proprietors and cultivators of the soil; each of these can advantageously keep a few fowls and rear numbers of chickens; and so many eggs, in fact, are produced that they are not only sufficient for the home use and the supply of the large cities of France, where the consumption is very great, but also to furnish England with about a million of eggs for every day in the year.

If the production of eggs is profitable to the French peasants and to the importers, it is obvious that it should be more so to the English cottager, who can sell his eggs, being new-laid, at a higher price than is paid for those which are imported, and consequently cannot be so fresh; this supposition is perfectly true.

Poultry are to be kept to profit under favourable conditions; but not otherwise. Let us, therefore, inquire into conditions. The most important are that too many fowls should not be kept together, that they should have a large or unrestricted range in which they can wander and obtain the greater portion of their own food, and that they should have dry, clean and wholesome places in which to roost. With these advantages fowls, in greater or less number, varying according to the circumstances, can always be kept profitably. The greater portion of their food consisting of worms, insects, seeds of various grasses and other plants, and green vegetables they obtain for themselves, and these, if supplemented by the house scraps, require only a moderate supply of corn to complete their dietary.

I would strongly recommend no cottager to attempt poultry-keeping in a confined run, such as a wire work enclosure in his garden. In such a place the fowls cannot obtain any food for themselves; everything has to be found for them, consequently their keep is much more expensive than when they are at large. This, however, is not the most serious evil. The ground becomes foul and tainted, contaminating the air they breathe and the food they eat, disease sooner or later breaks out, and even before its occurrence the birds lose condition and cease to lay.

It may be desirable to consider the particular variety or breed of poultry which is most profitable to the cottager. In some of the Home Counties, such as Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, large table fowls are profitably reared by the cottagers. The higlers or poultry fatteners who supply the best birds to the London poulterers buy the young birds and fatten them for the market; this it would not pay the cottager to do, but the higler makes his profit by fattening large numbers together, which are killed and dressed by experienced hands, and sold by the higler himself; whereas if a cottager or farmer consigns a number of birds to a London salesman the return is never satisfactory. Should the cottager live near a town in which there is a demand for good poultry, as, for example, a seaside watering-place, he may make arrangement with a local dealer that may be satisfactory to both parties, but as a rule he would find it more advantageous to depend on the production of eggs than the sale of chickens. Hence, the most profitable breed of fowls to keep would be one of the varieties that rarely require to sit, but lay with more or less regularity all the year

round, except at such times as they are moulting. One of the best-known non-sitting breeds is that known as Spanish, distinguished by its black plumage, large red combs, and white faces. This unfortunately became very popular with exhibitors for prizes, and the birds were bred, not for their laying qualities or the size of their fine white eggs, but for the amount of white on their faces; hence they have deteriorated in size and form, and lost their fertility. In the south-west of England, especially in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, is a breed of black fowls with red combs and faces; they are known as Minorcas. They are non-sitters, and remarkably prolific layers of fine large white eggs. Their merits have caused them to be widely appreciated, and Minorcas are now to be found in most parts of England. For the cottager who looks to the egg-basket as his chief source of remuneration for his trouble in keeping fowls, I can recommend no better breed, but they are not to be relied on as producing plump chickens for the market, in which quality they are far inferior to the Dorking or Surrey fowls.

Cochins and Brahmas can hardly be recommended; they are large eaters, not very active foragers, lay small eggs in proportion to their size, and do not yield good market chickens. The most fashionable fowl at the present day—for there are fashions in poultry as in dress—is the Plymouth Rock, a breed manufactured in the United States by crossing other varieties. It is superior to the Cochin as a productive layer, but is not equal to the Minorca in this respect, and is not superior as a market fowl.

Turkeys are less frequently reared by the English cottager than their merits deserve. Wherever there is a grass range they can be kept to great advantage. In some parts many of the cottagers keep a single turkey hen, the farmer or large holder alone having a gobbler, to which the hens are taken once. The hen should be allowed to hatch her own eggs; the young when hatched do not require any food for thirty hours, and any attempt to force food down their throats is most injurious. The first food given should be egg, not boiled hard and chopped up, as is usually done, but beaten up with two or three table spoonfuls of milk to each one, and then placed in the oven to set. This food combines the nutritious qualities of both eggs and milk, it is highly relished by young chicken, and is the best substitute for natural insect food; along



Goats in the wilder districts.

with this should be given some milky lettuces running to seed; these should always be planted early for young turkeys, who are excessively fond of them, and thrive rapidly when fed with them, if given in conjunction with meal and milk. Whole corn is not adapted for the young birds, which do well if fed as directed and kept dry during wet weather. If kindly treated, turkeys become as tame and domesticated as shown in the illustration.

Ducks, like fowls, can be kept with great advantage by the cottager, provided always the conditions are favourable, but not without. The best breed is unquestionably the Aylesbury, a white variety with large lemon-coloured bills. There has within the last few years been another white breed introduced from China. They are known in England

as Pekin ducks, and are characterized by an upright carriage and deep orange bills; they are not equal to the Aylesbury in size, although they appear as large from the abundance of their plumage, nor in quality for the table. Ducks may be made profitable to the cottager by two very distinct modes of management. From the country round about Aylesbury thousands of ducklings are sent up to the London market in the early spring. They are all hatched under hens, and are then reared in the labourers' cottages, being fed on boiled greaves and meal; never being allowed to go out and fed without stint, they grow very rapidly, and at nine, ten, or twelve weeks old are killed for the table. If not killed when three months old they begin to moult, rapidly lose weight and condition, owing to the nourishment being required for the production of new feathers.

This mode of duck-rearing is very common in the district, and is most profitable, but it is attended with the sacrifice of the comforts of the home, and is hardly to be recommended for cottagers in general. Under ordinary conditions, where the young ducks roam at large, they are allowed to reach the age of six or

seven months before they are killed; by this time they have got through the moult, and if well fed, regained their fat and flesh. Reared in this manner in suitable localities, ducks find the greater proportion of their own food, though before killing they should be shut up for a week or ten days and supplied with unlimited oats thrown into a trough of water.

Ducks are abundant layers, but until such time as they become broody and desire to sit, they lay their eggs in the water, where they sink and are lost—an evil which may be prevented by alluring them home by a feed of corn at night and shutting them up till the morning, when their eggs will be found in the house, as their custom is always to lay at night.

For home use ducks' eggs are strongly to be recommended. They are admirable for pastry, and a couple, or three, hard boiled and taken to the field with a pinch of salt

and a huge chunk of bread form no bad dinner for a labouring man. To my taste they are as good as the gulls' eggs which are sold at four shillings a dozen in London as those of plovers, but then it is the fashion to eat hard-boiled plover eggs, which makes a great difference in their supposed flavour.

That geese are advantageous where there is a common or grass land on which they can graze hardly requires to be stated, very little water answers for their wants, but grazing ground they must have if they are to be kept without loss. The attention they require is very small, and the amount of food, except when the female is laying, or the young are just hatched, is inconsiderable. When being fattened for the market a very free supply of oats is necessary, but as a rule the cottager will find it preferable to sell his goslings when young to fattening them himself.

Geese of fair average size are preferable to the huge exhibition breeds that are not to be relied on for fertility.

Rabbits furnish a very acceptable addition to the income of the cottagers in the neighbourhood of Ostend, and the places near to it which are accessible by rail. Hundreds of tons weight of dead rabbits are sent over weekly to London during the season, packed in boxes, after having been skinned and paunched. These are not, as many persons imagine, the produce either of rabbit-farms or warrens, but are reared by the peasant in hutches, the animals being a large hare-coloured domestic variety.

There is no doubt that in all cases where appropriate green food can be obtained with-

out cost rabbits can always be reared to profit, especially if very large hutches are used or they are kept in enclosures. In small hutches the animals are in so artificial a con-



The pet lamb.

dition, and suffer so much from want of exercise, that they require a larger amount of dry nutritive food than is necessary under other conditions.

A very great improvement has recently been introduced into profitable rabbit-keeping, one which is especially adapted to the cottager who has even a small portion of grass land. The hutches may be compared to large cucumber or garden frames; but in place of being

quite open below, the bottom consists of stout galvanized iron wire-work of three-inch mesh; this is very securely fastened to the frame, as it has, when lifted, to bear the weight of the rabbits; the top is partly closed in by a wooden lid and partly by wire-work. The internal fittings are very simple; there is a broad shelf raised about six inches from the ground, on which the rabbits can sleep and rest in wet weather, and a rack and manger against the side for food and corn supplied. Outside the hutch are handles by which it can be lifted readily, though, from its size, it requires two persons, one at each end. These hutches are kept out on the grass, which the rabbits eat through the open wire-work; they should be shifted twice daily, which can be readily done by children, thus the rabbits are always on sweet new ground, and have fresh green food. Each place where the hutch has stood is well manured, and the grass grows again rapidly. By moving the hutches systematically the whole plot can be gone over, bit by bit, in succession, and by the time the hutch or hutches are returned to the place where they were first located the ground has become purified and the grass has grown luxuriantly. This system, which is known as hutch-rabbit keeping in the open, has been strongly advocated by Mr. Lloyd Price in his practical treatise on "Rabbits for Profit." The plan is to be strongly recommended, not only as one which can be used by cottagers most profitably, as supplying food for themselves and animals for sale, but also on account of the superior wholesomeness of the flesh over that of rabbits kept in the usual manner, which are frequently diseased, showing white scrofulous tubercles in the liver, and are consequently far from desirable as food.

Rabbits furnish so cheap a supply of animal food, are so prolific, and are reared with so little trouble and expense, that it is surprising they are not more frequently kept by cottagers. Where there are children, who can collect the major part of their support from the sides of ditches and hedge-rows, they are especially profitable; whilst tending to them is not only an amusement to the children, but leads them to a greater knowledge of, and consequently liking for, animals.

There are no animals more useful to the cottager with a family who cannot keep a cow, than milch goats; provided always that they are kept within due limits. In the wilder districts of the Welsh mountains, or on the Cornish uplands, where there is

nothing to destroy, goats may be allowed to range at will; but under few other conditions, as it is impossible to imagine animals more destructive, if allowed to roam at large in a cultivated country. Possessed of great activity, ordinary fences have little or no power of restraining their wanderings, and when they have gained access to a garden or orchard, the destruction they effect is extraordinary. Flowers, culinary vegetables of all kinds, shrubs, hedges, and even trees, are rapidly destroyed by them, the latter being so injured by the bark being pulled off that they quickly die. It is a fact well known to naturalists that in many parts of the world the introduction of goats has completely altered the climate. This may appear an absurd and exaggerated statement, but is strictly true. Goats, by eating the young seedlings of the trees, prevent any new growth, and when the old trees die there are no new ones to take their place, hence the land that was formerly covered with forest trees becomes bare. There is no longer any foliage to attract the rain, the ground is parched by the sun, and spots formerly fertile become barren and desolate. The land on the two sides of the Straits of Gibraltar is of similar character; but one is sterile from the devastation of the goats, the other fertile from the moisture attracted by the trees. These facts are not related to prejudice the cottager against a most useful animal, but merely to warn him against allowing his goats to roam at their own sweet will. Goats do exceedingly well when tethered, but should be provided with some shelter for refuge when the weather is very wet; or they may be kept in stalls in the same manner as dairy cows, with an occasional run for exercise and green food. They are exceedingly hardy, but cannot withstand a damp clay soil or wet marshy ground. Should they be kept under these conditions, it will be found most desirable never to put them out except during the dry days of summer.

The milk yielded by the goat is very rich, and requires to be diluted with water, to reduce it to the value of that from the cow. Milch goats are most useful animals in those situations in which they can be properly kept and attended. It is a fact now well ascertained that children cannot be reared to advantage without milk forms a very considerable proportion of their food. There are, unfortunately, many places in this country where cows' milk cannot be obtained by the cottager, and the children

have to be reared without it. Under these circumstances the goat is an animal of the utmost importance, as the constitutional vigour of the children depends entirely on their due nourishment when they are very young.

In some countries goats are of much greater importance than in England. In Greece there are nearly as many goats as people, and in Switzerland one to every six persons. Goats are more frequently kept in Ireland than in this country, where their value, as the poor man's cow, is not sufficiently appreciated.

In many situations the cottager has the means of keeping a cow if tethered to prevent its wandering, but in order to do so successfully he must have acquired some practical knowledge of dairy farming on a humble scale. Pigs, again, are generally to be kept to advantage. A young pig or two bought in the late winter or spring may be grown into a good-sized bacon hog during the sum-

mer and autumn, and will then pay for fattening. The food in summer costs little, and even the bracken collected for bedding will more than repay the trouble of collecting by its value as manure after it has been used.

A pet lamb, one perhaps whose mother has died, and that has to be brought up by hand, is not unfrequently to be seen as an inmate of the cottage, where it is nursed and treated as one of the family. Such a sight is always a pleasant one; there is, contradictory as it may sound, a humanising effect in the culture and care of the lower animals; they appeal to us so helplessly for protection and support that our better feelings are stimulated into action, and those, whether children or adults, who are educated in the care of the live stock of the cottage will become better, worthier, and wealthier members of society than they would have done without such knowledge.



CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILISATION.

By MARCUS DODS, D.D.

II.

BUT besides introducing into the ancient civilisation principles which have eventually eliminated some of its most glaring evils, Christianity has also preserved to the modern

world, if not all that was valuable, certainly the best elements in ancient civilisation. I am far from meaning to claim for Christianity the credit of being the sole agent in pro-

ducing all those beneficial results, which are compendiously known as modern civilisation. Much, no doubt, is due to the experiments made in civilisation by races whose history was closed before Christianity appeared. Christ came "in the fulness of time" to a world prepared by the energies and fortunes of various nations. Much also is due to the natural tendency in the race to progress. Doubtless "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." The collision of mind with mind; the constant call made upon human invention to meet new emergencies, and to take advantage of accidental discoveries; the introduction of fresh races, with their characteristic ideas, upon the field of universal history; these and other natural causes tend to produce a progressive civilisation. But the claim I am now urging is, that whatever the ancient world produced of a worthy kind, has been handed down to us by the agency of Christianity.

When Shelley said,

"We are all Greeks, our laws, our literature, our religion, our art, have their roots in Greece,"

he spoke somewhat at random. But had he said that to Greece we are largely indebted in art and literature, and to Rome in law, he would have uttered unquestionable truth. But it is the Church of Christ which, though it did not create, has conserved these great heritages to us of modern times. Rough as the transition from the ancient to the modern world was, and apparently haphazard as was the partition of advantages between the old Latin and young Northern races, it would have been attended with far more disastrous results had not Christianity smoothed the transition, and moderated the disturbance. It was the Church which alone maintained its historic continuity in those wild centuries, when every nationality was altered, when immemorial boundaries were obliterated and ancient tribes driven from their ancestral homes, when all that was most stable in civil society seemed tottering to its fall, and when life and property were in such hazard that men had no leisure to think of literature or of art. Only within the Church did men find security and peace; the Church alone retained the respect of men, and enabled them to hope that something would survive the universal shaking of everything that was old.

That the Church preserved to us the *literature* of the ancient world is not disputed. And with the literature the Church has preserved the knowledge of all that was worth

celebrating in literature, the history, the thought, the life of antiquity, and has thus kept the modern world in sympathy with all that was most noble and most precious in pre-Christian times. And this service it has rendered, not by the mere accident that monastic libraries were the only safe places in which ancient MSS. could be preserved, but by the deliberate conclusion of the Church that the writings of the heathen should be preserved. No doubt there was at all times a party in the Church which condemned Pagan learning, and adopted the watchword of Tertullian,

"What is there in common between Athens and Jerusalem; between the Academy and the Church; between heretics and Christians?"

Even Jerome, who alleviated the rigour of his monkish fasts by reading Plautus or Ovid, had some twinges of conscience for this dalliance with Pagan literature. Falling dangerously ill one Lent, he dreamt that he stood before Christ's throne. "Who art thou?" said the Judge. "I am a Christian," answered Jerome. "No," replied Christ, "not a Christian, but a Ciceronian." But notwithstanding his dream, and the flagellation he received from the angels, he continued to carry with him on his journeys Cicero or Plato, and to teach to the Christian children in his schools the lyric and comic poetry which charmed himself. His contemporary, Augustine, defended the Christian use of the genius of heathendom on the ground that the Israelites had been commanded to spoil the Egyptians. In fact the common attitude of the Church towards the literature of antiquity is best represented by the monk who burst into tears at the tomb of Virgil, or by the Christian poet Dante choosing the same great bard as his guide in the unseen world.

There would seem to be in some quarters an impression that the introduction of Christianity has not proved favourable to the development of Art, and that it cannot claim to have preserved to modern times this conspicuous element of ancient civilisation. Closer scrutiny of the actual history of art removes this impression. It is true that the sense of sin which Christianity aroused, as well as the perception of the moral discord between the world and God which it quickened, made Hellenism for ever impossible. No longer could it be believed that to be moral one need only be natural. The taint in human nature as it actually appears on earth, its need of regeneration, could not be

overlooked. It was recognised that the sense of harmony or beauty, to which the Greek had trusted as his guide in morals as in art, was, like everything else in man, dulled by carnal and selfish desires. And no doubt the tendency for a time was to under-rate the importance of physical culture, and to condemn whatever glorified the mere outward form and appearance. In point of fact, Art had become in the first century to a very large extent the minister of idolatry and of luxury; and to any one who is familiar with the public and private life of the time, it can seem neither surprising nor deplorable that there should have been a reaction against it. There are certain manifestations of Art, as of human nature, to which Christianity, in common with every healthy human sentiment, must always be opposed. They are the worst friends of Art who degrade it, by making it the pander to appetites of which healthy natures are ashamed. In order that Art might take its true place as the interpreter of beauty to men, it was necessary that it should not be suffered to allure men, through loveliness of form and colour, to what was morally hideous. As Canon Westcott truly remarks :—

“A formal severance from the past was the prelude to the new birth of Christian art.”*

This is recognised by those who have studied Art profoundly, and without any bias in favour of Christianity. Mr. Symonds says:—

“Together with the separation of the flesh and spirit wrought by Christianity, came the abhorrence of beauty as a snare, the sense that carnal affections were tainted with sin, the unwilling toleration of sexual love as a necessity, the idealization of celibacy and solitude. At the same time humanity acquired new faculties and wider sensibilities. A profounder and more vital feeling of the mysteries of the universe arose. Our life on earth was seen to be a thing by no means rounded in itself and perfect, but only one term of an infinite and unknown series. It was henceforward impossible to translate the world into the language of purely æsthetic form. This striving of the spirit marks the transition of the ancient to the modern world.”†

Any fanatical contempt for Art, or hostility to it, which may have been displayed by Christians in the first fervour of the new and exciting ideas, must be set down as mere reaction against what was vicious in the uses Art had served. The spirit in which Epiphanius tore the picture of Christ he found in a church, and ordered the veil on which it was wrought to be used for a pauper's shroud,

was not the spirit of Christianity, nor was it the spirit which long prevailed among Christians. Christian ideas and the training to which Christian principles subject men, have immensely deepened human nature, and have imparted to human experience a variety and a colour unknown before. The expansion of horizon which results from the hope of immortality, the quickening of new aspirations, the suggestion of endless possibilities, the awakening of slumbering desires, the revealing of unthought-of connections with our fellow-men and with the world, all that adds significance and abiding interest to life is brought with Christianity, and inspires Art with new conceptions. It is the function of the artist to show us beauty we have overlooked, either because it has been hidden among unlovely things, or because it has been isolated. The artist brings out its beauty by setting it in a new relation, which draws our attention to what before we have missed.

“For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps an hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.”—Browning, *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

But the artist who merely sees a beauty in form or colour, where other men pass it by, the poet who merely recognises and can reproduce an interesting and dramatic situation in human life, have the eye and brain of the artist, but may yet lack the only legitimate aim of all true Art. Art may not amuse or delight at the expense of what is highest in man. Through its power to appeal to man's instinct for beauty, it must bring an elevating and purifying joy. Life as it actually is, it must show men,—yes, if it can maintain the moral proportions of things, and by its representations lead men to loathe what is loathsome, and admire only what is admirable. Otherwise it becomes a curse, and not a blessing to man; a demoralizing, not a civilising influence. It is a chief agent in civilisation when it trains men to admire and love, to pity and to grieve, to pardon and to condemn, where these feelings are appropriate. And in this grand function it receives help of the most valuable kind from a religion which teaches that

“This world's no blot for us, nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;”*

which tells us that between God and man there is a real affinity, and which shows us how far-reaching in result are all our words

* “Epistles of St. John,” p. 325.

† “The Greek Poets.” First Series, p. 434.

* Browning's “Fra Lippo Lippi.”

and actions. The immensely increased richness and variety of music, painting, and poetry in modern times will be ascribed, at least in considerable measure, to the influence of the Christian religion by those who patiently investigate the growth of the human mind.

Even more essential to civilisation than Literature or Art, is Law. Where there is no Law civilisation is impossible. But—

“Where you have in a society a strong and lasting tendency to bring public and private affairs under the control of fixed general rules, to which individual wills are expected and are trained to submit; where these rules are found to be grounded, instinctively perhaps at first, methodically afterwards, on definite principles of right, fitness, and sound reason; where a people's habitual impulse and natural disposition is to believe in laws and to trust them, and it is accepted as the part of common sense, duty, and honour to obey them; where these characteristics of respect for law as an authority, of resort to it as an expedient and remedy, are found to follow the progress of a great national history even from its beginnings, it cannot be denied that there you have an essential feature of high civilisation. They of whom this may be said have seen truly, in one most important point, how to order human life. And law in that sense in which we know it, and are living under it, in its strength, in its majesty, in its stability, in its practical, business-like character, may, I suppose, be said to have been born at Rome.”*

This the early Christians were forward to admit. They did not hesitate to ascribe the Roman legislation to a Divine source.

“*Leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanavit*,” said Augustine.†

But though born in Rome, Law certainly owes to Christianity a great part of its development. In its early days it reflected too plainly the stern and fierce features of the Roman character. The son was the property of the father, and had no rights of his own. The wife was the bought possession of her husband; and the slave was the living tool, to be thrown aside when worn out. The amelioration of this extreme harshness is due, not to Christianity alone, but in the first place to Stoicism. The Stoic philosophy has the distinction among philosophies of exercising a direct, and extensive, and beneficial influence upon society. Contemporaneously with Christianity this great and inspiring philosophy made itself felt in Rome, and through the saddest years of the Empire nursed many of the best and greatest of her citizens. But it was through the legislation of Rome that Stoicism exercised its most

powerful influence. The leading Roman jurists of the early centuries were Stoics, and in becoming jurists they did not cease to be philosophers. There were, no doubt, tendencies in Stoicism which somewhat obstructed the free operation of its philanthropic principles; but if Stoicism did not make men pitiful, it made them sane and just. It elevated what was spiritual in man, and under its light the brutal cruelty of the Roman character was ashamed of itself, and even the Roman insolence which despised the slave and the foreigner was curbed.

“As far as natural law is concerned, all men are equal.”

“By natural law, all men are born free.”

Such maxims fell naturally from the lips of Stoic jurists, and a marked amelioration of oppressed conditions set in under this new régime. The son, the slave, the wife, all classes of society began to feel the breath of a new and happier era.

The improvement begun by Stoicism was carried on by Christianity. Even before Christian principles were allowed directly to influence legislation, the leaven of Christianity had found its way into many social relations. The Church had from the first been recognised as a great institution for teaching and enforcing a pure morality. The ancient religions concerned themselves little with morals: the priesthood was not a preaching institution, and took no oversight of conduct, save in matters ceremonial. It was a new thing in the world to see a great religion devoting itself to the task of elevating the morals of its adherents. Christians were not admitted to the Communion of the Church if they were known to be guilty of certain sins, of which the civil law took no cognisance. A new system of law arose within the Church, as rigorously administered as the law of the Empire, and finding offences where the imperial law found none. The system of law regulating the life of the Christian population brought clearly before the minds of men the intention of Christianity, and furnished all men with an ideal of character and conduct which was new to them. In this code every transgression had its penalty attached; and while the door of the Church was held open to the penitent, some adequate representation was at the same time given of the high requirements of the Divine holiness. Ecclesiastical law thus became the pioneer of civil law. It educated the public sentiment, and indicated the direction in which civil law should be revised and amended. It was the rising tide

* Dean Church's "Gifts of Civilisation," p. 163.

† The laws of the Romans came from God through the lips of their rulers.

which lifted the whole body of Roman law to a higher level.

This brief sketch is sufficient to indicate the manner in which Christianity preserved the best elements of the old civilisation. It may fairly claim, not only to have directly contributed the most important element of civilisation, the highest moral ideal—the example of Christ—a sufficient motive—the sacrifice of the cross—to strive towards it, and a sufficient power to realise it—the power of the Holy Spirit; but also to have indirectly influenced for good everything for which society exists, and the whole of human life. It has stimulated thought, and opened new fields for its exercise; it has purified and deepened art, and by giving to love a new meaning and scope, has entirely altered literature, and given it a range of human interest it never before possessed. It has improved and extended education; it has dignified labour, and thus enormously stimulated mechanical invention. It has greatly lessened the misery of human life, introducing justice and charity on a large scale; and it is now labouring heartily and steadily at remaining grievances, endeavouring to bridge the chasm between rich and poor, to sort the balance between labour and capital, to adjust satisfactorily the relation of man to man, and of nation to nation; to minimize disease and all individual disabilities, and to supplant war by arbitration. In nothing that is essential to a perfect civilisation can a Christian be uninterested, and from none dare he withhold a helping hand, because he believes that Christ has come for this purpose, to establish His kingdom on earth.

No doubt the student of history is often perplexed to find that Christianity has often done so much less than might have been expected. He will be grieved to read in the unalterable facts of history a grave indictment against the Church. He will see that while undoubtedly softening the barbaric ferocity of the northern races, she has herself been guilty of most unpardonable cruelties: that while resisting the tyrannical oppression of kings and nobles, she has often kept the people in a still more degrading bondage; that through fear of a rival authority she has retarded science and fostered superstition; and that in several respects, which her enemies have never been slow to proclaim, she has in great measure forfeited her claim to be for the healing of the nations. It is incontestable that the Church of Christ might have done much more and much better than

she has done. But we contend that the candid reader of her history, if he find much to blame, will also own that she has done for civilisation what no other known power could have done, and certainly what no other power has done.

When the circumstances are considered in which Christianity had to maintain itself, the work it had to do, and the material it had to work with; when it is considered that Christianity took possession of rude tribes, barbarous in their manners and ideas, living for plunder, war, and the chase, without settled abodes, without education, with barely the rudiments of social order; when it is considered that Christianity had to engraft its own principles of justice and humanity on national usages and laws which in many particulars repudiated these principles; when it is considered that out of the chaos and night of the centuries between the fifth and the twelfth, modern Europe has by the help of Christianity emerged, one is disposed to wonder not at the meagreness, but at the grandeur of the results accomplished. And where the Church did fail, she failed not by being Christian overmuch, but by failing to be Christian. Even now the Church is only slowly apprehending what the religion of Christ really is, and we can hardly wonder that ten centuries ago it was not perfectly understood.

One or two considerations may be urged which may serve to mitigate our soreness that Christianity has not, as a healer of society, accomplished all that might be expected. In the first place, it must always be borne in mind that Christianity is not like civil law which can be enforced by authority. It could not work magically, irrespective of the laws which govern moral growth. It could not produce its effects save through the intervention of human understanding and human concurrence. It had no power to constrain the will of man; but it had to wait till men should learn the genius and spirit of it, and till they should willingly yield themselves to its influence. Its supreme influence is seen only in those who are personally born again. The full power of Christianity for the regeneration of society could only be seen if all individuals were regenerate. Such results are not quickly obtained. The world is only very slowly convinced of civil truths; how can we wonder it is slow to believe what is spiritual? If you tell men of earthly things and they believe you not, how shall they believe if you tell them of heavenly things?

Besides, it is a commonplace of science and of history that great ends are slowly achieved. Geology demonstrates that with God a thousand years are as one day. History reads us the same lesson. Slowly and patiently God advances towards His ends. And the more we understand God's ways, the less shall we resent that society is not regenerated in a day, nor all the world civilised in one generation.

In conclusion, we may appropriately ask, what is the significance of the fact that outside of Christendom there is no high or progressive civilisation? The old civilisations, magnificent as in some respects they certainly were, carried in themselves the seeds of decay. The very rapacity and lust of conquest and of splendour, which gave them brilliance, indicated the unchastened vigour of youth, and foretold premature, rapid, and irremediable decay. The sudden blaze of civilisation which accompanied the early successes of the Mohammedan arms was the result of an intense but one-sided conviction; and being one-sided it remains for ever restricted, it cannot educate the whole man, cannot fit him for the whole of life, cannot give him growth beyond a certain point. Mohammedanism can turn a naked African into an armed, drilled, and efficient soldier; it can educate and satisfy man's capacity for an ornate and luxurious life; it can hold men together in common enterprises and inspire them to endure great hardships, but it has yet to learn two at least of the radical elements of civilised life, respect for woman and for liberty. Only in Christian countries have men steadily aimed at giving their rights to the weak, to women and slaves. Only in Christian countries has the natural equality of all men been taken seriously, and been allowed practically to influence legislation and social arrangements. Only in Christian countries can you trace a ceaseless striving and steady advance towards that happy condition in which there shall be "neither male nor female, bond nor free," so far as the rights and possibilities of human life are concerned.*

This limitation of the highest forms of civilisation to Christian countries is sometimes explained by racial differences. Mohammedans keep women and slaves in bondage because they are Orientals. Freedom is in the blood of the Western races, and they cannot either be slaves or hold slaves. Now it is not to be denied that racial distinctions have most substantial results in

civilisation. Nor is it to be denied that the Germanic races before they were brought into contact with Christianity had an exceptional reverence for women and an exceptional regard for independence and liberty. At the same time it must remain doubtful to any one who compares the primitive German races with the primitive Romans, whether there was any appreciable difference between them. And all that I would claim for Christianity in this particular is that it cherished the natural gifts of these races, and saved them from being degraded and destroyed as those of the Romans were. And it is incontestable that the historian can lay his finger here and there upon legislation in favour of the slave expressly dictated by Christian feeling and upon ameliorations of the condition of woman which arose directly out of Christian sentiment. The facts are so: and it is idle to say that if Christianity had not emancipated oppressed classes, racial instincts would have done so. We must abide by history; and history tells us that neither racial instincts alone, nor Christianity alone, effected the great work of civilising Europe; but the two working together in that close combination which defies analysis and which was intended by God, the Author of both.

The conclusion, then, to which the mere historical inquirer is inevitably led, would seem to be that history discloses no power which has been so efficient in civilisation as Christianity. That no stimulus to moral growth and individual improvement is comparable to that which flows from the person and cross of Christ will be granted by all who have experienced it. But the inquiry now conducted shows in addition that the same vital forces which avail for the regeneration of the individual, avail also, though in methods less direct, for the regeneration of society; and that no other forces do supply a permanent and sufficient elevating power. Other forces, no doubt, have their place and their results, but whether we consider the operation of these forces in ancient civilisations or in modern races outside of Christendom, we are equally compelled to recognise that they lack some essential factors, which only Christianity supplies. From Christianity we have received what we justly prize as the very flower of civilisation, and in Christianity have we the guarantee for all noble endeavour in the future, for all sympathetic consideration of actual human conditions, and for all the zeal, self-sacrifice, and labour that may be required for their improvement.

* See "Brace," p. 291.

THE KINGDOM OF FIFE.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

PART II.

PASSING now to the north of Fife, we find a point of great interest in the ruins of Lindores Abbey, on the shore of the Firth of Tay. Here the Thane of Fife is believed to have had a castle, of which some indistinct traces were found in the beginning of the present century. The great feature of the place, however, was the Benedictine Monastery, dedicated to the Virgin and to St. Andrew. The remains indicate the great

formation, but its final demolition, like that of many other ancient monuments, was accelerated by its being found to be a convenient quarry from which to obtain stones for ordinary building purposes.

A few miles inland from Lindores stand the remains of Falkland Palace, a royal seat closely associated with the fortunes of the House of Stewart. Falkland is now a small town, but it was formerly a place of great importance, having been at one time the capital of the Stewartry of Fife, and at a later period a favourite residence of the Scottish Court. Close to the site of the palace there once stood the old Castle of Falkland, of which no trace now remains. To this castle a tragic interest attaches as the scene of the death of David, Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III., and brother of James I. Tradition says that Rothesay, who was a wild young man, was seized, when on his way to St. Andrews, by his cruel uncle, the Duke of Albany, and was thrown into a dungeon of the castle, where he was starved to death. Albany and Douglas were popularly believed to have compassed his death, but there is no proof of their guilt, and later historians have thrown doubt on the story. The body of the young prince was removed to the Abbey of Lindores, and was buried there.



Lindores Abbey.

extent which the building originally covered, and show, according to Alexander Laing, that it belonged to the Early English, or First Pointed style, which prevailed in Scotland at the time of its supposed erection—the latter part of the twelfth century. The groined arch shown in the illustration formed the porch leading from the cloister court to the Abbey itself. This is the most perfect part of the building now remaining, though the ruins have been lately cleared, so as to show very plainly the ground plan and the style of the buildings. The Abbey was visited by Edward I. of England, by John Baliol, and by Wallace, who defeated in this neighbourhood the Earl of Pembroke on the field of Black Earnside (June 12th, 1288). The Abbey sustained serious damage at the Re-

Falkland was a favourite resort of the early Jameses. The palace was begun either by James III. or James IV., and it was finished by James V. It was in Falkland that the last-named king resided, while for two years he was a mere tool in the hands of the Earl of Angus, who was practically sovereign. From Falkland he escaped in the disguise of a yeoman of the stable, and rode to Stirling, where he summoned a council, and issued a proclamation proscribing the Douglasses and forfeiting their estates. To Falkland he returned, broken-hearted, after the rout of Solway Moss, and there a few days later he died, after hearing of the birth of the Princess Mary, which drew from him the well-known saying, "It came with a lass, and with a lass it will go."



The Mouth of the Eden.

Queen Mary knew Falkland well, from residing there in childhood with her mother, Mary of Guise; and after her return from France she often found refuge there from the discords and intrigues of her troubled Court. With her son, James VI., Falkland was also a favourite retreat. There he retired after the Raid of Ruthven, and there the events that led to the mysterious Gowrie Conspiracy had their beginning. Falkland was almost the last place in Scotland visited by James when, as King of Great Britain, he returned to his native kingdom, with "a salmon-like instinct, to see the place of his breeding," in 1617. Falkland was also visited by Charles I. and by Charles II.

After it ceased to be frequented by royalty, Falkland Palace fell into decay; but in recent years measures have been taken to check the ravages of "time's destroying fingers." The old palace is now a well-preserved ruin, and indeed part of it is still habitable. It commands magnificent views, on the one hand of the Lomond Hills, and on the other of the valley of the Eden, stretching from Strathmiglo eastward to Cupar.

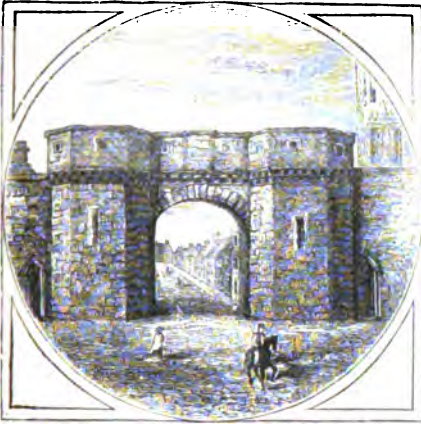
Riding, hunting, and hawking by the banks of the Eden were favourite amusements of Queen Mary during her visits to Falkland. The Eden is emphatically the river of Fife. It flows from west to east through the whole extent of the county, and almost in the middle of it. The banks are exceedingly fertile—a circumstance which has gained for its smiling strath the name of "the Howe of Fife." The estuary of the Eden is one of the most striking features of the coast. It forms a quadrilateral firth between the parishes of Leuchars and St. Andrews, opening out into a wide bay flanked on the south side by Woods Point, and on the north by Earlsall beach and the Tents Moor.

At Eden Mouth we are on the verge of St. Andrews Bay, and at St. Andrews Bay we are within touch of St. Andrews—the eye of Fife, and the scene of some of the most memorable events in the history of Scotland. In St. Andrews there are three points of supreme interest—the Castle, the University, and the Cathedral, with which one naturally conjoins the Tower of St. Regulus, though they are in fact distinct institutions. Except in the case of the University, the living St. Andrews of to-day has very little to do with these hoary relics; yet they are powerful presences, speaking, though dead, and exercising an undoubted influence on the life of the city from generation to generation.

This intermingling of the past with the present, of the very old with the very new, is one of the most striking characteristics of the place. Everything is seen in a kind of inverted historical perspective, in which the base line and the vanishing point are brought into contact. You pass the Pends or the West Port on your way to modern villas and churches and banks. Even the golfer on the Links and the lounge on the Scores feels, rather than sees, the shadow of the Cathedral and of the Tower of St. Rule.

The Castle is a picturesque ruin, crowning a rocky headland that overhangs the sea. It was a place of strength in the time of David II.; but the present building dates from the close of the fourteenth century, and there is reason to believe that James III. was born within its walls. It derives its chief importance, however, from the times of the Reformation struggle. In the open ground in front of the Castle George Wishart suffered martyrdom in 1545, while Cardinal David Beaton, his persecutor, witnessed the scene from the Castle wall. A few months later the Cardinal himself was murdered within the Castle by a band of Wishart's friends, including Norman Leslie, and Kircaldy of

Grays, and his body was "schawen dead over the wall to the faythless multitude" which had gathered outside to demand



The Pende.

"What have ye done with my lord Cardinall?" By-and-by the rebel garrison was joined by John Knox, who became its chaplain, and remained there till the following year, when the Castle was taken by the French, and Knox and many of his companions were carried off to the French galleys. When the Castle passed into the hands of the Town Council of St. Andrews in the following century, they allowed it to fall into decay, and authorised the use of the stones and timber in the repair of the pier and harbour.

A special interest attaches to St. Andrews as the seat of the oldest University in Scotland. The Theological College of St. Mary's, which is the oldest part of the University, was founded by Bishop Wardlaw in 1411. The College of St. Salvator was founded by Bishop Kennedy in 1455, and that of St. Leonard by Prior John Hepburn in conjunction with Archbishop Stewart in 1572. In view of the complaints recently made, that St. Andrews is too far removed from the busy haunts of men to be a popular or prosperous University seat, it is interesting to note the fact that so long ago as in 1697 it was proposed to remove the University to Perth. The reasons alleged for this proposal were, that the climate of the town was severe, that it was out of the way, that provisions were dear, that the streets were foul, and that the inhabitants had no sympathy with learning, in consequence of which the students were habitually molested and

mobbed. Some of these grounds have been urged quite recently as reasons for transferring the headquarters of the University to Dundee, or at least for affiliating the new College of Dundee with the University. In spite of all drawbacks St. Andrews has rendered splendid service to Scottish learning, numbering, as it has done, among its professors or its students such men as George Buchanan, John Knox, Andrew Melvil, Napier of Merchiston, the Admirable Crichton, Robert Rollock, the great Marquis of Montrose, Samuel Rutherford, Thomas Chalmers, Sir David Brewster, and John Tulloch.

The Cathedral of St. Andrews is still older than the University, and carries us back still further into the dim and distant regions of the past. The original building was begun in 1159, and after suffering from various vicissitudes it was completed about 1440. It survived in all its glory till 1559, when the "rascal multitude" of Reformers, fired, it is said, by the eloquence of Knox, undid in a single day the laborious and pious work of centuries, and

"Wi' John Calvin i' their heads,
And hammers i' their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the Cathedral down."

Thereafter, the Cathedral, like the Castle, was used as a convenient quarry by successive generations of builders till the beginning of the present century, when the ruins were taken possession of by the Barons of the Exchequer for purposes of conservation.



The West Port.

All that remain of the magnificent pile are the east gable, the west front, and parts of the walls of the south side of the nave and of the western transept. The east gable is

the most complete part of the remains of the old pile, but the western front, with its arched gateway and its lofty pinnaced turret, is its most picturesque and most charming feature, especially if we have regard to the richness of the mouldings of the pointed arch, and the delicate tracery of the solitary window that surmounts it.

The Tower of St. Rule stands so near to the Cathedral that it is frequently supposed to have been a part of it. It was, however,

tions of David I. It was the home of the Augustinian brotherhood before the Cathedral was built. The most notable relic of the Priory is its encompassing wall, which is still in a good state of preservation. It is a wonderfully massive piece of work, about twenty feet high and three or four feet thick, and extending to nearly a mile. It has numerous turrets both round and square, and for one-half its length it is guarded by parapets, which would render it a safe and pleasant walk.

The most remarkable feature of this wall, however, is the archway or tunnel near the Abbey gate, and known as "The Pends." Pend is an old Scottish word meaning an arcade or a vault. The name is usually applied to an arched passage leading through a building to an interior court, or to a street on the other side of it. A pend, therefore, always implies the existence at some time of a mass of building above it. This seems to have been the case with the St. Andrews Pends as with others. The passage is 77 feet long, and 16 feet broad, and it has at each end a fine Gothic arch; but there are evident marks of three intermediate groined arches, which were plainly intended to support the floor of an upper story, although that floor, forming the roof of the Pend, has long since disappeared.

The whole town of St. Andrews seems in former times to have been surrounded with a wall. This may safely be inferred, not only from



West front of Cathedral.

an independent foundation—probably older than the Cathedral itself by one or two centuries at least. The church attached to the end of it is believed to have belonged to the Culdees. Massiveness, rather than beauty, is the characteristic of the Tower. It is in the form of a square prism 108 feet high, and from the top, which is easily reached by an interior stair, a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained.

West of the Tower of St. Rule and south of the Cathedral site stood the famous Priory of St. Andrews, one of the numerous founda-

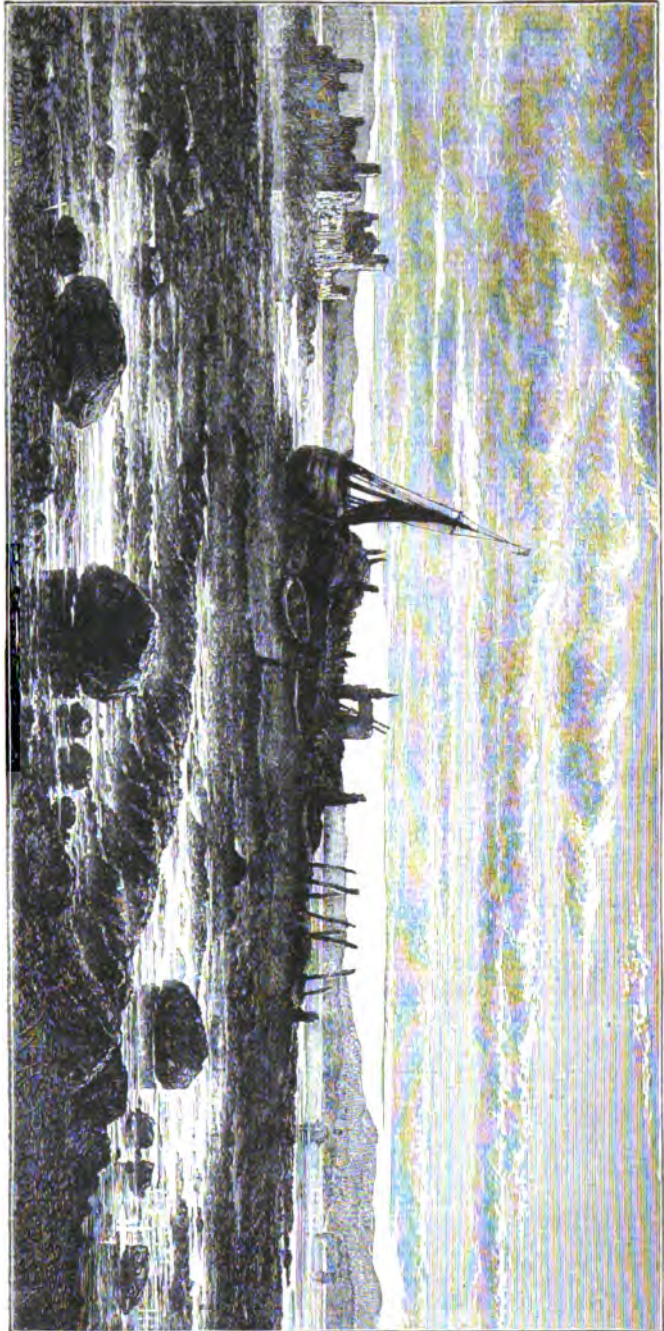
old plans of the town, but also from the traces which survive of ancient ports or gateways. Of these six are known to have existed at different points in the circumference; and one of them, the West Port—or, by pre-eminence, "The Port"—still remains, to indicate what the others were like. It is a piece of solid and unpretentious masonry, standing at the west end of South Street, which is still the High Street, or main thoroughfare of the town. It consists of two octagonal battlemented turrets about twenty feet high, between

which is the arched gateway. As it stands now, the Port is an interesting relic and nothing more. It reminds us of times when Scottish towns had to trust to their walls and their gates in times of siege, and when these defences were used for the restraint of the inhabitants within as well as against enemies without. We are also reminded, however, of another use to which these ports were put in towns in which the Scottish Parliament met. The Lords were accustomed to take with them to the meeting of the Estates as much money as was likely to serve for their maintenance and that of their retainers while the session lasted. The matter, however, was often put the other way: the attendance lasted only as long as there was money in the purse. The test was made at one of the city ports—that toward which the wind was blowing. The earl or the baron went to the port, purse in hand, and tried to fling it over the battlements. If it was heavy enough to resist the wind, and to fall on the other side, the owner knew that he might continue his attendance for some time longer. If it was blown back to him, he took that as a warning that it was time for him to be gone, and he summoned his retainers and rode away home.

One of the most peaceful, and at the same time one of the most picturesque features of the southern coasts of Fife is Torry Bay, an inlet of the Forth in the extreme west of the county. The engraving shows the bay at low water—huge boulders resting on the wet sand, or in pools of pellucid water,

ledges of rock covered with sea-weed and tangle, a barque stranded beside the ruins on Preston Isle, stakes for drying nets

Torry Bay and Preston Isle.



on the other side of the ruins, a ruined castle farther off on the left, and on the right the coast of Midlothian seen across

the Forth, with the Pentland Hills in the distance.

The ruin in the middle distance is believed to mark the site of the sea-shaft of a famous coal mine, which, starting from a point near Culross Abbey House, extended for nearly a mile beneath the sea, and was considered one of the greatest wonders in Scotland in the sixteenth century. According to tradition, when King James VI. revisited Scotland in 1617, he dined at the Abbey House, and expressed a wish to explore the mine. His host, Sir George Bruce, was only too glad to gratify the royal wish, and he was conducted through the workings from the shore to the sea-shaft on Preston Isle; emerging from the shaft at high tide, and finding himself surrounded with water, he shouted "treason," and insisted on being taken back to the shore, not underground, but on board a pinnacle which was found conveniently moored at the wharf.

Not far from Torry Bay and the village of Torryburn—only four miles as the crow flies—is the famous royal burgh of Dunfermline, the capital of Malcolm Ceanmor, and long a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. There Robert the Bruce was buried without his heart. There James IV., James V., and Queen Mary often resided. There Charles I. and his sister Elizabeth of Bohemia, "the Winter Queen," were born. There James VI. and his grandson Charles II. subscribed the Covenant. But the historic names most closely associated with the place are those of Ceanmor and his queen, English Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Ætheling, through whose descendant, Edith-Matilda, the Scottish and English dynasties were afterwards linked to the Norman house.

Queen Margaret's Hope, a noteworthy roadstead above North Queensferry, still

testifies—as the Queensferry itself does—to the presiding genius of the saintly queen. The royal stone on which she rested when she awaited her future lord is still extant. The ruins of Malcolm's Tower and of the Abbey which he founded remain to this day. A special interest, however, at-



St. Margaret's Cave.

atches to St. Margaret's Cave, which is about three hundred yards north-east of Malcolm's Tower.

The Cave, which adjoins Wooser's Alley, stands in a sweetly wooded glen, and is connected with the higher ground above it by a flight of rugged steps. The regularity of the pious queen's visits to the place, during her residence in her husband's tower or castle, aroused Malcolm's suspicions. One day, it is said, he followed her with his drawn

sword in his hand. Stealthily entering the Cave he found her on her knees in the act of devotion before a rude crucifix. Struck with remorse, he had the Cave fitted up as an oratory, and encouraged his wife's visits to it as long as she lived. The queen's Cave

and the king's Tower are emblems of their time, and of the different influences which they wielded—the one representing the gospel of peace and good-will to men, the other typifying feudal strength and resistance to physical force.

THE RELATION OF LIVING ORGANISMS TO PUTREFACTION AND DISEASE.

III.—PRACTICAL ASPECTS:—PRESERVATION OF FOOD AND PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

PUTREFACTION then, it appears, is invariably the work of living organisms, which exist as an impurity in the atmosphere, an impurity everywhere present, but an impurity which can readily be removed by filtration, or destroyed by heat, or rendered inert, for the time being, by cold near to the freezing point. Contagious disease, also, is due to the work of living organisms; indeed, one almost feels warranted in these days in saying of it too, is *invariably* due to the work of living organisms, which may be disseminated through the air and in various other ways, and which can be rendered inoperative by several means.

While putrefaction is invaluable in breaking down useless masses of organic material into their inorganic constituents, with their endless possibilities of reconstruction and revivification, it becomes undesirable when it attacks the material of man's food. From very early times various expedients were adopted to prevent the putrefaction of food stuffs. Drying, the use of chemical agents, and the application of cold, as means to preserve food, are all matters of ancient history. Yet no method seems to have been extensively adopted till quite recent times. But with the development of ocean navigation and voyages of discovery the necessity of adopting some reliable methods became the spur to invention. The method of drying was too coarse in its results; chemical means were not desirable, from the point of view of the palate. Salt, used for such purposes from the earliest times, which rendered the meat hard and indigestible, as well as less nutritious by extracting some of the nutritive juices of the meat, proved itself to possess more fatal objections to the long voyager, when out of an expedition of 961 men 626 were lost by scurvy, the attendant of a diet too abundant in salt junk and destitute of fresh provisions. How urgent became the demand for better methods is evident from the fact that while in the seventeenth century only one patent for the preservation of food was described,

and only three in the eighteenth, as many as 117 were specified in the first fifty-five years of the present century, and since then they have been very numerous. Some of these were for drying processes, such as that by which Liebig's Extract of Meat, Hassall's Flour of Meat, Blumenthal and Chollet's Meat and Vegetable Tablets, &c., are prepared; others were for chemical processes, such as the employment of sulphurous acid or carbonic oxide gas, or the injection of meat with chemical agents. The chief patents, as now appears, were those which proposed to exclude the atmospheric air or to employ cold. One method (Plowden's, 1807) proposed to exclude the air by encrusting the meat with some substance which would resist the action of the air, and the substance used was a hot extract of meat; another proposed to coat the meat with impermeable varnish. These failed, and we now know the reason. It is not the air in itself that effects the noxious change, but the living germs deposited from it. These already would be deposited on the meat before the coating was applied, and under cover of the impermeable coating could calmly proceed with their ravages. Augustus de Heine, in 1810, proposed to place the food in closed vessels, and then to withdraw the air through a valvular aperture by a special exhausting apparatus. That method, too, was found to fail for similar reasons. In 1807, however, J. Saddington, London, proposed to preserve fruits without sugar by placing them in bottles, *driving air out of the bottles* by heat, filling them up with boiling water, and then tightly corking them. The bottles filled with fruit to the neck were placed in a water-bath, the water of which was gradually heated up to 170° Fahr. Then the boiling water was poured in. For his method Saddington received a premium from the Society of Arts. Three years later, in 1810, a Frenchman, Appert, applied the method to meat, vegetables, fruit, and milk, receiving as the reward of his labours 12,000 francs from the French Government. Appert

first partially cooked his provisions. He then placed them in strong bottles, which he filled up to the neck. The bottles were then well corked, and the corks were covered with a luting of cheese and powdered lime, which he said rapidly hardened, and was then able to resist the action of boiling water. The bottles were then wrapped in coarse canvas bags and placed up to the neck in a boiler of cold water. The boiler was covered and heat applied till the water boiled. It was kept boiling for an hour or more. The heat was then withdrawn, the water drawn off, and the bottles allowed to cool. "In every case," says Appert, "the exclusion of air is a precaution of the utmost importance to the success of the operation; and in order to deprive alimentary substances of contact with the air a perfect knowledge of bottles and the vessels to be used, of corks and corking is requisite." It is interesting at this date, and with our modern views, to read the notions that prevailed in the days of Appert. The alimentary substances were heated to drive the air out of the vessels that contained them; but to get rid of the last trace of air was a practical difficulty, and prolonged boiling was resorted to with the idea that the animal substance was thereby so altered as to render it less disposed to putrefactive changes, while at the same time it was supposed that any of the oxygen of the air remaining in the closed vessels was thus destroyed. Thus, we are told, "the heat acts by indisposing the substances from entering into chemical action, and by removing all risk of ill effect from the small portion of air which the vessels may contain, while the rigorous exclusion of the external air contributes to render permanent the state into which the substances have been brought by the temporary application of heat."

Now, though Appert's method has proved of immense practical value, his explanation of it has been proved quite erroneous. For, as has been shown in the first of these articles, air may be admitted in abundance to organic solids and fluids without exciting putrefaction provided the organic impurities have been previously removed from the air by filtration, and substances which have been submitted to the operation of boiling are as eligible sites for the work of decomposition as those that have not been boiled. It is not the oxygen of the air that is the exciter of putrefaction, but the living organisms. It was not the expulsion of air produced by the boiling, for even that was not properly effected, that preserved the

food stuffs, it was the destruction by the heat of the living things; and it was not the continued exclusion of the air in itself by sealing, &c., that maintained the preserved condition, but the barrier thus set up to the access of a new supply of active organisms. Enormous quantities of all sorts of alimentary substances are now preserved for indefinite periods by methods similar to that of Appert, greatly improved in its details. The substances to be preserved are packed in tins; a small quantity of water is added. The covers are carefully soldered on the tins, and in such cover is made a small pin-hole. The tins are then placed, up to a short distance from the covers, in "baths" of water, to which chloride of calcium has been added. The addition of the chloride raises the boiling point to between 260° and 270° , and thus insures a greater degree of heat than could be obtained by water only. The bath is kept boiling for some time, till the issue of steam from the pin-holes insures the expulsion of air from the tins. Solder is then dropped on the pin-hole, and the tins thus tightly sealed. They are then completely immersed for some time in the hot bath, and after being removed are placed in chambers kept at the degree of temperature most favourable to putrefaction. There they remain for some time. If decomposition ensues in any of the tins it is evidenced by the bulging of the sides, owing to the pressure of the gases of putrefaction. If the food remains sound the top and bottom of each tin should be concave, pressed inwards by the atmospheric pressure outside and the diminished pressure, owing to the partial vacuum, within. If the soldering gives way at any part of the tin, or if in course of transit, by bad usage and so on, a crack be opened in the casing, or the point of a nail driven in, or if by the action of weather, damp, &c., the paint coating of the tin having become rubbed off, the metal has been eaten into, air will effect an entrance with a rush, carrying germs of putrefaction with it. Thus, a tin apparently sound may on being opened reveal putrid contents. Search will likely discover the secret pathway of the enemy. That the process is, however, an eminently satisfactory one so far as preservation is concerned, is shown by the fact that stores of tinned meats landed on the beach of Prince Regent's Inlet from the wreck of H.M.S. *Fury* in 1825 were found twenty-four years later in a perfect state of preservation by the captain of H.M.S. *Investigator*, and that in spite of exposure to extremes of weather.

The extent of the industry which has been developed, aided by various modifications and improvements in the process, is of a very remarkable character. For the following statistics in reference to the industry I am indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Roberts, Simpson, and Co., of Liverpool and Halifax.

In 1885, 21,255,000 pounds weight of tinned meats were imported into the United Kingdom from Australia, the value of which was about £430,000. On the Pacific coast of North America the tinning of fish, principally salmon, is a very large industry, the amount packed in 1884 being 47,294,160 in tins of one pound, and in 1885 the amount was 40,114,320 one-pound tins. Of these one-pound tins from seventeen to nineteen millions are imported into the United Kingdom annually to cheapen our fish supplies. Messrs. Roberts, Simpson, and Co. inform me that an average of 50,000 one-pound tins of canned salmon are consumed daily in this country, 35,000 of lobster, and probably 100,000 tins of various sizes of beef and mutton. In Australia the industry is conducted at 19 factories, of which 4 are in Queensland, 5 in New South Wales, 4 in Victoria, and 6 in New Zealand; and the work is performed mainly by Scotchmen or men of Scotch descent, to the number of 2,500 to 3,000 persons. In Canada the Scotch villages on the coasts of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward's Island furnish the bulk of the fishermen and packing men, women, and girls. In many fishing villages in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, Gaelic is still found, and in many it prevails. With the Scotch villages are found French communities, which furnish clever-fingered females for the careful and tasteful filling of the lobster cans. In many instances the parish priest conducts the business arrangements of the simple Franco-Canadian peasants, and inspects during the season the conduct and progress of his flock. The value of the industry to the fishing community of Canada and Newfoundland amounts to from £250,000 to £300,000 annually. So energetically has the fishing been pushed that the supply has rapidly diminished for two or three years past. Four years ago two or three lobsters filled a one-pound can, but in 1885 over five were necessary. Restrictive laws under such circumstances seem absolutely demanded. On the Columbia, Oregon, and neighbouring rivers, the salmon fishing is carried on by white men and the canning by Chinese labour, but in British Columbia, to the north, both are conducted by whites, though the Chinese are expert, cleanly

workers and more economical. In Scotland large businesses are carried on in Aberdeen, Dundee, and Leith, in the preservation of meat, fish, &c. This canned goods industry has thus, within comparatively recent years, assumed enormous proportions, and has become of vital interest to considerable populations. There can be no doubt, however, that the industry might become even more extended but for the fact that by the methods employed the meat is constantly overcooked, and to that extent not so much relished by the people. So far as one can gather, all this super-heating is for the purpose of expelling the last traces of oxygen, not only from the tin, but from the tissue itself. Many of the comparatively recent patents have been taken out because of some new modification that would insure this more completely. Now it is fifty years since scientific investigators showed that the notion that the oxygen of the air was the cause of putrefaction was a delusion, yet this mistaken idea guides the practice of an industry which has practically developed since that time. The scientific facts tend resistlessly to the conclusion that too high temperatures are employed in the canning process, and that the alimentary substances are exposed to them for unnecessarily long periods. I cannot resist the conclusion, from a careful survey of the facts, that if to the undoubtedly high degree of perfection to which the mechanical portions of the operations of canning have been brought, some acquaintance with recent scientific advances in knowledge and in methods were added, some simple modifications of the process would be found which would permit of the employment of a much lower degree of temperature, without interfering with the thoroughness of preservation.

Within recent years the agency of cold has been invoked on a very extensive scale for the preservation of food. A patent was taken out by John Lings in 1845 for employing ice in closed chambers to reduce the temperature to a proper degree. If a sufficient degree of cold is obtained the activity of the organisms of putrefaction is arrested, though the organisms are not destroyed. On the restoration of a normal temperature they become as active as ever. Following Ling's patent, others were taken out for obtaining the requisite low temperature by the evaporation of ammonia and ether. The invention of machines for the artificial production of ice gave an impetus to the employment of ice for preserving food for considerable

periods. During the winter of 1875-6 large quantities of beef, mutton, and fish were brought from America preserved by ice. An effort, made in 1873, to bring meat from Australia preserved in this way, failed because the supply of ice gave out before the end of the voyage. It seemed as if there was little prospect of a trade in fresh meat being opened up between this country and so distant quarters of the globe as Australia. But in 1879, Mr. J. J. Coleman, of Glasgow, went out to New York with a Bell-Coleman air-refrigerating machine, and proved that food could be preserved for long periods by the agency of air cooled by mechanical means. This Bell-Coleman machine is a remarkable example of the practical working-out of advanced scientific theory. Its construction is based on the principles of thermo-dynamics, that when air is compressed heat is evolved, and that, if this compressed air be then allowed to expand and be caused, in the act of expansion, to do work, a large amount of heat disappears. The machine, worked by steam, sucks in a certain quantity of air and compresses it to a pressure of 50 to 60 pounds to the inch. The air in the act of compression becomes very hot: it is cooled by the injection of cold water. The cold compressed air is now dried by being passed through a set of horizontal pipes, and is then allowed to expand behind a piston, which it propels in the act of expansion. In the act of doing work the expanding air becomes cooled "as much as 50, 100, and 200 degrees below freezing point, according to the amount of previous compression." The cooled air is passed into the chamber containing the provisions, and the temperature of the air in the chamber can be kept by the machine at a constant low temperature for any length of time. With such machines no previous packing of the meat is required. The carcasses are cut up into quarters or other convenient sizes, placed in calico bags, and packed in the freezing chamber. Up to the beginning of 1883, about 4,000 tons of frozen meat were delivered in Great Britain from Australia and New Zealand, preserved by the cold-air machines. As an example, the following may be taken. The sailing ship *Dunedin* left Port Chalmers on the 15th February, 1882, and arrived at London Docks after a passage of 98 days. She brought 4,909 carcasses of sheep and 22 pigs, all in excellent preservation in a chamber kept cold by a Bell-Coleman machine. The sheep had been killed on the estate of the New Zealand and Australian Land Co., and

were brought to the ship from a distance of 60 miles. They were hung up in the freezing chamber, and when frozen hard were wrapped up in calico bags and packed in layers in the lower chamber of the ship. They realised in London over £4,200 more than was necessary to pay all expenses, which was equal to over 3d. per pound for the mutton. According to the Smithfield market reports, 27,007 tons of mechanically-cooled meat, chiefly beef, arrived from the United States of America in 1884. In 1885 the total quantity of mutton received in this way from the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and the River Plate was 777,891 carcasses, which weighed 21,930 tons.

It has been noticed that frozen meat spoils more quickly after it has been thawed than ordinary meat. This is probably due to the fact that the process of freezing separates out water which formed part of the tissues, and that, on thawing, the water is not taken up again into the substance of the tissues, but remains simply moistening them. The meat being thus in a more moist and soft condition permits of more rapid development and propagation of organisms. If frozen meat be thawed very slowly, however, the moist condition is not so marked and the meat will remain longer in good condition.

Recently Mr. Coleman, in conjunction with Prof. McKendrick, investigated the question whether an extremely low temperature of 150° below zero or thereby, would not absolutely destroy living organisms. They answer the question in the negative. Had they answered in the affirmative, it is easy to see what a new and valuable addition would have been made to food-preserving methods.

But it is in reference to the question of the prevention of disease that the knowledge now possessed of the agency of organized bodies in disease becomes of the utmost significance. The methods of preserving food have reached the perfection they now possess practically independently of any such knowledge, while the possibility of preventing contagious disease to any extent is really dependent upon the facts which science can and must yet elucidate. One method in which the application of such knowledge is valuable in this direction has already been commented on in the second of these articles. The possibility of inoculating against measles, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, yellow fever, malarial fever, &c., &c., as is now done against small-pox, is the golden dream of the enthusiastic student of bacteria. He suggests that the day will come when the tra-

veller, before he starts abroad, will go to his physician, and, informing him of his intended destination, will request to be protected against any contagious diseases that may prevail in that quarter. This is the dream of the enthusiast. But there are many practical truths capable of daily application taught by the view of contagion dependent on the discovery and life-history of germs. Supposing this view to be strictly and entirely correct, it is plain that any one suffering from a contagious disease is the sphere of activity of micro-organisms which are multiplying in his body. They have not by some strange chance arisen anew there, but have gained access from without. They have had parents like to them. The germs that attack one man are the progeny of others which have conducted similar raids on a previous victim. Gaining access to a human body, they multiply and are cast off by various channels, some by the skin, some perchance in the breath, others by the way of the intestinal canal, and if, thus cast upon the world, they are fortunate enough to light upon another host, they will speedily take up their abode with him. And while the channels by which a living multitude of disease germs may be cast off from one person's body are thus numerous, the means by which they may be distributed to others are as inexhaustible as are "the resources of civilisation." They may gain entrance to the body in air, in food, in drink; they may be carried about on one's clothes; they may be harboured under one's thumb-nail; a hostess may dispense them with her hospitality; a friend may impart them by a kiss. One man's body may thus be the breeding-ground of a disease for a whole community. It becomes, therefore, a question of the utmost importance for science to answer how best these unwelcome invaders of a community may be arrested or destroyed at the very outset of their career. Of course it is possible to separate an individual suffering from a contagious disease from his fellows so that they may run no risk. But then, as we have seen, germs are not necessarily short-lived. They have not necessarily ceased to exist when the individual, on whom they have spent their force, is once more able to return to society, and a guarantee is needed that he does not carry back with him the active agents of the contagion. It is to give this guarantee that all the methods of disinfection are employed, by which steps are taken to destroy the disease germs as soon as possible after they have separated from the person's body. It can easily be seen that if this is to

be of any use, it must be very thoroughly performed, the patient's body, his clothes, the room in which he has lived, the things he has handled, and everything that has come in contact with him being submitted to the disinfecting process. It is amazing how many neglect even the simplest precautions. Children newly-recovered from measles or scarlet fever, or still suffering from whooping-cough, are sent out to school or to play, to scatter broadcast among their companions the seeds of their disease, still separating from their skin or clinging to their clothing. Children go to school from a house where some one lies ill of an infectious fever, men go to their work or business, women move about among their neighbours or doing their shopping, with little precaution and with less thought, trafficking in the disease, sending it along the highways and the by-ways, and here and there doubtless providing it with a victim that succumbs. On one occasion two years ago the writer went to the head master of a Board School in the city of Glasgow to warn him that one of his scholars was sick of measles, likely enough caught at school, and to urge him to try to discover who was sowing the seed, that the progress of the disease through the school might be arrested. He was received with scant courtesy and with no thanks for his warning. In one brief fortnight thereafter, he was informed that a large number of pupils of that school were suffering from measles; the number stated was so large that he hesitates to name it, the statement not being an authoritative one. Of his own knowledge, however, he is aware that for many weeks that school was a breeding-ground of disease. These things ought not to be. The public safety and the public health ought not to be at the mercy of careless parents or self-sufficient dominies. If the facts of science I have attempted to state plainly are true, contagious disease might be stamped out of existence, instead of ever and anon rioting among the people. The facts are not sufficiently known. It takes a long time for such facts to become adequately known and understood; it is a very much longer time before the facts become, as they ought to be, the basis and the guide of practice. Our sanitary authorities have done much for the health of the people, as the reduced English death-rate conclusively shows, and that chiefly by hindering the spread of infectious disease. But it is not till the vast bulk of the people themselves intelligently set their hands to this work that the greatest degree of prevention will be achieved.



Tenter's Close.

THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By MARY LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.—"THE PANSY AT MY FEET."

THE year went onward, as the best or the worst year will. For Michael Salvain was it the worst? For Dorigen was it the best? Afterwards it seemed surely as if each had that year touched a certain or uncertain limit.

Tenter's Close had been left. That visit to St. Dunstan's was made, as Lady Anna Wilderslowe had desired; and the time was full of all good, all pleasure, all delight. Dr. Wilderslowe's deference to one, toward whose life's fulfilment he had done so much, was touching almost to the verge of pain, and nothing seemed to gratify the good old man so much as to sit for awhile intellectually at the feet of one, whose acquaintance with the literature of the day was, as he imagined, something very wonderful, and yet in itself a thing to be deplored. How was it possible for any human being to spend precious hours on a book published but yesterday when the classics of all ages and all countries remained on the shelves unread?

"But some of those who are writing to-day will become classics in their turn, Dr. Wilderslowe," said Dorigen one day. It was a July afternoon, and these two with Lady

Anna sat on the terrace in the shade of the trellised verandah that was all overhung with roses and clematis and starry jessamine. The birds were still, and the bees hummed among the tall white foxgloves, and dived into the chalices of the Madonna lilies, butterflies hovered everywhere in the hot still sunshine. Dr. Wilderslowe heard, or half-heard the remark that Dorigen had made, in perplexed silence.

"I beg pardon, madam," the old man said in his courteous way, "perhaps I did not quite understand?"

Dorigen smiled, and repeated what she had said, adding—"Don't you think there are giants on the earth in these days? Don't you think we have poets and prose writers among us now as great as any but the very greatest who have lived?"

"I had certainly not thought *that*," said the Doctor, with the air of one who was being greatly enlightened. "No; I had not discerned that. Would you kindly mention the names of a few of these great men?"

This was, to say the least of it, discomfiting to one whose judgment was mainly her own, and whose natural shrinking from all assertion or contention was very great. She began to think in some trepidation of mind,

and Lady Anna turned to hide a smile of mischievous delight.

"Well, there is Robert Browning," Dorigen said with quite uncalled-for timidity.

"Ma'am?"

"I mentioned the name of Mr. Robert Browning as one man of note."

"Mr. Robert Browning. Yes! May I ask what he has written or done?"

This was too much for Lady Anna's gravity, but she came to the rescue, and soon a very fair list of the master's chief poems was given. The Doctor made little pencil memoranda in his note-book, and then begged with extreme humility to be further enlightened. It was as impossible to doubt his good faith as to deny his request, and the conversation became certainly very amusing.

"Prose writers!" Dorigen repeated once by way of beginning her reply to a question of the old man's. "It seems to me that there can never have been four more perfect writers of English prose living at one time than four who are living among us now. There are others, but I speak now only of these four—Cardinal Newman, Professor Ruskin, Professor Seeley, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. I can read any of these for their perfect music alone."

"Indeed, madam! But this is surprising!"

"Have you ever heard of any of these names, grandpapa?" asked Lady Anna.

"Yes, my dear, yes. I have some of Newman's earlier sermons. And I feel sure that I have seen the name of the last gentleman Miss Gower mentioned, Mr. Matthew Arnold. . . . I—I think I saw it in a periodical!"

On other days the old drives were taken, the old places and people visited: and it seemed that here and there some light had gone from the scenes, some charm had vanished. Dorigen knew well enough that the change was in herself. The fading of things into the light of common day is inevitable, and in no case can you see so certainly all that such fading means as when you return to a place long loved, long dreamed of, long desired.

Yet it was a pleasant time to have in remembrance, and Dorigen returned to her desk in the narrow room at Burtree Beck with new strength, and with at least the beginnings of that inward peace she had so earnestly desired. And the hour was not without its satisfactions. Jean Laverock's warm welcome was not a thing to be despised, and

Gladwyn Thesiger, having found previous remonstrance with Dorigen useless, had with the help of her sisters done all that might be done to make Jean's two rooms as beautiful as they were capable of being made. The walls had been repapered with a real Morrisian paper, somewhat aggressive, but beyond all doubt pleasant to look upon; pretty rugs had been sent to hide the un-beautiful new carpet Jean had bought out of sheer goodwill; drawings hung about in profusion, with embroideries wherever embroidery could be. Indeed the place had been so changed that Dorigen felt as if she were entering upon a new home. And it was really home-like.

"I can think of you now with some pleasure," Gladwyn said, coming over on the following day to see how far her efforts had been successful. "You are always to sit in this easy-chair by the fire to write. I had this low writing-table made on purpose. And I hung all the prettiest things on the opposite wall, so that your eye might rest upon them every time you looked up. . . . Isn't that etching of Ruskin beautiful? That was Juliet's choice. And those little water-colours of the Abbey and the town, mamma did them on purpose for you. And there are all our photographs, even papa's, who never gives one to anybody, and Thyra chose those pretty bits of still-life. But I am going to get you some more photographs of people while we are in London, distinguished people, so that you may never feel lonely, but have good company about you always. But you never are lonely!"

"No; not now."

"Were you ever?"

"Once or twice in my life I have had paroxysms of loneliness. They lasted about an hour each time. I think if they had lasted longer I should have gone mad."

"You seem to have had every sort of experience," said Gladwyn. "I suppose it was needful for the work you have to do." Then she glanced at the desk where the scattered papers were lying, the quill pens not yet dry, the much-used blotting-paper.

"I believe I have walked into the middle of a chapter?" she said interrogatively.

"You have," was the reply. "And since you are so good about asking questions, or rather *not* asking them, I will tell you a bit of good news. You have shared my bad news oft enough. And the good concerns this book I am writing. It is a novel, and I sent part of it, the first volume, to the editor of the *Grosvenor Magazine*. If the two

other volumes are as good as the first it is to be accepted."

"And that is good news."

"Eminently good, for me."

"Then I hope you will get more money this time?"

"Much more. I have been making a list of the books I mean to buy. I will let you look at it, it is a rapture only to look at it."

Gladwyn glanced over the list. "There is no rapture in it for me," she said. "But tell me a little more about your books and yourself. I *am* good, as you say, but it costs me an effort to be good."

"But there is nothing more I can tell you."

"Not even the title?"

"Not even the title. Last time only one title was possible; this time three or four different ones are running in my brain, and in all probability I shall leave the decision to the editor in the end. That is the awkwardness of questions concerning an author's work. There are so few that one *can* answer, and protestations of ignorance are very naturally received with incredulosity."

"But at least you can tell me when the first instalment is to appear?"

"It is to appear in November, if at all; but I am anxious that the last word shall be written before the first is given to the world. So you see I have no time to lose."

"That means I am not to come again?"

"Quite the contrary: it means that you are to come whenever you can, in the afternoon, and stay as long as you can, and distract my attention all you can."

"The twentieth of next month will be a little distraction for you," said Gladwyn rather shyly.

"Is that the wedding day? Lady Anna was not quite sure," Dorigen said. "I hope it will be a fine day—it is sure to be a happy one. I shall think of you, you may be sure."

"Think of me!" Gladwyn exclaimed.

"You are to be my bridesmaid. I thought that was all settled before you went away; and we have ordered your locket and bracelet."

"They will do for the lady who will take my place," Dorigen said, speaking sadly enough. "Gladwyn, dear, don't press this. The character of bridesmaid is not in my repertoire. I could not act it successfully."

In her own heart there was another thought—a remembrance, almost a fear. "If I were to stand there," she said to herself, "If I were to stand in that chancel that day I should certainly see Gladwyn and Lancelot

'One and one with a shadowy third.'

And Margery would be as present to me as they would be. I could not bear it; I could not do it."

And in addition there was a feeling which could hardly be put into thoughts, much less into words—a feeling of separation, of shrinking from contact with that outer world which makes such demands not only upon time, but upon strength, vitality, life itself. "It is not for me, that social world," she said to herself. "And I am not for it. I have passed through the fire, and I have come out too much scorched to care for contact with people upon whose garments there is not even the smell of burning." But of all these things she said nothing. She only tried a little to soften her refusal.

"No, dear," she said, "you will have to be married without me, but not without my good wishes. I shall be able to think of you more, and more warmly than if I were trying to eat your wedding breakfast."

"There at any rate you would fail," said Gladwyn, still having disappointment in her tone.

"Probably; therefore excuse me from making the experiment."

"But you will promise then to come and stay with us at Adwalton as soon as we come back?"

"As soon as I can after you come back. Remember, I have my daily bread to earn."

"Which couldn't, I should think, be a difficult matter, comparing your appetite with a sixpenny loaf."

"Don't be impertinent; I shall go and ask Mrs. Laverock to bring in such a tea as will convince you that I am not in the habit of starving myself. But kiss me, Gladwyn, and be friends: the salt of life is in its friendships."

CHAPTER LX.—OUT OF THE MIST.

BREEZY and fresh and beautiful as Thorsgrif might be in ordinary weather, it must yet be confessed that it was a dull place to be in on a dull November day. The thick white mists hung low upon land and sea, the muffled mournful sound of the fog-horns came up the ravine all day and all night; not a bird note broke upon the ear; not a breeze stirred the tree-tops in the gill: the outer world was silent, formless, colourless. The inner world was—what you made it. With a November fog creeping in at window and door, one needs to draw upon one's resources to their last limit; and the bankrupt soul is surely much to be pitted.

Michael Salvain and his mother and sister had lived through so many Novembers in

Thorsgrif Gill, and their demands as to the pleasurable of life were so moderate and reasonable, that this particular November day had in it for them nothing that was intolerable. Michael went to and fro across the furzy waste that was between his own house and the Alum Works at Thorsgrif Ness, or now and then he went over to Hild's Haven; and he was nowhere conscious of being sadder or more depressed than was usual with him in those days of ceaseless yet most patient endurance.

His mother sat in her cosy sitting-room, heaping on coal and wood, stirring the fire into a perpetual blaze; choosing the brightest and lightest-coloured wools for the stockings she was knitting for the two children who in her estimation did so much to keep the house cheerful, and noisy, and busy, and pleasant. More than once she paused in her knitting to listen to the music lesson Joanna was giving to Zaré. The little fingers moved over the keys, and "Home, sweet home" came slowly, note by note. "One, two, three, four," counted Joanna. "Dere's no place lite home," sang Valerie, who was sitting on the rug, looking up into Mrs. Salvain's eyes, with a smile on her own little pink-and-white face. The contents of an ancient Noah's Ark—it had been Joanna's—were spread out upon the floor, and the animals were going two by two across the blue roses and the crimson scrolls which were the principal features of the carpet.

"One, two, three, four," counted Joanna again, "Be it ever so humble, dere's no place lite home," repeated Valerie in good time and tune. Whilst overhead Valerie's mother was clapping her hands and lifting a strained face in a very agony of despair because of that home's utter intolerableness.

One word, which she had said months ago—it seemed years ago—lingered strangely on her husband's ear. "If you will let me go I can earn my bread," she had declared, and the declaration was one he might never forget. She had not expected that he would divine the nature of the dream which haunted her by night and by day. But Michael Salvain was not quite the fool his wife deemed him to be. Immediately he had said to himself, "Ermine would go on the stage if her way were plain," and even as he said it there came to him the discernment to acknowledge that on the night she trod the boards she would find her true vocation.

Her whole nature, her whole personality, her whole talent—which was not small—would there find a fitting scene for its

highest and fullest outcome. Michael Salvain could imagine his wife appearing not only upon the stage of England, but of Europe, and being received as a second Rachel. To his appreciation it seemed as if there were in her something of that same fervid and glowing genius, with infinitely greater advantages in the way of personal beauty. He knew it had been said that Rachel, even in her most transcendent moments, was a plain-looking woman, but none could ever say the same of Ermengarde Salvain. Her great beauty would be the half of her charm, the half of her influence.

Inevitably Michael Salvain dwelt upon the idea so forcibly presented to him; inevitably it filled him with apprehension, with pain, with a great and overpowering disquietude.

Latterly it had grown upon him—why or wherefore he could not have said. But he was conscious of it, and his wife knew that he was conscious, and was very glad. It would make the development of her plans easier. All this while she had been maturing her plans; her purpose had been growing and strengthening within her; she had devoted her whole time to such studies as she knew how to pursue, and her knowledge in these matters was not small.

In that former life of hers which seemed so far away, she had more than once taken a prominent part in amateur representations, and she, with others who had acted with her, had had the advantage of some excellent training from a lady whose position on the stage is yet unchallenged. To this lady she would appeal when the time came, and it was coming quickly. And yet there were many intolerable days to be endured by the way; this gloomy November day was one of them—one of many—and as it wore on to noon, bringing no change, no hope, no relief from the terrible monotony, Ermengarde felt as if she could endure it no longer. "How can I bear it?" she asked again and again, half-aloud, lifting her beautiful, tragic face and tossing wide her white, finely-moulded arms in a very agony of appeal, and having all the while a certain under-current of consciousness that this despairing mood afforded excellent opportunities for study and practice. Thus it was, that instead of checking her desperation, she encouraged it, fed it by all means, and gave herself credit for fulfilling a professional duty.

It might be this same sense of use which was moving in her when her husband came back from Hild's Haven. It was but three o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the twilight

was descending through the thick yellow fog. Ermengarde was still up-stairs in her own room when he came. She had had a fire lighted there. *The Winter's Tale* was open on the sofa, and she was standing with clasped hands and set, marble-like face in a recess near the window. She did not see the quiet smile on her husband's face, the pleased look in his eyes, or the thick, grey-covered magazine which he was offering to her for her acceptance.

"It is the *Grosvenor*, Ermine," he said, "the November number, and it contains the first instalment of 'Thorwaldsthorne.' I had a little time to wait, but I didn't cut the pages. I know you like to do that for yourself, and I wouldn't spoil your pleasure."

"My pleasure!" she said, having a great scorn in her beautiful voice. "My pleasure! There may be pleasure for you in reading a novel of Miss Gower's, or of any one else's; but I confess my emotions require some stronger incentive before they can be greatly moved to pleasure."

"I expect this will be a stronger book than the last," he said, putting the magazine down with a certain disappointment in his act and tone. "But even the last took its place with competent judges, and the notices I have seen of the first instalment of this are full of high anticipation."

"Probably. But the subject has no interest for me—not one particle. What is a novel when it is written, and printed, and published? It is a thing that people borrow from a library, glance through in a couple of hours, and never see again—never dream of wishing to see again. I pity Dorigen Gower, that such a mind as hers should have no fuller and greater and grander outlet for its powers than that! If she were to write a drama *that* I could understand, there I could have sympathy with her. But if I might have chosen my gifts for myself, I would never have chosen that my soul should trickle out through the point of a pen. Where can be the good of it? Where the joy? To sit alone, to brood over your own thought alone, to sit down and express it alone—where can be the satisfaction?"

"There must be the satisfaction of knowing that your mind is brought into contact with other minds."

"No—pardon me—there cannot be even that, not as a rule. A writer may dream, may hope that it is so; but he cannot know. What will Miss Gower know at Burtree Beck? . . . Oh, I should go mad if I had to live her life for a month. This is in-

tolerable; that would be maddening. I should be thinking always night and day of the life that might be mine, that *will* be mine, that *must* be mine, if I am to live my life at all. . . . No; don't interrupt me, Michael. I had meant to say it. I don't want to leave your house like a thief in the night; but I will do that, if you drive me to it. . . . You must let me go. Don't think mine is a girl's fancy—the usual fancy of the stage-struck young lady. I have always known that the power was mine—the power to move an audience, to win its sympathy, to carry it with me through a drama from first to last; and I can conceive no higher joy, no higher glory, than to find one's self face to face with a crowd of sympathetic listeners, people who have come there to yield themselves heart and soul to your soul, to feel the flash as your passion strikes upon the passion in them, the electric thrill of emotion as you give adequate utterance to some forceful human truth which is recognised instantly to be the concentrated expression of some forceful human experience!

"The life of a long life distilled to a mere drop,
Falling upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn."

You may call all this enthusiasm, you may call it sickness of the brain, you may call it what you will; but you must face the fact, my husband, that I, Ermengarde Salvain, must follow my life's vocation—or cease to live! I tell you plainly, strongly, surely, for me there is no alternative!"

Michael Salvain stood quite silently there, his hand resting on his wife's dressing-table, her trinkets strewn about before his eyes, herself in the recess by the window, tall and beautiful, and white and cold with the intensity of her own emotion.

"I have tried to prepare myself for this, Ermine," he said, with quiet strength in his voice, yet with pain written on every feature of his face. "But you find me unprepared. . . . I only know that it is impossible that I should ever consent to your leaving your home. As I have told you, I was fully aware of the sacrifice you made in accepting such a home. But I hoped you had counted the cost, as I tried to count it for you."

"I do not blame you, Michael—not in anything. I was glad of your offer, as you know. I condescended to scheme for it; but I am sufficiently punished. . . . Oh, how mad, how deluded I must have been! But for my own folly I might have been free now—free as air! . . . But, Michael, you will set me free?"

"Never, Ermine."

"That is final?"

"It is quite final. I will never release you from the vow you made in the sight of Heaven, and I will never consent to your becoming an actress. But I will do anything else you wish me to do. If you wish it I will make arrangements for leaving Thorsgrif altogether. And we will live where you wish to live."

"You would live in London?"

"Yes, or anywhere else where you could be happy. But let me remind you that we should have to live in a very moderate way. I should have to put a man in my place here, and pay him adequately for doing the work I do myself."

Ermine stood silently for awhile, looking out of the window into the blank yellow mist, tapping her foot impatiently upon the carpet. There was for her no good, no gladness in the prospect held out to her.

"I should have no more freedom than I have now," she said presently, but speaking more as if to herself than to her husband.

But he heard, and he asked in sadness, "Could any wife have more freedom than you have, Ermine?"

"That is going back, arguing in a circle," she said, having irritation in her tone. Then, after a moment's silence, she added, "Leave me, Michael; leave me now, and don't take any steps toward change till I tell you. I will think things over once more, though, Heaven knows, I am weary of thinking. . . . And don't take the *Grosvenor* away. I will look over 'Thorwaldsthorpe.'" Then she added, in a tone that was half contemptuous, half strangely wistful, "Perhaps it will move me to say my prayers to-night. It is a long while since I have said any prayers."

CHAPTER LXI.—"ONE LAST KISS UPON THE LIVING SHORE."

IN almost every hamlet of Yorkshire, however small, you will find at least one man who has the doubtful reputation of being "a character." It might be difficult at times to say what the character has done to earn for himself this distinction. Sometimes it would seem as if a power of saying rude or disagreeable things were enough; at other times you suspect that a high degree of social incompatibility must lead to eminence; and there are villages where the quarrelsome seem certainly to maintain a position of authority of which the more peaceful must be secretly envious. A long course of observation has led to the conclusion that it is seldom the amiable, the unselfish, the quietly-disposed, who acquire

that peculiar kind of reputation which entitles a man to be considered in his own locality as "a character." And yet there are, there must be, exceptions.

Adam Farah, for instance, Enoch's father, was really on the whole a well-disposed old man, but his good disposition had not precluded his acquiring a certain prominence among his fellows, though it might be difficult to define either the cause of his prominence or the nature of it. His position at the alum works might have something to do with it. He was wont to boast a little that he had been "head-cooper" at the works for nearly forty years, and of late he had been employed to assist in the alum-making itself. This had added something to the dignity of his standing, and, perhaps something of conceit to the piquancy of his ordinary speech. Be this as it might, it may fairly be said that old Adam was, in a mild way, a "character" in the hamlet of Thorsgrif.

His house was one of seven or eight which stood on the broad ledge of shale half-way down the cliff-side, and not very far from the sheds and cisterns. It was a somewhat larger cottage than the rest, and old Adam, having no wife, had willingly agreed that his house should continue to be the home of his son Enoch when the latter married. That was about two years before this wild wet winter set in, and they had been very happy years for Enoch and Rizpah; happier of late for the presence of a fine baby boy. The next it was hoped would be a girl, and on the 17th of December this hope was granted. Rizpah's new baby was three days old on the morning of Tuesday, the 20th. It was a dull, grey, and bitterly cold morning, but the rain, which had poured down ceaselessly for nearly a week past, had ceased to pour. The beck was swollen and noisy, the sea was rough, and it almost seemed as if that were swollen too, and there was hardly a sail in sight anywhere. The single bare mast of a sloop was in the offing, not far from Thorsgrif Ness; indeed, it had come there with coal for the alum works, and was waiting for low water to discharge its cargo. The name could be seen quite distinctly; it was the *Aslauga*, of Hild's Haven. Her captain's name was James Applebie.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when Mr. Salvain went down the wet winding road that led to the office in the cliff. Enoch was in the stable, the foreman was out among the cisterns, old Adam was stirring the office-fire, and he went on stirring it, not troubling himself to turn or touch his bat-

tered fur cap in answer to his master's greeting. He prided himself a little on his disregard of ceremony.

Michael Salvain knew the old man's way, and made no attempt to reform it. In fact as a rule he did not notice it. But presently it became evident that Adam was about to claim a little notice this morning. Crossing the floor of the office in a somewhat impressive manner, he closed the door, turned the key in the lock, and came back to the desk. There he stopped, rested his hand upon the little railing that ran round the top of the table, and sighed heavily.

"Adam, you are not well this morning," exclaimed Mr. Salvain with concern, and looking keenly into the old man's solemn face and dark, intent-looking eyes. "You must go home, and Enoch shall go for a doctor."

"Doctor me na doctors," said the old man, with a groan. "It's noän doctors as is wanted here."

"Then what is it? What is troubling you?" asked Michael, patiently enough.

Old Adam was silent a moment, then he put his hand on his side and evidently began to prepare for a long communication. Michael watched with interest.

"Ah'm an oäd man, maister," he began impressively. "Ah've lived above my three-score years and ten, an' Ah've lived 'em all i' Thorsgrif. Niver in his life hes Adam Farah slept a neet oot o' Thorsgrif."

"Indeed! And you are not tired of it?"

"Tired on it! Naäy, maister. A man 'at tires of his naäitive counthry 'ud tire o' the globe itself, give him tahme anuff. But t'warnt o' that 'at Ah com to speak, 'twarnt for that 'at Ah started to tell ya 'at man an' boy Ah'd lived my life amang these rocks, an' cliffs, an' floods, an' wrecks, an' landslips. Wheä sud know 'em if nut me? Ah, it's been a straänge spot, this coäst hes, for disaster! Ya'll have heerd tell o' Hunswyke village disappearin' all i' one neet—ivery hoose in it but one where there was a corpse lyin'. An Ah've heerd my gran'father tell mony a tahme hoo there was warnin' anuff, if only the folks would ha' ta'en it, rum'lins i' the e'th, an' such like, for daäys and daäys afore. Noo Ah don't want to give noä false alarms—Ah don't indeed, sir. Ya've niver know'd ma give noä false alarms?"

"No, certainly not. I have never known you do anything that a faithful servant ought not to have done."

"Thank ya, sir! thank ya! That's han'some, that is. An' Ah wouldn't be actin' faithful by you, nor by nobody i' the plaäce

if I didn't saäy the thing I hev to saäy noo. An' mebbe ya'll think it isn't much when it is said. But it seems plenty ta me 'at knaws the spot sa well. . . . Mr. Salvain, the stones, an' the e'th, an' the shale hesn't come droppin' doon upon the roofs o' these sheds three nights runnin' for nothin'. Porritt knows on it as well as me, an' we both on us heerd that rummlin', an' crackin', an' rendin', an' rivin' that was goin' on i' the boeels o' the e'th last neet, an' Ah made up my mind 'at Ah'd tell ya on it this mornin', an' then the burden of it all 'ud lie on my head na longer."

The old man had been watching his master intently, and he had perceived quickly enough the growing whiteness, the growing rigidity that came upon the face of the younger man. Then their eyes met, and each man betrayed the depth of his apprehension.

"But you have heard these sounds before?"

"I hev, sir, mony a tahme; but niver hauf sa lood, or sa lang-continying. . . . But there, Ah've said my saäy, an' Ah'd rether saäy na more, so as you be willin', sir. Ah'd not like to taäke no responsibility."

For a long time Michael Salvain sat there alone with his responsibility and himself, then he went out and looked up at the face of the rugged, immovable rocks, which seemed to him to look back upon him with that same calm sternness, that same inscrutable and mysterious grandeur with which they had given him back his glance for all the years of his later youth and middle life. The scene seemed part of himself, part of his every hope, his every error, his every disappointment, his every period of suffering. And through it all no change had happened there; for a thousand years, or twice a thousand, no change had happened at Thorsgrif Ness. As Michael stood there looking upon the firm, barren rock, he had almost smiled at the old man's foreboding.

But it was noticed that the master did not go home in the middle of the day, as he had usually done. Instead he sent a note to his wife, saying simply that business matters would detain him till nightfall.

Before nightfall he had quietly persuaded more than half of his men to leave the cottages by the works, and to take with them their wives and families. They could find shelter in the neighbourhood, and he would recoup any extra expense to which they might be put. But there were some who were not to be persuaded. He could not prevail upon Enoch Farah to attempt to remove his wife and three-days-old baby.

The little lad was sent away "to please the master," but it was easy to see that Enoch did not share his father's fears. Rather did he incline to listen to Jacob Porritt, who was as old a man, and who had had as great experience of the ways of nature by the wild North Sea as Adam Farah had had. Jacob had laughed at Adam's fearfulness, and his laughter had made a great impression in the little community. In fact, during the day the people had divided themselves into two parties, one following the views of each old man. By the time the night had set in none of Adam's adherents remained on the ledge of alum shale. Adam himself remained. "He would see the end," he said. Michael Salvain heard the words, and once more he smiled, but gravely.

"How many people are there down here now altogether?" he asked, speaking as much to himself as to Adam.

"There's me an' Jacob an' Bulmer, sir. 'Twas oor first shift te-neet; but Ah reckon we'll ha' te make it first an' last. There isn't anuther able-bodied man left on the spot but Enoch. There's oäid Scaife, but he's nowther use nor ornament, an' nowt 'ud persuade him to get his beänes oot o' t' spot. . . . Hoo mony dis that mak—favhe? Why, then there's nobbut them an' Rizpah an' t' bairn. That's seven sowsl altegether, sir; eight wi' you."

"Too many if anything should happen," Michael said; "but I trust nothing will. Doubtless the rain has loosened the earth a good deal, that would account for the dropping of the soil and stones. To-day there has been no rain."

"Trew, sir."

"And all has been still enough for some hours now. I have not seen more than a few handfuls of earth dropping downward since I came this morning."

"Trew, sir."

"Have you as much dread as you had in the forenoon, Adam?"

"Ivery bit as much, sir. Mebbe rather more. Things mostly happens at night."

"Well, I can only repeat that I hope nothing will happen. I can do no more unless I insist that every human being shall leave the place. I shall certainly do that so soon as I see sufficient grounds for doing it."

"But you'll nut be stayin' here durin' the night, sir?"

"Yes, I shall. I am going home now for an hour or two. Send instantly if there is any further sign. And tell Enoch that I

think he had better take the horse and trap up to Orde's stable; it is no use going across to the gill with it this dark night."

The night was very dark, and Michael Salvain's mother was beginning to be apprehensive. Somehow a word had reached her of the threatened danger at the Ness; but she had kept the matter faithfully to herself all day, and now she would not worry him. He had enough of worry, she thought, as she watched the paleness of his face, and the sad, overburdened look about his eyes and mouth. Ermengarde was as if she saw nothing.

Michael Salvain's wife had never looked more beautiful than she looked as she sat there by the tea-table, in a pretty demi-toilette of some dark gauzy stuff, relieved by silvered ribbons and white lace. Her golden hair shone in the lamp-light, her dreamy eyes looked more dreamy than ever, and there was a most unusual flush of colour on her exquisitely rounded cheek. Moreover, there was something in the expression of her face which even Michael, absorbed and harassed as he was, could not but perceive and wonder at. He did not remember ever to have seen the same look on his wife's countenance before. At intervals a half-smile played about her lip, but it was not a pleased smile. She was surely thinking of something, dreaming of something, which perplexed her as much as it gratified her. Whatever it was, it seemed to have drawn her soul from its present environment.

Many a time of late he had seen her depressed, silent, absent-minded, and he had divined the cause of these things. Now he was aware of the presence of a new element, and it could not be but that he should feel concern. Nearly five weeks had passed since that November day on which he had offered to leave Thorsgrif, to permit her to decide where they might make another home; and since that day no more had been said.

Yet she had not forgotten it, this he knew. She had not relinquished her hope, this he knew also. What fresh turn had her purpose taken? He could ask no question with his mother and sister in the room; but presently Joanna went up-stairs to put the children to bed, and Michael took the opportunity to announce his intention with regard to the coming night.

"I wish you would make me a sandwich or two with your own hands, my mother," he said. "Susan's sandwiches are not appetising."

"But you don't want them making over-night, Michael?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, please. I may want them for use during the night." Michael was speaking to his mother, but he watched his wife as he spoke. He was not prepared for the change he saw on her face. Every particle of colour died from her lip and cheek; her eyes seemed to fix themselves on the carpet with resoluteness. Over her whole frame there came a certain tremulous fluttering of apprehension which another might have supposed to arise out of fear for her husband's safety. Michael Salvain did not so deceive himself.

Naturally there came from his mother a torrent of questions, surprises, distresses, entreaties. What if the whole concern at the Ness were to go into the sea; what then? Let her son go down, order every living being away from the spot, and then come back to his home, and leave the rest to Providence.

Ermengarde, trying to recover herself, laughed, with a strange nervous trembling in her laugh. Michael almost shuddered to hear it. "It has seemed to me for some time past that Providence has no special need of alum," she said. "By how many thousand tons did you say the demand had fallen off last year?"

Michael named the number, and his mother, with tearful glances toward her son and her sister's daughter, went out, leaving them together for a moment. They stood silently.

"Ermine, what is the matter to-night?" Michael said, crossing the rug, and laying a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "I must leave you; but the idea of leaving you like this is misery to me."

"Like what?"

"I am not good at description," he said; "but you must know that you are not yourself. . . . You are not afraid for me?"

"No; really I am not."

There was something pathetic, even in her estimation, in the way the dark colour swept over her husband's pained face to the roots of his hair. She watched him critically.

"You are intending to stay down at the works all night?" she asked presently.

"Yes."

"You will not be alone?"

"Not by any means alone. There will be six or seven human beings there besides myself."

"Is Enoch remaining?"

"Yes; he cannot leave his wife and newborn child. I am more concerned for them than for any one else."

Again Ermengarde stood silent for awhile, a long while it seemed to her husband, who had yet acquired no clue to what almost

amounted to a mystery. He was not likely to acquire any unless his wife chose that he should do so; this he knew.

"Ermine!" he said, bending over her, and drawing her face to his; "Ermine, I am in trouble to-night. The weight of apprehension, of responsibility, of foreboding that I have is almost more than one can bear alone. Say something to me before I go; say but a single word that I can remember for my comfort, for my consolation, if the worst should come that I dread. Apart from the loss of human life there would be nothing that I could not endure if you were helping me to endure, enduring with me."

There was a moment's silence.

"Michael, you knew before you married me that the role of 'dutiful helpmeet' could never be mine," Ermengarde said with distinct and musical intonation. "I might pretend; I have pretended. But to-night I will not."

"At least, tell me what it is that has come to you to-night?"

"Nothing has come to me. Nothing could ever come to me in Thorsgrif Gill."

Then, as if involuntarily, but with evident anxiousness, she turned to look at the clock. It pointed to nearly nine. Michael's eyes following hers discerned the same unpleasant truth.

"I did not think it had been so late," he said. "I must go. And I feel curiously reluctant. My wife, what is it? What is it?"

"It is the dread that you will find your pots and pans gone into the sea," she said, with another nervous little laugh. Presently she added, "I suppose everything will be in confusion down there to-night?"

"I fear so."

"Well, it will pass; everything passes if only one has patience, and pluck. That is not a nice word for a lady to use, but it is eminently expressive."

"Don't let it be your last word to me to-night?"

"To-night! to-night! Why are you harping so much upon to-night?" she asked fretfully, forgetting that she herself had but just used the word.

"I don't know why," Michael replied, half wondering at himself. "I suppose I am rather overwrought."

"Probably. . . . Try to take care of yourself down at the works. Have a good fire in your office, enjoy your sandwiches, and go to sleep. You will come back more at one with yourself in the morning."

"Shall I?"

"Assuredly."

"And you?"

"And I? . . . I shall be more at one with myself also."

"I wish I could think that, Ermine!"

"Be sure of it; quite sure. . . . I am going to begin a new life to-night, Michael. I am going to shake off all the old miserable unrest to-night."

"Is *that* the meaning of the hour?"

"That, and that only. . . . And promise me one thing; only one. You will not remember my old errors against me, against my children? You will forget the past? you will have none but kindly thoughts of me in the days to be? You will not remember my old sins?"

"They have hardly been sins, dear!" Michael said, remembering at her word the things he had suffered; yet, half-bewildered by this sudden change, this unlooked-for opening in his clouded prospect. "Oh, Ermine! you have made me very happy!" he continued. "It was hard to go before; it is harder now: decidedly it is harder to leave happiness. . . . But no, I shall take it with me. I must leave you; but I shall take the happiness. . . . Kiss me once more, my wife! Kiss me once more!"

And with her last fervid kiss upon his lips he turned away, not knowing, not dreaming how and where they were to meet again.

CHAP. LXII.—THE FALL OF THORSGRIF NESS.

THAT confusion which Ermengarde had anticipated was not particularly obvious as Michael went down by the sodden clayey cliffs to his office among the alum sheds. Here and there a light was burning; once or twice the sound of human voices came up the barren slope; and once or twice the thud of stones dropping from a great height to the rocks below arrested his attention. The latter sound struck him as the dropping of earth upon a coffin lid. He was prepared for the desperate apprehension written on Adam Farah's face; and he listened attentively to the old man's words.

"It's overed, sir! It's all overed!" Adam said, entering the little office a moment after his master; and standing so that his folded arms seemed to have despair in the very fold of them.

"What makes you say that, Adam?" Mr. Salvain asked calmly.

The old man paused a moment; and his answer evidently required effort.

"It's the liquor, sir! . . . IT'S COMIN' BLUNDERED!"

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This reply, which would have meant so little to a stranger, meant the worst to Michael Salvain. His knowledge informing his imagination enabled him to realise the truth too well.

The liquid alum, which as a rule ran clear as glass, was beginning to come thickened and muddy, *blundered*, as Adam said in his expressive phraseology; betokening that the sediment at the bottom of the cisterns was being disturbed by the action of the earth.

Michael only hesitated a moment. "Your son's wife must be removed at once," he said, leaving his desk as he spoke. "Joseph Bulmer must help Enoch to carry her up to Orde's. She can be carried on her bed; and I will . . ." The Alum Master did not finish his sentence. His words were arrested on his lips by a sound which resembled the thunder which breaks among the hills. There was the roll, the crash, the echo, and again the roll; the ground quivered beneath the feet of the two men fearfully; and then there came a dull riving and rending, close at hand; and less muffled than the first sounds had been. By this time they stood at the office door, listening to the slow heavy falling of the rocks at the back of the works. Nothing could be seen. There was a light in Enoch's window; and one in the window of Bulmer's cottage. Jacob Porritt, half-dressed, came running across to the office, and the light from the door showed his aged face white and stricken with fear. To add to the horror of the moment the rain began to fall heavily.

"Something must be done for Rizpah," Michael Salvain said, fancying that he heard a woman's faint cry as the earth once more gave a slow onward wave toward the sea, and then seemed to recoil and shudder for a second or two.

In another moment he had lighted a couple of lanterns; and with two of the men he set out to cross the road to Adam's cottage. They soon discovered that the worn and ancient pathway had disappeared; indeed, the aspect of the place had so changed that but for the lights in the cottage window they could hardly have been certain as to their exact whereabouts. There was still that other light burning feebly in the distance—the light on board the sloop *Aslauga*.

It was all but impossible to proceed. Huge stones were thrown down; wide fissures yawned; even as they went onward the earth slipped, and moved in a slow sickening way that was very terrible to feel. Just as they reached the door of Adam's cottage, the next

cottage, which was detached and empty, went down with a crash, falling seaward.

While the stones of which it had been built were yet grinding and sinking in the darkness Adam's door was suddenly opened; and Rizpah came shrieking out, only half-dressed, and with her three-days-old baby in her arms. "Oh, Mr. Michael! Mr. Michael! save me! save my bairn!" she cried. Then her voice failed, and she sank back fainting against the palings of the little garden. In another minute she was lying in old Adam's arm-chair, wrapped in blankets from her bed; and Mr. Salvain stood beside her in the cottage with her baby safe in his arms. Enoch, it seemed, had left the house but a few minutes before the first crash had been heard; the woman who had been nursing Rizpah had gone before dark, promising to come back early in the morning.

As they stood there in the little cottage, anxious and perplexed for the fainting mother, Enoch came running back, fear-stricken, and pallid beyond all the rest.

"There's no road up, sir, none! The face o' the cliff's disappeared altogether, an' there's no way out o' this. Heaven help us!"

"Keep quiet, Enoch," Michael Salvain said. "And light the largest bonfire you can light as a danger signal! Do this immediately! Captain Applebie will send a boat, and your wife and child can be taken on board the *Aslauga*."

This was the work of an hour or more; but it was effectively done. The poor fear-exhausted mother and her little one were carried as gently as might be to the beach; her bed was placed in the boat; and then she was rowed safely over the dark rough waves that were between the shore and the ship. By Mr. Salvain's order Enoch remained with her; and on the following morning the sloop went round with the passengers to the quay side at Hild's Haven. Rizpah never forgot that night.

In his anxiety for the woman and child Michael had at first forgotten that there was another aged man on the spot, the same Isaiah Scaife of whom brief mention has been made. The old man was alone in a tiny cottage at the very end of the plateau; and Jacob Porritt going at Mr. Salvain's request to rouse him, found him curiously unwilling to leave his house, or even his bed.

"Naäy, naäy!" said the old man, turning sleepily on his side. "Goä thy waäys, Jacob, go thy waäys. Thoo's oäd aneäf te know bether than disturb a body, an' hinder him of his neet's rest i' this waäy for nowt!"

"For nowt? Lissen tiv him!" said the poor panic-stricken Jacob. "Hearken for thysel' then!" he cried as another burst of rolling thunder was heard in the rocks but just behind the cottage; indeed the stones came rattling upon the tiled roof furiously. These sounds were followed by the same riving and rending, and cracking and crushing as before. Surely not one stone could long be left upon another in that hamlet by the sea!

The bed on which the old man was lying was rocking visibly when Mr. Salvain went in, and by sheer force drew him from his unsteady pillow.

"Are you mad, Isaiah?" he asked. "Make haste down to the beach, that is the only safe place. And go you there too, Jacob. I have sent the others down. Be cautious; and make your way up the gill to my house, if you can. If not, try to cross the bay to Hunswyke."

"An' what be ya goin' te do yersel', maister?" asked old Scaife, sitting on the edge of his bed, and pausing in the act of drawing on an enormous pair of woollen stockings.

"I shall follow the advice I have given you, presently," Mr. Salvain said. "Once let me know that every one is out of danger and I shall take good care of myself."

But it was not until near three o'clock in the morning, that Michael knew himself to be perfectly alone at Thorsgrif Ness. There was a time of silence, of strained, almost unearthly silence. The rain had ceased to fall; the tide was receding; the waves rose and fell, and murmured hoarsely. The darkness was intense, and unrelieved by the light of the smallest star.

Michael was growing accustomed to the darkness. The lanterns had gone out long ago; and he had sauntered in the still depth of the night to the outer point of rock. Then he sat down and thought. For nearly an hour he sat there, there were many things to stimulate his thinking power. That scene which had passed between himself and his wife came back upon him with all its burden of pain, of apprehensiveness. These sensations were more present with him now than the gleam of happiness which had broken upon him at the last moment. He remembered the gleam as one remembers last summer's sun, not feeling the warmth of it. Still he was glad to have it even in his memory.

It struck him presently with a mingled sense of pain and amusement, that he should sit there among the ruins of Thorsgrif Ness

thinking, not of what the ruin might mean to him, but of how he might prevent a worse ruin. He would do what he could, he said to himself. That change which he had proposed would be almost inevitable now. The Alum Works at Thorsgrif would never be rebuilt, of this he was aware certainly.

Still he sat thinking; but presently his thought was broken in upon in a way he had not dreamed of. It had never occurred to him that the crisis of that night had not yet come. It was coming now. Was the world itself rocking to its final doom? Involuntarily he looked upward to the black broken heavens for some sign, but no sign was given there. The thunder was of the earth only, but it was louder, more terrific, more appalling than it had been before; and it was continuing longer. It seemed as if every rock along the coast were being riven asunder, and every cliff-top height thrown from its ancient place.

"Surely they will hear this at Hild's Haven!" Michael said to himself. And he was not mistaken, the sounds had been heard distinctly. Of course he knew that in his own house and in the hamlet above the works there would be alarm and consternation. With the first dawn of day he would hasten homeward, or perhaps sooner. It might be that he could make his way up the gill, as he hoped the others had done. The danger would be in attempting to reach the shore.

So he stood, thinking more of his home, and the anxiety there, than of his own present position, or of any peril he might be in. And even as he stood alone, wrought upon by strange experiences, filled by strange fears and apprehensions, there came a sound that startled him, and drove him from himself more than all the dread sounds of that night had done. It was a human cry, a woman's cry, not loud or shrill, but with sudden terror in it, and pitiful appeal. Michael shouted aloud in answer to it instantly, rushing onward as he cried over earth and stones and fallen rock, toward the place from whence the sound had seemed to come.

He went on desperately through that great darkness, knowing that any moment he might be rushing to his own destruction. But no thought of his own life stayed him. There had been that in the cry he heard that told him certainly another life was in danger, a life dear to him, precious to him, as a human life may be that all the while is fretting one's own happiness away in wilful disregard.

Ah! the misery of knowing that you

love, and must love greatly, one who daily and hourly strains your affection to the uttermost, who sets a heedless foot upon your most deathless instincts, who returns you thoughtless ill for your most thoughtful good; who has no care for you, who affords you no rest, no help, no companionship; who is to you a stone for the bread you need, and who yet—yet can draw from you an affection that thrills with constant fear lest loss or harm should come to this one so painfully beloved. Is there any love quite like to this, which has no return but great and ceaseless pain?

Had Michael Salvain's wife been to him the tenderest, most devoted, most spiritually congenial wife that was ever given to man, he had not climbed the face of that wet, changed, falling cliff with a greater dread in his brain, with a keener, or more passionate, or more yearning anxiety in his heart than that which possessed him as he went onward, onward and upward, yet despite his effort, making but little way. It might have been some unknown and untrodden land, over which he travelled, for any knowledge of the place he had. Where pathways had been, fractured peaks of rock stood for his surprise. Wide mounds of wet earth and clay had to be crept over in the darkness. He had only knowledge of the fact that he was striving to climb upward. That terrible cry had seemed to come downward to him as he stood on the point of the ness.

Again and again he paused in that drear ascent, again and again he shouted aloud in the still darkness, for all was silent again now, appallingly silent.

"Ermine! Ermine! speak to me!" he cried. But there was no answer, not even a dropping stone or handful of earth made answer. Some hours must have passed while Michael Salvain was creeping and climbing up from the scene of the worst disaster to the safety of the cliff top. When at last he knew himself to stand on firm earth, the day was coming up out of the sea.

For awhile he stood there exhausted, bewildered, beginning to feel it possible that after all his ears had deceived him as to any voice he might have heard. Almost he had smiled as he thought of it. But the temptation to smile left him as he turned to look downward. The impression he received as he stood there was that the hamlet and the works had not fallen, but had been *thrust out to sea*.

Almost the first thing he saw distinctly in the grey spreading light was that the sea-wall

or staith, which years ago he had built to face the ocean and defend the side of the rock on which the alum works stood, had been forced outwards across the beach for nearly fifty yards. It was there, partly standing, partly broken down, but it was fifty yards below its original foundation. All the rest had followed.

The peculiarly-shaped point of rock, which had towered above the works, still retained its original outline, but it crossed the sunrise some two hundred feet below its normal altitude. The sheds were still partly standing—they are partly standing to-day—but they were utterly wrecked. Not a red-tiled roof remained in sight. The last stone of the office had been removed from its place.

And not a single cottage was left standing upon the ledge of alum shale.

It was a scene to bring tears to the eyes of a man whose life had been bound up with Thorsgrif Ness as Michael Salvain's had been. And yet, no; the calamity was above and beyond tears. And more than this, there was in him the fear that he might not yet have sounded the full depth of the ill that night had wrought. Once again there came upon his ear the echo of that piercing cry, and with it the first fear, the first certainty returned. For a moment he stood listening, thinking rapidly, scanning with his eye the scene of ruin and disaster spread out before him and below him. Then, with what strength was left to him, he sped across the waste to his own home. It was almost a surprise to him that it stood there unhurt. He was prepared to find the windows alight, fires burning, evidences of watching and unrest. It was his mother who met him at the door, having heard his step upon the gravel. Her hands were outstretched, her face was pale in the grey dawn, her voice tremulous and low, and full of tears.

"Michael! It is you, my son?" she said. "And you are not hurt?"

"No, mother, not a hair of my head is hurt," he said, stooping to kiss her fear away, yet dreading to verify that strange fear of his own. His question came with difficulty. "Has Ermine been much disturbed?" he asked.

"No, Michael," she said. "It is curious how she has slept. Adam Farah and old Porritt came up this way, making noise enough to awaken the soundest sleeper that ever was, and then those terrible thunderings and rumblings have been going on all night. . . . Michael, what has happened? I thought it was the end of the world!"

"I will tell you all about it after, mother. So far as I know no one is hurt. I must let Ermine know at once that I am safe."

He went up the broad stone stairs slowly, heavily, not even removing his clay-laden boots or taking any heed of his soiled clothing. He felt his face grow rigid as he went. A small lamp was burning on the landing-table, struggling with the feeble daylight. He took it in his hand, and went into the heavily-curtained room. There was no sign of any change, of any disorder. The fire had not burnt itself quite out. Ermine's old dressing-gown of rose-red flannel was thrown across a chair, a pair of tiny pink slippers were near the wardrobe. But at a glance, at one swift glance, he saw the thing he feared to see. The bed had not been slept in. . . . He stood for a moment chilled, stricken, feeling the beating of his heart in his tortured brain. Then he turned, and passed through his own small dressing-room to the room beyond, where the children slept. They were there, and asleep. Valerie's golden head on Zaré's arm; and Valerie was smiling. He did not stay to watch them. Going back to his own room he saw a note, or rather a letter, lying on the table by the window. He expected to find it addressed to himself, and in his wife's handwriting; and his expectation was fulfilled. He tried to read the letter, but he gathered the contents without actual reading. Hardly a word reached his brain distinctly, and yet he knew that his wife had carried out the threat she had made but a few weeks before. She had left his house, she had started that night for London, and her sole entreaty was that she might be left to work out a career for herself unhindered, unregretted. A postscript was added, explaining that Enoch was in nowise to blame for having consented to drive her over to Hild's Haven so late at night. She had invented a plausible reason for requiring his services, and also for requesting his secrecy in the matter.

Mrs. Salvain was standing in the hall when her son went down-stairs again, and in a few quiet words he explained to her what had happened. She was too much stunned to reply, or to attempt to hinder him from leaving the house again instantly. He said nothing of his intention, nothing of that cry which again was ringing in his ears as he went rapidly over the heath to Thorsgrif Ness.

It was daylight now, and the people in the cliff-top village were all alert, moving about with pale, wonder-stricken faces, speaking in subdued voices. Most of the

refugees from the wrecked hamlet below were there, congratulating each other that there had been no loss of life, and pitying poor Rizpah as they watched the grey sail of the *Aslauga* moving slowly away against the morning sky.

"She could niver ha' been got up t' cliff," young Jacob Porritt was saying. "If yon vessel hadn't ha' been i' the bay, Rizpah 'ud ha' died o' cold an' fright. It is a marcy things is as they are!"

"It 'ud be a bigger marcy if thou could find me my pinshers an' my lanshes,* Jacob," said old Scaife, who had held the proud position of local dentist for more years than he knew, and who knew that his occupation was gone indeed with the fearful instruments, the loss of which he was bewailing. "Find me my little box o' tools, Jacob, an' Ah'll draw thy teeth free gratis for nothing as long as Ah live!"

"Whisht! whisht!" said a feminine voice, interrupting before this magnificent offer could be accepted. "Whisht, wi' thee! Here's the master comin' back. An' eh! but he leuks doon i' th' countenance. An' no wonder! no wonder! What'll he be after noo, Isaiah? . . . Eh? He's coming here!"

Looking sadly downward upon the appalling scene of ruin which was between the whin-covered waste and the grey, sullen sea, Michael Salvain came swiftly onward to where the nearest group of men were whispering together.

"Jacob," he said, speaking to the younger Porritt; "my trap is at Orde's, I sent it there last night. Drive over to Hild's Haven, find Enoch Farah, and bring him here without delay."

Then he turned and glanced round upon the men, choosing out three to follow him by such ways as they could make or find for themselves to the spot below where the hamlet had stood. They were to go separately.

"John! you go down the gill, and make your way upward from the beach. Burrell! go a little to the east and try to get to where the office stood. Samson! can you get down from hereabouts, do you think? I will meet you there, by the office."

He gave them no further instructions, there was no need of any. If they should come upon any such thing as he feared, they would know what to do. And—he himself would not be far away.

He waited till the three men had started, watching the two who were to descend from the cliff-top as they went down the scarred,

fractured, distorted hollow. Burrell had snatched a crab-hook from his cottage-door to help him as he went. Samson clung with his hands to the wet clay, and went creeping like some dexterous creature of the wilder regions of the world.

Then Michael Salvain turned and began to descend himself. He was weary, and he was cramped and chilled by the clay-stiffened garments that he wore. And the pain and dread at his heart was growing now with every moment that went by. For some minutes he went on, slipping, climbing, dropping downward. Into every shadow between the rocks he stopped to look, behind every peak or mound of wet clay he crept to search, under every mass of fallen stone he glanced fearfully. He had chosen for his own exploration the spot from whence, as nearly as he could tell, that one clear, thrilling, agonizing cry had come. All the while as he went he heard yet again the echo of that cry. And all the while as he went he saw a face before him, leading him onward, looking to him wistfully, sorrowfully. And all the while as he went there were words in his ear; silver-toned, most musically spoken words.

"*I am going to begin a new life to-night, Michael. I am going to shake off all the old unrest to-night.*"

Still he went onward; more onward than downward; onward with his face to the eastern sky. And at last, suddenly it seemed, there came upon his sight something he had feared to see. But now he had no fear. There could be no need for any fear. The woman who was lying in the riven cliff-side lay quite peacefully.

There was almost a smile on Michael's face as he drew nearer; so near that he could see the braiding of her dark travelling-dress of navy-blue serge, the dark blue felt hat with its small feather lying near, the golden hair, shading the pale, perfect, sleeping face of his wife.

"Ermine!" he said, coming yet nearer, but slowly, as one a little aggrieved. "Ermine! How could you do this?"

But then he said no more. Instead of speaking he fell on his knees, and he knelt there in a strong, silent agony; for a long time he knelt, and wrestled with his anguish, his remorse, and he was overcome.

* * * *

When Enoch Farah returned from Hild's Haven he made the matter plain to Michael Salvain's mother—that is as plain as it ever might be made.

His instructions had been to meet Mrs.

* Pincers and lancets.

Michael Salvain at Whinyats, a small farm beyond Thorsgrif. He was to have the trap by the farmyard gate at ten o'clock on that night which later had proved to be so fearful.

It had not interfered with this plan that Mr. Salvain had, for safety's sake, ordered the trap to be taken to the stable of a farmhouse nearer Thorsgrif. But when the time came, it seemed as if nature with all her darkest forces had interfered. Enoch had in vain attempted to reascend the cliff.

He could only suppose, as every one else supposed, that Michael Salvain's wife had, in her determination and in her ignorance of the worst, been trying to reach Enoch's cottage. She had missed the way; indeed the way was not there to be missed. And it seemed but too certain that she had wandered about in the darkness of that dread night, not knowing in which direction to turn for safety until the end had come.

Michael Salvain knew that it must have come at the time when he heard that fearful cry. It was strange that no disfigurement had marred the great beauty which had been to Ermengarde Salvain as a hurt and an unblessing. She was lying upon her side, her head compressed in a crevice of the rock, another stone was upon her feet; her white hands were simply crossed upon the folds of her dark dress.

CHAPTER LXIII.—AT EVENTIDE.

"WHAT shall I wish you?" had been asked one summer's day, in all seriousness, and with some touch of curiosity; and Dorigen had answered—

"Peace; wish me perfect peace."

That was nearly a year ago, and it seemed now as if the wish were being fulfilled.

The days of the new spring had a quietness that no spring had had for her before. Even hope seemed to lie still and silent within her. Old regrets were dead, old sufferings remembered only when confessing the sin of having borne them ill.

Dorigen was still at Burtree Beck, still in the narrow room which the Thesigers had made so bright and pretty and homelike. The latest addition to its comforts was an old-fashioned sofa, which Jean Laverock had bought and placed by the window, once when Dorigen had gone for a few days to the Rectory at Hild's Haven.

"She looks sae weary, she walks sae weary, an' she sits at that desk sae weary that I can bear no longer to see her," Jean said to her husband; and the old man shook his head silently. In his heart there was a feeling

that the weariness of which his wife spoke was of a kind not to be cured by a sofa, even though its cover was of the brightest and warmest-toned crimson chintz to be procured in all Hild's Haven.

But it did Jean good in those spring days to see how her thoughtfulness was appreciated. Dorigen sat there by the window, with her writing materials on a little table by her side, and she wondered that she had not discerned before how good it was to be where she had only to lift her face and see the blue, placid waters of the North Sea gleaming and rippling in the April sunshine, catching the shadows of the clouds of April showers. The sea was soothing beyond all other soothing things, suggestive beyond all other sources of suggestion, mystic beyond all other mysteries. Her first inspiration had come to her when she had stood upon the cliffs, with the sea-wind in her face, and the sound of the sea-waves rising and falling upon her ear; and it was her hope that to the last she might be where she could listen to the voices that came with such deep and varied meanings from the wide world of waters.

There was nothing now to hinder her peaceful listening. And yet it could not be but that she should remember through all the calm of those spring days that the influence of the sea had been upon her own life, and upon the lives near to hers, as an instrument and cause of seeming ill as well as of good. And not only the sea itself, but the sea's bold and rocky margin, was in her remembrance of disaster and pain.

Her thought hesitated and faltered, as if struck by a sudden powerlessness, each time that later disaster, that strange earth-throe, with its most pitiful consequences, came to her mind. Even yet, though months had passed by, she shrank from contemplating the details of that dreadful night's sufferings, details which Jean Laverock had been the first to pour into her pained and shrinking ear. Subsequently all that Jean had said had been confirmed by Mrs. Salvain, who had, naturally, much more to tell than Jean had known, and who evidently found some satisfaction in unburdening her mind of its twofold sorrow to one so likely to understand. And, indeed, it was easy to understand how deep that shadow must be that was yet lying upon the house in Thorsgrif Gill. It was not possible to have even a passing thought of it, and to prevent that thought passing on into sympathy, the sympathy into pain. And though Dorigen and Michael

Salvain had not met, each knew that each was suffering for the other.

One day Joanna had come over to Burtree Beck, Enoch Farah driving her and the two children in the dog-cart; and, notwithstanding all Dorigen's constant realisation of the things that had happened at Thorsgrif, it was yet a shock to her to see that the little party was dressed in mourning of the deepest kind. Zaré and Valerie, in crape-trimmed hats and dresses, were barely recognisable at the first moment. It seemed but yesterday that Dorigen had heard their mother declaring that their quaint velvet frocks and feather-trimmed hats of sienna brown could not beseen to advantage except in a room with an orange-tinted dado. And now! ah, how horror-stricken Erminewould have been to see them now, with their ill-made little frocks and hideously-shaped crapehats! The children themselves seemed conscious and changed. Valerie was the least silent of the two.

"Papa is coming over to see you some day," she said, putting her warm little hand into Dorigen's worn and chill one. "He said so last night to Miss Wharram, who came to see grandmamma, and stayed to tea. They were talking about you ever so long, and about the books you write. Miss Wharram said they would be nice books if they weren't so sad. She said she wondered why you didn't write some cheerful stories, because everybody likes cheerful things. And papa smiled, and he said perhaps you would write a brighter book some day. Do you think you will? And will you let me read it? I was reading about Waldemar Daa and his daughters this morning. That isn't cheerful."

So the child ran on awhile, and then Joanna sent the two little ones out to the garden to play; and old Peter Laverock took them up to the hollow to gather primroses and sweet violets, while Joanna sat and talked quietly with more meaning in her words, and a more intent presence of herself in her manner, than had been there when Dorigen first knew her. But that was long ago.

"It seems to me like a long lifetime," Dorigen said. "People speak of the shortness of life; I am always struck by the length of it when I look back. I seem to have lived three or four different lives, and none of them my own. I have never had any chance of living my own life till now. And now. . . ."

"Now it is not satisfactory?" Joanna asked gently.

"It is not satisfying, for the simple reason that I feel as if some spring within me were broken. If I could have been free to live this same life ten, even five, years ago, it would have been supremely satisfying."

Joanna was not wholly sorry to hear this confession. It lent possibility to a certain hope that she was trying to repress for a little while longer. And yet something in the word that had been said saddened her; her sympathy went deeper than her understanding. She seemed to feel that she stood in the presence of one who had suffered losses which she could only partly comprehend. Dorigen herself hardly comprehended them. It is difficult to take one's life into one's hands and examine it dispassionately.

She felt as she had said, that the main spring of her life was broken; but she hardly understood how the quiet, strong, electric energy which had been hers in the depths of her strife and humiliation should have been so overstrained that it might never revive in its old integrity. This sacrifice also had been demanded of her, and she had made it unknowingly rather than unwillingly. But now she was finding it. That fervour of life, that eagerness of spirit, which had been as it were the very essence of her nature, was subdued, lowered; the tone had gone out of it. She was calm, but even from perfect calmness something may be missed.

That you can accept this flavourless tranquillity,

"This wide vacuity of hope and heart,"

and live in it, and neither strive nor cry, does but attest the roughness of your passage through the world's ways, does but witness to the fact that its hardness and oppression have bruised and crushed you effectually. Yet it is by this same crushing and bruising that one comes to a true appreciation of peace, even of that lower peace which is not in any sense of the spirit.

But this lower quiet is good. Not in the great and strong wind which rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; not in the earthquake; not in the fire that followed upon the terrible throes of the earth, but in the calm that came after was the voice of God heard by the wearied and despairing prophet, renewing his hope, deepening his faith, inspiring him once more with that force and fervour of spirit which alone can make life greatly desirable.

When Michael Salvain at last went over to Burtree Beck he felt for awhile as if his insight into that other life which he had watched so long, so tenderly, so self-sacrific-

ingly, were certainly at fault. He knew something of the haunting fears which had of late been half-whispered between his mother and sister, but he said to himself now that those fears were groundless. The changes which he saw on Dorigen's face were to him changes for the better. The premature wrinkles were smoothed out, the dark hair looked more abundant and had more life in the set of it, the sadness had gone from the sea-blue eyes, and the expres-

sion of anxiety, of apprehension, from the whole countenance.

"You are certainly looking better," he said, uttering the commonplace phrase with an almost tremulous emotion as he took her hand; and his word brought a rush of rose-pink colour to her face which made her seem to him for the moment to be the blushing girl of ten years before.

"I am quite well," she said; and then they turned and went sauntering by the



"At Eventide."

cliff-top ways as they had done of old: and that June day seemed the sweetest and gentlest and most perfect day that had ever been upon sea or land.

Presently they sat down in a green hollow on the cliff's very margin—a sheltered hollow facing the northern sea, upon the sapphire surface of which the sun was shining and sparkling as if the whole were turning to liquid diamonds that flashed for a second and disappeared. Not a sail was in sight, not a sea-bird to break that sweet silence with his boding scream.

Michael Salvain broke it presently.

"I am beginning to think you did well in coming to Burtree Beck," he said, turning to look into the face beside him. Dorigen raised her eyes to his.

"It is generous of you to admit it," she replied briefly and quietly.

"It is your own opinion?"

"On the whole, yes."

"I can imagine there may be drawbacks," he said, feeling that her reply had qualifications behind it. "For instance, you can know so little of the kind things that your

townspeople are saying about you, about your new book 'Thorwaldsthorne.'"

"I don't *know*," she said with a half-smile of pleasure. "But it is curious, *I seem to feel it*; as if their appreciation and good-will came to me on the wind. And it does me good, more good, I think, than it would do if it were put into words. Words might chafe or irritate one; the unspoken praise is soothing. . . But, on second thoughts, doesn't that seem like vanity?"

"Not to me," said Michael. A little silence followed. Again it was Michael who interrupted it. "Would it irritate you if I were to ask you what you are doing now?" he said hesitatingly. "It is not curiosity that makes me ask. It is the old desire, the desire to enter into your life, into every day of it, every hour. . . . And lately, for long, I have thirsted and hungered for knowledge of you; and my thirst and hunger have been painful. All that I have had to satisfy me have been a few printed pages. . . . They were valuable to me, and they were of yourself; but they were not you."

"They are better than I am," she said half sadly. "They are not, as you said, of me, they only come through me."

"Then why through you more than through another?"

"That I cannot tell. . . Why was Cædmon, the cliff-top herdsman, chosen to be the father of English poetry?"

"Because his soul was of the kind that is open to receive inspiration."

"Yes. I think that is true."

"But you have not answered my question as to your present work, which is, I know, always your present life. Don't answer me, not by one word, if you would prefer not to speak of it."

"There is no reason why I should not speak of it to you; indeed I think it may be a relief, since so far as it is concerned, I am not myself as I was of old. . . You will not think it an overweening appreciation of my own powers if I tell you that I believe my thought has never been so quick, so luminous, so keenly perceptive before. I am moved to a thousand things; but I do nothing, develop nothing, create nothing. . . . And it is no misery to me, except when I think that I may come to want bread again. The days glide on smoothly, quietly. No hindrance comes; imagination flows through me; but as water flows through a sieve, there is no result. . . . Now and then I awake as to an agony of fear because of that old need of bread. . . Is it not a strange experience?"

For a long while Michael did not speak. He sat on the slope of the grim cliff-hollow; and the sapphires and diamonds of the summer sea glittered before him; and the one woman he loved supremely sat quietly, musingly, yieldingly beside him. He was not unhappy. Presently he turned; and his hand sought hers, and held it; and his eyes sought hers and caught the glance of them for one sweet and powerful moment.

"I think I understand," he said, speaking in his lowest and tenderest tone. "It is you who have taught me to understand. You have opened out for me a whole higher human world; you did it long ago; gave me as it were the *entrée* of that spiritual city on the borders of which I am, and always have been fain to dwell. It is through you that I see your needs; it is through you that I perceive my mistake concerning you, your own mistake concerning yourself. . . It is this seclusion that is disastrous, it is this sheer isolation that is working your undoing."

By way of reply Dorigen again lifted her calm face to his. In her eyes there was scepticism; there was more scepticism in her smile. He understood.

"You may smile," he said, "you may smile all your unbelief; and, pardon me, all your non-comprehension; but, all the same, listen to the word I have to say.—Years ago, I hardly know how many years, there was a great Prince, whom few people knew to be great. He had come to England with little prestige, and less riches; and it was hardly to be expected of wealthy England that she should appreciate him, or greatly care to listen to him, or greatly desire to believe in aught he said. Nevertheless, he said some things that will be remembered by such as have need, and are glad to remember. I remember them because of my thought of you."

"Among other things was this,—he spoke the words one night at a dinner given by the artistic people of the land. And one feels how straight from his heart they must have come, and how earnestly he must have thought upon the things he touched so briefly, how keenly he must have felt them, and with what fervid insight in his feeling."

"Gentlemen," he said, 'the production of all works in art or poetry requires in their conception and execution not only an exercise of the intellect, skill, and patience, but particularly a concurrent warmth of feeling, and a free flow of imagination. This renders them most tender plants, which will only

thrive in an atmosphere calculated to maintain that warmth—and *that atmosphere is one of kindness*, kindness toward the artist personally, as well as toward his productions. An unkind word of criticism passes like a cold blast over their tender shoots, and shrivels them up, checking the flow of the sap which was rising to produce perhaps multitudes of fruits and flowers.'

"This is what that clear-sighted Prince said, and I, who have learnt to perceive, can now discern that he spoke truly, and with an infinite closeness of sympathy. It is in that fineness of geniality, that generous warmth of the surrounding atmosphere, that alone any true artist or poet can fully live and breathe, and rightly unfold the life and the work vouchsafed by the gift and grace of God. The mute inglorious Milton is seldom to be blamed for his muteness. He has fallen upon days that are evil days for him, to whom no ground has been given that he may stand in uprightness while he is singing; for whom no heart is warm in its helpful encouragement, for whom no life is lived, towards whom no soul aspires in generous appreciation. To stand alone, isolated, chilled by the bleakness of the mountain top, and yet to bear the generous fruit of warmer climes, is given to few, if indeed it be given to any.

"Are you not proving the truth of what I say? of what others have said? You are chilled, you are lonely, you have no motive power left to move you to that full and fervid life you lived when you had hope. It might be a vague hope, it might have no tangible object. I know that it was not ambition, that it was not desire for fame, for mere worldly advancement. But yet you could hardly have defined it. Doubtless it was not necessary that you should define it, since it was made strong enough to lead you on to the point you have arrived at without definition. Now you think that hope has failed, but it is not so; you have tasted of its fruition, and found it not satisfying. But is your life to fail now for need of sufficient desire to go on living?"

"That is what I think," she replied with solemnity.

Michael Salvain turned his face to hers again, but now there was more of reproach than of sadness in his eyes, more of wonder, of perplexity, than of that yearning tenderness which had been there before.

"Have I been deceiving myself so utterly?" he asked, speaking as if he sat alone. Dorigen felt that no answer was demanded of her.

Yet she understood; in very fear of joy's great pain, she understood.

"I did not come to-day to ask you to answer a question I years ago refrained from asking," he said, speaking again in his gentler, kinder way. "I meant to refrain yet a little longer, and not wholly for conventionality's sake—that at least you will believe of me. . . . But I must speak a little . . ."

"Not now! oh! not now!" Dorigen said, turning a pleading face toward him. "Let us remain as we are! We are so happy, so very happy. Let me be happy for a little while; it will be better, believe me, it will be better."

"Better for whom?" asked Michael, turning paler.

"Better for both of us—for you and for me."

"Let me judge for myself," he said. "And since you are so much to me, let me think for you also. If I am to go back with this new weight of pain and fear which you have laid upon me to-day, which you are laying upon me now, I think I cannot live. I, who have endured so much, can hardly endure this. . . . And as for yourself, remember the admission you have made, the confession of blankness, of weariness, of the failure of strength in your life's strong purpose. I hope I am not taking undue advantage of anything you have said, but for your own sake I would plead with you a little. . . . Dorigen, my darling, a human life is not what you think it is. You may spend your brain's last strength on a few sheets of paper, but you cannot spend your heart's emotion there. And if the heart suffer, if it be chilled, and starved, and trodden down, the whole nature suffers with it. An unloved and unloving life can never be a perfect life, never a complete life. You have tried to live it, you have failed, and you have perceived your failure."

"Yes," she said sadly, "that at least is true. My life has been a failure."

"I agree with you," Michael Salvain replied. "Though at this moment your words are in half the homes of England, though I believe that there lies before you a future of such distinction as few women ever touch, yet if that future is to be lived as you are living at present, in the end you will count it failure. . . . But I am talking idly. It can never be." Then he drew nearer to her side, and looked down into her eyes with eyes that had the passion and fervidness of the love of years in them.

"You are making me talk folly, my dar-

ling," he said, raising her hand to his lips. "If you were to refuse my pleading I should take you by force. . . . That would be the end of it."

There was a smile on the pale face beside him, and by-and-by, after a time of restful and confiding silence, Dorigen rose to go homeward. By the cliff-top ways the silence was still tender and sweet.

"I shall not go in with you," Michael said, speaking in low loving tones, as they stood for awhile by the hedgerow above Pete Laverock's cottage. "And, for a little while, I will not trouble you again!"

He understood the mute reproach in the glance that was raised instantly to his, he was glad to see it there.

"It will be wise," he went on. "You shall have a time of silence, so that you can think of and prepare for what is to be. I will not even write, but Nannie and the little ones shall come to bring me news of you. . . . And when I come again, what shall I say, my darling?—oh, what shall I say of that day to be. The day that is to come after a whole long lifetime of suffering, and enduring, and thwarting. And what will you say to me—tell me, my child, what you will say when I come again?"

"I will say that I am glad to see you."

"Only that?"

"I will tell you that you have been to me the kindest and truest and most loyal friend that ever any woman had."

"Yes; that is better."

"And that you have made all my life, all of it since that day in Wharram's Yard, fuller and brighter and happier by a thousandfold, than it would have been if I had never known you."

"You remember that day in Wharram's Yard?"

"I remember it perfectly."

"And I do not forget it. One does not forget the first hour of the first and last true love of a lifetime."

"That would be impossible."

"Is it impossible to you? Was that the meaning of that hour for your soul as well as for mine?"

"Yes; that was its sole meaning."

"Say, Yes, Michael."

With a quick warm blush, the name was said, and then, for the second time, the lips of those two met in a fervent, passionate kiss. And Michael Salvain went homeward in an ecstasy of grateful happiness. Had his house at Thorsgrif been some Paradise toward which his face was set, he had not

gone onward in a finer or keener ecstasy of gratitude.

CHAPTER LXIV.—"WILL HE COME?"

DURING the summer and the early autumn days which followed upon that spring-time Michael Salvain still lived as the man lives upon whose life the last and greatest good of life has come when it had seemed to be gone beyond hoping for. As he had resolved, he kept himself in silence, in patience; and patience was hardly difficult since his hope was so exceeding firm and fair.

But the silence was completer than he had hoped it would be. One July day Mrs. Salvain had had the mischance to slip on the oaken stair, and though the lameness that ensued was not of a very serious kind, it yet left her more dependent upon others than had been her wont. From that day Joanna went no more to Burtree Beck; and Michael chafed a little because of the absence of knowledge of one on whom his thought was so ceaselessly centred. When these troublesome affairs concerning the works were finally settled then he would go himself. Indeed it would be necessary for him to go. He could take no steps toward arranging for his future life and work until he had consulted the wishes and opinions of her who was to share that life, to inspire that work. Naturally, he was anxious to have things settled, to see his way with that clearness which is necessary for prudent living.

His own plan was to take a large farm—a place with a good house in a beautiful southern county—a county somewhat warmer than this to which his heart still so passionately claved. "It would be good for her," he said to himself. "This is too wild, too bleak. I will take her to a milder climate before the winter sets in. And it shall be a quiet place, as well as beautiful, so that there shall be no hindrance if she be moved to write—no hindrance, but every incentive. I must take care that the place is very beautiful."

So he was thinking one autumn day, trying for the hundredth time to realise the presentment of his ideas; an idea including stately, park-like scenery, with ancient trees, and abounding levels of green pasture-land, with slow, sedgy streams, with picturesque cattle, with blue skies over which the white cumulus would sweep on summer days, shining to the sun. The house must be large, the rooms wide and high, the gardens ample, the orchards pleasant. And as to furniture, every touch, even to the last, should be made before she entered the doors. She might

make alterations to any extent, to suit her finer taste, but there should be no positive need for exertion of hers. She should have rest, peace, beauty, loving care. Then she



The Alatsonne Arms.

would revive; and he would watch her revival as a mother watches her child's return to life from the very gate of death.

It was thus that he was dreaming that autumn noontide. Then suddenly the postman's horn came sounding into his dream, and Valerie ran to the door with delight in the prospect of bringing the letters to the father who loved her so, and spoiled her so, that the child's affection had been won for life. "Papa, there is only one letter!" she said, bursting into his study with disappointment in her tone. "Only one, and it feels so thin. If I were to go away I would write you two long letters every day—ever such long ones they should be!"

"And what would you say in your long letters, you small fairy? Fancy a fairy writing letters!"

"I would tell you how much I loved you. Nobody will ever love you so much, dada!" And the child stood beside him, and raised his strong hand to her sensitive little mouth, and kissed it. Almost with a sob she turned away, and Michael watched her half-sadly.

"You will need both *her* care and mine, little one," he said to himself as the child went out, shutting the door with characteristic gentleness.

It was *her* letter,—that he had seen, or he had not permitted his little daughter to go away uncomforted; and, as Valerie had said, the letter was "so thin." The words of it did not cover half the first page of note-paper. This was all that was written:—

"Dear Mr. Salvain,—Will you come? Will you come to Burtree Beck to-morrow; that is, the day after you receive this. I am wishing to see you again.

"Yours, with affection,
"Dorigen."

"To-morrow!" That were impossible. He must go to-day, this hour, this moment.

He saddled his horse himself in his strong haste; and it was yet but early in the afternoon when he dismounted at the Alatsonne Arms at Lodbrok Bay. He would walk over to Burtree Beck.

It was a mild day, even warm for October; and if the sunshine that was upon the sea was of a lower intensity than it had been on that day when he sat with Dorigen in the cliff-top hollow, it was not less beautiful. If the nearer sea were less sparkling the distance was in a softer mystery, and the gentle sun-white haze that was upon the moorland heights seemed to soothe the brain through the sense of sight as far faint music soothes it through the sense of hearing. Michael Salvain was in one of his happiest moods when Jean Laverock opened the cottage door to let him in.

There was no smile on Jean's face, and Michael did not miss it. He followed her into the little sitting-room, where a cheery fire was burning though the day was so warm. But Michael Salvain did not see the fire. He saw only a face, a wan, white, transfigured face, smiling a welcome to him. A thin white hand was held out to him from the sofa, and he took the hand. Before a word was spoken his heart sank, as a sailor's heart sinks when he hears the keel of his vessel grinding upon a rock in mid-ocean.

"I knew you would come—I knew that you would come to-day," Dorigen said in a voice that was changed, even as her face was changed.

Then he sat down on a chair that Jean

had placed by the sofa, and they looked into each other's eyes, and did not weep. It was no time for weeping. It was the time for silence—for strong effort after fortitude.

By-and-by Dorigen laid her hand upon the two firm hands that Michael was keeping clasped so hardly.

"It is better," she said; "it is better so. I wanted you to come that I might show you that all is well."

"All is well, and you so ill?" he said in a low stricken tone. The face he lifted was not the face of the man who had walked by the soft, rippling water's edge to Burtree Beck.

"Yes, Michael. . . . So ill that I am dying. . . . And yet—all is well!"

For nearly an hour the ticking of the clock was the sole sound that was heard in that narrow room. There was that on her face and in her voice which confirmed each word she had said. She was dying—she was glad to die. But presently Michael Salvain's strength came back to him. The old helpful saying, "While there is life there is hope!" struck upon his memory with some sharpness. "Darling! my darling! you cannot die!" he said. "You have not lived. You have only laboured and endured. You have had no human life."

"To work and to suffer is the highest life that a human being may live," Dorigen replied. "I have only two regrets now; one is that my true life-work is all undone; that what I have achieved is ill-done. It was done under pressure, pressure so great that when it was taken off there was no rebound. I could not recover from the strife. Every year of my later life has been like ten."

"There has been no time for recovery," Michael said with an eagerness that was almost impatience. "And you have had no chance. Let me take you away to Switzerland—to Italy."

"Oh, hush! hush!" she said. "Years ago I packed up all my photographs and engravings, and put them out of sight. I could not bear to see such semblances, the passion for seeing the realities being so strong upon me. . . But now! . . I would not go if I could. I am too weary—far too weary."

And for awhile she said no more, and Michael kept silence, having fear that she might be talking more than was wise. And in the silence they looked out over the grey, wide waters together; and together they watched the shadow of the approaching night. It was nearly dark when Michael spoke again.

"Shall I ask for a lamp?" he said, speaking in the low changed voice which people use in sick-rooms.

"No," Dorigen replied. "Jean knows I like the twilight, especially the calm twilights we often have after stormy days. It seems to be my own hour in some special way."

"Your day *has* been stormy," he said, with anguish in his tone. "And now it seems to me that I might have done so much more to alleviate it. Oh, my darling! stay with me but a little while that I may atone for the neglect, that I may show you my love, all my love! Only for a little while, that is all I ask now. It may be granted to such a love as mine to so enfold your life, to so defend it, to so expand it, that the old desire for living would come again, and bring with it the power to live. . . Oh! my own! my beloved! stay with me a little while, but a little while."

He could hardly see the sweet soft smile that was upon the wan face in the twilight; a twilight that did not deepen, because already the light of the moon was stealing into it, sending soft silvery rays across the eastern sea.

"Michael," she said presently, "let me say another word or two while I can. Have you forgotten that night on the terrace so long ago when you spoke to me of pain, and sacrifice and renunciation? . . . All my life the good, the beauty of the things you said then has been upon me as a deep and great influence."

"In my worst suffering I have yet acknowledged in my inmost soul that the life of sacrifice was the most satisfying life, the most enlightening, the most spiritually far-reaching. Sacrifice is pain, pain of many kinds. For you there is coming the pain of parting. . . Michael, you will bear it well, more patiently than I have borne my sorrows. . . That is my other regret, that I have endured so ill. . . . Oh, so ill! so ill! God, forgive me!"

Michael made no reply. Though her patience under sorrow of the keenest had amazed him oft, he could make no answer.

And again in the silence the clock ticked away the passing moments, and outside a regal moon rose majestically among soft ethereal clouds of silver, and of gold, and of pearl. A stream of sparkling light was upon the waters, coming, going, shadowing, brightening, as the clouds moved across the heavens.

"See!" Dorigen said, speaking in a slower

and fainter way than before ; " the shadows come from above, always from above, and the sea does not know. . . . And we—we never know. Yet the shadows are always from above. That is why we mistake so. . . Last time you were here we agreed together that my life might be counted as a failure. . . I have thought of it often. . . But what is failure ? . . . What is success ? "

" What is success ? "

The question came again slowly, and with effort. " Shall I tell you, Michael ? Shall I tell you what I now think success is ? I think

it is to have one peaceful night, one night of absolute calm, when one can lie ' face to face with God,' and not shrink ! I think that is success ! "

And again there was silence. The moon swept herself free, and left the clouds lying low upon the horizon. The silver pathway across the waters was undimmed.

" Do you see it, Michael ? " she asked. " Is it not sent to me, that vision of peace ? . . . The peace of it is more than the beauty. . . . I am glad, I am very glad that you should be here to see it with me ! "



And a low moan broke from the lips of the man who sat by her side. He had hoped so long, so surely, that they would see all things together, enjoy all things together, that this hour was more than he could bear. The passionate anguish of his low restrained moan was more than all words would have been.

" Michael, Michael, kiss me ! " said the faltering, tender voice, in a very agony of sympathy. It was all the comfort she could give. And yet again there was silence, yet onward and upward sped that clear light of heaven ; yet inward to the shore swept the

white waves that broke softly, and fell upon the beach.

" Are you happier now, Michael ? "

The question came as if one spoke from afar. But Michael Salvain did not soon reply.

" Are you happy, my beloved ? " he asked at last, speaking with an infinite tenderness in his effort.

And the far faint voice made answer—

" I do not know. . . . I am in peace. . . . Is not peace more than happiness ? . . . I cannot tell. . . . No ; I cannot tell. . . . *It passes understanding !* "

THE END.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRODIGAL.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By THE REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, M.A., CANON OF LINCOLN.

DECEMBER 5TH.

Read Psalm li. and Luke xv. 12—32.

I.—CAUSES OF SIN.

“A CERTAIN man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.” And in these words we read that primary cause of sin which has brought so much shame and sorrow to all sorts and conditions of men, so much ruin to body and soul—discontent—discontent with home. With a kind, affectionate father; with abundance—bread enough and to spare; with servants to minister to all his wants; with youth, and health, and strength; with few responsibilities and cares; yet was he discontent. What was the cause? Whence blew that chilly wind into the warm atmosphere of love? Whence rose that gloomy cloud which cast its shadow on the sunshine of his morning life? Did some malignant voice whisper in his ear that the gentle rule of his father, the regular and innocent routine of his daily life, was irksome and monotonous? Was he jealous of his elder brother? I dare say that brother was not so kind as he might have been, for we read further on in the history that he was ungenerous and hard. But with all his temptations—and, of course, he was tempted, for Satan tempts us all—and with all his troubles, for it is a world of sorrow, he had far more to make him joyous than sad. The lot had fallen unto him in a fair ground, and not in the dry desert, not in the bleak wilderness of life. Why, then, was he not content?

I. Alas! is it not within our own experience how the fretful craving for something, which we were forbidden to have, moved us to do evil—to take that which was not ours, to say that which was not true, to do that which we knew was wrong—the first act of impurity, the first of intemperance? When we review the past, when conscience says to memory, “Thou writest bitter things against me, and causest me to possess the iniquities of my youth,” how many of these sorrowful regrets may be traced to a fretful discontent? What a shadow it casts even upon the sunny days of childhood, to remember how impatient we were with those who loved us so dearly, how we presumed on an affection which could never tire! We think upon the

past, look upon some portrait, some photograph, some work that was done by a vanished hand, hear some song that was sung by a voice that is still, stand by some sacred grave, and we sigh to ourselves and say, “Oh, how unworthy I was of all that tenderness! how I vexed that anxious sympathy! how I tried that gentle endurance! how obstinately, how selfishly I held on my stubborn way, though I saw the anguish of that loving soul, when it besought me, and I would not hear.”

II. The *pride*, which makes us wise in our own conceit, is largely blended with this spirit of impatience and a primary cause of sin. How many have said with this younger son, “I am not appreciated here in this quiet place, this dull home out of the world. I have talents, and I would have them admired. I am nobody here, only a subordinate. I want more liberty and independence—to be my own master, to go where I will, speak as I like, do as I like. Why should I wait for the portion of goods which falleth to me? Why should I not enjoy it now—amid new faces and new scenes, with gay friends and merry companions of my own age and tastes?”

III. To discontent and pride must be added *curiosity*, that subtle source of so much deadly sin. For there arises amid plenty a new appetite, a mysterious craving for something, at first we know not what. It casts a shadow upon the pure, sparkling rivulet of boyhood, which darkens as the stream grows broad and deep. It is the accursed longing, inherited by every child of Adam, to have some experience of sin, to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. So this younger son would go into the world and see what its pleasures were like. Some, it may be, who had already devoted themselves to these pleasures had excited his envy, as he had seen them, “pride in their port, defiance in their eye;” always rejoicing, as it seemed, in loud and reckless merriment, clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, in such prosperity (as the psalmist saw them), and coming to no misfortune like other folk. They had sneered, it may be, at his dull, secluded life, at his ignorance of the manners and fashions of what they called Society, and of that selfish indolence and sensual gratification which constituted, as they assured him, the only true enjoyment of life. “Cast in thy lot among us: let us all have one purse.”

They even tried to persuade him that it was unmanly, and something to be ashamed of, not to have any knowledge of gratifications which were so natural and so common. Why should he be different from others? Why should he set up to be a saint? Religion might be all very well for the old and the sickly, for women and priests, but what had it to give to him? Perhaps they told him that "youth must have its fling"—profane and foolish words, as though God had made sin a necessity, or as though there were no noble ambitions, no brave preparations, no manly recreations, to occupy the mind of youth.

IV. Perhaps *love of money*, that root of all evil, was in this, as in countless cases, a cause of sin. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth unto me." Did he long to count the silver and gloat upon the gold? Money—we know that it has with some a marvellous attraction—the rustling of the crisp, clean notes to the rich, the gleaming coins to the poor, for its own sake as well as for that which it can buy. There is no such slavish idolatry as that of money, which loves the bank-book better than the Bible; and the worshipping is well named *miser*—miserable. "I was a far happier man," it was said by one of our merchant princes, "when I was a poor clerk at Liverpool with £50 a year than I am now with a great mansion, and gardens, and carriages, and servants, and half a million of money." "Oh, believe me," said another, who in his anxious, unceasing quest of wealth had injured his health beyond restoration, "you may buy gold too dear."

V. What practical lessons may these thoughts leave with us?

That those who have the blessing of a home, where hearts are of each other sure, where there is plenty, and where there is peace, should thank God heartily and often for the most precious of all earthly possessions, for "the only happiness which has survived the Fall." That they should pray that He will continue this precious heritage to them and to their children, remembering how much depends upon themselves. That they who hold rule in a household mainly, but all the members inseparably, make or mar the happiness of a home. Persistent selfishness in any form—idleness, greediness, sullenness, jealousy, disobedience—like a false note in an instrument, will spoil the harmony.

Charity, which begins at home, means more than the love of children. In the home where there are servants it remembers that "God is no respecter of persons," that one soul is just as dear as another to Him, who died

for us all; that we are all servants of one Master.

Charity is not bounded by brick walls. You may do something to make other homes happy as well as your own. You may relieve want, you may give ease to pain, and comfort sorrow. Do you ever try?

Do all you can to make home happy.

And this, after earnest prayer for that wisdom and love which God alone can give. No true lasting happiness can come to the home which has not God's smile upon it. The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous. Men cannot be of one mind in a home unless they have something of the mind that was in Christ. He only can say, "Peace be to this house," and can give to the Christian home something of that gladness which was in Eden, which is in Paradise, and will be for ever in Heaven.

DECEMBER 12TH.

Read Proverbs v. 1—18 and James iv. 1—10.

II.—THE CONDUCT OF SIN.

I. *Not many days afterwards* he gathered all together. Not many days, for lust when it hath conceived quickly bringeth forth sin, and sin quickly bringeth forth its first and worst influence—*selfishness*. There was still some hesitation. The voice which always pleads so distinctly, so persuasively, until the ears are dull of hearing that they cannot hear, said, "Do not go. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men." Who has not heard it? "It is not yours; do not take it. It is not true; do not say it. It is cruel; it is deceitful; it is profane. It is impure and unclean; oh, do not do it!" What hindrances and barriers hath God set up between the soul and sin! As the arteries in our bodies are protected by the greater bones, so hath He made safeguards for the souls of His elect. Who has not some experience how, when he was going, like Balaam, against God's bidding, upon some unrighteous errand, an angel met him in the way? Even when the struggle with temptation was over, when the spirit had surrendered to the flesh, and it seemed that the opportunity had come, and the sin was inevitable, God saves from the jaws of death. The voice of a little child in the distance has saved men and women from deadly sin. The smile upon a mother's picture has stayed the hand of suicide.

But he had made up his mind to do evil. So, not many days after, he gathered all together. Indeed, it must have been a

sorrowful sight to see that wayward, wilful boy (for he was hardly more), flushed and excited, hurrying to and fro, claiming all that he could, regardless of the feelings, of the discomfort of others; and then turning his back upon parents, kindred, companions, all the old haunts and associations of his life without a tear or sigh of regret, rather congratulating himself that he had gathered all, got as much as he could, and so, little thinking that he left behind him all that was really precious—love, purity, and peace—with his own hands he flung away the rope which held him to that peaceful, happy shore, and drifted into unknown seas.

II. *He took his journey into a far country.* Is not that always the way of sin, to get away from the friends and guides of its youth, and from the proper sphere of duty? First it frets against the dulness of home; it is sullen and disobedient, and then, when reproof, rebellious. "I can bear this slavery no longer," it says; "I can endure this cant no more. I will not be scolded and preached at. I will go into some far country where there is freedom, where I can do that which I desire to do."

He who is at enmity with himself, with his better self, is at enmity with God and with goodness. The very presence of religious persons is hateful to the depraved; the mean man shuns the generous; the idle slinks away from the industrious; the drunkard from the temperate, because vice cannot endure the company of virtue; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness? and sin loves darkness rather than light.

And then in that far country, a land in which, as writes St. Augustine, the sinner, God forgetting, *seems* to be by God forgot, "he wasted his substance in riotous living." There was no restraint upon him now. None to admonish, plenty to admire, he was "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." So he not only lost all sense of modesty, prudence, temperance, but he began to glory in his shame—to boast himself in the multitude of his riches, which seemed to him inexhaustible—to order the best, hardly caring to inquire the cost—to think that there was something high-spirited and generous in extravagance and waste—to spend more than others in gay clothing, and jewelry, pictures, and costly wine—to have more servants and horses—to play the highest stakes—to be the favourite (as he thinks) of some depraved woman, who will leave him when she has spent his gold.

They made him believe, as thousands before him, and as thousands now, that he was the prince of good fellows, the leader of his set, the life of his company; and so in riotous living and with harlots he wasted his substance.

III. *So that younger son took all the goods that fell to him, and wasted them.* He gathered all together, and then scattered it to the winds. The money, which for years had been accumulating for him, which had been earned, it may be, by honest industry, which by a prudent use might have been amplified, have brought him all the comforts of life, and been bequeathed to his children's children—it was all spent; not only spent, but wasted. No return; nothing to show for it; not a house, not a field—all gone; as utterly lost to him as though he had sunk it in the sea. With some of that gold, for ever vanished, what kindly deeds he might have done! He might have encouraged industry, rewarded merit, helped those who could not help themselves; the blessing of him that was ready to perish might have come upon him, and he might have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He had wasted it all in wild drunken revelry with harlots.

It was not only his money he had wasted, it was his substance—all that he had—his being, his time, his very self—"all the gifts of nature and of grace." Look at that marvellous picture by Hogarth of "The Rake's Progress," and you will see the helpless, hopeless prostration, physical and mental, the miserable degradation, vainly trying to hide itself beneath a feeble idiotic smile, of the ruined spendthrift.

IV. *A wasted life!* God forbid that any of us in reading this history should deceive ourselves with this notion, that there are no prodigals but those who give themselves to sensual indulgences, to reckless extravagance, to riotous living with harlots. There are countless Christians, whom the world applauds as "highly respectable," who break no laws and make no enemies, but who are living wasted lives, doing absolutely nothing for their souls, their Saviour (as they call Him), or their fellow-men; they waste their *time* in idleness, and because they do no positive harm they try to think all is well. They forget that if land is not ploughed and sown it brings forth weeds of itself. They waste their *money*. They pay their debts and all that comes against them, as they say; and because there are many neighbours in debt or dishonest they are satisfied, and never deny themselves that they may give to others.

In vain the prophet, at the Lord's bidding, cries aloud, and lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and, tells men what God expects—"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thine house, when thou seest the naked that thou cover him?" In vain the Great Judge Himself has revealed to them that He will welcome to His glory those only who for His sake have done works of mercy. We waste our high gifts of thought and reason on continuous debates upon small subjects, futile speculations upon mysteries which we cannot solve, ill-natured sarcasm, literature which teaches us nothing. But it is written, "Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God with all thy mind," "His testimonies shall be thy study," "Let this *mind* be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

DECEMBER 19TH.

Read Eccles. ii. 1-11 and Romans ii. 1-11.

III.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF SIN.

I. *The consequences of sin*, as sure to follow as the night the day. Wisdom crieth aloud, "Be sure your sins will find you out," but ignorance will not believe.

Who has not had some experience of this accursed fascination? Taught, entreated, threatened, it seems as though nothing but experience would convince. Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, the sky so cloudless and the sea so calm, we hear the Syren's song; we will listen only for a while, and at a safe distance, but as we listen smoothly and swiftly the vessel drifts towards the rock.

We will only look into the garden of forbidden fruits, just to see what they are like, and return; and they are so pleasant to the eye that we go again to gaze; and they look so good for food that we touch and taste, and when we find that they are sweet and luscious, not bitter or poisonous, as some had said, we devour them greedily. There seems no danger and no harm. So we begin to think, either that we have been frightened unnecessarily by our conscience or by our counsellors, or that the offence is so trivial that God takes no notice.

II. And I would remark here that parents and teachers sometimes make a great mistake when, right in purpose but wrong in policy, they seek to deter their children and their pupils from doing evil by assuring them that sin is *altogether* a disappointment; that the fruits, of which I spoke just now, though

fair to the eye, like the apples of Sodom, are *at once* ashes in the mouth; that Satan has no pleasures to give to his dupes, and that the punishment of sin is manifest and immediate. It would assuredly be more wise and kind to tell the whole truth to the young; namely, that, though sin ever promises more than it can perform, in gratifying the lusts of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, it has great and sensible delights. That they may continue to enjoy it for a season, and may walk for years in the light of its fire, and in the sparks that it has kindled, and may seem to prosper, and even to come to no misfortune like other folks, *but* that there never was an exception to the result of which the prophet speaks—"it shall lie down in sorrow"—it may be in bodily abasement to be scourged by the whips of their early vices, in mental abasements of loss, dishonour, and remorse, or (God grant it for Christ's sake!) in the abasement of a penitent soul.

But the fears of temporal penalties deter very few from sin, the world laughs at them, the flesh forgets them in the fruition of its lust, the devil disputes them. The only *fear* is that of death and the "something after death"—of that retribution of which God has given to His creatures, in all times and places, an instinctive awe and expectation, which will restrain from wickedness.

But the fear of the Lord is only the beginning of wisdom, and our Father, our Saviour, our Holy Teacher gives us an infinitely more persuasive and potent motive to keep our souls from sin. It is love. We love Him because He first loved us; the love of CHRIST constraineth us; the first-fruit of the Spirit is love; and so we come to love that which God loves, and to hate that which He hates. For one sinner *scared* from his sins, a thousand are *led gently* by the tender pleas of mercy.

And so to that young spendthrift of the parable the hateful degradation and indigence of sin was to suggest the brightness and generosity of his father's love. When he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. Of whatever gifts the waste may have been, whether the rich man has wasted thousands, or the poor man pounds; whether the learned has wasted his opportunities of teaching, or the ignorant his opportunities of learning; whether the orator has been eloquent for a bribe, or the artist has profaned his art, or men in authority have abused their power; by whatever road men have wandered from their

heavenly home, in whatever way they have misspent their heritage, sooner or later comes a famine into the soul, and they begin to be in want. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes;" set parents at nought, ridicule religion, speak evil of dignities; nay, waste thy substance, thy strength, thy beauty, thy mind, thy manhood, thy soul, with harlots, "but know thou that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment."

III. Yet he hesitated; he lingered on the scene of his sin; he went and hired himself to a citizen of that country, as gamblers who have lost all have been seen doing menial service in the place where their ruin came. Still he lingered, as when the Jews went back to Jerusalem after their captivity, some who had fallen into idolatry having intermarried with the women of Babylon remained behind, and are still found in the modern town of Hillel, which stands within the circuit of the ancient city. And he was sent into the fields to feed swine. Picture him, this younger son, who in purple and fine linen had fared sumptuously every day, waited upon by others, now in his faded finery feeding swine!

He who was discontented amid all the comforts of home is exposed to the heat and storm; he who had abundance would fain satisfy his hunger with the husks which the swine did eat—would prey on garbage, past feeling, giving himself to work all uncleanness with greediness.

IV. "*And no man gave to him.*" Sin is too selfish to make lasting friendships. The worldling will patronise, or will cringe to you, so long as you can minister to this selfishness, or lead it, but when you lose this power it leaves you. "Confederacies of vice and leagues of pleasure" ignore the absent, and

"He who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."

Surely it is one of the saddest experiences of life to note, in one's visits to the sick and to the sad, how rarely the boon companions of the club or the tavern come to see the brother in adversity, and if they come how powerless they are to comfort. Society has no ambulance, no sisters of mercy for those that fall in its service. 'Tis "Let the stricken deer go weep, the hart ungalled play." There is the sound of a pistol shot, and a dead man lies in the gardens of Monte Carlo, but the music and the play go on.

DECEMBER 26TH.

Read Psalm cxxx. and Philippians iii. 1-15.

IV.—THE CONVERSION OF A SINNER.

I. *And when he came to himself*—to his real self—to reason, to conscience; for he had been living "beside himself," "out of his mind," as we say. Mere selfishness, worldliness, sensuality, not only lose the power, but the wish, to exercise the nobler faculties. As disease weakens the physical powers until fever comes—delirium—it may be death, so sin impairs the perceptive faculties, specially the discernment between good and evil, until all that is divine is destroyed, the grace of God turned into lasciviousness, the soul, which was made for heaven, given up to the evil spirits of carnal lust—to madness.

For sin is madness. Always in the sight of God and his angels "the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live." No lunatic in our asylums so mad as he, who is resisting and defying God. In His sight always, as when the prophets wrote it, men are "mad upon their idols"—man's applause, woman's love, more gold, new honours.

Sin is madness. "It is the nature of sin, not only to defile, but to infatuate." It gradually incapacitates head and heart from spiritual apprehensions, until no argument convinces, no terror alarms, no tenderness softens; "they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither would they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." At first men begin with excuses. True sons of Adam, they are ashamed at first; they would hide themselves as he did; and when God speaks to them they begin to make excuse—"The woman gave it me, and I did eat." In the natural man there is a strong sense of the shame of sin. "There is a holy Spirit," writes Seneca, "throned within us of our good and evil deeds the guardian and observer, who draws towards us as we draw towards him." How much more then in the heart of the regenerate born anew of water and the Holy Ghost. Philosophy taught that no man fell suddenly into the depths of baseness, and we Christians, all, I fear, have more or less painful remembrance how by slow and subtle encroachment we were induced to do those things which we ought not to have done, or to leave undone that which it was our duty to do.

For a time the sinner will defend his sin. He will dress it, and disguise and mask it. He will give it false appellations. He will call lust love, waste generosity, licence liberty,

cheating shrewdness, meanness economy, fear prudence, deceit diplomacy. So he comes first to lose his dread of sin, then to like it, to delight in it, to make it his idol. The girl who blushed to hear an immodest word hath no more shame than Jezebel; the boy who started in horror when he first heard the profane oath hath "opened his mouth in blasphemies against God," and hardly knows when he utters them. Presumptuous sin hath got the dominion over him. He is even as a man that hath no strength. *He is mad.* How commonly do we hear, as the explanation of some great crime, he was "mad with drink," "mad with jealousy," "mad with rage."

But this poor prodigal, by God's mercy, came to himself—came to his senses. First his eyes were opened, the eyes which Satan had blinded so long, and *he saw himself.* I have heard of a man who, like that evil servant whom our Lord describes, began in his master's absence to smite his fellow-servants and to eat and drink with the drunken, and who was found lying prostrate in a stable with his face bruised and bleeding, his clothes torn and defiled. They who found him put a looking-glass before him that he might see himself when he woke from his stupor, and he afterwards confessed, not only with his lips, but in his life, his shameful, sorrowful disgust. The prodigal needed no mirror—deserted, penniless, starving among the swine! No companion now but one—"Guilt's pale tormentor, Misery." Then came, like a sunbeam in a prison cell, the memory of what he had been—a happy boy in his loving father's home.

He thought of its plenty and its peace, and while he was thus musing the fire kindled, that sacred fire, which had well-nigh gone out in the temple of the Lord, his heart, and at last he spake with his tongue those momentous words, "*I will arise and go to my father.*"

"*I will arise.*" There is grand music in the words—life, action, the man in his manliness, in his full strength and stature, erect, resolute, ready to do his best. "*To rise*"—we use the word of all who merit and who win success; the boy rising in his school, the young man rising in his office, business, profession; the soldier risen from the ranks, the student taking a high degree, the commoner raised to the peerage.

"*To rise*," what is it but to fulfil the glorious prophecy—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles?"

Thither in heart and soul continually ascending, whither our Saviour Christ is gone before.

II. "*And he arose, and came to his father.*" For his was a true repentance. He knew that from that far country to his home there must be a long and painful journey. Every place he passed would remind him of his wicked, reckless waste. There would be many to ridicule, many to dissuade, and at the end humiliation, it might be scorn and rejection. But in his sorrow and shame he would go.

A true repentance. It seems strange at first that in this nineteenth century, which talks so much of "the Bible, and the Bible only," we should hear so seldom of repentance, of which the Bible is full, and so often of conversion, of which it speaks so sparingly (the word itself occurs but once in the Holy Scriptures, Acts xv. 3), and which has never the meaning so commonly given to it now.

Ever since the plague of sin came into the world there has only been one cure—repentance, the sorrow which hates sin because God hates it, and escaping from it, by the way which He reveals to faith by His son, finds pardon and finds peace.

But this repentance means the humbling of one's pride, the mastery of our passions; it means the bearing one another's burdens; it means a watchful, prayerful, pure, brave, truthful life. And we shrink from the acknowledgment that we have done foolishly and dealt wickedly, that we have lost our way, and must retrace it; that we have spent our money on that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not; that we must take down all that we have built, or it will fall upon us and crush us, and must begin from the ground again.

So we shrink from repentance altogether, or we are deceived by counterfeits; we crave our Father's forgiveness, we long for the peace of home, we loathe the husks and the swine, but the journey is too great for us.

May God give us the Spirit that prompted Paul to say, "I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize." True penitents must ever feel that they are strangers and pilgrims hurrying home. They rest, but they cannot lounge or loiter. The voice, which first scared them with tones of terror, "Escape for thy life," is ever calling to them "Come up higher," and they are constrained to answer, "I will arise and go."

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